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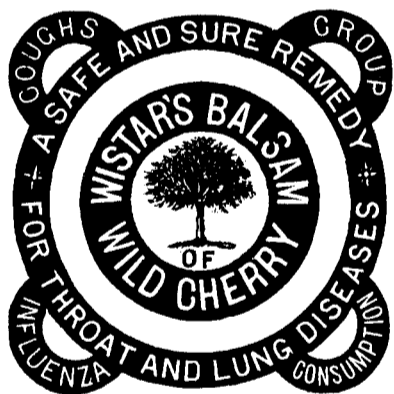
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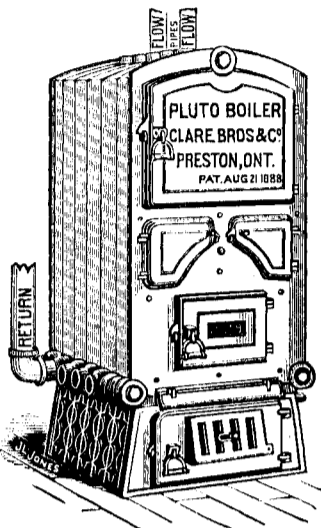
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THE WEEK.

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

THE political unrest, not only at Ottawa, but all over the Dominion, is becoming almost as intense as it was in the memorable days preceding and during the investigation of the Pacific Scandal. Distrust and suspicion are becoming rife amongst the people, irrespective of party affiliations. As an Ottawa Conservative journal says:—

It is impossible to glance even superficially at the press of the country, not the Liberal, but the Conservative and Independent press, without realizing that the tenor of the recent developments in the capital is so repulsive to the people at large that one of those flood tides of moral fury into which Macaulay pictured the English race as periodically swelling, is now on the rise in this country, and very apt, justly or unjustly, to overturn the present Government. If the Government and the Conservative party are wise they will stop at no half-measures to stem the tide, and we venture to say that it is a half-measure that minor officials should be decapitated for illegalities affecting a few dollars in each case, while Cabinet Ministers against whom serious accusations are made and who are practically on trial before the people, remain in charge of the departments out of which much of the evidence for or against them must come.

The commendable promptness which the Government has shown in dealing with the "minor officials" who have been found guilty of minor offences will avail them little so long as the people have reason, or think they have, to suspect that the chief offenders in the high places are to be sheltered, if possible, from the storm. It will be alleged, of course, that there is a broad difference. The suspensions and dismissals have all been made, so far, on proof or confession of guilt. There is as yet neither confession nor positive proof of wilful wrong-doing on the part of any Minister. And while it is true that in the eye of British law every man must be held innocent until he has been proved guilty, it is no less true that there is a certain degree of reasonable suspicion which destroys the usefulness of a public officer and disqualifies him for a position of responsibility and trust. No business man would retain a clerk in such a position, pending the results of an investigation, when appearances and circumstantial evidence were as much against him, as they are,

in view of the evidence of Mr. Murphy, Mr. Valin, and of written documents, against the present Head of the Department of Public Works. So long as there is a possibility of innocence there is a possibility of grave hardship in acting on the presumption of guilt. But after all, as Butler long since pointed out, "probabilities are the very guide of life." And in the case of Sir Hector Langevin there is this to be said further. The very evidence that should prove the honesty of the man would shatter the reputation of the Minister and certify his utter incompetence for the position he holds. For there is absolutely no escape from the alternatives of incompetency or dishonourable conduct. However, as we are neither supporter nor opponent of the Government, we are not called on, as our contemporary, to offer either advice or warning. We have already gone somewhat astray from the object with which we set out, which was to express the hope that the tide of moral indignation at corruption wherever found and by whomsoever committed is already at the flood, and that it may not cease to rise until a thorough purgation has been effected. Macaulay's figure is founded on historical truth. The progress of nations in political morality is like that of the incoming tide. Reaction may follow, but the whole nation has been lifted, nevertheless, to a somewhat higher level. We can but hope that present events mark the beginning of such an uplifting in Canadian political life.

THE Budget Debate drags its slow length along in the Commons. What earthly purpose, good, bad or indifferent, can be served by this dreary succession of speeches long drawn out after all possibility of advancing any new argument of importance has passed away, it would puzzle either the Finance Minister or Sir Richard Cartwright to tell. Does any orator on either side speak with the faintest hope of convincing any adherent of the opposite party in Parliament? To ask the question is to answer it in the negative. Is the debate carried on for the education of the country? There might be some force in this plea, were there any reason to suppose that the people of the country are with open mind reading the speeches on both sides from day to day, and fairly balancing them with a view to reaching sound conclusions. But what are the facts? Many, it is very likely, read the speeches as given in their respective party papers. Comparatively few, we suppose, receive the *Hansard* reports. Fewer still read them, for in the great majority of cases they prefer their party newspaper, which reaches them long before *Hansard* makes its appearance. What is the result? A glance at the columns of these newspapers will suggest the answer. The Conservative reads summaries more or less full of the speeches of the Conservative speakers; the Liberal, of those of Liberal speakers. This is one of the vices of the party newspapers in Canada, and there are unhappily no signs of improvement. In fact there is reason to fear that they are positively deteriorating in this respect. We take up, for example, the latest numbers to hand and turn to the Parliamentary reports. The *Empire* gives us at considerable length the speeches of Mr. McLennan, Col. O'Brien and Mr. Moncrieff, using but an inch or two of space to inform its readers that Mr. Landerkin indulged in some "weak talk," and that Mr. Dawson "as a new member made a creditable speech from his point of view." Turning to the *Globe* we find the speeches of Dr. Landerkin and Mr. Dawson reported with considerable fulness, and learn that these were of unusual interest, and that other speeches were delivered by Mr. McLennan, Col. O'Brien and Mr. Moncrieff. It follows that the reader who is really desirous of hearing both sides with a view to reach correct conclusions must take both papers. Does one in a hundred of the average electors do this? If not what shall be said of the educative influence of the debates? Some of the party newspapers never tire of lauding British practices and precedents. Would it not be an excellent innovation if they were to adopt the practice of the leading English newspapers and show British fair play by giving both sides with equal fulness? It is intimated, however, as an additional reason or excuse for prolonging the farce on this occasion, that Parliament wishes to kill time while waiting for the report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections. There is

no doubt truth in this view of the case. But what a confession of the unwisdom and wastefulness of our Parliamentary methods! Twenty-five or thirty members are deputed to conduct an investigation which could be much better carried on by a court of justice, and two or three hundred amuse themselves by playing at legislation while watching their progress and awaiting their decision. Such a mode of conducting the public business is certainly not flattering to our capacity for self-government.

SINCE Sir John Thompson's accession to the Cabinet he has earned for himself an enviable reputation as a lover of fair play. This reputation will, to say the least, not suffer by reason of the Bills which he has introduced to amend the different Acts affecting the Dominion franchise and procedure in elections. First among the abuses, the opportunity for which is to be taken away, we may mention one which, by reason of its very pettiness, has been particularly galling to the Opposition. We refer to the advantage which has been taken of that clause of the Election Act which provides that a protest against the return of a member must be made within thirty days after the announcement of the result of the contest in the official Gazette. As, hitherto, no date has been fixed either for the making of the return by the Returning Officer, or for the publication of the name of the successful candidate so returned, the door has been open for gross partiality, on the part both of the Returning Officer, and of the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery whose business it is to see to the gazetting of the returns. It was possible for either of these officers, by the simple process of delaying the publication of the names of Opposition members in the Gazette, to give the friends of the Government a much longer time within which to enter a protest than that permitted to their opponents. Every one will remember the consequences at the election last preceding that of the present year. In numerous cases the names of supporters of the Government were gazetted long before those of their political opponents. It will always remain a blot upon the history of the Government of that day, that the Clerk who was responsible for taking this contemptible advantage of the Opposition was rewarded with promotion instead of the censure he deserved. In the late election, too, there seems to have been unnecessary and suspicious delay on the part of some of the returning officers in making their returns. Sir John Thompson has now consented, under pressure, it is true, to remove the possibility of repetition of such unfair tactics, by simply requiring returning officers to make their reports within one week after polling day, and the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery to gazette the returns in the order in which they are received. Of course this is but an act of the simplest justice, but in these days of red-hot partisanship, the Minister who, for the sake of justice to political opponents, deprives his party of an unfair advantage must have his meed of recognition.

TWO or three amendments to the Franchise Act, in the Bill introduced by the Minister of Justice, are worthy of mention. The most important is probably that which is effected by the simple process of eliminating the words "by birth or naturalization" from the form of oath by which the would-be voter is required to affirm that he is a British subject. The expunging of these unnecessary words will, it is thought, cut off large numbers of persons who, though born in Canada or Great Britain and therefore enabled to swear—if their consciences happen to be of the elastic kind, which accommodate themselves to the letter rather than the spirit of the oath—that they are (?) British subjects by birth, after they have become by naturalization citizens of the United States. This very desirable amendment is as likely, we suppose, to tell in favour of one party as of the other, but it is devoutly to be hoped that it may in future elections shut out car-loads of voters who have no longer any just claim to the rights and privileges of Canadian citizenship. Another change which is deemed of some importance is the insertion of a clause in the Franchise Act requiring the revising officer to state the number of names on the lists of voters as finally revised. This is intended, we suppose, as a check upon

accidental or intentional dropping or adding of names in the printing office. The most noteworthy changes in the Controverted Elections Act are that which requires that election trials shall be conducted by two judges instead of one as hitherto, and that which provides that minor offences committed without the knowledge of the candidate, and in no wise affecting the result of the election, shall not deprive the member elect of his seat. The first of these is a wise amendment, and one which will be we dare say as acceptable to the conscientious judge as to the honest candidate. The second is of more doubtful propriety, since, while it may sometimes prevent what would otherwise be a real hardship for the candidate, it will also tend to remove from his unscrupulous friends the wholesome restraint arising from the fear of depriving him of his election by an unlawful act. Perhaps it is also worthy of consideration, on the other side, that it may occasionally prevent a treacherous enemy from unseating a member by an illegal act of pretended support. On the whole the changes are obviously in the right direction and may fairly be taken to indicate an honest desire on the part of the Government for purer elections.

A CABLEGRAM informs us that the Council of the Imperial Federation League has selected a strong committee to consider the definite proposals for imperial federation made by Sir Charles Tupper in his recent speech. We are further told that Sir Charles is surprised at the support his scheme is receiving, and that he congratulates himself on having been the first to frame a proposal that meets all the French-Canadian objections to federation schemes in general. Those objections are, we suppose, mainly to the taxation for the support of the British navy and the loss of a certain measure of the self-government at present enjoyed, which were hitherto generally and naturally supposed to be indispensable features of any possible scheme. If Sir Charles can obtain the consent of the British Government and people to a form of federation which involves no pecuniary obligations, and asks no sacrifice of autonomy on the part of the colonies, and which, while taxing foreign products for their benefit, leaves them free to maintain as high tariffs as they please against British manufactures—if, that is to say, an arrangement can be made which gives the colonies everything they could ask, and exacts no cost or sacrifice of any kind in return—the whole affair will be put on a new basis. We can conceive of nothing, unless it were a sense of self-respect and shame, which could prevent any colony from entering into a compact which gives all the benefits to her and puts all the obligations upon the Mother Country. In contrast with such a proposal, it may be interesting to read the following from a leading article in *Imperial Federation*, the journal of the Imperial Federation League. Commenting on the opinions on the federation question expressed by Sir John Macdonald a few years ago, which have been so frequently referred to since his death, this journal, in the number dated July 1st, says:—

That Sir John Macdonald expected more of the fiscal and commercial element of union than many of us on this side are inclined to is natural enough. To obtain advantages over other nations in the markets of the Mother Country is an alluring idea to colonial politicians everywhere, and above all in Canada. As a political leader in Canada Sir John was bound to give prominence to this view, at the same time being willing to commit himself to the belief that the colonies would in some sort reciprocate the favour. But in the course of the same statement, as in the utterance quoted before, he made the further declaration that the colonies would be ready to do what, to our mind, is vastly more worth having—not for the money, but for the sake of the principle and the political consequences involved—namely, to pay their share of the expense of national defence. His was too broad a mind to allow him to join the cry of those over-reaching politicians too often heard to speak in the name of the colonies, who cry always "Give, give," without acknowledging the obligation on their side to give also where they get. And it is upon this basis of mutuality alone that any union can be lasting.

THE Dominion Government has shown practical wisdom in so far conceding the demands of the people of the North-West for home rule, as they seem to have done in the Bill introduced by the Minister of the Interior. The question why having gone so far the Ottawa Administration should not have gone to the logical end may perhaps be raised and prove troublesome, even in the absence of Mr. McCarthy. So far as appears, the Bill decides the dispute between Lieut.-Governor Royal and the Assembly, touching the control of the exchequer, entirely in favour

of the latter. The Hon. Mr. Royal's claim of the right of disposing of the main portion of the revenue, viz., that coming directly from the Dominion treasury, is not upheld. On the contrary, the new Act seems to give the North-West Assembly as full control over all its revenues as that possessed by any other local House. This is a matter of primary importance, as the power of the purse is one of the chief prerogatives and safeguards of representative government, and was by far the most important question at issue between the Lieutenant-Governor and the Assembly. The removal of Government appointees or nominated members from the local Assembly will mark another stage in the march towards full local autonomy. Henceforth the representatives of the people will be able to make such arrangements as they please for the management of the finances, and will have the same freedom in local legislation which is enjoyed by other members of the Confederation. The Bill does not provide for the subdivision of the Territories into prospective provinces, but it is doubtful if the people, with the exception perhaps of the residents of Alberta, are desirous, as yet, of so far assuming the increased cost and responsibilities of self-government. If the population of the Territory increases with reasonable rapidity, the time for such division will soon come. Meanwhile it is probably better to make haste slowly. It does not appear that the new Act is to concede any fuller powers to legislate in regard to the dual language or Separate school questions than those already exercised. Whether, in the absence of Mr. McCarthy, and in view of the lateness of the season, those questions will be raised in Parliament this session is doubtful. It may be safely predicted, however, that the people of the North-West, who have already shown themselves so courageous and persistent in demanding their rights as members of the Confederation, will not long submit to the present curtailment of their liberties in these respects. The progress they have already made, and especially the important concessions they are gaining in the present Bill, may be accepted as a guarantee of their ability to insist in the future upon the removal of all disabilities and restrictions until they stand upon the same level in respect to local self-rule with the freest Province of the Dominion.

IS there, or is there not, any good ground to hope that the Hudson Bay route can ever become available for the cheaper and more direct transportation of the wheat and other products of the North-West to England? That, to our thinking, is the one question upon which the defensibility of the Bill granting to the Hudson Bay Railway Company a subsidy of \$80,000 a year, for twenty years, depends. We note that the Bill, in its passage through the Commons, was advocated mainly as a colonization road to the Saskatchewan. On this ground the building of the road, largely at the expense of the Dominion, is indefensible, at least until such time as much larger portions of the immense tracts of fertile prairie already accessible by rail are taken up by actual settlers. To afford facilities for scattering still more widely the sparse population, instead of striving by every means to fill up the vast regions already broached, is surely a most mistaken policy. But if, as we have always been disposed to believe, there is a reasonable probability that the great inland sea in the North-East may be navigated with tolerable safety and certainty for even three or four months in the year, the conditions are radically changed. Such a route would be of incalculable value to Manitoba and North-West farmers. The jewel consistency was openly discarded by those Liberal members of Parliament, who though they never tire of holding up liberty to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest markets as a first principle of sound political economy, or of contending that one part of the country or community should never be compelled, by the operation of tariff laws, to pay tribute to another part, nevertheless opposed the grant, as several of them did, on the ground that to build the road would be to divert from the older Provinces the trade of the North-West for which they had been paying such immense sums of money. To argue that the young North-West should be thus compelled to pay tribute to the older provinces ill becomes those who are continually denouncing the National Policy because it taxes the many for the behoof of the few. It can hardly be denied that the Bill, as passed through the Commons, was most unsatisfactory, by reason of the singular lack of information furnished in regard to the length, location and cost of the road, and the financial ability and good faith of its promoters and stockholders. The Bill should have lain on the table, at all hazards, until these were furnished to

the satisfaction of the people's responsible representatives. Seldom, we venture to say, has Parliament dealt so favourably with a measure concerning which so little detailed information was forthcoming, and sums of money so large voted. The precedent, if established, will be a most unfortunate one in this respect. The argument of the opponents of the grant, on these two points, viz., the present needlessness of the road for colonization purposes, and the lack of information in regard to the means, plans and intentions of its promoters and shareholders, were logically irresistible.

THE great Educational Convention is over but it is safe to predict that its effects will extend through generations. In saying this we do not refer principally to results educational in the restricted sense of that word, though even these may be easily underrated. Whatever may be the value of some of the more metaphysical and theoretical discussions, it is impossible that so many minds, all occupied more or less exclusively with different aspects of the same great questions, can have undergone the contact and healthful friction of the three days of the Convention without having derived much benefit in the process. To the sluggish must in many cases have been imparted a salutary stimulus. Those which are naturally active, but whose opportunities for culture have been limited, will have received thoughts and suggestions which will bear fruit before as well as after many days. All, save the most indifferent, must have gone away with larger ideas and deeper convictions touching the responsibilities and possibilities of the profession. But from the international point of view Canadians have every reason to be well pleased that the visit has been made by so many members of the profession from across the line. Almost every part of the great Republic was represented. Probably the percentage of those who had before visited Canada, or who had even tolerably correct ideas of the character of the country and its people, was much smaller than may be at first thought supposed. As we have often had occasion to observe Providence has placed these two peoples side by side, and side by side they must remain through all their future history. It is in the highest interests of both that the freest intercourse, social and commercial, the best understanding of each other's characters and institutions, and the most cordial friendship and good-will should prevail. History has probably no parallel case, in which two peoples descended from the same stock, speaking the same language, reading the same literature, permeated by the same democratic spirit, and having to a large extent the same interests and ambitions, have thus shared between them the greater part of a great continent. It is evident that nothing but a good understanding of each other's peculiarities, a proper regard for each other's rights and liberties, and a fair share of breadth of mind and generosity on the part of each, is needed to bind the two nations in bonds of perpetual friendship. It is not too much to say that a few days of kindly personal intercourse will go farther than anything else to promote such views and feelings in the individual. The manly and generous and evidently sincere sentiments to which the leading orators of both nationalities gave utterance were very gratifying to all rightly-disposed minds and will not fail to produce good results. The people of Toronto as well as their visitors owe a debt of appreciation and gratitude to the members of the local committee, and especially to Mr. Hill and Inspector Hughes, who gave so much time and care to preparation for the event, and to whose admirable arrangements the complete success of the Convention was so largely due.

THE passage of the Free School Bill through the British House of Commons will mark an epoch in the educational history of the kingdom. Though it was considerably broadened during its course through the House, and has thus become a much larger and more expensive measure than Mr. Goschen at first contemplated, it is yet quite evident from the tone of the debates and of the press that it is by no means accepted as a finality, even for the next decade. As first introduced the provision for exemption from fees included only public school children between the ages of five and fourteen. To most persons it would not seem a matter of great moment whether children under the age of five are charged fees or admitted free into the schools, as the number in attendance under that age, unless in Kindergartens, must be, we should hope for humanity's sake, very small. The fact of the smallness of the number told, however, as an argument equally well on the Opposition side in the debate, the

Liberals using it with force to show the absurdity of mutilating the principle of free education for the sake of the paltry saving that would be effected by shutting out the little ones from the sphere of its operations. Other considerations, such as the premium needlessly put upon untruthfulness, readily suggest themselves, though on the other side may be counted the desirability of protecting the schools from an invasion of infants. However, the Government yielded and the schools are free without limitation on that side. Mr. Mundella's protest against the age-limit on the other side was less successful, the Government and the Opposition finally compromising on the age of fifteen, instead of fourteen. As a matter of fact it is said that the number of pupils over the age of fifteen in the public schools is extremely small, though that might be considered a very good reason why obstacles should be removed out of the way of its becoming larger. A vigorous struggle took place over a motion to raise the standard of total and partial exemption. This motion was lost by the comparatively small majority of fifty-three. But the question of local control in the church schools was the chief battle-ground of the parties. Mr. Fowler's motion to make provision, "in the case of districts where there is no school under public control," for the introduction of "the principle of local representation in the supervision of schools receiving fee-grants" was introduced by him in a speech which both parties praise for its ability and moderation. Unfortunately for the principle of local control, it is distasteful not only to the friends of the church schools, but also to the Roman Catholics, and the logical position of Mr. Fowler's motion was materially weakened by the fact that it was proposed, as a matter of necessity, to waive it in the case of schools established by the latter. Mr. Fowler's motion was ultimately negatived on a vote of 166 for it to 267 against it. The largeness of the majority was due to the action of the Irish Home Rulers, who voted with the Government.

NOTWITHSTANDING this decision it seems impossible that a people so tenaciously opposed to every thing which savours of taxation without representation as the British will long consent to the state of things created by the Bill. Mr. Fowler declared, and was not we believe contradicted, that of the four and a half millions required for the maintenance of the voluntary schools, only one million is contributed by the subscribers. Evidently, therefore, the term "voluntary" will be a misnomer when the new Act comes into operation. It can hardly be denied that such a state of things is wrong in principle. Nor, though we suppose the rights of parents who do not belong to the establishment, and to whom no schools but those under its control are accessible, will be protected to some extent by conscience clauses, can it be denied that their case will be one of hardship and injustice. This will be particularly the case in those sections of the country in which such catechisms as that prepared by the Rev. F. A. Gace are used, and in which, whether as a cause or as a consequence, the Church spirit is narrow and bitter. Mr. Fowler quoted from this remarkable catechism some precious passages. Suffice it to say here that in it the children are distinctly taught that Dissenters are to be considered as "heretics," that their worship is "idolatrous," that dissent is "a great sin," and that the reason why Dissenters have not been excommunicated is "because the law of the land does not allow the wholesome law of the Church to be acted upon." One can readily understand in what light the children of Dissenters are likely to be viewed and in what spirit treated by the children of Churchmen in such a school. And this catechism, though the Archbishop of Canterbury has repeatedly protested against it, is said to have passed through twelve editions, showing that it is largely used. Obvious, however, as is the injustice which must be done in many cases under the Act, it is by no means clear that Mr. Fowler's proposal would furnish the best corrective. As Mr. Chamberlain, to whom the task of replying to Mr. Fowler was entrusted, pointed out, under this arrangement the schools of the Church of England were to be placed under popular control, while those of the Roman Catholics, the Wesleyans and the Jews were to be left alone. This he declared the people of the country would never tolerate. The *Spectator* argues that the introduction of an opposition element into the Boards of Management would have the effect, especially in the cases where the Gace spirit was strongest and such an opposition consequently most needed, of setting up in the Boards "a chronic theological quarrel, in which every kind of cordial co-operative feeling would be drowned."

Under the circumstances, then, it is pretty clear that the members of both parties were well-advised in passing the Free School Bill as it stands, and in spite of its obvious defects, by an almost unanimous vote, leaving it to a future Parliament to apply such remedies as may be found necessary in order to make it what it should be. Meanwhile the people will be rapidly educated in the principle of free, universal education, under the auspices and at the expense of the State, and with a view to training and elevating the citizens of the State.

PUBLIC OPINION.

CANADA has much to be proud of, and is undoubtedly growing in national sentiment. But, like the young man who had grown up with such a lofty code of morals, it may justly be said of Canada, "One thing thou lackest." I place the one greatest lack as absence of a sound, healthy public opinion.

It will scarcely be necessary to explain what public opinion is, nor that it is of supreme value—the very safeguard of the honour, the liberty and the well-being of the State. It is the criterion of the moral sense of the community in the aggregate. Public opinion we have in certain relations. It imposes its penalties with inexorable force in neighbourhoods, in villages, in parishes, in towns, and even in cities. But this, while useful, is local. It is the visitation of the ban of the right-thinking part of the community upon lapses from honour, virtue, decency and self-respect. It haunts the drunkard, the wife-beater, the seducer, and, still more, the seduced. It dogs the hypocrite, the blackguard and the humbug. It shadows the vulgar and the pretentious. It passes sentence on the liar and the loafer.

Thus far it is well, but it fails where it is most required, namely, in the arena of public life. What we lack is a national public sentiment, just in its judgments, but swift and unbending in its punishments. In the private walks of life, lapses from honour and decency are properly visited; in the higher functions of government, where party exerts its power, public opinion in Canada is weak and uncertain. It can, under the ægis of party, be defied, and the offender repose serenely under the powerful protection of half, and that, perhaps, a dominant half, of the community.

In framing the constitution of Canada, its authors made no provision for the impeachment of Ministers and other high officials. The reason of this is presumably to be found in the fact that, looking to English ideals, it never occurred that public opinion would not be always sufficiently keen and powerful to sweep from the scene, in an instant, any man who betrayed the trust imposed upon him by high station. In England, if a Minister of the Crown becomes the victim of unpleasant suspicion, with any facts or circumstances which give colour to the suspicion, there is but one thing for him to do, and that is to step down and out, until, at least, the cloud has been cleared away. If wrong-doing of a direct and palpable character is brought home to him, his career is terminated—not, indeed, by any law or article of the constitution, but by the stern and implacable power of a healthy public opinion. Can anyone overestimate the value of this power? It is the very life-blood of the State. It is the index of the moral sense of the nation.

This is just what, in my judgment, Canada lacks, Party spirit, and the prolonged methods of men exercising a commanding influence in the State have combined to destroy public opinion in Canada, or to make it powerless and ineffective.

Party Government has its advantages. It is the best that can be done under our system of popular government. Two parties are better than three, and if parties were numerous it would be practically impossible to have a stable government or to carry on the business of State. The evils which such broad and discriminating thinkers as Mr. Goldwin Smith rail at and deplore it seems to me are not the offspring of party as such, but rather of the abuse of party government—the slavery of party over the whole community. If the country had a body of high-minded independent men who, while having their party alliances, were not slaves to them, but stood always ready to throw their weight and influence into the scale of right and purity, party government could never go very wrong. The larger this class the better; but even if it were small it would hold the balance of power and be ready and able at all times to safe-guard the State.

Have we any such class in Canada? Individuals we have, but I have been throwing my eyes over the country for many years to find the existence of any such class; I have seen times when their functions were sorely required, but they were not there.

Trying to avoid partisanship as much as possible, for the world will class me as a partisan, let me recall some incidents in the recent history of the country, when a healthy public opinion would have condemned and frustrated, or punished, actions which have been accepted as a matter of course, almost without comment, save that which was weakened by being tinged with partisanship.

Some years ago, since the formation of the present Dominion Government, a "testimonial," consisting, if I remember rightly, of a cash offering of \$23,000, was presented to the Minister of Public Works. The greater part of this sum was subscribed by contractors, who were constantly tendering for and receiving contracts from the

Department of Public Works, and, in most cases, obtaining "extras" as well. Can this be justified upon any sound principle of government? Upon any recognized code of ethics? Is it not, to say the least, unbecoming, and calculated to awaken suspicion? Does it not destroy any high sense of ministerial independence, any lofty conception of personal honour? Yet this transaction, though commented upon freely by the Opposition, never elicited, that I am aware of, one word of condemnation by an independent man. Not a clergyman in all of Canada lifted up a note of censure. And the same Minister has gone on holding the same office for many years since. Could this be possible if we had a sound public opinion? The Liberal press says this is very wrong and ought to be condemned. The Tory press treats it facetiously, and talks about "grit slanders." Where is the independent body that is going to give honest and impartial judgment and decide the moral character of such a transaction? Yes, where is it?

Just at this moment the world at large is sounding in lofty phrase the honour of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. It is not pleasant to say ought of the dead but what is kind, nor is it agreeable to sound a discordant note amid this loud chorus of praise. Sir John A. Macdonald is declared to have been a great statesman, and to have welded together a nation by his tact and genius. Granted, if need be. But all the choruses that can be raised cannot obliterate history, nor wipe out the fact that on the brink of a general election in 1882 he introduced and passed a measure which cut and carved the various constituencies in Ontario in such a manner as to mass or "hive" the Liberal voters in certain electoral districts, and thus, by dint of unfair and unmanly tactics, to secure a large number of seats for his supporters that otherwise could not have been won.

Now if this act was actually done, and no one can deny it, it was an unfair political game. It was loading the dice. It was so distributing the electorate that the party in power—the party which had a majority in Parliament—obtained an unjust advantage, and through the exercise of the law-making prerogative vested in Parliament to be exercised for the general good and for even-handed justice to all concerned. If this power can be taken advantage of by a party majority to secure any advantage of an unequal or unfair character, then there is no limit. The next step would be an Act to disfranchise every man who had ever given a Liberal vote. The only protection against outrage of this kind which would destroy the liberties of the people is public opinion. Nothing short of revolution can restrain the exercise of arbitrary power but public opinion.

Where was the public opinion in Canada on the Gerry-mander Act? Where was the body of independent men who rose up and said: "This is not fair. Such acts endanger the liberties of the people, and, therefore, must be stopped at all hazards"? I heard nothing of the kind. The Liberals, who were hurt, raised their voice against it vigorously, but their opponents smiled contemptuously, as the event showed they could afford to smile. There did not exist in Canada any potent independent class to condemn this outrage. Yet it was wrong and down the ages it will pass as a wrong and indefensible measure. You can apotheosize its author and elevate all his surviving relatives into the nobility, but you cannot wipe out the Gerry-mander Act or justify it. And what is worse, Canada has no public opinion that makes such acts dangerous. Party overshadows all and protects the wrong-doer up to certain limits. What are the limits? Here is the puzzle. Is it robbing hen roosts?

A great number of other instances might be cited in illustration, but it would make this article too long. Some one will respond by pointing out things that Mr. Mowat has done, or Mr. Mercier has done, or Mr. Blake has done. This, however, will only strengthen my argument. Let not wrong doing, injustice and unfairness be justified or shielded. If it can be shown that Liberal leaders have done wrong and escaped popular condemnation, this will only serve to confirm my complaint that Canada is devoid of a healthy and effective public opinion and cannot get on without it. At this very moment there is pressing need of a manifestation of an impartial, independent judgment of the best of the electorate. Who expects to find it? Who expects to find a clergyman ignore his party proclivities and make an honest utterance at this moment, when startling instances of official corruption are being brought to light? I do not, and yet this would be the very highest safeguard of the national honour, the brightest promise of our future greatness and stability.

I hope nothing I have said will be interpreted as cant. It may be said we are as good as the rest of the world; that partisanship blinds people everywhere—even in England. This is unfortunately true, but it does not make a sound public opinion any the less useful. The blow to be effective must be sudden. The impartial judgment of history generations after the act is done will not answer. There must be a vigorous tribunal of public opinion whose decrees can be executed promptly and serve as a constant and effective deterrent. Depend upon it, without any cant, this is Canada's greatest lack and her greatest need.

Halifax, July, 1891.

J. W. LONGLEY.

THE soul must sometimes sweat blood. Nothing great is achieved without the severest discipline of heart and mind; nothing is well done that is done easily.—*Bayard Taylor*.

TWO SONNETS OF PETRARCH.

I. "VAGO ANGELLETTO."

SWEET Bird, that ever as thou passest by
Dost lift thy plaintive voice, early and late,
Knowing that night and winter for thee wait,
While summer and the day behind thee lie:
If thou couldst in my pain thine own descry,
Couldst know how like to thine my sad estate,
Thou wouldst not shun this heart so desolate,
But share thy griefs with mine in sympathy.
And yet I know not how they can compare,
For she thou lov'st is still perchance in life,
While Death and Heaven have robbed me of my bliss.
But gloomy hours and seasons such as this,
Memories of days with sweet and bitter rife,
Move me my heart's disquiet to lay bare.

II. "DOLCI DUREZZE."

Gentle rebukes and soft remonstrances,
Full of pure love and pitying tenderness;
A sweet severity that could repress
My passionate will to due observances;
A low soft voice, in whose clear tones unite
All courtesy with spotless purity,
Fount of delight, white flower of chastity,
Winning my soul from wrong to love the right:
Eyes of divinest beauty, such as fill
The soul of man with happiness, yet strong
To curb the strivings of my restless will
And heal my spirit vexed with bitter strife
In this perfection of thy lovely life
I find my peace, through conflict stern and long.

LOIS SAUNDERS.

OTTAWA LETTER.

THE Bill to subsidize the Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railway to the extent of \$80,000 a year for twenty years was smartly opposed in the Lower House, but, like the Prince Edward Island tunnel, this scheme has the solid vote of a whole parliamentary delegation to back it, and the seats of that delegation depend on the effectiveness of their advocacy. So the Bill naturally passed, and is now getting a severe criticism in the Senate. It is suggested that the Senate might well repeat its famous action in the Esquimalt and Nanaimo and Harvey and Moncton Railway Bills, but the Upper House seems so justified as to its *raison d'être* from the fact of having the Premier in it, that there is not much likelihood of its taking such a course. Incidentally the debate in the Commons raised the question of members speaking and voting upon measures in which they have a pecuniary interest. Mr. Casey's support of the measure was in itself provoking to his party, but Mr. McMullen's reference to Mr. Casey's being a shareholder in the railway disclosed an unlooked-for acerbity, and Mr. Lister proved but a Job's comforter in defending Mr. Casey against the imputations on his disinterestedness by saying the stock was worthless.

The one subject of political talk is the McGreevy-Langevin investigation. Comment on a case *sub judice* is unbecoming, unfair too when only a part of one side of the story has been heard. But people will give their impressions all the same, and, without prejudging anybody, some of these may be repeated. Mr. Owen Eugene Murphy's experience in the particular line he has chosen has probably accustomed him to face awkward situations coolly and to keep a shot in the locker. Much of the effect of his cross-examination in laying a basis of contradictions and evaded questions whereon to found an argument of his untrustworthiness was demolished by Mr. Perley's admission of taking the jewellery from him. Public opinion jumped at once to the illogical conclusion that the whole of his story must be quite as circumstantial as this part of it. However the result of his testimony is to show that whether all he says be true or false, Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. McGreevy have for years been knowingly dealing with a man who on his own showing is a defaulter. Then the Perley incident reminds people of the \$17,000 testimonial presented to Sir Hector by the contractors, and also of a certain set of opals given to a lady much more exalted than Mrs. Perley, but in quite as delicate a position towards the donors. Another point commented upon is the tendency to change front shown in the alleged proposal by Sir John Thompson to alter the instructions of the Government's counsel so that their functions would be those of prosecution, so to speak, rather than of defence. The story goes that this move was made to suggest to Sir Hector the desirability of retiring from the Ministry, but that he calmly dissented thereto, declaring he would rather not go all by himself, that investigation might as well be carried farther, and some more of his colleagues row in the same boat with him. All this, if it took place, did so in the oath-bound secrecy of the Privy Council. So the story may go for what it is worth; following, however, on Sir John Thompson's answer in the House to a question about the lawyers, that they were retained to aid the investigation, and on the previous statement that they represented the Department of Public Works, not Sir Hector individually, it may serve as an indication of people's thoughts.

The Perley incident, followed by his suspension and the resignation of Mr. Burgess, consequent upon the disclosure in the Public Accounts Committee of irregular practices as to payment for extra work done by clerks in

the Department of the Interior, caused not only a sensation but a feeling of great uneasiness as to the condition of things in the public service generally. In both cases there has been much sympathy for the individual man. Nobody—in Ottawa, at all events—thinks that either of these gentlemen, who are well known and respected, was guilty of corrupt practice. Mr. Perley, to be sure, might fairly have pleaded his Minister's example, and does not seem to have known for some time either the value of Murphy's gift, which was actually received by Mrs. Perley in her husband's absence, or the imputation which it conveyed. Mr. Burgess either allowed to continue, or was ignorant of, a practice which was almost sanctioned by custom in many other departments than that of which he was till so lately the deputy head. His reluctance to allow a relative's name to appear as receiving payment for services is easily understood by those who know the intense jealousy and narrow-mindedness that pervades the ranks of the Civil Service and the mischief wrought by malicious gossip; all the same, it was a bad mistake. Mr. Perley and Mr. Burgess alike have had to suffer the inevitable penalty of serious indiscretion in such high position.

The Committee is getting deeper and deeper into the facts of the case. On Friday last Mr. Valin, ex-M.P., and Chairman of the Quebec Harbour Commission, told what he knew about it with that cynical frankness that characterizes the professional politician in Quebec, when he does talk to the public as he is accustomed to do among his own set. That money is needed for elections everybody knows; Mr. Valin evidently considered the knowledge axiomatic. The point was that he said the money for his election in 1887 came from or rather through Messrs. Murphy and Thomas McGreevy. When he wanted more, McGreevy told him Sir Adolphe Caron could not be satisfied in his demands for electioneering purposes in Quebec County, and Sir Hector Langevin was costing a good deal in Three Rivers, besides which there were others to be supplied. He told how McGreevy managed the substitution of an unaccepted cheque for the deposit receipt which was lodged as Larkin and Connolly's security for the Quebec Graving Dock Contract, and followed this by explaining that the influence which McGreevy possessed with himself and the Harbour Commission generally was due to his being Sir Hector's confidential man, a phrase which was rendered in the translation from Mr. Valin's French into "confidence man." Sir Hector had, so Mr. Valin says, told him to follow McGreevy's advice when in doubt, which as Sir Hector seems also to have qualified McGreevy as a "good fellow" sounds like the famous whist maxim. Mr. McGreevy in turn recommended the contractors to Mr. Valin's kind offices as being also "good fellows." So doubtless at that period of the game Mr. Valin counted the strength in trumps in his own and his partner's hands. To say that these revelations caused a sensation is putting things mildly. The feeling now is that a crisis is near at hand, and the explanations and evidence in rebuttal are eagerly looked for. The Committee then adjourned till Tuesday, the longish delay being compensated for by a promise that Mr. Robert McGreevy would then be produced, after whose examination the proceedings on the side of the accusers would be hurried to a conclusion. Mr. Thomas McGreevy is ill, but is expected to appear some time this week, and there are some hopes that by the end of next week the Committee may proceed to their report and give Parliament some chance of being prorogued by the end of August.

The Public Accounts Committee meanwhile goes on accumulating materials for the making and investigating of charges against the Civil Service generally and the political heads of Departments in particular. The irregularities in the Department of the Interior have been followed by the suspension, and probably will be followed by the dismissal, of a number of officials of various grades. The Opposition are so strenuous in their denunciation of the state of affairs which Mr. Perley's confession, taken in conjunction with this Interior business, is supposed to reveal in the service generally, that Government supporters are not likely to try and stem the tide of accusation, or to take time to devise means whereby the causes of the evil will be permanently removed, while the really guilty are punished. In the present excitement wherever a head, however innocent in reality it may be, stands out among the crowd, it is likely to be hit hard. It must not be forgotten, in judging of the supposed prevalence of corruption and malpractice, that the charge is made primarily for political ends, and, like all charges so made, is both consciously and unconsciously, perhaps it might also be said unconsciously, magnified and exaggerated. There are many abuses, however, and there are some scandals, but, to judge from the tone of the Civil Service generally in regard to these, it would rather prefer investigation, if this could only be on the merits pure and simple. But abuses and scandals are not confined to the Service, and unfortunately "political exigencies" will see that these go unpunished while sacrificing other offenders.

The galleries are empty and stuffy, the floor is deserted by all save a few members of his own side to listen to the tariff orator of the moment and to "keep a house." The private Bills weakly interest semi-torpid committees. Ottawa "society" has gone out of town; ministerial dinners are mercifully rare; there is nothing in the way of dramatic or musical entertainment. Still a summer season has its compensations. The evening breeze is always cool on Parliament Hill, and the grounds grow yearly

more beautiful. The trees on the slope of the bluff along which the shady "Lover's Walk" runs, and the flower beds bordering the paths across the lawns, give the lovely buildings a setting far more becoming than the hard whiteness of winter, or the colourlessness of that anomalous period which goes in Canada by the name of spring. The walk along the edge of the cliff brings some fresh charm always. Either it is the sunset behind the wooded hills on the Quebec side of the river, a new effect of light on the Chaudière Falls, the trees of the Canal Ravine and Major's Hill Park, or some hitherto unnoticed "bit" where towers and gothic windows are grouped in a framing of foliage. X.

A VISIT AT POINTE-A-PLATON.

THE Artist and I arose at six, and wandered about the streets of Three Rivers, that antediluvian little city of antique white French convents and churches, and odd jumbles of back-yard architecture. We bought our supplies of bread and vegetables in the market, to put with our Bolognas and ham and chicken in the sail-boat. We embarked and spread canvas past the mouth of the St. Maurice and made the hours run happily down the river past each gradually-sighted church-spire, until the banks grew higher and sheerer and the sun went down. A great cloud stretching like a vanguard across the sky was advancing quickly, under which was a white mist; we must now make for the shore. We were still a quarter of a mile from land when the white mist suddenly flashed bright and covered the whole landscape behind us, and in ten seconds, with a rattle like a volley of arms, a squall came down upon us; waves surged into the boat and everything beyond a few yards was one blind, rattling whiteness of furious rain and hail. Fortunately our mast and sail were at once blown down, and the squall lasted only a minute, or we should have drifted to shore in another fashion. That cold drenching decided our night's stopping-place. We got to a hamlet near by, and slept overnight at a cobbler's. It was, as we opined from the map, the hamlet named Ste. Emmelie, which is at one end of the Seigniorie of Lotbinière, while Pointe-à-Platon, with the Manorhouse, is at the other, and as its inhabitants depend on Mr. Joly's mills my enquiry for him brought the friendliest responses.

The next morning we sailed past lofty bare cliffs of purple clay, surmounted by a thick fringe of arboreal foliage—cliffs having, from the utter absence for miles of any dwellings, a peculiar lonely picturesqueness. Out of this silent shore the Pointe-à-Platon stood—a torrent of forest bursting the cliff-wall, and foaming down in surges of thick green leafage. At the foot of the Point was a wharf, to which we made our boat fast, and, leaving our satchels with a woman at the cottage hard by, we started for the Manoir, which could be just described in a delightful position, hidden in verdure half-way up. Mr. Joly came forward, out of a family group, and met us under the trees surrounding the lawn. With delightful cordiality, he waived any formality of introduction, declaring that we had already been sufficiently announced by a letter from our common friend, and we must immediately have dinner and spend the day with him. "Daughter," said he, "what room can we give these gentlemen?" "The Pink Room, papa." The Pink Room it was, therefore—one of the most charming of chambers. Everything in it wore, of course, some phase of pink colour, from the pretty wainscot panels, in delicate shades, to the bed coverlets of pink covered with white lace. The chamber, in fact, consisted of two, a small, curtained off from a large one, with outlooks from both into green shades and river-view. By drawing aside the wardrobe which stood in it, our host afterwards showed that it had a secret entrance into another room—a museum, containing cases of admirably stuffed birds and animals, the fauna of the surrounding region, the work of his own ingenuity and of the industry of his boys. Mr. Joly is famous for his gentle manners. A graceful, white-haired kind-eyed man, he is with small doubt the most perfectly bred man in Canada, and one of the noblest hearted. These qualities were both his strength and his weakness as Premier of the Province, and they gained him the title of "the Knight of Lotbinière," which so exactly fits him. He inherits the Seigniorie of Lotbinière from his mother, a Mademoiselle de Lotbinière, of the family under whose lordship these lands have been since 1672. His father was a Huguenot merchant, who seems to have been a business-like, God-fearing man. It was the latter who built the present pretty Manoir. It was put up in sections, first at Ste. Emmelie, and only afterwards removed to the lovely Point. It is a graceful châteaueau structure, embowered in vines, and ample in size; it is, however, not an elaborately expensive building. "The house itself is nothing," exclaimed our friend and host; "it is the view over the river from this height which is our pride." And the view up the broad river and across to the Deschambault shore was grandly picturesque. There, from their leafy eyrie, the Lotbinière household see all that passes up and down the stream, and enjoy an ever varying feast of sky and water, cliffs, shores and shipping. In front is a spacious lawn bounded by a hedge on the brink of the hill, and having a raised summer-house as a lookout. On the right hand of the lawn you enter the gardens, interspersed with fruit trees and containing a fish-pond, conservatories and vines, together

with a plantation of the young trees of which Mr. Joly is trying to encourage the growth in Canada.

At dinner our host was in his best element. All the guests, the ladies, even the youngsters, came in for a share of his merry, graceful attentions. As one sat at the board, with windows looking out across the vine-leaved gallery towards landscape and sky, and with the current of tasteful wit and good-humour going, which the Seigneur of Platon infused into the assemblage, few scenes as pleasant could be recalled.

During the afternoon he discussed the water-colour sketches of the Artist's portfolio, and exhibited some of his own. He proposed to find a favourable spot in the neighbourhood, and took us some distance along the road and down the cliff, when, a proper point of view being chosen, he brought me away so that the artist might be left alone. He showed me then the workshop of the estate, where under his directions a handsome ash dog-cart for his ladies was being built, and other work executed. This made me think of some very artistic carved chairs which I had admired in the dining-room, and I found that they had been made in this "shop" from his designs. They bore evidence of a clear knowledge of the principles of the Ruskin school. Having been admired by the Princess Louise when visiting Platon, Mr. Joly sent her a pair. In thanking him, she sent back a fine chair of her own. He was not alone in the artistic turn. His eldest daughter, too, had her studio, where she was in process of carving a handsome box, after a design of leaves from Nature.

Near the house were neat servants' quarters and stables. A little way on was the farmyard, where, also, the ingenuity of the man and his application of intelligence to rural life were visible. By a simple common ditch he intercepted the waters dripping from the hillside above. These he had collected in two small ponds, one below the other, and stopped the outlet of each by a plank gate. By these all his churning is done. He showed how, when the milk is ready in the dairy just adjoining, a lever inside is lifted which opens the gate of the lower pond, allowing the water to pour upon a water-wheel, and the churning then goes on by aid of a belt. When the lower pond is exhausted, the upper is opened as a reserve. Another original idea is the barn. The basement is arranged as a manure-cellar, the ground flat is stables, from which the manure is emptied beneath through traps; overhead is the hayloft, and as the building is on the side of a hill, the hay-carts pass easily into the loft at one end, almost on the level, while, when emptied, they find no difficulty in passing down an incline exit at the other. His terms with the farm-people and servants seemed of the most ideal description. Everywhere he gave advice like a father, and was respected as such. In the entrance hall of the Manor, I had expressed delight at some heavy *portières* of a unique silk *catalogne*. These it seems were made by the farmer's wife out of ladies' dresses, after another invention of his. His model plantations of trees were next visited, and he had much to say as he stopped to do a little thinning out in the nursery of young black walnuts, with a few words on politics which were as touching and honourable as his life would lead to expect. He spoke, too, of his sons in the army, and how the youngest lately wrote from England asking him whether he should go to a post which offered in India, or, as he preferred to do, out to East Africa with Captain Huntly Mackay, but being ready to follow his father's will. "I wrote him," said Mr. Joly, "that I should have liked him to go to India, that splendid school for officers, but that what he must follow alone is his feeling of duty, and if he felt that said to go to Africa, he should go to Africa."

We slept at Platon that night, and left soon after breakfast next day. The chivalrous Seigneur himself held our boat-line as we raised the sail, and we dropped down quickly with the tide towards Quebec, waving good-bye towards one of the noblest of men made by God.

Montreal.

ALCHEMIST.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

I PROPOSE to submit an emendation of one of the corrupt passages which are so numerous in this play. The play is certainly no "pleasant comedie"; on the contrary it belongs to that sombre and painful group of which "Measure for Measure" is the most severe example. Indeed the plots of these two plays have a strong and painful resemblance. The heroine of "All's Well that Ends Well," Helena, with her masculine strength of will, her clear judgment, her passionate love, lacks the winning grace and loveliness of Viola, Rosalind, or the divine Imogen; and the hero, Bertram, though, in Helena's estimation, "a bright particular star" which it was folly for her to woo, is in truth a contemptible creature, quite unworthy of her fond devotion and passionate love. The passage to which I would call attention is the one (Act v., s. 3) in which the Countess of Rousillon (Bertram's mother) strives to palliate to the king her son's heartless desertion of his wife immediately after their marriage:—

'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' th' *blade of youth*,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and *burns on*.

I confess myself unable to discern the meaning of "blade of youth" in this passage, which I have no doubt is corrupt and not as Shakespeare left it. Nor do I think

that Theobald has at all improved the passage by substituting "blaze" for "blade;" albeit his suggestion has, I find, been very generally adopted by recent editors of Shakespeare. By reading *blood* for *blade*, the meaning is made clear and the passage becomes Shakespearian:—

'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' th' *blood of youth*,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and *burns on*.

The student of Shakespeare need hardly be reminded that he furnishes us elsewhere with many similar passages; for example, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Rosaline says:—

The *blood of youth burns* not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness (Act v., s. 2).

In the same play Birone excuses himself for breaking his vows against woman in these words:—

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we are born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn (Act iv., s. 3).

In other words "young blood" will do as nature prompts, we cannot prevent this "natural rebellion," as the Countess calls it. In "Romeo and Juliet" we have the expression "warm youthful blood," and in "Hamlet" "freeze thy young blood."

Classical readers will no doubt recall Horace's "*calida juvenus*," of which our "hot youth" is the exact translation.

The emendation which I have suggested appears to me so obvious that I found it hard to suppose it had not been long ago proposed, but so far as I can discover it has not.

I am aware, indeed, that Richard Grant White, a ripe Shakespearian, in his edition of the Plays published in 1886, says in his note on the passage in question: "It cannot be necessary to inform any reader of Shakespeare that the 'blade of youth' is the spring time of youth, and no comment would be required on the passage had not Theobald suggested 'the blaze of youth.'" In answer to this, it is perhaps enough to say that the fact that Theobald's very unsatisfactory emendation has been so generally adopted, is sufficient evidence that the majority of readers felt that some emendation was absolutely necessary. To suppose that Shakespeare wrote 'blade of youth' here is, it seems to me, to make him guilty of a grossly mixed metaphor, which is very unlike him.

E. A. MEREDITH.

THE TORONTO LANDING.*

DURING the great Industrial Exhibition at Toronto in 1890, many persons made their way to the Exhibition Grounds on the airy decks of the fine spacious ferry-boats *Mayflower* and *Primrose*, and were in this way for the first time conducted to the magnificent wharf or jetty, recently built at the expense of the city at the foot of Dufferin Street, running out some seven hundred feet into the waters of the Bay. In adopting this mode of approach to the Exhibition Park, the citizen or stranger had the advantage of obtaining an interesting view as he passed along of what we may call the historic portion of the city front.

First, he had a glimpse of the old garrison, now disused, from a bastion of which for so many years floated the flag of England, where also for a long series of years the firing of a cannon at noon every day gave the time to the surrounding neighbourhood, and within the precincts of which was situated the magazine, whose explosion in 1813 caused such devastation in the ranks of an invading force.

Then next he saw the group of white stone buildings known as the new barracks, though in fact now some forty years old, in actual use as quarters for a detachment of our incorporated militia, situated on the spot pointed out by the eminent military engineer, Captain Gotha Mann, in 1788, as being best adapted for a fort to protect a town and settlement, when there should be any such object hereabout to protect; a judgment of his, however, which appears not to have been adopted by the authorities at the time. And then, immediately after, he had a striking view of the monument which, since the year 1888, has marked the exact site of the Indian trading post, known as Fort Toronto from 1749 and onwards, the remains of which were so noticeable in 1788 that Captain Mann describes them by the term "Ruins," on his map of this region, which ruins he delineates on a small scale a short distance to the west of the spot which he designates as eligible, in his judgment, for a protecting fort. Finally the visitor disembarks at the foot of a noble street, which, though opened up and utilized only of late, has acquired much importance as an approach to the Exhibition Grounds, and is invested also with a peculiar interest as being one of the side lines laid out in the old original survey of Augustus Jones between every fifth two hundred acre lot in the range extending from the York and Scarboro' town line to the Humber.

It is in regard to the romance, so to speak, connected with the new landing-place at the foot of the street just referred to, that I desire to put on record one or two observations.

This landing-place represents, more nearly than any other along our city front, the original landing-place at the foot of the cliff, immediately under the palisades of the old French trading-post, where, from time to time, small fleets of bark canoes and other frail craft were to be seen putting

*A paper read before the Society of York Pioneers (Co. York, Ontario), November 4, 1890.

in from the east, west and south for purposes of traffic, more than a hundred years ago.

It so happens that the surveyor, Augustus Jones, makes a note in his field-book that he ran this particular line between lots 30-31, two chains to the west of the old French fort, so that the new landing-place is situated just that small distance from the landing on the beach below the trading-post.

This fact will certainly become a matter of increased interest in the future, when the landing-place at the foot of Dufferin Street shall have become a customary stopping-place, as it is expected one day to be, for steamers from Niagara and Hamilton, not only at exhibition time, but at other periods also throughout the year. The jetty or wharf at the foot of Dufferin Street has the fine peculiarity also of being in a direct line with that street; while in the case of every other street traversing Toronto from north to south to the water's edge, the street ends in a "slip," or narrow compartment of water with wharfage accommodation on the right and left, while in this case the street is, as we have seen, continued out uninterruptedly on a broad, roomy jetty, some seven hundred feet in length.

The landing-place at the old French trading-post was aforesaid *par excellence* "the Toronto landing," and the space in its immediate neighbourhood seems to have been spoken of in a general way as Toronto, when as yet no town-plot of that or any other name had been then laid out. Should, for example, the *Official Gazette* at Niagara-across-the-lake announce in its columns that His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor had just embarked in His Majesty's schooner, the *Missisaga* for Toronto, it was to this particular spot that reference was made, and here probably he and his suite would be put ashore from the Government vessel in some canoe or light boat, sent out from the strand below the fort. It is also likely that His Excellency's famous canvas house (noted by Bouchette, p. 89, vol. I., of his "British Dominions") was in the first instance set up somewhere near the edge of the cliff at this spot. Around the trading-post at Toronto, we know, from the journal of Major Robert Rodgers, 1760, p. 206, there was a large cleared space which would be convenient for such a purpose; and from this point the enterprising Governor would conduct his explorations eastward to the site of the proposed town, afterwards surveyed and laid out under his inspection by Augustus Jones. At a subsequent period the migratory house may have been removed to where the garrison was afterwards established at the junction of the Garrison Creek with the Bay.

It will be of use to allude to an expression in connection with the landing here. Charlevoix designates it on his map by the term *Teiaiaagon*. (See Charlevoix's "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," Quarto. Paris, 1744, page 276. The map is by Bellin.) In regard to this *Teiaiaagon* some ambiguity has arisen, another *Teiaiaagon* having been said to exist some way eastward on the shore of the lake, nearly where the town of Port Hope now stands. This is asserted in D. W. Smith's "First Gazetteer of Upper Canada," page 143, who uses, indeed, an orthography slightly different, but the same term is evidently intended.

The explanation seems to be this: that every important landing along the coast of the lake would be named by the *Misissagas* or *Otchipway*, *Teiaiaagon*, the meaning of the term being, as I am assured by well-informed authority (the late Mr. Allen Macdonell, of Toronto), a landing where a trail or portage commences, leading to some other important water route.

The *Teiaiaagon* at Port Hope would be the terminus on Lake Ontario of the portage to the chain of back lakes leading to Lake Huron, and the *Teiaiaagon* at Toronto was the southern terminus of the portage via the valleys of the Humber and Holland Rivers to Lake Simcoe, and beyond, also, to the waters of Lake Huron.

As I have often before pointed out (it will be no harm to repeat the circumstance), in Charlevoix's map at the period when the landing here is designated *Teiaiaagon*, the lake to the north which we call Lake Simcoe is designated Lake Toronto.

The word Toronto, as is known from the testimony of a long tradition, signifies a place of meeting, or populous region, the reference being to the territory between this lake and Lake Huron, thickly peopled with the Huron or Wyandot tribes.

In the dictionary of Gabriel Sagard, a Recollet missionary who laboured at an early period among the Hurons, the word *Toronton* occurs, as also *Otoronton*. As applied to an inanimate thing, both words denote a great quantity of it; as applied to men, they each denoted a great number of them.

The syllables *Toronton*, often heard in connection with the idea of large numbers, would be readily transformed by the French into a local name for the populous region inhabited by the Hurons or Wyandots, and be applied also as such to the small lake situated in the midst of that region.

After the Huron tribes had been extirpated by the invading Iroquois about 1649, the term continued for a time in use, although no longer applicable, and at length altogether disappeared from the maps of the region, but, strangely and happily, it survived as a designation for the landing-place on Lake Ontario, where traders and others had been wont to disembark for the purpose of making the portage to the populous region to the north. The letter at the end, giving to the last syllable a French nasal sound, has been dropped; as in Oswego, for Ochoueguen.

The term *Teiaiaagon* was no longer heard, being dis-

placed by the new appellation Toronto, now so familiar to us all.

Our technical use of the word "landing-place" has been derived from the old voyageur days of Canada, and it corresponds exactly in its significance with the Indian term Teiaiaagon, signifying a place where you disembark to perform a necessary portage of greater or less length. "Dickenson's Landing" used to be a familiar expression amongst us, as perhaps we shall remember. It was where the traveller left the bateaux in order to go round by land past the Long Sault. The Queenston landing, frequently styled, as we shall remember, by way of eminence, "The Landing," was where you disembarked to make the portage round the Falls of Niagara. Prince Arthur's Landing, at the head of Lake Superior, originated, I believe, in the fact that it was where the Prince disembarked for the land journey to western waters.

Curiously, the expression "Holland Landing," continues to this day to be familiar to travellers on Yonge Street, and the passengers by the cars of the Northern Railway. It is an interesting reminder of the time when "Toronto Landing" had its full force of meaning as denoting the southern ending of the portage, of which Holland Landing was the northern beginning; for it was just here where voyageurs from the waters of Lake Huron and Lake Simcoe, after passing a few miles up the Holland River, disembarked to make the portage southward by the valley of the Humber to the Toronto Landing.

To render the discussion a little less incomplete, two or three observations are subjoined, which may be regarded as "foot notes," intended to throw light on points here and there touched on in the text.

Note 1. After the disappearance from the maps of the expression Lake Toronto, as a designation for the lake which we know now as Lake Simcoe, several other names for that sheet of water appear in French and English documents. The most important of these would seem to be the French expression, Lac-aux-Claies, that is, Hurdle Lake, apparently with allusion to some arrangement for spearing fish at the narrows of the lake. This name is given in D. W. Smith's "First Gazetteer." English traders and land surveyors corrupted the French expression, Lac-aux-Claies, into Lac-le-Clie, or Lac-la-Clie, a word having no meaning. In Captain Gotha Mann's map the old trail of the portage starting from Lake Ontario is designated as "Part of the road towards Lake la Clie."

The primitive land surveyor, Augustus Jones, also makes a note in his field-book, when in the course of his operations in these parts he comes out upon the trail leading to Lake la Clie. D. W. Smith likewise notices the variation. It is of interest to subjoin that the route in the present High Park, Toronto, marked "Indian Road," is a portion of the track referred to.

Other names apparently of Indian origin were likewise applied to Lake Simcoe, such as Sinion or Sheniong, said by some to mean Silver Lake. D. W. Smith has also noted these names. Another native term, uncouth enough for this lake, supplied by the same authority, was Ouentironk, Latinized by Creuxius in the map given by Bressani, into *Lacus Ouentaronius*, an effort, probably, to express the Otoronton of Sagard, *Beaucoup de gens*, etc.

Note 2. I have elsewhere recorded the fact that many years ago I had access to a manuscript map of Western Canada at Wolford in Devon, bearing date about 1792, in which Toronto was marked, described as follows: "Toronto, an Indian village, now deserted." I have no doubt that the "Indian village, now deserted," really meant the remains of the Indian trading-post known as Fort Toronto. In Gotha Mann's time these remains were sufficiently extensive to induce him to describe them as "Ruins" on his map, and he was able to delineate distinctly on a small scale five buildings within the enclosure of the palisade.

These remains may have afforded a partial shelter from time to time for wandering bands of Indians, and here probably were accommodated the two Missisaga families, of whom Commodore Bouchette speaks, page 89, vol. I., of his "British Dominions in North America," as constituting the sole inhabitants of Toronto when, at the command of the Government, he commenced the survey of the harbour.

The remains of the old French Fort at Toronto were numerous and sufficiently conspicuous down to the year 1879, when a cairn was erected at the expense of the corporation, bearing a suitable inscription to mark the spot.

The necessities of the Public Industrial Exhibition, instituted about that period, required that the ground hereabout should be levelled down and sodded, causing the entire obliteration of the surface marks, which had to that date been so visible, of the foundations of the wooden buildings of the fort and of the palisade which surrounded it.

The remains of the cairn, with its inscription, are now to be seen on the east side of the base of the monument, which has since been erected to mark the same spot.

HENRY SCADDING.

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ANOTHER work by Thomas à Kempis, worthy of a place, according to some critics, beside his "Imitatio Christi," has been recently discovered and identified. Two clergymen have translated and edited the work, which is entitled: "De Vita Christi Meditationes," and it is now in the press.

BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.

AMONG other excellent advice, Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son: "When you frequent places of public worship remember that, however erroneous, there are none of them objects of ridicule. The object of all public worship in the world is the same; it is that great eternal Being who created everything. The different manners of worship are by no means subjects of ridicule; each sect thinks its own the best, and I know no infallible judge in the world to decide which is the best."

Have you ever gone early to church and watched the people come in? Seen Mr. Pomposity march up the aisle as though he owned the building and all the people in it, his wife sailing behind, followed by a troop of children who settle and unsettle themselves during the entire service and make things uncomfortable for a radius of half the church? The shy maiden who begins to feel her years, and glides in as if conscious that all eyes were upon her and yet disappointed because they are not; her sister, probably a few years older, who prides herself upon her single blessedness and holds her head a little higher than is really necessary, who walks boldly and fancies herself indifferent to people's opinions? The man who is proud of his handsome face and figure and pays his cobbler a trifle extra for the squeak in his shoes, who comes late to church and strides well to the front in order that all may have a chance of seeing him? The bank and civil service clerks who think it quite the proper thing to be seen there, who take their places and attend to the service in a very creditable manner? The student who comes to criticize, and saunters in with a careless air as if doing the preacher and congregation a favour by attending at all? Clerks of lower degrees—who sell butter, ribbon, shoes or sausages all the week, who put on their best manners with their Sunday clothes and walk awkwardly up the aisle and sit consciously in their seats trying to forget themselves and appear natural? The young society ladies, walking demurely, tripping lightly or strutting proudly to their places? Giggling school girls shuffling sideways with one shoulder forward and gaining their seats with a noticeable effort? Elderly ladies who enjoy coming and walk naturally and pleasantly? Others to whom the sanctuary is a holy place and who enter it entirely forgetful of self and thinking only of the blessing it is to them; and those to whom religion is a living reality and whose lives show an implicit faith and love in a Divine Being. There are many churches and many forms of worship; but few people show to worse disadvantage than when attending a place of worship differing in form from their own. I have seen members of other denominations attending the English church, watched them take their seats and sit bolt upright and look round to let people see that they would not ask any favour of the Lord for His guidance in *this* worship; they would not designate themselves miserable sinners *there*, nor bend the knee to pray, nor join in the psalter, nor repeat the Creed; but look on with an amused and puzzled expression, considering themselves superior to the rest of the congregation. They might join in the hymns if the tunes were ones they had heard in their own church, but the condescending air with which they took any part in the service was sufficient to attract and deserve the mirth, ridicule or contempt of the worshippers who could not help seeing them. They would turn their backs to the clergyman and stare at the architecture, rattle the leaves of their prayerbooks and throw them down with an air of impatience that anyone could believe such stuff, knock over the footstools and behave themselves in a most unseemly and ungentle manner until the service was over. Speak in loud tones on leaving the church, assuring everyone of the bore the whole thing had been to them, and what nonsense and child's play the forms had appeared. They had gone home pleased with themselves, and had related at the dinner table the lessons they had taught, and how wonderstruck the people were that they had not been influenced by anything they had seen or heard. It never dawned upon them that they had been making fools of themselves, that the few who could not help noticing them had thought them uncouth and boorish; that the clergyman had pitied them for their ignorant insolence and, upon enquiry, was surprised to find that they had any pretensions to the name of gentle people.

I have seen Episcopalians attend other churches and sit with a half-concealed sneer upon their faces through the whole service, declining to open a Bible or hymn book, and insisting upon kneeling during the prayer when the rest of the congregation stood. I have heard them go so far as to declare it presumption to speak to the Lord without a printed form, and to ridicule every attempt to worship without a book. The subject of baptism, too, is a matter for great display of impoliteness. Immersion is peculiar to those who have not been brought up to believe in it. People go to see it as a show; whisper, giggle and make silly remarks through the service, even stand upon the benches that they can the better see (although their society manners are beyond reproach). They do not think of the solemn meaning it has for those who are thus publicly confessing their faith; and if they do, they show an utter disregard for feelings that they themselves do not experience; and infant baptism! how I have heard it sneered at! I knew a father refuse to have his dying child baptized, although the mother firmly believed her little one would be in eternal torture if the sacred rite were not administered. Have you ever observed what reverence there is in the Roman Catholic religion? How

quiet and well-behaved the people are in their churches; and, for the most part, they belong to the humbler classes; and, have you noticed a Protestant enter? He does not simply pass the urn of holy water; he turns and stares at it to let every one know that he sees, but has a contempt for it; he does not go directly into a pew as he would in his own church, but stands for a moment and gazes about him; *the worshippers there bend the knee before entering their seats.* He sits throughout the service, and even if he be a high church Episcopalian, he will not bow so much as his head. The Holy Father is an object of curiosity, and the white-robed altar-boys part of the show. He tosses a quarter into the offering plate to pay for his amusement, and saunters out before the service is finished. Well it would have been for him had he been ordered out before the service began! What a pity it is, too, that Romanists cannot take their church reverence with them to other places of worship! I once heard a lady of the Roman Catholic faith say, on being asked to attend divine service in a Protestant church: "I don't mind going, but you would not expect me to join in your worship." She was one of the best women I ever met, but who, I may ask, is broad-minded on the subject of their religion? I have been amused, sometimes, in watching people sing in church, especially if a new hymn book has been introduced, of which they do not entirely approve; some old-fashioned hymn is given out; they open their books and glance over it, probably the words are re-arranged, or the tune is different; it is enough, the books are closed; but that does not prevent them singing; oh, dear, no! They sing all the louder, and when they come to the different words and tunes they raise their voices and shout in awful discord, "and just hope the people heard them and learned that they were not going to conform to any new *setting!*" Probably they did hear them, and thought what geese they were making of themselves.

I was struck with an Englishman's loyalty once. He grew tired of England and came to Canada; this did not suit him and he went to the States to try his fortune. He obtained a government appointment and made a good living from it. It was in a large church in one of the American cities that this wave of loyalty overwhelmed him; we were going through the service, and, strangely enough, the President's name was put in place of our most sovereign lady Queen Victoria's, and no mention was made of the rest of the royal family, nor any blank filled in for such dignitaries. This was too much for the Englishman; he bawled in his loudest tones for blessings upon his Queen, went through the remainder of the Guelph family, and turned over the leaves of his prayer-book to see when again he might proclaim his nationality. Americans are kind-hearted people, and those who heard him were neither angry nor hurt; they forgot the little incident, but not so the Englishman; he tells with pride how he showed those Yankees "he was none of them." The Salvation Army is a good institution for those who truly believe and take pleasure in that form of worship, but it does not suit the taste of the more refined members of society, and they cannot demean themselves more than by ridiculing this very essence of happiness of the less educated worshippers. If we do not approve of forms of worship, let us stay away from them; we shall never be missed, and may rest assured that our opinions have no weight with those who do believe in the forms which we reject. People attend church service from different motives; most of us go because we were brought up to do so, and we believe our creeds for the same reason; we are content to think as we were taught to think, but have no patience with others who do the same. I boarded with an old couple once who were Episcopalians, although one had been brought up a Methodist and the other a Baptist. They were more scrupulous about the church forms than those who had been Episcopalians from birth, and had less sympathy for members of outside churches than is usual, even among the strictest high church people. Every Sunday they went to church, listened to the text and criticized the sermon; upon returning home they took down an old Bible and looked up the chapter and verse from which the text had been taken; if a sermon had been preached from it before, it was underscored and the date written beside it; it might have been used several times and then marginal notes appeared on the page, one for each occasion; but *woe* betide the preacher! he was pulled to pieces for "never giving a new sermon when *he was paid for it!*" If it was a new text they were sure he had taken it from someone else, and then they would discuss the rousing old sermons they used to listen to in their good Methodist and Baptist days. I often wondered why they did not return to them. Church choral service is, to me, the most elevating part of worship; there is something grand and soul-inspiring about organ music and good singing; it lifts us above the petty cares and worries of this life, and, instinctively, we get a glimpse of something higher to live for. But I wish some choir members could sit in the body of the church and watch themselves as they are when seated in the choir; I think they would never go to church again, and I am sure they would rather leave the town than meet anyone who had seen them as they would then see themselves. Why can't people be natural in church, and take their best manners with them *wherever* they attend divine service? Nothing stamps a man more quickly than his church behaviour; and it matters not how refined and pleasing he may be in worldly society, there is something wanting in him if he cannot worship—like a gentleman, at least.

AN INDIAN RECOLLECTION AND ADVENTURE.

It was the evening of one of the hottest days of our first hot season in Madras, and only a short time before we were to go off for the long leave, to the Shevaroy Hills. We had been driving along the San Thomé Road, and on our return we stopped at that curve in the beach, near Fort St. George, which is frequently called "Cupid's Bow," where the band stand is, and where one meets "everybody" at that hour. Fewer carriages and riders were here that evening than usual, and very few people were walking up and down, as the heat was too great for even that slight exertion. Those few were chiefly gentlemen, who strolled languidly about or stood by the carriages talking to their occupants. The cooling breeze from the sea had grown stronger and more refreshing as the darkness fell. Presently some friends came up to greet us, among them Captain A., of my husband's regiment, whose lady-love was on her way from England to be married to him. He had been in very good spirits about it, but on that day the ship in which she sailed had been telegraphed from Galle, and he might now expect her within a few hours. He had evidently begun to feel nervous, and consequently a little irritable, and not inclined to take the good natured "chaff" he received from his brother officers, quite in good part. I had been suffering from earache all day, caused by the punkahs, and the sea breeze increased it so much that I took off my hat, and tied its long, grey veil round my head so as to cover my ear. Captain A. said impatiently: "Oh, do take that thing off; I hate to see a woman with her head tied up." "Not so," said I, "my feelings must be considered before yours, in this case—perhaps you may yet see the future Mrs. A. with her head tied up; if so, remember me and be sorry you spoke so unkindly." He did remember, and that before very long. A few days later he was quietly married (none of us having seen the bride) and left for the Shevaroy Hills, where we expected to meet them and several others of the regiment in a short time. We reached Jolarapet en route for the hills, melted with heat and smothered with dust. There I saw a rather amusing scene between the wives of a native gentleman. These ladies, closely veiled, were with their respective children, in the ladies' waiting room, apparently quite friendly, awaiting their train. Suddenly a quarrel began (I could not understand the cause), big, dark eyes flashed, small, brown fists were shaken, and shrill voices uplifted in most unmelodious tones. The native gentleman appeared, and his wives all rushed towards him, talking, or rather screaming together. A very few words from him quieted them, and they were hurried into one carriage, he himself taking another, and were gone. I felt sorry for the poor things.

There was some difficulty about obtaining the bullock bandy, which was to convey us to the foot of the Ghaut, up which my husband was to ride, and I was to be carried in a ton-jon (a sort of palanquin); so it was later than it ought to have been before we began the ascent. The brightness of the afternoon was past; heavy clouds rose; evidently a storm was gathering. Greatly fearing a wetting for my husband, who had lately had fever, I urged him earnestly to leave me and ride on as fast as possible, assuring him, not, I fear, quite truthfully, that I should not be at all afraid. At last he consented and went on, taking our butler as guide. The other servants had gone on with the baggage long before, and I was left in my ton-jon (very like the pictures I have seen of Sedan chairs), with only the native bearers. The exquisite beauty of the Ghaut—the lovely views opening with each sudden turn, the novelty of the mode of conveyance (hitherto untried by me)—kept me from feeling lonely. But soon the first low growl of the thunder was heard; purple clouds, with vivid flashes of lightning breaking from them, seemed to be almost coming down upon us. In a few moments in the narrow Ghaut it became dark as night, between the flashes; then the rain descended in sheets, the thunder roared incessantly and by-and-by the wind came raging down the mountain side, making any progress nearly impossible. It seemed to me to be cruel to sit there and let the poor drenched bearers try to toil up the now slippery pathway through the darkness and storm. I could not understand one word they said, nor could they understand me. I fancied from their excited voices that they were angry (I afterwards found I was quite mistaken), and I confess that I felt horribly frightened and lonely. The ton-jon was a very "fair-weather" one; the top was as ill-fitting as the door; the rain came in in all directions and soon I was sitting in water up to my ankles, my clothes and hat literally soaking. To add to my woes and terror, the bearers suddenly placed the ton-jon on the ground and began to chatter together with frantic energy; then they caught it up, and I felt myself lifted over some high obstacle and thumped, and grated, and toppled about. It was too dark to see; I concluded that they must have decided to rid themselves of me by throwing me, ton-jon and all, down the precipice along which the Ghaut winds, and I abandoned myself in despair! However, it righted again, and they went on at a great pace. At last a light appeared not far off, and I was again dumped down. A confusion of voices ensued; out of it came the welcome sound of a familiar English voice exclaiming: "Why Mrs. H., can this be you!" and I found myself rapturously grasping the hand of one of the officers of our own regiment. I soon found that my poor misjudged bearers had only brought me by a short cut to the wrong hotel; this

was "The Retreat," and my husband was at the "Fairlawn." Captain B. offered to come with me, but it was not a night for a dog to be out in, unnecessarily; so with thanks I declined his offer, and with renewed courage set off once more, and this time safely reached the "Fairlawn." At the foot of the Ghaut I had flattered myself that my travelling dress was quite "the thing"—at the top all that was changed. With hat reduced to pulp, with sodden, draggled garments clinging round me, with water pouring down my face from my soaked hair, I dragged my cramped limbs out of the ton-jon on the lighted verandah, and found, to my dismay, that the only way to my room was through the dining room, where all the guests were assembled in *demi-toilette* for dinner. I felt all eyes upon me as I shuffled through (to walk seemed impossible with my heavy clothes and weary, stiffened limbs), and thankfully gained the shelter of my room. I found my husband had escaped the worst of the storm, which greatly relieved my mind. Half an hour later I once more presented myself in the dining room, in more "seemly guise," and found a cheerful company, among them several familiar faces. They received me most cordially and friendly.

Nearly opposite to me was seated a girl—a stranger to me—with one large, dark eye, soft and pretty, a part of a fair, pale cheek, and well-shaped chin, and a quantity of dark, brown hair; the rest of the face, enormously swollen and distorted, was swathed in a broad band of flannel, the expression of the mouth being rendered ludicrous beyond expression—yet she seemed very merry and talkative in spite of her infirmities. As it was so late, I preferred merely having some tea, and when we shortly after left the table, Captain A. came to me and said: "Mrs. H., I should like to introduce you to my wife," and took me to the one-eyed girl! Yes! she was the bride.

I greeted her warmly, then turning to him I said, softly: "Do you remember that night on Cupid's Bow?" "Yes," he replied, meekly; so I forgave him, and that bride has been ever since one of my best and most faithful friends.

The second Sunday after my arrival had come I had recovered from the hideous cold consequent upon my wetting; Mrs. A.'s face had returned to its original prettiness. We had had time to discuss how many very pleasant people were at the hotel, and that our visit was likely to be very charming, and "great fun." The scenery is very lovely, though on a small scale; and anyone who knows the Shevaroy will remember the beauty of the orange, lemon and lime trees, and the Loquots. I could say a great deal about the Shevaroy (though they are not so well known as the Neilgherries, but yet very charming). On this Sunday we all went to church, except Captain A., who had gone to the foot of the Ghaut, the night before, to get hunting knives from the far-famed "Arnachellum," and did not return in time. My husband had to leave after the first lesson as his fever came on; but he whispered to me "not to hurry," and indeed I did not, for the sermon was three-quarters of an hour long, and it so happened that at the end of the full service Mrs. A. and I found ourselves on the way home alone. She was beautifully dressed, all in bridal-looking cloudy white. I wore a pale blue costume, cool and delicate; it was the day of long trains, to be carried over the arm in walking. We took the short cut to the hotel, a steep narrow path, with a close prickly pear hedge on one side, a stone wall on the other; we sauntered on in silence as the path was too narrow to allow us to walk side by side. Presently a strange sound fell upon our ears; we paused and listened; it approached rapidly; suddenly Mrs. A. cried out: "Good Heavens! it is a buffalo." Too true! in a cloud of dust, with tail erect, and lowered head, the creature was wildly charging up the narrow path, in which there was hardly room for it alone to pass, under the quietest circumstances, and now it was taking its "half" quite "out of the middle." One frantic glance round showed us that no help was in view, that the buffalo would reach the end of the path long before we could, so retreat was impossible. The prickly pear hedge was of course impracticable. The stone wall alone remained to us as a refuge. The buffalo was close upon us. With "horrific" roars! dropping our cherished trains, and hurling our pretty prayer books far before us, regardless of dainty dresses and delicate gloves, we grasped the rough stones and with "superhuman efforts" scrambled up the wall. We just managed to assume a sort of side-saddle position, extremely precarious on the shaky stones, when the buffalo thundered by, its tossing horns and horrid tail actually brushing our skirts. At the same moment Mrs. A.'s stone gave way under her, and with a shriek she fell over on the *wrong* side of the wall! "O! my ankle," she cried, "I believe I have broken it." With no injudicious haste, but with a grace and dignity, I leave you, gentle reader, to imagine! I descended from my perch, and went to her assistance. She proved to be but slightly hurt, and after a few moments devoted to mingled lamentations and mirth and mutual congratulations that "no one had been there to see," she rose, with my help. We hunted up our ill-used prayer books and consulted as to how we might best reach the hotel unseen. It seemed to us quite an "impenetrable jungle" we had got into. We wound about in and out of trees until we lost sight of our guiding wall. Mrs. A. said "this jungle is nothing, if not snaky," so in fear and trembling we wandered on. At last mirthful voices were heard; a few more steps brought us in sight of a bungalow. We agreed to go round to the verandah and ask for a guide. Gathering up our respective bundles of white and blue rags, we presented ourselves—and found that we had unwittingly come upon the Hotel Bungalow, and that the

voices were those of our friends and fellow guests, Mr. O. and Mr. B. of the civil service. They went with us to the hotel where we arrived just in time for tiffin, and found our husbands only just beginning to wonder at the extreme length of the service which had kept us so long! We told our thrilling tale, and insisted upon everyone fully understanding their great and undeserved happiness in ever seeing us again alive and unmingled.

A. H.

EVENING ON THE RESERVE.

LIFE on our western Indian Reserves is a thing so out of common, in many ways, with the rest of the world that a few hasty touches sketching a part of it may not seem wearying. It is a midsummer evening, and Mother Nature seems doing her best to pay in heat and luxuriant vegetation for the intense cold of the mid-continental winter. The broad chocolate-coloured river is seemingly even more lazy in its flow than usual, but up from its banks the bloodthirsty and busily buzzing mosquitoes come in clouds. You actually breathe in the hungry little pests and, despite your utmost exertions, they will attack you at every vulnerable point. Beside the river rise a number of tall water elms and farther back the poplar covers the prairie in clumps of varying size; giving the whole scene the appearance of a carefully planted park. Scattered here and there for several miles up and down the river are the houses of the Indians; small square cabins of logs and mud, with an occasional one of larger size, denoting the residence of some ambitious councillor or perhaps of the chief. To keep down the mosquito bands smudge fires have been lighted in all directions until the evening sun is hidden in a smoky mist; while youths and maidens and their elders of both sexes are adding to the mist by each giving forth his or her quota of tobacco smoke—albeit it must be said the custom is not as universal among the women as the men.

The cows are coming home from their pasture on the rich grass of the prairie meadow, bringing with them another army of mosquitoes from that region. There is the lowing of cattle, the humming of insects, the creaking of wooden Red River carts, as they come in with their loads of hay (for the band is learning thrift) and soon there is the measured ni-ni-ni and the stamping of feet, which tells that despite the insects and the heat some itching feet are finding relief in the dance. There are the cries of children at play and the musical jargon of the Indian tongue; the shouts of boys and young men, *aye*, and even old men playing base ball, and ever and anon from the river and the misty farther shore come the unfamiliar calls of wild beast and bird. There is the smell of burning bark, the smell of smoke, the smell of cattle and odoriferous ox harness, the smell of prairie grass and flowers, the smell of new cut hay, the odour of the trees and the damp currents of air from the river.

The evening darkens, the players can no longer find their ball, and the children have lost their arrows, the later cows are coming in, and the almost benighted hay-makers urge on their weary oxen. Men and women in holiday attire return from a visit to the nearest town, carrying themselves with due importance and displaying their purchases to the best possible advantage. The inhabitants congregate in groups to gossip in the smoke and the cattle stand almost in the coils of their own smudge fires. A little girl clad in a single garment with shapely brown bare arms and legs, black eyes and a long braid of blackest glossy hair darts across your path seeking out her father's cattle from the last herd, so in keeping with her surroundings that she almost seems a part of this strange prairie parkland.

The river takes up its part again in the laughing and shouting of bathers, who pay for their dip in mosquito stings. Then in the twilight the white sail of a York boat can just be discerned through the trees, and suddenly the lights of river steamer glide along like the moons of old panoramas; and the swimmers with a chorus of jibes and laughter mock the wheezing engine or the commands of the wheelsman. There are a few canoes moving here and there with steady speed, as silent as the York boat, and too well known to cause any notice to be taken of them. There is a squeak behind of buckboard gear, and we turn to see the agent returning home through this part of the reserve after one of his daily journeys. His restless little ponies battle vigorously with the mosquitoes as he talks to the chief about some non-progressive Indian, who is to be urged to get in his hay and prepare for winter, or it may be some case of unlawful wood-selling, or some children allowed to stay from school: for this tall, anxious-looking man, the agent, is a father to all these children in red, and has to deal with them with all the patience of a kind teacher. The buckboard squeaks again, there is the beating of hoofs on the road and he is on his way. The mist thickens, the cries of children cease, save of an occasional infant-in-arms, and the groups in the smoke disperse to the houses and tents (summer residences), where each rolls in a separate blanket and becomes, so to speak, a human cocoon, of which the head is undistinguishable from the feet. Then the visitor at the mission strolls back to the whitewashed log house standing in its patch of garden, that object lesson to all the tribe, where the missionary and his wife are finishing the watering of their tomatoes, cucumbers and cabbages. He is a young man, the orator of his class, and full of theories about the connection of the Indians with the Japanese, and with even more pro-

nounced ideas on how the redman should be made a citizen, yet withal labouring here with his young wife, not as he would, but as he can, and trusting that all good endeavours will at length be rewarded. Then comes repose, but at first a dreamy and long drawn out brown-study at the window behind the mosquito bars, looking through the elms at the moon rising across the river, looking down into the straggling village sunk in sleep, and listening to the hoot of the owl and the ceaseless barking of the dogs. There is a long, mellow note, and a river steamer piled high with cordwood, rounds the bend and pants slowly against the stream dragging her train of wood-piled barges. There is a subdued sound of voices and sometimes the tinkle of a bell, until finally they are hidden to view by another bend and you retire to rest, wondering if you have not been dreaming.

IOTA.

A NEW WORK ON POLITICAL SCIENCE.*

THIS somewhat ambitious work is put forth as one of a "systematic series edited by the University Faculty of Political Science in Columbia College." The author does not make any extravagant claim to originality, and he is fairly justified in claiming for his work that it is to a considerable extent a new departure as "a comparative study" among treatises in the English language. German influence is plainly apparent throughout the work, and to that fact may be attributed some of the defects, as well as some of the excellences of the work.

Prominent amongst the former may be pointed out a certain *a priori* dogmatism which will not always bear minute and careful investigation. There is generally a strong tendency in treatment of this kind to become fanciful, and this tendency is in certain parts of the work strongly marked. One example of this defect will be found in the discussion of "political psychology." Here the Greeks and Slavs are grouped together, because they are said to agree in finding in the "community," both in the past and the present, the corporate expression of "political life." This generalization is doubly erroneous, for (1) the "community" flourishes in a very primitive form among the Slavs while it has all but disappeared among the Greeks, and (2) the "community" was in former times quite as characteristic of the Celts and the Teutons as of either the Greeks or the Slavs. In fact the most typical modern communities are those of India, the Slav districts of Europe, and parts of Germany. In Bulgaria there are many districts where there is not to this day any law but custom, and where "boycotting" is the only punishment recognized by public opinion as legitimate. The old Highland clan was a genuine "community."

Dr. Burgess shares in the too prevalent tendency to ignore history in the development of what he calls the "political psychology" of a nation or a race. He credits the Celts with having "produced and elaborated a great religion," but asserts that "they have never created anything in the political world which they can call distinctively their own, higher than the personal clanship." Even if this description were strictly correct, and it is not, it would be too narrow a basis on which to rest the suggested inference. Take the two countries, England and France, as examples by which to test the value of such an induction. The English are generally held up by publicists to admiration as a race peculiarly endowed with a capacity for self-government and for the development of political institutions, while the French are just as generally cited as a race that have had to struggle painfully in the rear in this respect. As a matter of fact every intelligent reader of history knows that the difference, which is admitted, can be largely, if not wholly, accounted for by the events of history apart altogether from racial distinctions. At one time when France and England were both brought under the feudal system, which took the place of the village community, France was quite as advanced in political development as England was. By the genius of William the Conqueror the power of the landed aristocracy was minimized, and by the wars of Henry II., Edward III. and Henry V., in France, an opportunity was afforded for the growth of Parliament and the development of other political institutions. The insular position of England was another favourable condition, because it secured her comparative immunity from such a succession of foreign assaults as enabled the French kings to consolidate their power while they were consolidating the nation. The line of historical development led in the one country, through the wars of the Roses, the Reformation and the Revolution, to the constitutional Government of William III.; it led in the other, through the absolutism of Louis XI. and the comparative suppression of religious freedom, to the contemporary despotism of Louis XIV. But in spite of the tendency of centuries, and the terrible reaction of the French Revolution, which threw all but a few philosophical Englishmen off their balance, France is to-day a successful republic, after twenty-one years of crucial experiment, and is in all essential respects quite as well governed a "nation" as Germany or even Prussia, which are Teutonic. It would be going too far to say that "race" has nothing to do with political aptitude, but the share it has had in the development of aptitude is enormously exaggerated by the school of publicists to which Dr. Burgess belongs.

In some parts of his work the author has stated great

* "Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law." By John W. Burgess, Ph.D., LL.D. Two volumes. Boston: Ginn and Company. 1890.

truths in a concise and attractive way, as, *e. g.*, where he compares the constitution of Great Britain with the constitutions of Germany, France, and the United States. He asserts quite correctly that the British constitution is partly written and partly unwritten, and that this description applies to all of them. The points of difference are thus stated: (1) It is more largely unwritten than the others; (2) what is written is scattered through different acts instead of being contained in a single instrument; and (3) the revolutions which have attended its formation have not been so violent as in the cases of the others. His opinion that the present British Constitution did not exist before 1832 is singularly absurd, for it implies that there was about that time some changes so marked as to make the constitution virtually new. It is worth while comparing that view with the one adopted by Hallam when he closed his history of the constitution with the same epoch because there has not been any substantial change in it since. The one position is just as correct as the other. The truth is that the British Constitution has always been undergoing change, sometimes more rapidly than others, and at no period, not even in the time of the Conquest or the Revolution, was change cataclysmic.

It would take up too much space to deal with this voluminous work in the way of detailed analysis. All that is called for is to note the general character of the work, and the general treatment of the subject. The illustrations given will suffice to make plain that the writer, however he may class himself, does not really belong to the historical or inductive school. His work would have been better done if he had caught more of the spirit of John Morley or Sir Henry Maine. Nevertheless it is on the whole a valuable contribution to the literature of Political Science, which is far from having too many treatises of any useful kind in the English language.

SUMMER AFTERNOON.

Froncosa reducitur aestas.—Virg.: *Georg.* III., 296.

The leaves are green: just o'er the trees
Heaven's purest, rarest blue is seen,
While murmurs soft the scented breeze,
"The leaves are green."

Fairer the earth hath never been,
Nor fraught with sweeter mysteries
Of light and life and love, I ween.

Here, as I lie and dream at ease,
Comes subtle joy, ecstatic, keen:
For me, for happy birds and bees,
The leaves are green.

W. P. DOLE.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Monarchists are slating the Bishop of Grenoble, Monseigneur Fava, for going over, arms and baggage, to the present régime, and bringing his clergy and their flocks with him. Cardinal Lavignier took some time to accept conversion to the Third Republic, but the Bishop of Grenoble changed as rapidly as Paul on the road to Damascus. After all the *vitesse* of a conversion, in these electric days, cannot be scaled like a galloping horse, a locomotive, or a flying bird. The Bishop aims to found a "Catholic party" in the bosom of the Republic; it is that Trojan horse which inspires the republicans with suspicion; they want neither a Catholic, a Protestant, Israelitish nor Atheistical party—only all republicans.

It is to be hoped that M. Mercier, of the Government of Quebec, has succeeded in obtaining a loan for his Canadian Province from once Mother France. He has avowed that his fellow-countrymen were sympathetically French, but concretely attached to England and loyal British subjects—a state of things not desirable to change. M. Mercier was treated to a trip to the monastery of Bellefontaine, in the department of the Maine-et-Loire, which is the parent house of the Trappist monastery, established a few years ago at Oka, some twenty-five miles from Montreal. There are twenty-one Trappist or Benedictine monasteries in France; that at Bellefontaine attests that the Trappists do not confine their conversation to the single phrase: "Brother, it is necessary to die," or that they pass their time in prayer and digging their own graves. On the contrary, they are gay, abreast of current events, are scientific agriculturists; cultivate a model farm of 300 acres; are free traders, vegetarians and water drinkers, though cider is allowed. A cousin of M. Jules Ferry is the abbot of Bellefontaine; another monk is the president and adviser of the local Farmers' Club, while a third is a photographer. There is an hotel department attached to the abbey, where everything can be had, save meat, for three and a-half francs per day—restoration of health included. Materialists even can board, lodge, and enjoy the beautiful country. They will never be asked to pray, nor be inundated with tracts, and they can return, after their rest, to society, and vote for the separation of Church from State if they please.

The undertakers are on strike in Paris, and the scavengers in Bordeaux; motives: underpay and overwork. If the former be conceded their demands, they would look so gay as to be utterly unsuitable for modern mortuary duty. Only the ancient Thracians indulged in mirth at funerals. The whalebone artisans of the capital have struck; cause:

the same old story. The Municipal Council has voted them 5,000 francs out of the taxes; why they should be more petted than the funeralites, is a mystery. In any case, it must be gall and wormwood to employers to see their taxes appropriated to support their dissident hands. The labour upheaval is, for the moment, narrowing to the issue of the formation of syndicates on the side of wage-earners, and resistance to that unioning on the part of employers. The Revolution of 1789, in abolishing the trade corporations and their tyrannies, did well; but in prohibiting the right of association to workmen, the fathers leagued the existing labour anarchy. The tom-tit legislation of various Parliaments is doubtless benevolent, but for practical efficacy about on a par with pills to lay earthquakes. In the case of France her curse lies in the childish dependence of the people on the public powers, and not manfully on themselves. A law ought to be voted declaring that any member of the sovereign people who would demand crutches from the State would be deprived, say, of his *café au lait* for a twelvemonth, and to be ineligible for the Legion of Honour—aye, too, for the order of Mérite Agricole—for ever.

There are people who dispute the birth-place of Bernard Palissy, as did others that of Columbus or Homer. The citizens of Villeneuve-Sur-Loire, in the department of Lot-et-Larrone, have just inaugurated a bronze statue to the famous discoverer of artistic enamel, and so decided the matter for themselves. If Palissy did not deserve to be honoured for his talent, he did at least for his sturdy conscience and terrible sufferings. He died in a cell in the Bastille in 1590, aged 80, from misery and ill-treatment, on account of his Huguenot opinions. "He was strangled by vermin and hunger," wrote a contemporary, Pierre de l'Estoille. The governor, Bussi, had the corpse dragged to the ramparts and thrown to his dogs—the deceased, he said, being only a dog. *O tempora, O mores!*

Lord Salisbury recently observed that Morocco was the western edition of the eastern question; the flag of his Sherceian majesty is "red." The Paris anarchists intend to place themselves under that drapeau for the future. Will the flag cover the goods? What a pity France is opposed to the right of search.

THE RAMBLER.

PERHAPS I should have explained more clearly last week that "Shining Light" was the writer of a letter to me upon the subject of School Closings. As in that letter she expressed a wish to get my head into a convenient position against the wall and pound it, I have no hesitation in saying that I thought it prudent to refer as little as possible to the matter, and that little in as friendly a manner as consistent with journalistic dignity. One thing I will say—it was a real letter. Other journals may fabricate letters from "E Pluribus Unum" or "Censor" or "A Well-Wisher," or "Veritas" or "Justitia"—THE WEEK at least never descends to such impertinences. The letter in question was very ably written, and the only reason I did not embody it in my column is that I only have a column, you must remember, and if correspondents' letters are to be included, what will become of the brilliant sarcasm and lively wit and pungent satire and tender pathos and sterling sentiment of the—ah—Rambler? If this sort of thing goes on, the editor will have to give me more room, for here is another letter beginning "Sir—or—Madam," dealing with Ladies' Colleges and concluding "Yours gratefully and fraternally, Alumnus." Now, this writer—Alumnus let us call him, and not Alumnus—makes the astonishing assertion that I evidently disapprove altogether of the teaching in Ladies' Schools, preferring the College system as understood in Canada, for which he is interested and grateful. Alumnus is quite wrong. Each little system has its day, and each contains the germ of unmixed and great good within itself as well as that of unmixed evil. I have observed a great many large female Colleges, both as to working and as to results, and I hesitate to say that they either are very much more to be desired than the old-fashioned Ladies' School, or a long way behind. Their aims are identical, perhaps, but they go about their work in totally different ways. And while the College presents other attractions which prove very strong for one-half the world, the School still holds its own; if not being taken into greater favour again in these latter days than at first seems the case. There can be little doubt that the best school for a gentlewoman is that kept by a gentlewoman, as, conversely, we know it is well that boys who hope to be gentlemen should be taught by one who is already a gentleman himself. But you may remember that somebody's definition of a certain great man was that he was a gentleman and a scholar, master of seventeen languages and a good judge of whiskey, so when you select a noted tutor or coach for your boy you have got to think of something beside the string of letters to his name. A good scholar may not be—I blush to say it—of necessity a gentleman, any more than every sharp, industrious, even kindly schoolmistress is a lady. In the School, the individual is everything. In the College, numbers are more. In the one the influence of the head is strongly felt. In the other, the influence of the members predominates. Those who have to make a choice, should consider the character of the child about to be sent forth from the home, as to whether the peculiar advantages of the School may predominate over those of the College or *vice versa*.

As for the Closing Exercises at some of our Colleges, there is always a lot of pretty talk about Higher Educa-

CORRESPONDENCE.

Patriotism in its right mind.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—To avoid misconception, I beg to state that I am a total stranger to the author of the book which was reviewed by Mr. Stockley from advanced sheets.

I have twice carefully read Mr. Stockley's paper in THE WEEK of June 19, entitled "Patriotism in its Right Mind," and it vividly recalls to memory Macaulay's famous school boy, and I venture to state that he could not have written such an article as the one I have referred to. Mr. Stockley does not quote authorities for his erroneous statements. Apparently he differs from the late Sir A. Helps, whose preference was for statements clearly made and properly proved by evidence. The following sentence, which I totally fail to understand, reminds me of Sir Boyle Roche, the genial hero of mixed metaphors and Irish bulls. "They start in horror at the half-lit cave, in which Chauvinists of this sort glorify themselves in blind satisfaction." There is a Sir Boyle mixture of ideas here. Again the worthy baronet would have taken kindly to the idea that people who looked on passively "rebelled by love."

With respect to some of Mr. Stockley's statements when he says in "the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries" "when all nations, that was then all religions, were united in one Catholic doctrine, not to tolerate anyone that did not agree with you," he writes obscurely, and also deviates from historical truth. Opposite doctrines were tolerated more or less in many countries, otherwise there would have been endless war. He should read the correspondence of the Spanish ambassador at the court of Elizabeth, in which he distinctly states that the Catholics were tolerated and that stern laws were not enforced; he puts the fact of Elizabeth's moderation very clearly. Mr. Stockley speaks also of "Knox's recommendation to exterminate Catholics," which, if true, must at that time have meant at least one-fifth of the population of Scotland. I venture to say that I totally disbelieve such a charge until it is strictly proved; it is a libel on the greatest man that Scotland has ever produced. Mr. Stockley has evidently quoted from Jesuitically-minded truth-distorters. Seemingly he is not largely gifted with the judicial mind, which all should be who write authoritatively upon historical subjects. I freely concede that he excels in some branches of knowledge, but history is not one of them.

He also makes this astonishing statement, which has not the slightest foundation in fact: "The laws still I believe on the English statute-book, or there until lately, by which some members of other not dominant religions were hung till half dead, taken down and disembowelled," etc. Until I read this I believed that professional Irish agitators were more credulous and reckless in their statements than any other class, but evidently there are others quite as heedless.

Before so thoughtlessly imputing universal selfishness to British statesmen, he should read the strong observations of Napoleon when at St. Helena. He severely blamed the Tory ministry for not having taken advantage of their then dominant position to compel weak and assisted Governments to enter into treaties of commerce advantageous to Great Britain; all other countries would have done so under similar circumstances.

Imperial Federation is a grand idea, but I fear that it is too early to look for its realization. The endeavour to affiliate all the English-speaking nations owning allegiance to Queen Victoria, into one grand mutually-assisting organization, having, among other objects, to preserve the peace of the world, and to teach the nations how to live, is a very noble task, and should commend itself to all true men—to all who really wish to see "peace on earth, goodwill towards man." But there are great practical difficulties in the way. The democracies who now practically rule in all these countries require a preliminary more enlightenment and wider views. Owing to the enormous extension of the suffrage in the United Kingdom—when political or international storms arise and navigation becomes perilous—the steerage passengers have too much power in deciding how the ship of state is to be managed and steered so as to weather the tempest, avoid unseen rocks and shoals, and safely make the port. In all colonies time is required to bring a larger proportion of the independent and instructed classes to the front. In miniature we see this trouble in Toronto. Our genuine merchants, active or retired, who are mostly first-rate business men, will not serve as aldermen, and one consequence has been (as is almost universally believed) that Toronto is badly, wastefully and dishonestly administered. One fact is sufficient—charges were made against a contractor that he had defrauded the city, and an eminent judge who investigated the affair, and who, assisted by accountants, examined the contractor's books, officially certified that there had been fraud, and the alleged offender is now being criminally prosecuted by the local Government. Yet our mayor and aldermen, while the prosecution is pending, have given him an additional and valuable contract, only one alderman opposing. They should have waited until he had cleared himself and proved that his incriminating books were incorrect. Such a job could not possibly happen in England or Scotland. Until such occurrences are impossible in Canada, Imperial Federation cannot be real-

ized, for it would practically depress the ruling level of the Empire lower still.

With respect to Mr. Stockley's ideas of British and Continental public morality, there is a great confusion of ideas all through his paper, which often makes it difficult to understand his meaning, but he appears to put on the same ethical level the capture by the British of Gibraltar in time of war, and the seizure by Louis the Fourteenth of Strasbourg in time of peace, France not being then at war with Germany. The question of Alsace referred to by him is simple, and quite different to the way that he puts it. France was the aggressor in 1870, and went in for the Rhine frontier, but lost the stakes, *i.e.*, Alsace and part of Lorraine. If F with pointed revolver compels G to throw the dice, and G wins, F must not think himself outraged because G takes up the stakes. It requires a Celtic mind to think so. If G had lost, F would have taken them up as a matter of course. Germany holding Alsace with its partial mountain barrier is in a far better position to prevent aggressive war, than when France held Strasbourg, which Bismarck called the key of Germany. Military experts who have studied the question show that now it is very difficult to invade Germany, whereas before it was very easy; and by looking at the map one can understand how well-founded was the dread of the Germans in 1870, that if the French had moved very rapidly in great force, they might have overrun and cut off the south of Germany; thus at one fell stroke diminishing the force of their opponents by one-fifth. With the new frontier that is now impossible, and it makes the contemplated War of Revenge very difficult, instead of, as with the old limits, very easy. The housebreaker had facilities before, where now he has impediments. Practically it raises the peace barometer several points.

Although Mr. Stockley sneers at Great Britain endeavouring to keep the peace, yet it is a fact that the reserved attitude of England (and the moral certainty that neither the Conservatives nor the English and Scotch Liberals would tolerate the extinction of Italy as a naval power) tends greatly to preserve the peace of Europe. This explains the indirect attempts of the French Government assisted by two or three red-rag British politicians, to induce the Government to intimate that England would be neutral, and look on with folded arms while its best naval ally was being destroyed. But Lord Salisbury is a great statesman, and officially preserves a non-committal attitude, which diplomatists know how to interpret, consequently there is peace for the time being.

If all the English-speaking races were federated together, and insisted upon peace, there would be an end to all these great wars; but such a state of things cannot mature for many generations. In conclusion I beg to repeat my belief, that Imperial Federation, although not yet feasible, is a very noble ideal.

Toronto, July 4.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL

ART NOTES.

MR. G. A. REID is painting on the Hudson River.

MR. F. M. KNOWLES is sketching on the Grand River.

THE Ontario Society of Artists will take charge of the Art Department in the coming Industrial Exhibition here.

MR. F. M. BELL-SMITH is spending the summer in Wales, painting near Chepstow. He is to spend the winter in Paris.

MR. J. C. FORBES has nearly completed his portrait of Mr. Gladstone. In a letter to a friend he speaks highly of his success in the work.

ABOUT twenty-five members of the Art Students' League of Buffalo are enjoying themselves and using plum-bago and camel's hair at Bobcaygeon.

THE Detroit Exhibition will close about the first of August. Some forty Canadian paintings are on view. Mr. W. A. Sherwood is the Canadian representative.

MR. W. A. SHERWOOD has just completed a pretty pastel portrait of Mrs. (Judge) Malone, of New York. Mr. Sherwood's address on "Colour in Nature and in the Schoolroom" was very favourably received by the teachers of the National Association, before whom it was delivered. It is, we believe, to appear in full in the transactions of that body.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

OVIDE MUSIN, the famous Belgian violinist, will return to America in the latter part of September, bringing with him not only several artists of ability, but a wife in the person of Mme. Folville-Musin, who is herself a violinist, a pianist, a composer, and an orchestral conductor.

THE Court of Governors of the Victoria University have come to the important decision to exercise the powers of their charter enabling them to confer degrees in music. The curriculum it is understood will comprise an entrance examination in arts, and three examinations in practical music, including questions on acoustics. The scheme is not yet made public in all its details.

THE Bishop of Durham has come out in defence of the drama, saying that "the universal instinct toward dramatic representations appears to show that the theatre answers to the natural and right desire. The only rule I can offer or follow is whether a particular amusement helps me in my work. If so, it is, in my opinion, a bless-

tion and the improved condition of the sex, and the graduates are drawn up in blushing rows wearing the loveliest and most poetic of hoods—white and rose, white and lemon, white and azure, white and green—and the piano duet gives way to the Octett, and the elocution is modelled upon Silas E. Neff's famous school of oratory at Philadelphia, where Thought—Conception and Aesthetic Gymnastics are studied along with physical culture and the Elements of Beauty, and the essays all sound exactly alike. You know, when you enter upon a sea-voyage, the food at first strikes you as being excellent, if not superior. The joints are large and fat, the tea and coffee look dark and strong, and the sweets reveal unexpected phases of delight. But before you are far out, you discover that, look as they may, they all taste alike. An indefinable, penetrating, peculiar and subtle flavour distinguishes them all, especially the meats, so that although you are eating what must be, from its shape, chop—it might be from its taste, steak, and in like manner when you order steak, it is more like veal. How this is to be accounted for I do not know, but so it is. And so, if I am permitted by the schoolmasters abroad to remark—so taste these College essays. They are replete with allusion, stacked full of quotations like a cushion with new pins, primed with anecdote, furnished with an Introduction and a Peroration, and usually commencing in this way: "It has been said by Homer—" or in this way, only an ingenious twisting of the other: "Montesquieu has remarked—" or, in a third inversion: "We find everywhere in the writings of that wonderful man, Jean Paul Richter—" from which it is fair to gather that the reading of these young ladies has been very varied indeed.

Before leaving this subject, I must, in justice to it, remark to my correspondent of last week that the proof-column was not as kind as usual to me. In setting up my column, he made me use the adjective "lame" with regard to the Boys' Closing—the very opposite to my meaning. However, the proof-reader was doubtless attending the meetings of the N.E.A., and so was I, which may account for the difficulty I experienced in getting my copy down to the office in time. The Convention itself should supply notes sufficient to last over three issues of the paper, for it afforded numberless phases, some amusing, some instructive, some puzzling, and all more or less improving. There can be little doubt that Toronto, individually and collectively, carried the proceedings through with great skill and enterprise. Patriotism was at high-water mark, while the absence of misplaced Jingoism in the speeches of welcome told of the restraining common sense of the orators. Some of the visitors went so far as to say that they had been "morally uplifted" during their sojourn in our midst. Others referred in kindling periods to the "Chaste Queen of the North," and our hotels, churches, sidewalks, morals, manners, and street cars were all favourably endorsed. How satisfied we should be with ourselves, and probably are! The floweriness of the American speaker was never more apparent. In a country where a certain hard practical character, pretty hard already—there exists also the most curious and sometimes the most fatal leaning towards sentiment. Apropos—I was engaged one day last week in idly turning over the leaves of a new American periodical when I was accosted by the young man in charge of the stall. Directly I replied to him, accent—the great leveller—proclaimed my nationality. "You are a resident of Toronto?" "I am." Then followed some laudatory remarks touching the periodical, but as I did not, however, appear to be greatly impressed by them, he begged to give me the agent's name, saying earnestly and confidentially, as he wrote it out upon a slip of paper, "She's just a lovely young lady, and I want she should succeed."

Now the loveliness of the agent did not, could not, matter a row of pins to me, or anyone, could it? As strangers we were naturally interested in the publication itself, not in the agent. The Kindergarten displays were excellent, but there were so many of them! What do the people at home do with all that slat work and peace work and weaving and plaiting and cutting and folding? It all takes house room and must occasionally be a nuisance.

It is gratifying to see that the gallant and splendid services of young Grant, the "Hero of Thobal," have been fittingly rewarded. On Sir Frederick Roberts' recommendation the coveted and always hard-earned V.C. has been given to the young officer, and he has also been run up to the rank of Brevet-Major. He has been nine years in the army, having joined the Suffolk Regiment in 1882, when he went out to India. In the following year he became a probationer for the Madras Staff Corps, and in 1885, when the Burma war broke out, he went to see service, he got himself attached to the 12th Madras Infantry, and served under General White in Upper Burma. His dash and pluck in guerilla warfare soon attracted attention, but he was incapacitated by a stroke when making a forced march, and had to lie aside for a time. When certain of the military police battalions were converted into local regiments, Lieutenant Grant was posted to the 12th Burma Infantry, and when the Manipur massacre took place he was in command of

ing divinely sent, although a most harmless pastime may become bad for a particular person."

THERE is no doubt that Paderewski is one of the solid sensations of the London season; his popularity is beyond question. Of course, London hears the very best pianists the world can offer. To succeed there is, indeed, no easy task; but the frequency of Paderewski's appearance in the best class of concerts, and the general verdict of the press shows that he has merits of the highest order, and that those merits have been fully recognized abroad.—*Freund's*.

THE London *Times* states that, by his new invention, Mr. Edison will reproduce an entire opera. He does not mean to show it in miniature, but will represent the stage with the actors moving, speaking and singing. The players will be life size, and the music will be exactly reproduced. The result is a gigantic photograph, not merely of the actors, but of the entire stage scenery and furniture. In order to obtain this result it will be necessary to have a phonograph large enough to contain a cylinder capable of recording every sound made during the thirty minutes, which is about the average duration of an act in a play. It would, of course, be impossible to change the cylinders of the phonograph or stop the kinetograph during the act. As a means of amusement, Mr. Edison's new invention promises to be a great success. From the reel of film which will contain the original photograph, Mr. Edison expects to make numberless duplicates. These will be sold, so that a person owning a machine may buy any opera he may wish to reproduce in his own house. The "Theatrophone" which transmits the music and dialogue that takes place on the stage is already at work in Paris, and the company which owns the invention expects to make it a commercial success.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE EXECUTIVE AND LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE UNITED STATES, FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND GERMANY. By John Wenzel. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company.

The order in which Mr. Wenzel tabulates the Governments he has chosen to view comparatively is, as the title shows, graded from republicanism to monarchy. His scheme is meagre to a fault, and its only value lies in the fact that the differences between the four Governments in point of constitution, sovereign (or chief magistrate), cabinet, and house of representatives are so placed as to be visible at a glance. The little work would have been increased in value in a geometrical ratio if its compiler had allowed himself more latitude. For example, under "Constitution" all he has to say regarding the United States is as follows: "Adoption: Present Constitution adopted September 17, 1789. Amendments: Congress may, by two-thirds vote of both Houses, propose amendments to the Constitution, or upon application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, must be ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof. Form of Government: Republic." Of course this is correct as far as it goes, but it goes so very short a distance. While Mr. Wenzel was about it, too, why did he not add to his list a few more Governments? Serbia has a most interesting constitutional history, brief as it is. Russia would have been a welcome addition; few people know much of the internal executive and administrative functions of that unwieldy empire. Switzerland's forms of representation are highly interesting and are daily becoming commoner topics of discussion. Neither is anything said of colonial methods of self-government, nor of the various relationships between colonies and their parents. Here is a large field for tabulated comparative views. We hope Mr. Wenzel will take these hints and set to work on a more ambitious scale.

LIFE OF ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER. By W. Wallace, Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy, Oxford. London: Walter Scott, 1890. (Great Writers' Series, edited by Professor Eric S. Robertson.)

It is rather curious to see the name Schopenhauer in a series which includes those of Byron, Jane Austen, Keats, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Charlotte Brontë; and the fact raises the question why Schopenhauer should be popular in England at all—for that he is popular to a certain extent and amongst a certain class of readers seems evident, otherwise Professor Robertson would not have "put him on his list," nor Professor Wallace undertaken the task of writing about him. Can it be that pessimism is becoming more general? This is extremely unlikely; Hartmann and not Schopenhauer would in all probability have been its prophet had this been the case. Perhaps his popularity does not spring from his philosophical system—if Schopenhauer may be said to have had a philosophical system. This is probably nearer the truth. Englishmen, we take it, are attracted, not so much by the abstract metaphysical theory of the world as will and idea, as they are by Schopenhauer's other theories—those, for example, on science, history, art, music, the relations of the sexes—in a word, on life. Proof of this is seen in the fact that even in metaphysical Germany it was not his "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" that "took," it was his "Parerga und Paralipomena" (it is from this latter work, if we are not mistaken, that the

series of "Essays," published by Messrs. Sonnenschein, are taken). Also one may go so far as to say that Schopenhauer had no formulated system—he himself calls his greatest work (one in four books, by the way) as simply the elucidation, exposition, or amplification of a single idea. He was not, as Professor Wallace rightly points out, a philosopher in the more restricted and technical sense of that word. He built up a, possibly vague, possibly incoherent, theory of life; he was untrammelled by preconceived ethical or religious doctrines; he felt and added force to that reaction against purely physical or materialistic science now gaining strength on every side—as evidenced by the growing advocacy of telepathy, hypnotism, theosophy, spiritualism, and allied propagandæ; and he expressed glowing, attractive, and highly original views on such topics in popular language, railing meanwhile at not a few of his contemporary academical philosophers. It is the combined influence of such facts as these that has brought Schopenhauer to the notice of readers to whom a systematic theory of man and the universe would have little or no attraction. The general reader has neither the time nor the inclination, nor probably the mental ability, to follow out a carefully reasoned philosophical cosmogony or outology or phenomenology; but he delights in a certain class of speculations upon these topics, speculations expressed in language intelligible to a certain extent and shadowy enough to leave him free to think for himself—or rather, perhaps, to omit many details unthought of and, in his view, unthinkable. This Schopenhauer does.

The Professor Wallace who writes the volume before us is, we take it, the translator and editor of Hegel's "Logic," and to say this is to say that to commend his life of Arthur Schopenhauer is quite needless. The only thing to be regretted is that the biographer's space was so limited. Yet within the compass of some two hundred pages he has succeeded in telling us a great deal not only of the life but also of the theories of his author. An exhaustive criticism of Schopenhauer's main doctrine is, of course, not in this little book to be expected, and for a history and review of modern pessimism we must either go to Sully or to the numerous and increasing works and articles on this fascinating subject. Perhaps Professor Wallace does little more than whet the appetite to know more of the curious mind and character to which he introduces us. But to do this is to do much. To many, no doubt, pessimism appears the dimmest of philosophies, and to treat of it and of one of its upholders in a way that excites a wholesome curiosity to know more of both is to render a service to the history of thought.

Another bit of praise we must give this book: it has a capital summary of contents, a capital index, and still better bibliography, compiled by Mr. John P. Anderson, of the British Museum.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT is still being written of. The second article in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July is a short but interesting account of him by Mr. L. J. Jennings, M.P. Every fresh writer has something good to say of this, perhaps the most fascinating, character of modern times. Neither is this universality of eulogium merely prompted by the maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Laurence Oliphant must indeed have been a most lovable man. Mirabeau is another character at present evoking not a little interest, prompted, in all probability, by the late M. Lomiénié's recently issued work, in which "a whole history of his ancestry has been written . . . to divine the formation of so singular a man." This work forms the basis of another article in the same magazine. Mrs. Williams contributes some unpublished letters of Charlotte Brontë's. These are the most important items in an average number of this excellent periodical.

A MOST sympathetic and interesting article on Laurence Oliphant makes up for an otherwise not over-strong number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for this month. This article, although presumably a review of Mrs. Oliphant's biography, is in reality a delightful little sketch of his life, with here and there a quotation from the work reviewed. One of these we must give—an extract from a letter written when in Canada under Lord Elgin as Superintendent-General of Indian affairs: "My life is much like that of a Cabinet Minister or parliamentary swell, now that the House is sitting. I am there every night till the small hours, taking little relaxations in the shape of evening visits when a bore gets up. That keeps me in bed till late, so that breakfast and the drive in (from Spencer Wood), etc., detain me from the office till near one. Then I get through business for the next three hours—chiefly consisting of drafting letters, which in the end I ought to be a dab at. . . . I also append my valuable signature to a great deal without knowing in the least why, and run out to the most notorious gossips to pick up the last bits of news, political or social, with which to regale his Excellency, who duly rings for me for that purpose when he has read his letters and had his interviews. Then he walks out with an A.D.C., and I go to the House. There I take up my seat on a chair exclusively my own next the Speaker, and members (I have made it my business to know them nearly all) come and tell me the news, and I am on chaffing terms with the Opposition, and on confidential terms with the Ministerialists. If I see pretty girls in the galleries who are friends of mine (the galleries are always full), I go up there and criticize members and draw caricatures of them, which they throw down into members' laps neatly folded, who pass them to the original,—by which time I have

regained my seat, and the demure secretary remains profoundly political and unsuspected. I find nothing so difficult as keeping up my dignity, and when a Bishop or a Cabinet Minister calls, I take their apologies for intruding as if I was doing them a favour. I am afraid of hazarding a joke unless I am quite sure it is a good one. I suppose the dignity of the office was so well sustained by Bruce, that they are scandalized by a lark young cove like me." A long article on "Recent French Novels" is occupied with Zola, Octave Feuillet, Victor Cherbuliez, Georges Ohnet and Pierre Loti. A Son of the Marshes, whom the *Saturday Review* ranks with Richard Jefferies, writes a pleasing paper called "A Road-side Naturalist." The late Bishop of Jamaica, Dr. Reginald Courtenay, contributes a very disappointing article on "Telepathy." It is curious how little, outside of France and excluding the researches of the Society for Psychical Research, this subject seems to occupy the scientific mind. Even at the recent meeting of the Association of Neurologists and Alienists of South Western Germany—a body of men upon whom Nancy and Salpêtrière, one would imagine, would have shed more than a little influence—there was but one paper touching on the subject of hypnotism and allied phenomena—that, namely, of Professor Steiner, of Cologne, on "Hysterical Sleep." Dr. Courtenay's paper is wholly unscientific.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. T. E. MOBERLY'S beautiful poem on the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, first published in the *Empire* of June 9th, has been reprinted in full by the *Colonies and India*.

MR. GRANT ALLEN is about to follow the example of Mr. Ashby Sterry, Mr. Walter Besant, and other well-known authors, and supply a weekly column of gossip to the flourishing newspaper, *Black and White*.

MR. A. H. BULLEN, the well-known student of Elizabethan literature, has recently become a partner in a publishing firm, to trade under the title of Lawrence and Bullen. The new concern will have its premises in New Bond Street.

SIR WILLIAM FRASER intends to follow up his collection of anecdotes of Disraeli with another work, giving anecdotes and reminiscences of Napoleon the Third, Thackeray, Dickens, Gustave Doré, Lytton, Emile Augier, Dumas the Elder, Regnier, Macready, Charles Kean, Mme. Vestris and Count Rossi.

THE monument to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which is to be erected in the market place of Ledbury, where she spent much of her childhood, will be a brick tower, with stone copings, about 120 feet high. A large clock will ornament one side. In a niche below will be a bust of Mrs. Browning, with an inscription and quotation from "Aurora Leigh."

AT the last meeting of the "Sette of Olde Volumes" Mr. C. P. Johnson read a characteristic sketch by Thackeray which he has happily rescued from an oblivion of fifty years. It is entitled "Reading a Poem," and was published in a long vanished weekly newspaper, *The Britannia*, commencing on May 1, 1841. The sketch is speedily to be republished from the text of the paper in the British Museum, which is supposed to be the only copy now in existence.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, M.P., author of "Obiter Dicta" and other popular books, during a recent visit to his constituents in Fifeshire, gave a lecture at the mining village of Cowdenbeath; its title was "The Wit and Wisdom of the World for a Five-Pound Note." He had laid out that precise sum in books, and brought them with him to Cowdenbeath; and with this collection on the table before him he declared that a very considerable portion of the accumulated literary treasures of the world—worth more to man than all the coal fields of the United Kingdom—were within reach of his arm.

A VOLUME of Canadian humorous verse is being arranged for by James Barr, a bright and patriotic Canadian, now representing the *Detroit Free Press* in London, England. He thinks a creditable book can be produced and is well able to work up the material, having lately edited the American Humour volume of the *Canterbury Poets Series*. The proposed work will be issued in an international series by the same well-known publisher, Walter Scott, of London and Newcastle-on-Tyne. Everyone who may be in position to make suggestions of names or poems should hasten to do so to Mr. Barr, care of *Detroit Free Press Office*, 335 Strand, London, W.C., England.

RUMOUR has it that Miss Olive Schreiner, who is at present living at Matjesfontein, is going shortly to contribute a number of letters upon life in South Africa to the *Illustrated London News*, which is apparently determined not to be cut out by the *Daily Graphic*. Mr. Shorter, the latest editor of the famous weekly, is quite a young man, as editors go, short, thickset, with curly dark hair, and bright eyes shielded by glasses. When he came into power, he is said to have behaved remarkably like the proverbial new broom, and to have swept the office very clean indeed of former contributors. Be that as it may, he seems to be full of energy and enterprise, and not at all likely to let his charge falter along the journalistic pathways.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A NEW FORM OF PASSENGER STEAMER.

THE British Consul at Baltimore in his last report describes a steamer recently launched at that port for which the inventor claims advantages not possessed by any vessel afloat. She is stated to be intended solely for passenger traffic, having no freight capacity whatever. Her builders assert that she can neither burn nor sink, and that, even if upset, she has in a high degree the property of righting herself, as she has 4lb. weight below water-line for every 1lb. above it. Her keel, which weighs thirty-five tons, acts not only as ballast, but as a centre board, inasmuch as nearly half of its depth protrudes through the hull into the water. In consequence of its extra rigidity the keel makes safer and better engine and shaft bearings than those used in the ordinary methods of shipbuilding. The difference between the safety compartment of the *Howard-Cassard*, as it is called, and those of vessels constructed under the existing system lies in the fact that this vessel has air as well as water-tight compartments, whilst under the actual system vessels are provided with water-tight compartments alone. These safety compartments number 170, of which 136 are on either side of the ship's centre, thus forming practically three ships in one. The motive power consists in an improved compound engine developing 1,600-horse power, which would drive, it is estimated, the ship at an average speed of twenty-five miles an hour on a consumption of one ton of coal. The valve gear is so perfected that the valves may be opened and closed in one-twentieth of a second, thus giving double power over engines of similar size. The *Howard-Cassard* is 222ft. over all, or 206ft. between perpendiculars. She has 16ft. beam and 18ft. depth of hold. She is built of rolled iron plates on the cellular system. It is asserted that if an ordinary steamship be taken from the water, and supported only at the stem and stern, she would break in half, whilst the *Howard-Cassard*, like a tubular bridge with a hull upon it, would support several times its own weight. This vessel is an experiment, and is only two-fifths of the proposed dimensions of the regular steamship which is to be built. The sister ship which will follow the *Howard-Cassard*, if she prove the success which is anticipated, will have every luxury and convenience. There will be no disagreeable smell either from kitchens or engines. The decks will be air and water-tight, and the vibration of the ship minimized on account of the interlacing system of structure, the power being all beneath the decks and on the rigid keel. It is proposed to run these ships between Baltimore and Havannah, carrying passengers, mails and parcels only. Later on it is proposed to start a regular ocean steamship line. The promoters and builders assert that their system will completely revolutionize ocean traffic, and that in the future, instead of having a mixed service, there will be separate steamers for passengers and freight, just as on land there are passenger and goods trains.—*London Times*.

THE STORY OF A £10,000 PICTURE.

THE fact of a picture worth £10,000 being converted into a sort of bull's-eye for school boys' marbles is a little history in itself. The work, by Gainsborough, is that of the Honourable Miss Duncombe, a renowned beauty of her day, who lived at Dalby Hall, near Melton Mowbray. She married General Bowster. For over fifty years this magnificent work of art had hung in the hall of this old house in Leicestershire, and the children, as they played and romped about the ancient oakent staircase, delighted to make a target of the Gainsborough, and to throw their marbles at the beauty. It hung there year after year, full of holes, only to be sold under the hammer one day for the sum of £6, a good price for the torn and tattered canvas. The owner of the bargain let it go for £183 15s., the lucky purchaser being Mr. Henry Graves. The day it came into the famous printseller's shop in Pall Mall Lord Chesterfield offered 1000 guineas for it, at which price it was sold. But romances run freely about all things pertaining to pictures, for before the work was delivered a fever seized Lord Chesterfield and he died. Lady Chesterfield was informed that if she wished the agreement might be cancelled. Her ladyship replied that she was glad of this, as she did not require the picture, which accordingly remained in Mr. Graves' shop waiting another purchaser. It had not long to wait. One of the wealthiest and most discriminating judges of pictures in England, Baron Lionel Rothschild, came in search of it, and the following conversation between him and the owner, Mr. Graves, ensued: "You ask me fifteen hundred guineas for it?" exclaimed the great financier, when he was told the price. "Why, you sold it the other day for a thousand!" "Yes, I know I did," replied the dealer, "but that was done in a hurry, before it had been restored." "Well, now, I'll give you twelve hundred for it—twelve hundred," said the Baron, looking longingly at the work. "Now, Baron," said Mr. Graves, good-humouredly, though firmly, "if you beat me down another shilling you shan't have the picture at all." "Very good—then send it home at fifteen hundred guineas." It is now amongst the most valued artistic treasures of the Rothschilds, and £10,000 would not buy it today.—*Strand Magazine*.

FRIENDS are as companions on a journey, who ought to aid each other to persevere in the road to a happy life.—*Pythagoras*.

GOUNOD ON HIS FELLOW COMPOSERS.

WE know likewise what he thinks of Johann Sebastian Bach and also of Palestrina, the austere guide of his youth, his chosen master during his first period of musical production. We have not forgotten his judgment on Weber, and the high esteem in which he held the genius to which he owes his first musical revelation. I must, however, record here his appreciation of the fantastical element in "Der Freischutz" which is so just and yet so picturesque. "It is music one would not like to meet at night." Of Schumann and Mendelssohn enough has already been said; I need not revert to them. Gounod looks upon Beethoven as the most epic, philosophical and apostolic of composers. In his opinion the pastoral symphony is a profession of pantheistic faith, the symphony with chorus is the musical Gospel of Socialism. The Michael Angelo of music, Beethoven, of all the masters takes the greatest flight; not that he rises higher, but that in his course he covers a broader sphere, and throws the shadow of his wings over a vaster space. Glück is the most tragic. He is the Greek son of Æschylus and Sophocles; he was born clad in the peplum and shod with the buskins. His work resembles antique statuary, with its chaste and rich draperies, its noble and pure lines; his is the great art lifted to a constantly sustained pathetic height. After the limpidity of Mozart, the breadth and elevation of an opera like "Don Giovanni," Rossini is in Gounod's estimation the most limp, broad and lofty of lyric authors. He allies an infinite variety of accents with fertility of imagination, and his work is summed up in two masterpieces of strangely opposite character, "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" and "Wilhelm Tell." Gounod considers Meyerbeer as a master, but not a genius. His musical stock, the clay he moulds, is of secondary quality, and in his field the tares grow with the wheat. His inspiration is often luminous, but never absolutely pure, and may be compared to those large diamonds whose quality is not of the finest water. . . . Gounod looks upon Berlioz as an ill-balanced temperament. "He is fantastical," he says, "and emotional; he suffers, he weeps, he grows desperate, and loses his head. The personal side of things seizes hold of him. He has been called the 'Jupiter of music.' Granted, but a Jupiter who stumbles, a god who is a slave to his passions and his transports. But withal, possessing masterly qualities, a marvellous colourist, he handles orchestration—which is the musician's palette—with a sure and powerful grasp. And then we come suddenly, among remarkable passages, upon mistakes, awkward bits, betraying a tardy and faulty technical education—in short, an incomplete genius."—*Charles Gounod: His Life and His Works.* By Marie Anne de Bovet.

THE PLASTIC PERIOD OF AMERICA.

WAS there ever a time in the history of America when she could have produced an independent literature of essential art? Was there ever a time when Americans could, with some show of reason, have said to each other: "Let us evolve a Variant—the difficulty of doing so under the conditions of modern civilization will be immense—but let us start a literature of our own; let us grow sprouts from our own minds upon which our future offspring may browse?" And if there ever was a time when Americans might have thus communed with themselves with a fair hope of a profitable result, when was it? Without affirming that a time ever did exist when a national American poetry might have been born, I may remind the reader that every community has a plastic period—a period when it is extremely sensitive, not only to the impact of external impressions, but to those mysterious and spontaneous inner movements of the organism which we call the forces of growth. Without such plastic periods no civilization could ever have existed; for even the now stationary civilization of China must have moved from primeval barbarism. When was the plastic period of the American people? Clearly it was when the colony broke away from English rule. In material things the energy that creates and the energy that seizes and holds showed then an activity which to the old world was astonishing. If ever a national literature was to be born this was the time. Under the conditions of imperfect communication which then existed, when steam-vessels and telegraph cables were not, the isolation of colony from motherland might almost be compared with the isolation of country from country in ancient Europe. And after a few years there came another war with England, which aided the isolating effect of distance. From the very first the Americans had dreamed of their future greatness; from the very first they had an eye upon the prospective Variant.—*Theodore Watts, in the Fortnightly Review*.

JEROME relates that Pamphilus, presbyter of Casarea, martyred A.D. 309, collected 30,000 religious books for the purpose of lending them; and this is the first notice of a circulating library. A library was built at what is now called Trinity College, Oxford, by Richard of Bury, in the reign of Henry IV., for which he drew up a provident arrangement "by which books might be lent to strangers" (i.e., students of other colleges) on depositing a security in excess of the value of the book taken out. In 1342, the stationers of Paris were compelled to keep books to be lent on hire, and there were during the middle ages circulating libraries at Toulouse and Vienna also. Circulating libraries were established at Dumfermline in 1711; Edinburgh, in 1725, and London, in 1740.

THE Cassell Publishing Company will issue immediately by arrangement with the English publishers, Miss Menie Muriel Dowie's book, "A Girl in the Karpathians," in which she gives an unconventional and racy account of her travels among the mountains of Russia—Poland. The book is illustrated with maps and bits of scenery, and contains a full length portrait of Miss Dowie in flannel shirt, jacket, knickerbockers and Tam-o'-Shanter, as she travelled on horseback and alone through this wild region. Miss Dowie, who is in her earlier twenties, is the young lady who aroused the enthusiasm of the British Association by an address before that learned body on her return from her travels.

THE following extract from a letter written by Mr. Herbert Spencer to Dr. James, of the Brooklyn Ethical Society, will be read with interest:—"I have had to rebut the charge of materialism times too numerous to remember, and I have now given the matter up. It is impossible to give more emphatic denial or assign more conclusive proof than I have repeatedly done, as you know. My antagonists must continue to vilify me as they please; I cannot prevent them. Practically they say, 'It is convenient to us to call you a materialist, and you shall be a materialist whether you like it or not.' In my earlier days I constantly made the foolish supposition that conclusive proofs would change beliefs. But experience has long since dissipated my faith in men's rationality."

SIR WILLIAM FRASER, in his book on Disraeli, relates that a friend of his walked with Carlyle for two hours on the day on which Disraeli's letter arrived offering Carlyle a pension and a G. C. B. Carlyle described the letter being brought to him by a Treasury messenger, the large black seal, his wonder as to what the official envelope could contain, and his great surprise on reading the offer, conveyed in language of consummate tact and delicacy. He said: "The letter of Disraeli was flattering, generous and magnanimous; his overlooking all that I have said and done against him was great. The accurate perception of merit in others is one of the highest characteristics of a fine intellect. I should not have given Disraeli credit for possessing it had it not been brought home so directly to me." He repeated the words "generous" and "magnanimous" several times.

COUNT TOLSTOI has been relating to an enquiring guest the story of the origin of his much-talked-about and much-overpraised book, "The Kreutzer Sonata." He says that some few years ago he had several visitors staying with him, among them a famous French painter and Madame Helbig, of Rome. The latter began to play Beethoven's "Sonata," and as the great novelist listened his very heart seemed shaken by the music. He felt as if the composer were trying to relate through the medium of notes a personal experience, something that he had done, and, when the sounds died at last into silence, he murmured to the French painter: "That is Beethoven's vision. I have conceived a plan. I shall write what is in the 'Kreutzer Sonata,' and you shall paint what is in it. We shall work separately, and without communicating our ideas. These we shall produce simultaneously." That Tolstoi wrote his book the world knows only too well. Did the painter produce a picture, and, if so, was it as dreary and pessimistic as the word-painting?

DR. NAVILLE, the discoverer of Bubastis and of the Treasure City of Pithom, has just given to the world the results of his work in identifying other cities and districts in Egypt, more especially some connected with the Exodus of the Israelites; and at the end of the month of June he presented these results before a meeting of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute. Dr. Naville illustrated his remarks by referring to an elaborate map of his surveys. He said he had found that Succoth was not a city as some had supposed, but a district; from a remarkably valuable inscription discovered at Pithom, there was no longer any doubt that it was that Greek Heroopolis, from whence, as Strabo, Pliny, Agathemerus and Artemidorus described, merchant ships sailed to the Arabian Gulf. This fact coincided with the results of modern scientific surveys, which showed that there had been a gradual rising of the land, and that the Red Sea once extended up to the walls of Pithom; this must have been the case about 3,000 years ago, and Sir William Dawson and the French engineer, Linant, held that it went even further north. The next place noted by M. Naville, was Baal Zephon, and in identifying this he had been aided through some recently discovered papyri, which proved that it was not a village or city, but an ancient shrine of Baal and a noted place of pilgrimage. Other places were Migdol and Pi Hahiroth, and here again a papyrus had helped him; it seemed probable that the Serapeum was the Egyptian Maktal or Migdol, and it was greatly to be regretted that a bilingual tablet discovered there a few years ago had been destroyed before being deciphered. The bearing of his identifications was of no small interest to the students of History, both sacred and other.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Alden's Cyclopaedia of Universal Literature. Vol 19. New York: Jno. B. Alden.
- "Bernard." When the Shadows Flee Away: a Story of Canadian Society. 30c. Montreal: John Lovell & Son.
- Gemmell, J. A. The Canadian Parliamentary Companion. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.
- Mill, Jno. Stuart. Socialism. 25c. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Co.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

It is stated that Sir Edward Watkin has built a private chalet at the summit of Snowdon, and that he is making arrangements for the occasional display there of a powerful electric light, which will be visible not only over a great part of Wales and England, but as far as Ireland also.—*Electrical Review*.

As is well known, the water power of the Rhone is being largely utilized for industrial purposes in the neighbourhood of Geneva. Colonel Turettini, chief engineer of the St. Gothard Tunnel, who carried out the works, has recently issued a report as to the state of the works. The canal on the left bank is provided with twenty turbines, working up to 4,400 horse-power. During the past year 216 motors, totalling 1,565 horse-power, have been driven from the works. The smallest, of one-third horse-power, have been used to run sewing machines, while the largest (625 horse-power) has driven the electric light installation for the town of Geneva.—*Industries*.

CLOSELY following on M. Lippman is an inventor of another system of photographing in colours, who proceeds on the theory that there are four primary colours—green, red, blue and violet. He accordingly takes four distinct pictures simultaneously by means of four lenses, in front of which respectively is a screen of one of the four colours named. The negatives are developed in the ordinary manner, and in throwing the pictures on the screen four lenses are again used, having a common focus, each of the pictures being projected through a screen of the colour originally used. The result is that a picture is produced which includes the colours of the original.—*Chicago News*.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, Mr. Chatin stated that Parasitical plants seriously affect the sap of the trees, etc., on which they exist, destroying certain elements, and, on the other hand, producing new ones. For example, no strychnine is found in the loranthus grown on the *Strychnos nuxvomica*, and no quinine in the botanophora of the cinchona; and, in the oak mistletoe, green instead of blue tannin is found. On the other hand, substances are found in parasites which do not exist in the trees on which they are found. Thus, mistletoe contains lime, and the dodder produces yellow and red colouring matters. In the broom-rape of hemp and milfoil a blue colour is found; in that of the horseshoe vetch, a rich sulphur tint; and, in the broom-rape of thyme, an amethyst shade. The mistletoe and most other parasites contain fecula, which penetrates to the fiber of the wood. In short, all these matters are formed by the parasitical plants themselves.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

In the New York *Sun*, Mr. G. F. Kunz, the well-known expert in gems, has recently called attention to a property of the diamond which may serve as a means of distinguishing it from other substances. Referring to the paper of Robert Boyle "On a Remarkable Diamond that Shines in the Dark," published in the Transactions of the Royal Society in 1663, Mr. Kunz remarks that this paper has been indirectly alluded to by a number of authors, but never read. Among a quantity of facts, Boyle mentions one diamond that phosphoresced simply by the heat of the hand, absorbed light by being held near a candle, and emitted light on being rubbed. He stated that many diamonds emitted light by being rubbed in the dark. The experiments made by Mr. Kunz show conclusively not only that Boyle's statement that some diamonds phosphoresce in the dark, after exposure to the sunlight or an arc of electric light, is true, but also that all diamonds emit light by rubbing them on wood, cloth or metal—a property which will probably prove of great value in distinguishing between the diamond and other hard stones, as well as paste, none of which exhibit this phenomenon, and will be welcomed by the general public who do not possess the experience of a dealer in diamonds. The property is evidently not electric, or it would not be visible on being rubbed on metal.—*English Mechanic*.

AN oil distributor has been brought out by Captain C. C. Conves, of Penarth, and tried with satisfactory results on the s. s. *Arrow*. The new invention distributes oil in a perfectly even and continuous flow from the bows of the vessel. It consists of a circular tank or reservoir above a cylinder, and this is fixed in the fore-peak of the ship, as near the bow as possible, and at such a height as to be a little above the water-line when the cargo is on board. Two small copper pipes run from the lower part of the cylinder out through the bows (one on each side) and by means of brass cocks the oil in the cylinder is allowed to run out just over the broken water caused by the passage of the vessel. The pipes at their outlets are not above 1-16 inch in diameter, so that the quantity of oil they allow to run out is small, though quite sufficient to subdue the heaviest seas. A strong steel piston works on a spindle rod through the cylinder, and forces the oil through the pipes when the cocks are open, so that the jets flow several feet out beyond the bows, and prevent the water coming inboard. The cocks are quite separate, and will allow of the oil being distributed on one side only if need be. The reservoir will hold about seven gallons of oil and the cylinder about five, which will last some four hours with the two jets full on. Seal oil has been tried with the best results, but other kinds of crude oil can be used at pleasure.—*Industries*.

THE Russian Government has definitely entered upon the work of constructing a great trans-Siberian railroad. The cost of this work is estimated to be about \$135,000,000, but it is quite likely to exceed \$200,000,000 before the road is completed. Although the railroad is built mainly for strategical reasons—that is, in the absence of these, no immediate steps would be taken in this direction—it is estimated that, when completed, its uses for trade purposes will be sufficient to pay interest on the cost of construction and running expenses, with a possible deficiency of about \$1,250,000 per annum. This margin of loss the Government feels that it is justified in assuming in consequence of the imperial advantages which would result from this improved means of transportation. Under existing conditions the extreme eastern and south-eastern portions of Siberia are in a relatively defenceless condition, largely because of the difficulty that would be experienced in sending reinforcements of soldiers either by land or by water. The English could readily seize the ports on the Siberian coast of the Pacific and destroy them, while it is thought that even the Chinese might possess themselves of certain valuable territories in their neighbourhood in the absence of an adequate force of defenders, and when once in possession, with better means of reinforcements, their ejection would not be an easy undertaking. Possibly the construction of this new road will serve to stimulate the imagination of those Americans who believe that it would be an

easy matter to construct a railway through the North-West Provinces of Canada, and through Alaska to Behring Strait, and by a short ferry transit have the journey made by land from the United States to Europe.—*Boston Herald*.

VERY few photographs of landscapes are correct in perspective. Mr. A. Mallock has been discussing in *Nature* the optical factors which determine this, and in the course of his article he says that any photograph taken with a lens of less than about a foot focal length must exaggerate all the distances or make objects in the picture look smaller than they should. The only remedy for this, in his opinion, is to enlarge the picture until the right distance to view it from becomes also the convenient distance. Even if this be done, however, there is still a tendency to view the picture too far off; for few lenses, except those for portraits, embrace an angle so small as to be taken in at a single glance, and people are naturally inclined to stand far enough from a picture to see the whole of it at once. Still a proper amount of enlargement offers the best means of making a photograph give a true idea of the scene which it represents; and this is especially true of the small pictures taken by so-called "detective" cameras, having lenses varying from four to six inches in focal length; and it is for this end, and not, in general, to enable more detail to be seen, that the enlarging process is most useful.—*Chemist and Druggist*.

THE American Forestry Association, we are glad to see, is taking steps to examine certain forest areas in order to ascertain whether they should be reserved from settlement. There is very little danger that the Chief Executive of the nation will include too large a fraction of the public domain in these reservations; and even if lands which are more valuable for agriculture than for their forests should be included, it would be very easy afterward to turn them over to settlers. Indeed, we have urged that all forest lands should be withheld from entry until the data which special agents of the Land Office are now instructed to collect could be ascertained by a commission of scientific men. The present action, however, is much better than no action at all; but what protection is there thrown around these reservations even after the President has made his proclamation to set them apart? So far as we are aware, no legal provision is made for guarding them against depredation or protecting them from fire. It has been our opinion that the United States army was the proper force to use in guarding the forests on the national domain, and we have urged that these forest lands withdrawn from entry should be placed under the charge of the army. This has been done to some extent in the case of the Yellowstone reservation and the great Sequoia reservations of California. If it is practicable to place such reservations as are declared by the President under this same guardianship, we shall feel that something has been done for our forests which promises to have practical value, and the brief section which was attached to an act relating to quite another matter may prove an important piece of legislation in the history of the forests of the nation.—*Garden and Forest*.

MES SRS. CLARE BROS. & Co., of Preston, whose advertisement appears on the second page of this issue, have just issued a most complete and artistic catalogue, descriptive of their hot-air, hot-water, coal and wood furnaces, together with a full illustrated list of registers, which they will be pleased to forward to any address on application.

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A PERMANENT board of torpedo experts has been recently established by the United States Navy Department to take charge of experiments, tests of firing and launching tubes, installation on board, stowage and torpedo supplies.

WE now have the electric light to aid us in our dental operations, and I find by its use I can discover imperfections in cavities I have prepared that had previously escaped my attention. Why? Because the electric light gives a paler white light, and it is more intense than daylight. This is particularly so in that form of decay known as the white decay. You may prepare the cavity with the ordinary care, having it seemingly perfectly dry, and a magnifying glass will show you no imperfections, but with the aid of the electric light you find them.—*Dr. Pruyn (Scientific American)*.

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From Toronto

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"For a good many years I have been suffering from catarrh, neuralgia and general debility. I failed to obtain any permanent relief from medical advice, and my friends feared I would never find anything to cure me. A short time ago I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. At that time I was unable to walk even a short distance without feeling a

DEATH-LIKE WEAKNESS

overtake me. And I had intense pains from neuralgia in my head, back and limbs, which were very exhausting. But I am glad to say that soon after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I saw that it was doing me good. I have now taken three bottles and am entirely

CURED OF NEURALGIA.

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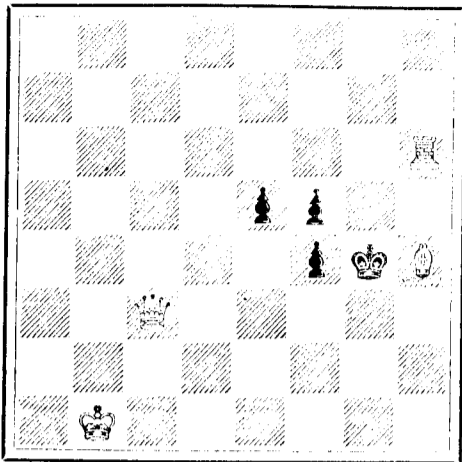
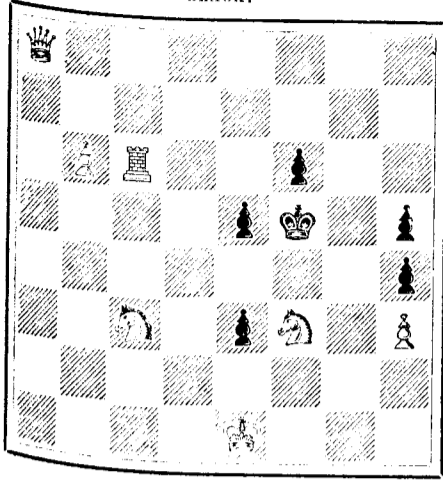
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White to play and mate in three moves.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 579.

No. 580.
Q-R 2

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt-K B 6 | 1. K x Kt |
| 2. B-Q B 5 | 2. K x Kt |
| 3. B-Q 4 mate | |
| 2. P-Kt 4 | if 1. K-R 6 |
| 3. B-Kt 2 mate | 2. K-Q 5 |

With other variations.

GAME BETWEEN PAUL MORPHY AND MR. J. ARNOUS DE RIVIERE.

EVANS GAMBIT.

- | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| White.
MORPHY. | Black.
DE RIVIERE. | White.
MORPHY. | Black.
DE RIVIERE. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 | 21. Kt-B 4 (l) | B P x P |
| 2. Kt-K R 3 | Kt-Q B 3 | 22. P x P | P x P |
| 3. B-B 4 | B-B 4 | 23. Kt x B | P x Kt |
| 4. P-Q Kt 4 | B x P | 24. Kt x P | Q-Q 3 (m) |
| 5. P-B 3 | B-B 4 | 25. B-Kt 2 | Kt-B 4 (n) |
| 6. Castles | P-Q 3 | 26. E-K B 4 | Q-K 2 (o) |
| 7. P-Q 4 | P x P | 27. Kt-B 6 | Q-K 5 |
| 8. P x P | B-Kt 3 | 28. B-Kt 7 | Q x B |
| 9. Kt-B 3 | B-Kt 5 | 29. B x R | Q x R P (p) |
| 10. B-Q Kt 4 | K-B 1 (a) | 30. R-Q R 1 | Q-K 5 |
| 11. B-K 3 | Q-Kt-K 2 (b) | 31. Q-R 3 + | K-B 2 |
| 12. P-K R 3 (c) | B-K-R 4 (d) | 32. Kt x B | P x Kt |
| 13. B-Q 3! | P-K B 3 | 33. K R-K 1 (q) | Q-Q Kt 5 |
| 14. P-Q R 4 | P-B 3 (e) | 34. P x P + | K-Kt 3 |
| 15. Q-Kt 3 (f) | B-K B 2 | 35. R-K 6 + | K-Kt 4 |
| 16. Q-R 3 (g) | B-Q R 4 | 36. Q-B 1 + | Q-B 5 |
| 17. Kt-K 2 | Kt-B 1 (h) | 37. P-R 4 + | Kt x P |
| 18. Q-R-Kt 1 (i) | P-Q Kt 3 | 38. R-K 5 + | Kt-B 4 |
| 19. B-R 6 (j) | K-Kt-K 2 | 39. R x Kt + (r) | K x R |
| 20. P-K 5 (k) | B-Q 4 | 40. B-K 6 +, and Black resigns. | |

NOTES.

The Times-Democrat gives 31 good notes to the game. We quote those which appear the most interesting.

(a) The coup just, and the neothoreticians will do well to consult the archives; this being said for the benefit of those among them who conceive that they have discovered the master variations of the openings. This might have been said of White's next move. (Ed.)

(b) This move was played by London against St. Petersburg 1887--the latter after P Q R 4 continued B Q B 4, threatening B x K B P. (Ed.)

(c) In order to make sure of the enemy's plan. Will he take the Kt, and if he retire the B, what square will he adopt?

(d) We would play the same again to-day. The retreat to Q 2 would have augmented the constraint of his position.

(e) Here is the first false step, we believe, P Q R 4 was of more avail.

(f) At once Morphy spots the valuable point.

(g) An excellent station to establish a battery.

(h) In order to play out the other Kt. (Ed.)

(i) How admirably the young master displays his ability to bring all of his forces into the battle, and yet to precipitate nothing.

(j) Black is strongly barricaded; it is difficult to break in. For example, could he but manage to push P Q R 3, his game would at once become the superior, because the pawns on the Q's flank would manoeuvre in consort, backed up by the Kts, without its being possible to force the game by an attack on the K.

(k) The move played by Morphy is, indeed, a stroke of his clairvoyant genius.

(l) Exceedingly vigorous and exact.

(m) The entrance of this Kt is practically fatal for the second player.

(n) The exchange of Q's would improve matters for Black, who has always a P more, but a difficult position.

(o) Menacing to push the Queen's pawn. (Ed.)

(p) If Kt (B 1) K 2 then 27. P Kt 4.

(q) Unhappily there is no time to push P Q 5, the Kt holding the B at his mercy.

(r) The reserve comes up in its due time; the battle is over. White achieves the victory, and wins, too, in most beautiful style.

(s) The Queen is lost! Morphy has played this game with consummate art; nothing has been since achieved that can surpass it.—Baltimore Sunday News.

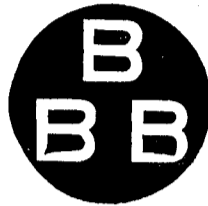
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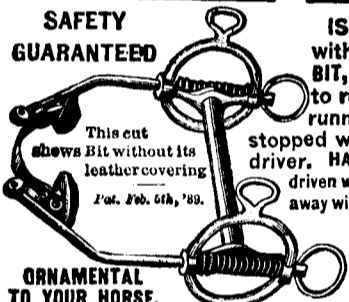


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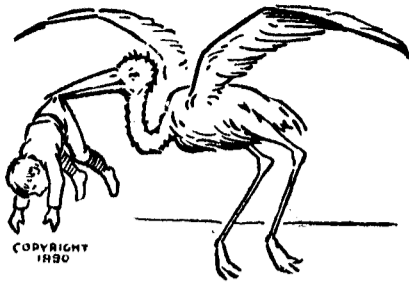
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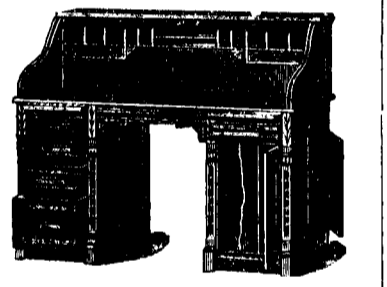
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The local committee of arrangements met in Toronto on March 30th, and it was then decided that September being Exhibition month, and travelling rates consequently more reasonable, also Indians being better able to leave their farms at that time than in May, it would be a far better and more convenient time for holding both the Annual Meeting and the Conference.

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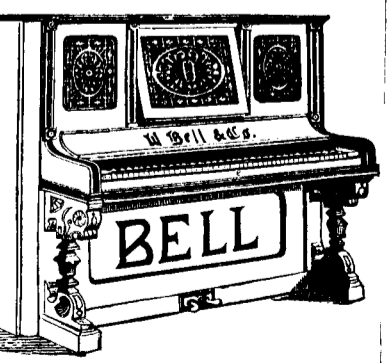
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