



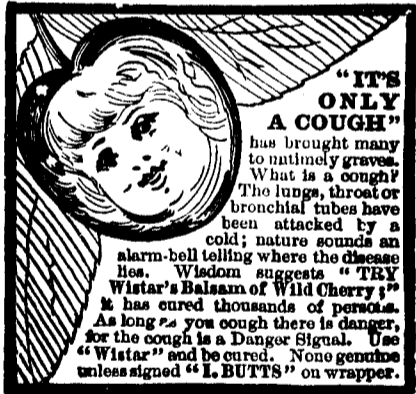


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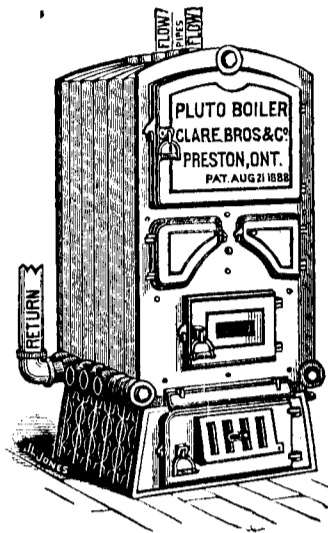
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Eighth Year.  
Vol. VIII., No. 48.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1891.

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### CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Grand Jury Question.....	763
The Census and its Lessons.....	763
The Governor-General's Prerogative.....	763
A Maritime Tri-Union.....	764
The Quebec Commission.....	764
Mr. Chapleau Discomfited.....	764
Mr. Balfour's Opportunism.....	764
Mr. Wiman on Annexation.....	764
Canada's Servility.....	765
The Coming Elections in the United States.....	765
THE REORGANIZATION OF THE CABINET.—Third Article. Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P.	765
PARIS LETTER.....	Z.
THE PASSING OF AUTUMN. (Poem).....	Emma C. Read. 767
BOASTS IN CLASSIC MASSACHUSETTS—II.....	Fidelis. 767
ALL SAINTS' DAY.....	Alice Jones. 768
SONNETS TO THE NIGHTINGALE—I.....	Sarepta. 768
A DIRGE. (Poem).....	A. L. McNab. 770
STAGE REALITIES.....	W. H. H. 770
THE RAMBLER.....	770
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Boodling.....	Wm. Trant. 771
ART NOTES.....	771
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	771
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	771
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	772
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.....	772
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	773
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.....	774
OBITS.....	775

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 Minister of Justice will not be materially helped to a decision on the question of the retention or abolition of the Grand Jury by the replies which have reached him in response to his circular enquiry. Last year circulars were addressed to the Superior and County Court Judges throughout the Dominion, and to the Attorney-Generals of the different Provinces, asking an expression of opinion on the subject. The replies received are remarkable for the almost evenly balanced diversity of the opinions they express. Only two of the judges of the Supreme Court replied. Both of these favour abolition of the Grand Jury system. But of seventy-eight or seventy-nine judges and Attorney-Generals who replied to the circular, thirty-nine favour abolition and either thirty-nine or forty—we are not sure at the moment which is the exact number—oppose it, while twelve decline to commit themselves to a distinct opinion. The question is one of no small importance in its relation to the administration of our criminal code, and where the judges, who have the best opportunities for forming an opinion from actual observation, are so evenly divided, it would, we suppose, be presumptuous for the journalist to offer positive opinions. We may, however, pretty safely hold to the view we have before expressed, viz., that the interests of justice require that the Grand Jury shall not be abolished until some simpler and better provision has been devised for performing its functions. The alternative, otherwise, will be to leave the question whether persons shall be put on trial on criminal charges to the decision of a local magistrate. Now when we remember, on the one hand, how much is involved in many cases in the determination of this preliminary question, what failure of justice in the escape of the guilty, or what humiliation and suffering for the innocent, may result from an error of judgment on this point, and when we recall, on the other hand, the lack of educational and other qualifications, more especially in the rural magistracy, we can well understand how unsafe it would be to leave decisions so deeply affecting the rights and reputations of many persons, to the decision of the individual magistrate. Errors of judgment and failures of justice will no doubt occur under the most perfect system that can be devised, but seeing that,

as observed by one of the judges, "the Grand Jury is generally selected from amongst the most intelligent, experienced and impartial members of the community," that it "is intended as much for the protection of the innocent as to secure the punishment of the guilty," that under its operation "no man can be put upon trial unless specially presented by that body, uninfluenced by the surmises, hearsays or local prejudices which may exist, and more or less affect the action of a local committing magistrate," and that "the Grand Jury will subject no man to the odium of a public trial unless they are satisfied from the evidence alone, and such a degree of evidence as in the absence of explanatory circumstances would in their judgment warrant a conviction," it is not easy to see how anyone can doubt which of the two methods is more likely to secure the ends of justice. If the question is simply between leaving the commitment for trial to the decision of a single local magistrate and to a carefully chosen Grand Jury, the majority of non-legal readers will not, we think, hesitate to pronounce in favour of the latter, however cumbersome or costly in comparison.

THE more detailed statistics given in the second official bulletin of the Government statistician do not, it must be confessed, tend to modify the somewhat discouraging facts presented in the first. In this bulletin, which deals with Ontario, the counties of the Province are arranged in eight groups, viz., the Lake Erie, the Lake Huron, the Georgian Bay, the West Central, the Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, the East Central and the Northern. As would at once be supposed, the best showing is made by the counties included in the Lake Ontario group, viz., Lincoln and Niagara, Wentworth, Halton, Peel, York, Ontario, Durham, Northumberland and Prince Edward. The population of these nine counties, which was 383,160 in 1871, and 437,984 in 1881, is 526,015 in 1891, showing a rate of increase of 20.09 per cent. during the last decade, in place of a rate of 14.30 per cent. in the preceding. But in other groups of counties the ratio of increase has been much smaller, ranging downwards from between 10 and 11 per cent. almost to zero, while in two of the groups there are fewer citizens at present than were reported in 1881. The Lake Huron group, composed of Bothwell, Lambton, Huron and Bruce, which had shown an increase of more than 28 per cent. between 1871 and 1881, have, according to these tables, fewer inhabitants by 1,441 than they had ten years ago. In like manner the West Central group, comprising Middlesex, Oxford, Brant, Perth, Wellington, Cardwell and Waterloo, which had 341,475 in 1871 and 377,691 in 1881, have only 376,851 in 1891. It seems scarcely possible that these figures can be correct, and most persons will prefer to believe that an error of considerable magnitude has resulted from the first of the several causes assigned by Mr. Johnston, viz., the difference in the modes of counting the people. The present census is the first in which a time-limit has been applied in the case of absence from home. This in itself would no doubt cause a serious difference in the sum-totals. So too the precautions taken to prevent duplication of names are said to have been much stricter than heretofore. Other causes assigned are 2. The movement of population along the lines observed in every civilized country, viz., (a) westward to the virgin soil, and (b) from the rural parts to the cities and towns. 3. The introduction of agricultural machinery, doing away to a certain extent with hired help. 4. The denudation of the forest covering. 5. The opening of new territory by railways. 6. The development of mining industry. There can be no doubt that these causes have been operative here as elsewhere. If the effects were confined to mere movements of population from the country to the city and from one part of the Province, or even of the Dominion, to another, there would be less cause for regret or anxiety. But the figures of the census, combined with the results of everyday observation, constantly recall our attention to the one unpleasant fact that stares us in the face, viz., that the same movements and tendencies which in other countries produce the effects above described, in ours carry large numbers of those who are compelled to change location and occupation across our national bound-

dary line, into another country. This fact is none the less discouraging because it is the result, to some extent inevitable, of our geographical position. It is that accident, if such it may be called, of location which puts the statesmanship of our rulers to the severest test. If there is really no legitimate and proper means by which this migratory tendency can be either checked or counterbalanced by a similar movement northward across the international boundary, there is, of course, nothing left for us but to make the best of the inevitable and hope for changed conditions in the future. But we should not be shut up to so pessimistic a conclusion until every effort consistent with our national freedom and self-respect has been put forth to bring about a better state of things.

A GOOD deal of discussion has been had in the party papers during the last few weeks in regard to the duties and prerogatives of the Governor-General in the present crisis in Canadian politics. Some of the Opposition papers have not only criticized severely the conduct of the Governor-General in absenting himself from the seat of Government for holiday purposes during the very important discussions and investigations of the late session—criticisms which we are bound to admit have much point and force—but have demanded that in view of the events and revelations of the session he should take it upon himself to dissolve Parliament and give the constituencies an opportunity to pronounce judgment upon the discredited Ministry. There is, we suppose, no room for question either as to the power of the Governor-General to make such use of the prerogative, or as to the fact that the practice has of late years been wholly adverse to the exercise of such power. Munro (Constitution of Canada, p. 168,) says: "The Governor-General is empowered to remove members of the Council, but in practice the Ministry resign when they lose the confidence of the Legislature." On the preceding page he tells us that: "In all local matters the judgment of the people expressed through their Legislatures must prevail, and a Governor-General ought always to accept and act by the advice of a Ministry prepared to give effect to such judgment." Of course a dissolution of Parliament without reference or in opposition to the advice of the Council would be tantamount to a dismissal of such Council. The doctrine that a Governor-General should do nothing, except in matters in which Imperial interests are involved, save on the advice of his Ministers, is so well established in practice that argument to that effect is unnecessary. The fact is, moreover, that the modifications of Imperial instructions which have practically reduced the Gubernatorial prerogatives to the narrow dimensions indicated, have been largely due to agitations and representations by the Liberal party in Canada. It will be fresh in the minds of many of our readers that the doctrine which had previously prevailed and had, indeed, been formally laid down by Earl Carnarvon when Colonial Secretary, was "that a Governor may (and indeed must, if in his judgment it seems right) decide in opposition to the advice tendered him," and that it was not until 1875, when Earl Dufferin commuted a capital sentence on his own responsibility, that Mr. Blake, as Minister of Justice in the Mackenzie Administration, secured a change in the Imperial instructions, in consequence of which the instruction as to the use of the prerogative in capital cases now reads as follows: "We do hereby direct and enjoin that our said Governor-General shall not pardon or reprieve any (such) offender without first receiving in capital cases the advice of the Privy Council for our said Dominion, and in other cases the advice of one, at least, of his Ministers." In view of the previous acts and attitude of the Liberal party in all matters touching the exercise of the prerogative, it is somewhat startling to find some of the leading Liberal papers now calling on the Governor-General to act on his own responsibility in a matter of Canadian concern. It is true that desperate diseases may justify and even demand desperate remedies. But in this case the consequences of the action demanded would finally depend upon the action of the constituencies. If, then, the reaction against the Government in the constituencies is so strong that the result of a new general election would be to overthrow it, surely the same change of public sentiment can in some

way be so brought out and focussed as to force the resignation of the Government, either through the people's representatives or otherwise, without establishing a precedent that would be sure to return in some way to plague its inventors. The action of Lieutenant-Governor Angers does not apply, seeing that thus far he has not acted without the advice of his Ministers, but has simply brought pressure to bear to force their hands, which the Governor-General has, of course, the right to do if he is able. Meanwhile it may be said with confidence that more of evil than of good would result from any course of action tending away from the responsible system so long fought for and so highly prized by Canadians. If there is not enough of political virtue left in the people of Canada to warrant the continued exercise of the power of self-government, that virtue cannot be created by any exercise of Imperial prerogative in opposition to a Government which still commands the support of a majority of the people's representatives.

WE are glad to see that the project of a local tri-union is once more attracting some attention in the Maritime Provinces, though the obstacles to be overcome, rooted mainly in sectional feeling or prejudice, have on former occasions proved themselves so great that there is now little room to hope for the success of any such movement. Still the benefits to be gained, in the saving of expense, the concentration of political and moral influence, and the increase of local dignity, are so obvious that it would surely be worth while for local patriots to renew the attempt. One of the most striking and by no means pleasing features of the Confederation as now constituted is the great disparity in the size and population of its component parts. This destroys in a measure the symmetry of the whole structure. It is true that hitherto, separated though it is into three distinct units, the sea-board section of the Dominion has managed not only to hold its own, but to secure a good deal more than its own share of influence at Ottawa. This fact, into the causes of which we do not now enquire, has no doubt tended to lessen the weight of the motives which would otherwise have impelled those Provinces to seek the strength which comes from union. But it is hardly probable that this preponderance of Maritime influence in the Cabinet can last. On the other hand could the three see their way clear to join hands and substitute a single Legislature and a single Lieutenant-Governor for the six Houses and the three Governors now maintained, the saving in expense alone would be no inconsiderable item. The example of Ontario should be sufficient guarantee of the sufficiency of a single House, for it cannot be doubted that Ontario is at least as well governed locally as any other Province. It is but too evident that the time is near when the financial question will have become a very serious one, and the readjustment demanded may even imperil the stability of the Confederation. Further, it is undeniable that in point of standing or dignity great gain would result from the course proposed. Membership in the new Assembly and office in the new Government would be something worth aspiring to and a better class of men would make their way to the front. If it be said, or thought, that the Maritime representatives both in the local Parliaments and at Ottawa already compare very favourably with those from the larger Provinces, we do not care to dispute the fact, which does not, however, prove that under better auspices a still better showing might not be made. This reminds us, by the way, of the superior sneer with which one of our Ontario representatives, on his return from the first session of the first Dominion Parliament, replied to one who asked him what kind of men were the members from the Maritime Provinces, "Parish politicians!" Whether the Western statesman's judgment was at fault, or the members from the seaside have proved apter students in the larger school, the fact that they almost from the first have had a preponderating influence in the Ottawa Cabinet, is undeniable. Hence when we venture to urge upon their attention the great gain that would result to themselves were they united in one large and influential Province, it is by no means implied that such union is as yet necessary to enable them to secure fair play at Ottawa.

THE unexpected frankness of Mr. Pacaud in the witness box has given the investigation now going on before the Quebec Commission quite a dramatic turn. In the coolness and apparent absence of regret or shame with which he gives his testimony, this witness reminds us of Murphy before the Committee on Privileges and Elections. In fluency and apparent straightforwardness, however, the

Frenchman thus far appears to have greatly the advantage of his Irish compeer. Whether this advantage is the result of a more reliable memory, or of greater truthfulness, can be better determined after the cross-questioning. His lucidity of style and the documentary evidence with which his narrative is accompanied, go far to convey the impression that he is telling the truth, at least so far as his own share in the transactions is concerned. And that share was a truly remarkable one. Here is a man with no official position whatever in the Government or in connection with it, who sways the Government at his will. His control of the Premier seems to have been even more absolute than that exercised over Sir Hector Langevin by Thomas McGreevy. And the fact is so well understood that contractors having or wishing to have access to Mr. Mercier on business with the Government, practically recognize the fact that it is useless to attempt to approach him save through this intermediary. Think, too, of the sublime assurance of this man when he refuses a paltry fee of \$75,000, and insists on one of \$100,000 for his services as a mere go-between in an alleged business transaction which could scarcely have consumed more than a few hours, or at most days, of his valuable time. But neither the power nor the rascality of Pacaud are matters of doubt. Nor are they, in themselves, of more than secondary importance. The main interest in his remarkable story centres around its connection with the Premier of Quebec and his Cabinet, though it is exceedingly unfortunate, to say the least, for Mr. Laurier, the Leader of the Dominion Opposition, that he should have made such a selection of his newspaper editor and confidential agent. But how about Mr. Mercier and his colleagues? The aim of the witness is, evidently, to save his leader at his own expense. Pacaud declares that neither Mr. Mercier nor the members of his Cabinet knew anything about his (Pacaud's) relations with Mr. Armstrong. But they could hardly have supposed the former so disinterested as to have taken so much trouble for the latter without fee or reward. Moreover, Mr. Mercier can hardly have been so ignorant of his friend's personal history and circumstances as not to have had cause for wonder, in the absence of knowledge, at his almost unlimited command of money. As a matter of fact, Mr. Langelier is already so implicated by his acceptance of a part of the booty that no way of escape is apparent, and he will, there is little doubt, follow the example of Sir Hector Langevin and resign. As to Mr. Mercier himself the impartial onlooker will feel constrained to conclude, just as in the case of Sir Hector, that the theory that he was without knowledge, or a suspicion so strong as to be practically equivalent to a guilty knowledge of the fact, is inconceivable and so, inadmissible. In any case it is evident that the Provincial Treasury, under his supervision, was robbed of at least \$100,000 in this particular transaction, which should have been saved by the vigilance of the Premier and his Ministers, and no plea of myopia or imbecility can avail to free them from responsibility for such a loss to the public revenues, especially a loss which accrued in equivalent gain to themselves, personally or politically.

A DISTINGUISHED jurist is said to have once given to a friend who, with little knowledge of law, was about to be promoted to a position involving the pronouncing of judicial decisions, and who was nervous in consequence, the following advice: "Give your decisions with confidence, for they will generally be right, but avoid giving reasons for them, for those will be pretty sure to be wrong." One is reminded of the anecdote by the article which recently appeared in one of the organs of the Government in reference to Mr. Chapleau and his ambitions. To adduce the fact that a Cabinet Minister has failed in the management of a certain Department in so far that gross abuses have arisen in it and prevailed for a length of time as a reason why the Minister in question should not be permitted to leave that Department, sounds very like a Hibernicism in logic, while the implied conclusion that said Minister is not fit to be put in charge of another portfolio, carrying with it much larger responsibilities and temptations, is radically sound. Of this, however, we may be sure. The people of Canada, at least that great majority of them who are disposed to demand proved ability and integrity as indispensable qualifications for a seat on the Government benches, have drawn a sigh of relief at the intimation that Hon. Mr. Chapleau is not to be put at the head of the Department of Public Works. All other considerations aside, the very fact that a politician not only demands such a position because of its pat-

ronage, but intrigues and fights for it, affords, as we have before said, the most conclusive proof that he ought not to have it. Such self-seeking, to call it by no worse name, is not a mark of the true statesman. Even from the purely party point of view—though we gladly credit him with higher motives—the Premier's decision is a wise one. It does not yet appear how much harm the disappointed Secretary of State may be able to work the Government, should he be so ill-advised as to attempt to do it harm, but Mr. Abbott may be very sure that the injury will be, at the worst, far less than that which would have resulted from giving way to the peremptory demands of Mr. Chapleau and his friends. Of course we do not know how well founded is the rumour about the written pledge said to have been given after the death of Sir John Macdonald, but it may be assumed that subsequent revelations in connection with the Printing Bureau give moral absolution for the failure to keep any such promise. We are glad to believe that Mr. Abbott is thoroughly persuaded that the only hope for the continuance and success of his administration is in so thorough and wise a reorganization of his Cabinet as will fill it with men of character and ability such as will command the confidence of the country at this crisis of its history.

MR. BALFOUR is well maintaining his reputation as a fighting Minister, in his new position as Leader of the Government forces in the British Commons. His fierce attack upon Mr. Gladstone's "musical variety show," at Newcastle, and his keen ridicule of Sir William Harcourt's belligerent attitude towards the House of Lords, are quite in keeping with his record as Irish Secretary. But the most significant utterance of the new First Lord of the Treasury, and that which is likely to attract most attention, is his praise of opportunism, as a guiding principle in statesmanship. This avowal of his political creed will, we fancy, be a surprise to many, possibly a disappointment to some. Everything, of course, depends upon what is meant by opportunism, and to what extent it is so construed as to be not inconsistent with definite aims and fixed principles. If it consists simply in watching for opportunities to catch opponents bathing and make off with their clothes, it may certainly be, as it has often been, successful, but that seems hardly the kind of policy a Government leader would care to avow. Mr. Balfour repeated the statement which has often been made by members of his party, that vastly more sound, sober legislation can be placed to the credit of the Conservatives than to that of the Liberals, during the past half century. This is probably true, if the credit is to be given solely to the party which was in power at the time the measures were put on the statute book, and to the Government which framed those measures and carried them through Parliament. But if the genesis of those measures, or of the principles they embody, were enquired into, it is doubtful if Mr. Balfour could maintain his boast. It will be found that in almost every case the legislation in question is but the adoption or adaptation of propositions which emanated from the opposite party. Instances in point will at once suggest themselves to the reader. We refer to the fact to point out the weakness of opportunism as a Government policy. It has in reality to take its cue from an aggressive Opposition. Its usefulness depends upon the originality, courage and activity of political opponents. Apart from the work of such opponents opportunism as a policy would be impossible. And this, by the way, affords one of the best arguments in favour of the party system. The tendency of all Governments, bearing the responsibilities of office and enjoying its emoluments, is to be conservative, cautious. The necessity of the Opposition is to be active, progressive and aggressive. The latter supplies the propelling force, the former holds the lever and applies the brakes. The outcome of the two is often sound legislation. But this does not prove that there is not a more excellent way.

"ANNEXATION is unnecessary, is undesirable and is impossible." To ninety-nine out of every one hundred readers of THE WEEK the above quotation from a recent effusion of Mr. Wiman's, reprinted from the Brooklyn Eagle, will seem so much a truism that they will perhaps wonder that we should deem it worth while to repeat it. Yet it is well that Mr. Wiman, whose utterances no doubt command a good deal of attention in the United States, or at least in the vicinity of New York, should have been moved to dispel the illusions which Mr. Glen, a former member of the Canadian Parliament, albeit a citizen of the United States by birth and sentiment, has been

striving so hard to create. To most Canadians neither Mr. Glen's attempt at an annexationist propaganda nor Mr. Wiman's reply will seem a matter of much practical importance, still they may serve to convey some useful information to a certain class of politicians in the United States. We have never seen any reason to suppose that the history or the destiny of Canada fills nearly so large a place in the thoughts or the imaginations of the great body of our Republican neighbours as many seem disposed to think. It is very likely that the vision of an ideal future, when the sway of the great Republic shall embrace the whole continent, has a place in the imaginations of very many of our neighbours, as a consummation sure to be realized some time in the dim future, but few of those best informed can even dream of its accomplishment in this generation. The Canadian who fancies that the people of the United States are longing to lay crafty or violent hands upon our broad Dominion is probably as far astray as the American who believes that Canada is bursting with anxiety to escape from the iron hand of British tyranny, and range herself beneath the folds of the star-spangled banner. But with a certain class of politicians, some of them not without influence at Washington, whose minds Mr. Glen has been trying to fill with mischievous notions, Mr. Wiman's *exposé* will probably have weight, and may, in consequence, tend to hasten the day when the two peoples shall, by mutual consent, pull down, partially at least, the customs walls which now separate commercially those localities which were clearly intended to trade freely with each other. Mr. Wiman points out that "Mr. Glen, like all other Americans, has never yet clearly apprehended the atmosphere which pervades the average Canadian home, either in British or in French Canada," and that "those who talk glibly of annexation hardly ever think how utterly inadequate are the constitutional means to achieve it." There is no appreciable desire for political union amongst any large section of the Canadian people. The great majority would view such a change with the strongest abhorrence. Apart from such desire on the part of the Canadians themselves, their country could not be taken from Great Britain by force of arms, and Great Britain would sacrifice anything in the world but her honour rather than sell a foot of her territory against the wish of her people. The direct aim of Mr. Wiman is to persuade the Washington statesmen that "the postponement of reciprocity with Canada is the most fatal mistake the United States can make." He talks, as usual, a good deal of nonsense about Canada being forty per cent. of the British Empire and so forth, which will convince no one. The premise which he lays down at the outset and from which he works is that "it is a conviction in the minds of annexationists that the surest preventive of annexation is reciprocity," whereas, as we all know, the staple argument against reciprocity in Canada is that it would lead to annexation. To our mind the weight of argument is altogether on Mr. Wiman's side, Mr. Blake's celebrated letter and the arguments of a hundred politicians to the contrary notwithstanding.

ALL church-goers are familiar with a certain class of preachers who, from the greatest variety of texts, continually reproduce in substance the same sermon. A similar tendency is characteristic of certain newspapers in the United States, whenever the text happens to be a Canadian one. No matter whether the topic relates to politics, trade, or morals, the writer finds himself irresistibly drawn on to discourse on the lamentable condition to which we poor Canadians are reduced by our abject subserviency to the tyrannical domination of England. A curious instance is just now before us in a Saturday edition of the *Troy Press*. The worst of it is that in this case we are in the unhappy predicament of having ourselves furnished the text. THE WEEK is of the number of those journals which like to look unpleasant facts fairly in the face and fearlessly discuss their causes with a view to finding out the true remedy. In treating of the disappointing results of the recent census we frankly pointed out that our country lies for the present under the disadvantage which is inseparable from our unique position as a comparatively weak people lying side by side, throughout the whole extent of our territory, with an immensely rich and powerful nation, the result being that the attractive force of the larger body constantly draws to itself the unattached elements of our population, including many young men full of the spirit of enterprise and adventure. Laying hold of this statement of an obvious fact, first the *Chicago Tribune* proceeds to institute an elaborate com-

parison between the growth of Canada and that of the United States, basing upon it the conclusion which is, however, stated at the outset, that "as long as the Dominion is a colony of the little foreign island and continues to fence itself off by a high tariff barrier from the rest of the continent, it will make no progress," etc. We have our own opinions about the merits of high tariffs in the abstract, but when the reproach is levelled against us by a United States journal, we turn from it with the conviction that the proverbial notion of Satan rebuking sin may not be wholly mythical. Next the *Troy Press* quotes both THE WEEK and the *Tribune*, and quickly distances the latter on its own track. It draws a graphic picture of the "splendid farming lands, dairying, fruit (*sic*), manufacturing, thriving cities and villages, and comfortable and often elegant farm houses and buildings" which delight the eye of the traveller who makes a trip from Troy to St. Paul, passing through the Mohawk Valley and Central New York and crossing a corner of Canada, *en route*. All these glories are contrasted with the poverty and desolation which are everywhere visible when the tourist crosses the boundary line and finds himself on the Canadian side:—

Poverty is everywhere suggested. Villages are remote from each other, and they are small and mean in appearance. A general deadness prevails. The inhabitants have nothing of that vigour and bustle and enterprise that we are wont to associate with Americans. The rural districts are very thinly populated, and the buildings few, small and poor. The farm houses are so far apart as to be mostly out of sight of each other. Good crops are nowhere discernible. They are not grown. The woodland is a stunted second-growth, which has been denuded of its available timber. The inhabitants are as unprepossessing as their surroundings. They are slow, dull-witted, ill-dressed, lazy, very poor and apparently contented. Like earth-worms, they are not thrilled by the aspirations that move the modern man to heroic endeavour.

Thus is the mirror held up that we poor Canadians may once for all see ourselves as we are. If any of our readers has cherished the delusion that we in Ontario know at least something about farming and good crops, and the fruit and dairy business, let him at once dismiss the idea and set himself down to wonder why our rich and prosperous neighbours should deem it necessary to raise an enormous tariff wall to shut out the agricultural products of such a desert, tilled by such hopeless dullards. When he gives it up, let him go to the *Troy Press* for enlightenment. And while he is about it he may as well ask how it is that when occasionally these "slow, dull-witted, ill-dressed and lazy" earth-worms manage to creep across the lines they are readily employed in preference to the energetic, pushing, progressive sons of the Republic, and very often manage to rise over the heads of the latter to positions of trust and influence. When these mysteries are fully explained it will be time enough for him to read on and learn how "debt-ridden and king-ridden (why not be accurate and say Queen-ridden?) Canada is stultified in every way by its servile subordination to England and its abject loyalty to the Queen, how it kisses the hand that is dwarfing its opportunities." And yet he has never before found it out, but has gone on believing that the Canadian actually enjoys freer institutions and a more truly democratic system of Government than the citizens of the great Republic. By the way, did our *Troy* contemporary ever read the Canadian constitution?

THE result of the forthcoming elections in several States of the American Union will not be devoid of interest for many besides the members of the two great political parties which are contending for the victory. The chief interest of outsiders, as well as of very many American citizens, turns on the tariff question, though this question is in almost every case so complicated with other issues, local or national, that the result will afford no reliable indication on this point. In New York and Pennsylvania the chief struggle will be between the forces of corruption and those which make for honest administration. It so happens, however, that the boodlers in the two cases are not on the same side in politics, the Republican leaders in Pennsylvania being apparently in almost as bad odour as the infamous Democratic Tammany Hall in New York. One result will be that the "Mugwumps" will be out in force. It is, indeed, likely that more men will vote contrary to their old party affiliations, in both cases, than have ever been before known to desert their party colours. The fact that this is being done as a matter of moral principle is a most hopeful one. It was, we think, an American politician who used to exclaim, when the minds of the better classes of voters—those who seldom could be

got to the polls on ordinary occasions—were aroused by some great moral issue: "Look sharp, the Quaker vote is coming out!" The fact that "the Quaker vote" is becoming a great influence—a force to be counted on or reckoned with—in American elections, is full of promise for the purification of the national politics. But apart from moral considerations, unless, indeed, the tariff question may be included in that category, the chief national interest in the local contests will centre in Ohio, where Mr. McKinley himself is the Republican candidate. It is unfortunate that, in this State, the Democrats have committed themselves to an unsound policy on the silver question, so that the tariff issue is complicated with that question. The probabilities are, in consequence, that the Republicans will again win, and their success will be counted as a verdict in favour of high protection and the McKinley Bill, and will, as such, have its influence in subsequent elections and in Congress.

### REORGANIZATION OF THE CABINET.

#### THIRD ARTICLE.

THE government in a free country should be one of four educating forces which ought to leave all others in the shade. Every thing which requires the mind to think educates. In modern life, in most English-speaking communities, we have not only religion and the school, we have what we call self-government; we think we have freedom; we flatter ourselves we have a free press. The greatest of all educating forces should be religion, even as it is the source of all our civilization, the spring to which we owe all that elevates, and much of what even amuses us, however turbid may be the tide to-day. Little thinks the man who has had his luxurious dinner at his club and lights his cigar and asks a friend to accompany him to the play or the opera, that he owes the drama to religion any more than as he enjoyed an orange at the close of his evening meal he reflected on the marvellous forethought and skill and beneficence which stored the delicious juice in the glands of that fruit, for his thankless delectation, for the solace of the fevered palate of the sick and miserable in latitudes far from where it grows and blooms. Whatever has life must do either good or harm; it cannot be neutral; it is either a curse or a blessing; and as where religion has lost its simplicity and purity and direct communication of the soul with God, it has depraved, so with every other educating force. If journalism even approached what it should be what a new impetus it might give to human progress, seeing that, insincere as it often is, it still confers so much on every community where there exists the "liberty of unlicensed printing." Government must either educate or dwarf and deprave. We are not advocating that a government should set itself to perform pedagogic work. What we urge is this: those who make a government should bear in mind that whether they like it or not, it will, by its *personnel*, by its strength or weakness, by its methods, by its measures, accomplish results not directly contemplated when forming a ministry.

We have arrived at a stage in our history something like those crises which occur in the life of nearly every man, some event, an illness, a great mistake, a new and momentous relation, which stimulates reflection and causes him, in an altered mood, to review the past and determine for the future. The scandals revealed during the past session have deeply moved the public mind, especially in Ontario and the West, which carry within them more of the sacred fire which lit the blaze of liberty in England, than any other part of Canada. Disastrous and disgraceful beyond the power of tongue or pen to paint would it be were Mr. Abbott to listen to the voice of those who will say that such things are soon forgotten, and fail to explore the chart of the future and shape a new course. One of the greatest of modern preachers and the foremost divine in the most active of Christian communities said to us a day or two ago: "Unless the reorganization of the Government is very thoroughly, very carefully, very wisely and very boldly made, I have serious doubts as to the future of the country." Boodlers, intriguers, petty *ambitieux*, little gentlemen who think all is serene though Cocytus were to overflow on to Canada, provided they can have what they want—of these creeping and crawling products of all modern political life, we make no account here—they will be deaf to the roar of ruin which would soon come, not from afar, were the boat to be allowed to drift. But we are touching on a subject which must be left for another time.

From the pulpit the people may get moral truths and spiritual consolation and be taught to contemplate a God of infinite love, purity, knowledge, power—the sublimest of ideas; from the schools may come science, learning, art; but it is on the system of government and on the manner it is conducted that civic manhood depends. History teems with object lessons emphasizing the extraordinary effect of these on even the higher minds. It is hard to read without wonder, contempt, disgust, of Sir Walter Scott preserving as a family heirloom the glass out of which that worthless sybarite, George IV., drank; of the awe with which the elder Pitt went into the presence of that narrow-foreheaded king, George III.; of the fearful abnegation of all manhood before Louis XIV. Our love for Horace, our admiration for his skill, are sorely tried

when we have to take gross flattery of Augustus with his finest sentiment and most perfect art. What a revolution a government may work in a few years! Where is the Horace of Philippi? But compare him with Catullus, a man whose private life was stained with the vices of the young aristocrats of his time, and whose political bearing, we may be sure, was in great part due to the sentiments of freedom which still lived, even though they could not bloom in the cold and cruel shadow of despotism; compare Horace's adulation of Augustus with the contempt of the earlier poet for Julius Cæsar himself, and his manliness in telling the dictator what he thought of him and of his loathsome morals. A few years and the loss of all freedom had done its work.

The great men who fought for free institutions did not confine their aims to the efficient discharge of the functions of government—still less to mere routine administration—though with the former, in any true sense, all they desired would follow. They have dwelt on the incidental effects, the reflexive influence. Men are so constituted that they naturally look up to those exercising the powers of government, this approaching nearer Divine action than anything man can engage in. We make our Divinity and in turn our Divinity makes or mars us. Men love, and the object of an affection, made dithyrambic by passion and illusion, either sublimates them or settles their fate—as, for this last, witness Samson, Anthony, Rudolph, Dilke, Parnell, Boulanger. The millions of the obscure, over whose blanching bones the Syrens sing and the waves of destruction roll, of these we do not hear. The god cannot be higher than the power of moral conception of the worshipper, but this one may be initiated into the cult of gods who, like those of the mythology of Greece and Rome, when the simplicity of the old worship had long been lost, shall influence towards vice rather than virtue. So with those who occupy the highest positions in a country. If they are not what men in such positions should be, what must, according to inevitable law, be the result? We are not speaking now of the certainty that their measures will be defective, that their administration will be perfunctory or corrupt. We are speaking of the effect on the character of the community, of the effect especially on the young. They will not call forth enthusiasm, and one of the feeders of national life and national sentiment is lost. More than this. They will provoke contempt and educate in cynicism. Barren satire and fruitless jibes will flourish where constructive energies might have been called forth. This applies to the better minds. The mediocre and feeble, who have had a smattering of knowledge, who swell with a sense of never-before-dreamed-of importance when they find themselves one of a small set who, like the "Three Tailors of Tooley Street," fancy themselves the embodiment of a whole nation; the honest, hard-working people whose main occupation is the noble one of performing the ordinary work of life; on such the malison of a low ideal falls in one of two ways, of which it would be hard to pronounce the worse: either they take a common-place individual for a great man and make a hero out of a mass of cellular tissue, feebly illuminated by a farthing candle mentality, or they think that while you require a clever man to win your case in court, or to conduct your business, or manage a large farm, or make a watch, or shoe a horse in good shape, any sort of man is fit to govern. We have already expressed our confidence that the right course will be taken.

No sight more calculated to inspire hope for Canada can be conceived than that presented by the Young Liberals a week ago and the Young Conservatives on Monday evening. It is on the young men we must rely for the future, and from those of them who spend their evenings not "in toys or lust or wine," but in political study and political disquisition, engaged in, as it should be, with a view to supplying an alternative, a tonic to the party the society affects, we may hope for shaping influences instinct with wisdom and patriotism, and men who will one day fill with credit the positions of leaders and legislators. To youth belongs enthusiasm, and therefore the potentiality of every achievement, of all greatness. So long as decay and moral death have not laid their hands on a people, the ever-flowing fount of life is there. Woe to the statesman who destroys the high ideals of generous youth. Whatever damps its enthusiasm—whatever makes even a noble illusion impossible—is bad for the individual and destructive for the nation.

Let us for argument sake suppose that Mr. Abbott should fail to reorganize his Government. A greater calamity could not, at this hour, befall Canada, and this would be equally true whether or not the bye elections should add to or detract from or destroy his majority. Take the first probability. The bald fact was made no secret from the first, that the Premier pledged himself to reorganize. During the months which have elapsed since, his business power and his savvy have impressed the members of the Conservative party in both Houses. But what has impressed them more than anything else is the satisfaction that there is in doing business with him. More business is done now in one day in Council than in any three sittings in previous years, and this effectiveness characterizes all his political dealings. Many persons, even among Conservatives, have mistakingly thought that Sir John Macdonald paltered with his promises. There was no foundation whatever for this. If Sir John Macdonald made a definite promise, it was the same as if it was under seal. But men who construed the polite demeanor, the exquisite urbanity, the pleasant words he had for everybody, as assurances that what they wanted would be done, and who went off at half cock, diffused an idea which those

who knew him well, knew to be unfounded. The ways of the Bank Parlour, of the Railway Directors' room, of the commercial lawyer charged with a multiplicity of affairs, have followed Mr. Abbott to the Premier's throne, and, though he will have to be, and no doubt has been, on his guard against valuable habits of mind so far as these are unsuited to the work of a political leader, they have given definiteness and despatch to his transactions, and inspired trust in his reliability, his honourableness, his sincerity, and all this growing confidence would be shaken and shattered did he fail to redeem his pledge. The effect on the best sentiment of the country, which again and again has sought in vain to roll away that corruption which ever more came back.

*Et semper victus, semperque recedit*, would be despairful, and this at a period of our history when we need every bracing and every hopeful influence—an hour when a few fools are clamouring in a corner of Ontario for that which, were it to take practical shape, blood would flow like water from Halifax to Vancouver. If failing to re-organize, the bye-elections were to detract from his majority, we should have a Government weak in the number of its supporters—a calamity in itself—but we should have to contemplate a still greater calamity, a Government morally weak as well, and, though in the coming years the Ministry should be gradually reinforced, the effect would have been lost of the moral impression, the fresh inspiration of presenting to the country such a reorganized Treasury Bench as would mean, or, at all events, give hope that a newer and better political era had dawned.

It is hardly necessary to discuss the third possibility, because the writer thinks it beyond the pale of the probable. Not to speak of other things, there is actually in the very bosom of the Reform Party a very palpable and impressive cause for Conservatives maintaining their hold. That cause is found in one of the ablest among the leaders—Sir Richard Cartwright. The commercial community have profound distrust of him. He is like the monkey in the tree-tops: they don't know what he might be at. He has impressed the trading classes, much of the public, and perhaps it may be said, Parliament generally, as a political rogue elephant. They regard him with uncertainty and dread. They know not round what branch of our commercial system he might fold that terrible trunk and trumpeting ruin, destroy what could not, in the course of many years, be repaired or replaced. Even were they dissatisfied with the way the teacups are dusted they do not want a bull in their china shop. His attack on a government is very powerful—powerful after the manner of a morning storm blowing from the west, as though it would beat back the sun. It blows away and over without attracting anything, founding anything, and as so often happens, without even destroying anything, while the lord of day pursues his light-giving beneficent course. Should Sir Richard Cartwright ever come to gain the confidence of the commercial classes—and he could only do this by a sobriety of ideas and a moderation of language out of keeping with his impulsive and restless readiness to take up policies without thinking them out and his passion for superlatives—he will be a power in political dynamics very different from what he is to-day.

There can be no doubt of the anxiety in Ontario and the west, as to whether Mr. Abbott will reorganize thoroughly or not. How can he fail to do so? He is a man of judgment. He knows the opinion of Parliament; the necessity of the situation, the sentiments of the country. No "deluge" has come, but were popular hopes blighted, or even disappointed, there would be a cyclone in which forces long pent would break free, and before which all this young nation is content to see quietly die, would violently disappear.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

#### PARIS LETTER.

THE correspondents attest that Parnellism is still a force in Ireland with which Mr. Gladstone must count, and if its support be wanted, it must be purchased on its own terms. The death of Mr. Parnell, it is further alleged, will break up the Triple Alliance by Mr. Gladstone squeezing Italy out of that association. This would render Italy powerless, for Mr. Gladstone would never permit the English navy to interfere, while that of France was smashing up the Italian fleet, in order to secure the freedom of the Mediterranean, etc. The isolation of Italy, in compromising the unity and hegemony of Germany, would place Alsace at the feet of France. Q. E. D. And to think that the "city of light and intelligence" pins its faith to such day-dreams, and glibly reads a future so painfully dark and uncertain to the keenest political ken. But Boulevard politicians, like Guzman, know no obstacles; even panting time toils after them in vain.

The series of railway collisions continue, and so not only contribute to frighten the timid, but to alarm the brave. The "block system" in France consists in blocking nothing at all. In the case of the Saint-Maudé accident, the station-master sends on a death-making train, fully conscious the line was not free; at Brunoy, a few days ago, the accident was due to the engine-driver totally disregarding the signal to stop with his cattle train. Public opinion demands a drastic remedy for these acts of systematic personal carelessness. It is not the railway *matériel* which is in cause, but the railway officials—the human element as represented by, not now, over-worked station-masters, engine-drivers and pointsmen, who have

become insouciant, judging, that as a million of trains have passed without accidents, so must every additional million. A philosopher attempts to explain the lamentable unsafeness of railway travelling to the degeneracy of psychic power in officials, whose minds are overstretched through keenness of watching. Be it so, however, it is to be hoped the law will visit all psychic short-comings with imprisonment from six to thirty-six months—*pour encourager les autres*.

Paris is to hold a congress next year, sacred to hotel-keepers. It may be accepted as granted that the gathering will not be exactly in the interest of clients. The aim, as I am informed, is to organize a kind of *Inn-zollverein* between defined categories of hotels. Perhaps the real object of the congress is to arrange for the issue of an international "Black List," similar to what the dress-makers and jewellers of Paris possess, to protect themselves against bad and dishonest clients, and where the pecuniary status of the members of the fashionable, etc., world is classified. It is a notorious fact that there is a large floating population of Jeremy Diddlers, who actually live by swindling hotel proprietors in running up credit, dodging to postpone settlement, giving bills, not worth the paper, if necessary, to show their desire to pay. Ultimately, the landlord, satisfied he has been swindled, implores them to leave, at no matter what sacrifice; and instances are not rare where he has presented them with money to pay their fares. Once such people gain a footing, they, as belonging to a respectable hotel, readily obtain credit from tradesmen. The hotel proprietor is known to have an aversion to appear as a prosecutor of a swindler. The publication of the private "hue and cry" will be further strengthened by detective inspectors, who will keep travelling between the grouped hotels, and so competent to identify black sheep, and cut short their campaigning and raiding.

It is well known that one of the causes why so few persons now go to the theatre is the high price of the seats, and the latter is the consequence of the ruinous expenditure upon scenery and costume. There is another reason for the decay of the stage—the absence of plays that possess interest, and that induce an audience to take an interest in them. The taste for the drama is not on the decline among the masses, but there is a decline in giving the masses the drama they can comprehend and feel, and at a rational charge. The public, when a play absorbs them, pay very little attention to poverty of scenery or economy in costumes. At the present moment the best paying houses are those which are representing revivals some forty years old: *L'Honneur de la Maison*; *Les Femmes de trèfle*, and *Kean*, draw crowded houses. These plays are full of emotion, of charm and of amusement; the acts are well knit, and continuously lead up to a simple and natural dénouement; each scene is logically developed; each situation has its special sentiments; each figure is distinct, living and interesting, and all gravitate round a divined and defined end. People go to the theatre to be interested, and, above all, to be amused; everything outside these does not belong to the theatre.

During the year 1890, the opera most frequently represented was "Faust," twenty-seven times; and next, "Romeo and Juliet," eighteen times. One representation of the former produced nearly 23,000 frs.; and one of the latter only 4,695 frs. In comic opera Gounod also took the lead. The *Comédie-Française* is rehearsing Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew"—*La Mégère apprivoisée*, and in which Coquelin is said to be inimitable. Mounet-Sully, the actor, who is a stock-broker in the daytime, is not only retiring from the stage, but retiring somewhat from the world. He experiences a nausea for social life.

Sixteen robberies per night, therein included attempts to murder, waylaying, etc., is the official confession of suburban crimes. The police force is admitted to be inadequate; naturally, citizens are occupied with their own self-protection. Persons who never handled a revolver are now taking lessons how to do so. This new application of "help yourself and heaven will help you" has been applied with success. M. Berthant and his son, of Avron, resolved to watch their penates, each night, turn about. A few nights ago the son, at the small hours, observed a Bill Sykes, professionally equipped, dropping into the court-yard; he fired, the man fell, and his pals fled. The son then advanced, sent the contents of a six-chambered revolver into the thief, and then informed the police. The latter, on arriving, found the man had disappeared, but he was brought to the city hospital in the morning.

There are two weekly sailings from the Tuilleries quay to London direct, by French and English goods steamers. An excursion company, I have been informed, intends, next summer, to secure on these vessels accommodation for tourists who are not pressed for time, and who desire to enjoy the run down the Seine to Havre, across the herring pond, and then up Father Thames.

French vineyards suffer from the phylloxera; now there is in prospective a scarcity of wine bottles, as the bottle makers are on strike. France manufactures two hundred millions of black bottles yearly; if all were lined out, they would extend to the moon and back again. Astronomer Flammarion might try a bottle trick, and use the glass chain for interplanetary communication, pending his telegraph wire between our earth and Mars. The glass manufacturers are united to resist the demands of their employees. The latter want higher wages and shorter work-hours. The "glass-blower" can earn from

eleven to fifteen frs. a day, lodging included; many respectable individuals, daily occupied blowing their own horns, do not gain half that sum. It takes three months to light a glass furnace, and when in full blast, it can contain thirty tons of molten glass.

During nine months, ending September last, fifty-nine persons disappeared from Paris—bankers excluded—and who were "wanted," not by the police, but by their families; forty have been refunded. Generally, the missing are children; one juvenile, aged seven, turned up in Algeria. As he did not travel as a *colis postal*, one wonders, as with the fly in amber, "how the dickens he got there." Thirty-two lads were victims to Robinson Crusoeism.

THE PASSING OF AUTUMN.

WHEN Summer doffs her gaudy gown,  
And dons her robe of modish brown,  
And when the wheeling swallow flies  
To seek a home neath warmer skies,  
When slanting shadows longer fall  
Upon the vine-clad garden wall;  
When falling leaves, all brown and sere,  
Proclaim the passing of the year,  
My thoughts go back with many a sigh  
To dream of days long since gone by—  
And yet methinks, 'tis worse than vain  
To dream of those lost days again.

For Spring is like a sportive child,  
With footsteps tripping, wanton, wild,  
And Summer is a buxom wife  
Glowing with hot and lusty life,  
But Autumn is a pensive maid  
With downcast eyes as half afraid  
Backward a longing look to cast—  
Oh! let that farewell be the last,  
For thou canst nevermore restore  
The lovely flow'rs that bloomed of yore;  
Those too are gone, and thou art left  
Of all thy blossoms fair bereft;  
Thou standest lonely in thy grief  
Musing on glories great but brief—  
Yet most to thee I do incline  
Of many-changing seasons mine.  
Thy sorrows too shall pass away  
Beneath the Winter's mighty sway;  
For he shall lay his frosty hand  
On all the silent slumbering land,  
And thou shalt greet him with a kiss  
To die shall be thy truest bliss;  
"Adieu, kind earth, I must away  
I loved you in a happier day  
Before the whirling northern storm,  
Beat on this frail and fragile form.  
I trembled like a bending flower,  
I could not stand before his power.  
Break! Winter storms, above my head;  
I fear you not, your power has fled  
From North or South or East or West.  
Soon, soon, shall I find peace and rest  
Neath wintry snows all white and deep  
Secure and softly shall I sleep."

EMMA C. READ.

Toronto.

ROAMINGS IN CLASSIC MASSACHUSETTS

II.—AT AMESBURY.

TO set out on a lovely June day for the pretty little town of Amesbury, on a branch of the Boston and Maine Railroad, with a visit to John Greenleaf Whittier in prospect, and an assurance from one who always says just what he means—that the visit will not be considered an intrusion—seemed to the present writer a combination of enjoyments not often equalled. Crossing to East Cambridge we speedily leave behind us that crowded suburb and the tall shaft of Bunker Hill Monument gleaming in the sunshine—a landmark in a local as well as a historical sense—and swiftly glide through a pastoral country, whose meadows and cornfields stretch back to the wooded hills which pleasantly break the horizon view. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a broad river, flashing us the sunlight, or a silvery riband of a streamlet, leisurely winding its way through lush green pasture land, or in the deep shade of the strips of forest through which we pass, giving back in its mirror-like stillness every leaf and waving reed that bends over its crystal breast. Among these green pastures and still waters we pass for miles, while here and there one of the old colonial towns breaks suddenly on the sylvan repose. We pass old-fashioned Ipswich with its gambrel-roofed homesteads and its old seminary, associated with the early history of that noble woman, Mary Lyon, the pioneer in America of "higher education for women," laying the foundations of the splendid equipment we find in New England to-day. Lawrence, busy city of mills and manufactures, opens its broad, bustling street to us for a momentary glimpse. By and by we feel the slightly sharp, bracing breath of the sea breezes and catch distant gleams of the blue ocean, seen across the long salt marsh meadows with which New England stories seem to make us so familiar. The cool bright air is more like May than June, though it bears hints of fragrance from the blossom-

ing syringas and wild roses that bloom so luxuriantly in the wayside gardens and even along the track itself. At Salem we find ourselves among marine suggestions, grey cottages of seafaring folk, with superannuated boats made to do duty for flower beds and filled with bright blossoming plants. We recall its ancient, unenviable notoriety in the matter of witch burning, and in vain try to realize the possibility of such grim tragedies in this sweet bright air and lovely nature. We look about for the old farm house from whose garret prison the little "witch of Wenham" was rescued by her lover, as Whittier so charmingly renders the old story. We recall, too, the associations of the place with Hawthorne's childhood and early life, the old fashioned house and garden of his seafaring grandfather, in which he used to "roll on the grass under an old apple tree, looking up at the sky, and eating unlimited currants." Salem, too, was the early home of his lovely and beloved wife, and the scene of the one beautiful and happy romance of their joint lives, the supposed location, also, of the leal "House of the Seven Gables." At Newburyport, still further on, we cross a fair, broad river, the name of which we enquire. It is *The Merrimac*, so familiar to every reader of Whittier, whose swiftly running verse seems to partake of its smooth and rapid flow. The recurrence of "Wenham" and other familiar names along our route reminds us that Whittier has done for this hill country of Massachusetts what Wordsworth and Southey did for the Lake District of England, and what Burns and Scott have done for so many Scottish lochs and streams. We feel that we are roaming amid classic ground, and henceforth the Merrimac seems to wind itself invitingly about our course, as if luring us onward to the Quaker poet's quiet dwelling in the quaint little town of Amesbury, which the river seems to hold in a close embrace. We pass a succession of low wooded hills and sequestered shady villages—one of which is Beverly, a favourite summer resort, frequented, among others, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. At times we get a wide country view of green hillsides and valleys dotted with white church spires and scattered dwellings, near which we pass for miles, then suddenly penetrate into the heart of pine woods, through which we glide as quietly as if we were taking a country drive, the little local train that runs from Newburyport to Amesbury being only a miniature of the modern express train. This wooded stretch ends finally in the environs of a quaint little town, of which a rather obtrusive carriage factory—apparently its one manufacture—seems the dominating feature, "Amesbury" at last salutes our expectant ears, and we quickly alight and set out in quest of the object of our pilgrimage. At Amesbury one would naturally expect every man, woman and child to know the home of Whittier, yet the railway porter referred us to the nearest hackman for information; but whether this was due to ignorance or to regard for the hackman's interests must remain undetermined. A shopkeeper in the next street, however, proves himself a more worthy fellow-citizen of the poet, for he eagerly gives the simple direction which we follow, walking on up the curving little street, "round the clock" which crowns a quaint little town hall, and then a little farther up what seems here a shady country lane, between neatly painted wooden houses of the old New England type, each "a little back from the village street," with its shady bit of lawn in front, and its spreading elms and maples screening it from dust and too close inspection. One of these, painted a warm cream-colour with white facings, is the abode of the venerable poet, and to it we were speedily admitted and shown into a neat "parlour"—decidedly Quaker-like in aspect, with sober brown furnishings and a somewhat unused look. After a few moments of expectation a tall, spare and dignified old man entered, in whose benevolent and spiritual face we could readily recognize him whom we sought. After a greeting full of simple kindness and cordiality, he led us through a dining-room, in strict keeping with the parlour, into his pleasant study, opening on one side by a glass door upon a little piazza at the side of the house, and thence on the shady lawn, and with two windows on the other side looking into an old-fashioned garden containing a number of fruit trees and a trellised arbour. The whole aspect of the apartment is in keeping with the simple and retiring habits of its owner. It is a model of neatness and order from the book-cases and escritoire to the carpet and furniture in sober tints of drab and brown, with a few pictures to light up the walls, and a vase of lily of the valley and pansies beside the few favourite books on his table. One of these was a thick volume containing W. Robertson's sermons—one of his special favourites,—and another was a newly published book in which he was much interested, entitled "Motions of the Unseen." The delicate fragrance of the lily of the valley seemed, while we talked, to be an emblem of the spiritual beauty of the soul that has given us such exquisite poems as "Snowbound," "Andrew Ryckman's Prayer" and "The Eternal Goodness."

The aged poet naturally feels the weight of his eighty-three years, and has besides suffered from that strange modern epidemic that has sapped the strength of so many younger constitutions. He also suffers from failure of eyesight, but there is no apparent failure of mental power. He is still fresh and bright, warmly interested in all the great questions of the day. The present writer has no desire to follow the example of the professional "inter-viewer" in invading the sanctities and delicacies of private life, especially in the case of one who prefers a life of comparative seclusion. But much of what he said in a two hours' conversation has an interest for all who love the

poet and his verse, nor would he himself object to its reaching them.

One of the questions to which he referred was the difficult problem of capital and labour—excessive riches in contrast with grinding poverty and excessive toil. Glancing at the abounding agnosticism of the day he remarked that he was not surprised at the prevalence of modern scepticism, in the face of the inscrutable mystery and often apparent injustice of our social life; he referred with strong, indignant condemnation to the selfishness of the rich men who "combine" to squeeze exorbitant profits from the helpless poor, remarking that "the sad thing is not to see so many very, very poor, as to see so many very, very rich." He has a warm interest in Canada, and would like to see the closest relations, commercial and other, existing between the two countries. He just missed being born a Canadian, he said, as his father had at one time resolved to seek his fortune in Canada, in company with a number of other young men. But they were turned aside from their purpose by the reports they heard concerning the Indians and the wild beasts, which then made Canada literally "a howling wilderness." With Whittier for our first poet, what a start Canadian literature would have had!

One of the personal reminiscences which came up incidentally will be specially interesting to all lovers of Burns, for it was in the lyrics of the Ayrshire ploughman that his own budding genius first came into contact with modern poetry, and from them that it received its first productive inspiration. His early boyhood knew no poetry save that of the Bible, for the simple Quaker household owned but few books, and fewer that could be classed as imaginative literature. The "Pilgrim's Progress," however, was one of the few, and so was an old "History of King David," in verse, by a Quaker named Ellwood, who despite his Quaker principles, said Mr. Whittier, portrayed the warlike exploits of his hero with very evident relish. This book, which he and his brother eagerly devoured, formed the sole representative of secular poetry, till one never-to-be-forgotten evening when the "Poems of Robert Burns" were brought in and read at the family hearth by the young village school-master, who is so graphically described in "Snow Bound":—

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,  
The master of the district school,  
Held at the fire his favoured place;  
Its warm glow lit a laughing face  
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared  
Th' uncertain prophesy of beard.

One can imagine the group, as Whittier himself has sketched it, seated round the hearth of the ample fireplace with the oven at the side, of which the poet has a well-executed picture. One can imagine, too, the earnest eyed boy, with eyes intent on the young teacher's face, drinking in the stirring number of "Scots Wha Hae" or "A Man's a Man for a' That," or the sweeter plaintive strains of "Bonny Doon" and "Highland Mary." They fascinated him so strongly that he did not rest till he had secured the loan of the precious volume, which he eagerly read—broad Scotch and all—finding out the harder words in the glossary. "I have never been in Scotland," he remarked, "but if I were to go there, I should know every spot that Burns has sung." No wonder that, in his charming poem on Burns, he recalls so lovingly that charmed day of first acquaintanceship with a poet with whom his own genius has so much of kin:—

How oft that day, with fond delay,  
I sought the maple's shadow,  
And sang with Burns the hours away  
Forgetful of the meadow!  
Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead,  
I heard the squirrels leaping,  
The good dog listened while I read  
And wagged his tail in keeping.  
I watched him, while in sportive mood,  
I read the "Twa Dogs" story  
And half-believed he understood  
The poet's allegory!  
Sweet day—sweet song!—the golden hours  
Grew brighter for that singing,  
From brook and bird, and meadow flowers  
A dearer welcome bringing.

I saw, through all familiar things,  
The romance underlying,  
The joys and griefs that plume the wings  
Of fancy, skyward flying;  
I saw the same blithe day return,  
The same sweet fall of even  
That rose on wooded Craigie burn,  
And sank on crystal Devon.  
With clearer eyes I saw the worth  
Of life among the lowly,  
The Bible, at his Cotter's hearth  
Had made my own more holy.

Let those who never erred forget  
His worth, in vain bewailings—  
Sweet soul of Song,—I own my debt  
Uncancelled by his failings!

Not his the song whose thunderous chime  
Eternal echoes render,—  
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme  
And Milton's starry splendour!  
But who his human heart hath laid  
To nature's bosom nearer?  
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
To love, a tribute dearer?  
Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time  
So "bonny Doon" yet tarry,  
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his Highland Mary!

Lovers of Burns and of Whittier, as they read the lovely poem from which these verses are culled, may be pardoned if they claim it as one of the sweetest tributes ever paid by one poet to another, all the sweeter that the singer whose own life has been so pure and blameless touches so lightly and tenderly on stains that sullied the genius of

## ALL SAINTS' DAY.

his brother! In spontaneity and simplicity the songs of the New England poet have much in common with the Scottish one who so strongly influenced him. Had Whittier's early life been cast amid an abundance of literature and literary influences, as was that of his friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, he might doubtless have been more of an artist; but perhaps we should have lost the most spontaneous singer of New England life. The idyl of "Snowbound" is the "The Cotter's Saturday Night" of Massachusetts; its portraits as characteristic of a simple home life, now all but vanished. And "The Poor Voter on Election Day" is no unworthy American rendering of "A Man's a Man for a' That." It may have been only fancy that traced, in a youthful portrait of Mr. Whittier that hung in his study, a certain resemblance to Burns, but certainly the strong current of their human sympathies run, in the main, in the same direction.

Mr. Whittier pointed out, in an adjoining room, the pictures of his mother and of the beautiful and beloved sister, to whose early death he so touchingly refers in "Snowbound," as well as a painting in his study of the old homestead at Haverhill, six miles from Amesbury, where he lived until sometime after his father's death, when his mother came to settle in Amesbury. Between this old home and his picturesque woodland residence of Oak Knoll at Danvers, some twelve miles distant, he now divides his time—no longer feeling strong enough for seeking his favourite haunts among the Adirondacks.

He pointed out also two other portraits—one of "my friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson," the other of his favourite hero, General Gordon, with whose noble spirit he has naturally strong sympathy. No student of Whittier needs to be told of his aversion to theological rigidity, and the too elaborate definitions of creeds, which have become the Shibboleths of ecclesiastical divisions. His remarks on the Briggs "heresy case" were what might have been expected from the author of the "Vision of Echard," and he put the question of toleration very tersely when he said: "God isn't going to judge us by our heads, but by our hearts. If He had been going to judge us by our heads He would have made them all alike!" And he quoted with earnest sympathy the lines from "In Memoriam," beginning:—

Our little systems have their day.

The "law of love," the "sum of the law and the prophets" is far more to him than the mere technical orthodoxy of doctrine which, with so many, stands for Christianity. He referred, with warm appreciation, to Henry Drummond's charming booklet, "The Greatest Thing in the World," which he said he had been helping to circulate among his friends. No one could touch with greater patience and tenderness than he, on the sad epidemic of doubt which paralyzes the faith of so many in our questioning age. He said that he did not wonder—in view of the awful mystery of life, its apparent injustice, the cruelties and oppression that crush so many helpless lives—that there is so much scepticism, especially among young and impatient minds. He rather wonders that there should be, nevertheless, so much faith! But, while some of his own earlier beliefs have dropped from him, he still holds firmly to the faith he has so beautifully expressed in "The Divine Goodness," and "The Master." In his old age he is left much alone. Nearly all his immediate relatives are gone, though he still has multitudes of friends. "I love the friends I have," he said, "and am thankful for them, but I do not forget those who have passed away—and I am just waiting"—Waiting in the attitude he has put into music for us in the stanzas:—

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long;  
But God hath led my darkness on,  
And He can do no wrong!  
And so, beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me,  
On ocean or on shore.  
I know not where His islands lift  
Their fringed palms in air,  
I only know, I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care!

Happy faith and trust! And happy evening to a long life of pure thought and life, and loving service to God and his fellows. As the door of the quiet house closed, after his kind farewell and loving benediction—it seemed as if it were the door of a sanctuary, into which nothing evil or unholy might enter—the type of the higher sanctuary awaiting the "pure in heart"!

The last hour before the leaving of our train was spent in a stroll about the quaint little town, with its winding Merrimac, nestling amid picturesque banks fringed with cedar and alder—and its equally winding roads leading out of the town, between foliage-embosomed houses, and up the "green hill slope" referred to in the opening of his poem of "Miriam." If anyone desires to see the view from thence most graphically described, he can look at those lines, of which space limits, already overrun, forbid the quotation here. Then, passing again the poet's unpretending abode, with its overshadowing maples, we find ourselves at the little station once more, and the train soon bears us away—feeling that we have had one of the greatest pleasures, and secured one of the most sacred memories that human intercourse, in this imperfect life, can possibly afford!

FIDELIS.

A CONSCIENTIOUS person should beware of getting into a passion, for every sharp word one speaks lodges in one's own heart; and such slivers hurt us worse than any one else.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

AS October wears itself away, and the skies grow hazier and the leaves yellow, there comes the expectation of those two autumn days that seem to embody all that is told by shortening days and falling leaves—the great Catholic festival and fast of All Saints' and All Souls' Days. As they come I recall the various associations that these days bring to me. I see again the muddy Paris streets under low grey skies, with their throng of holiday folk setting towards the various cemeteries. I see the approach to the slopes of Montmartre, the steep road lined with booths, at which every variety of wreaths are sold, from the costly one composed of deep purple pansies and white camellias, or the slightly cheaper tribute of violets down to the horror of the circle of black and white beads with a common artificial flower in the centre under glass, or the few sous' worth of yellow and black immortelles. Within the cemetery there was hardly a grave without one, at least, of these fresh tributes, while the alleys were thronged by those who had brought them. But the picture of that day that memory has photographed on my mind is of one circular patch of grass, at the meeting of several alleys. In the centre of it rose one tall column, and this was hung, and the ground around it covered, with every variety of wreath from the costliest to the humblest. Before I read the inscription on this column I wondered at the sullen resentment and gloom of the faces of those who stood around it—*flaneur* of the Boulevards and blue-bloused workmen alike; but when I had read it I wondered no longer, for beneath that column rested the bodies of some of the victims of the *Coup d'état* I only wondered how many a widow's and orphan's curse was then following that last of the Bonaparte rulers to his exile grave in England.

But I see a pleasanter picture than those gloomy faces, and Montmartre under dull November skies. I see the perfect beauty of sea and sky around Venice on that great festa:—

Column, tower, and dome, and spire,  
Shine like obelisks of fire,  
Pointing with inconstant motion  
From the altar of dark ocean  
To the sapphire-tinted skies;  
As the flames of sacrifice  
From the marbled shrines did rise  
As to pierce the dome of gold  
Where Apollo spake of old.

I see the luminous church of St. Marks, and the pomp of High Mass celebrated by the Patriarch himself, with rites that are a unique commingling of Eastern and Western usage. I see the long procession of black gondolas, out over the shining splendour of the lagoons to St. Michele, the island cemetery—gondolas, crowded to their utmost capacity of chairs and stools with chattering women, with great masses of uncovered black or red hair, and wrapped in the inevitable dun-coloured shawls. Everywhere there are great bunches of white chrysanthemums—in the women's hands for sale—on the graves in the little island, crowded with Venice's dead at the steps where one alights from one's gondola. The crowd throng so through the narrow alleys and veil their customary animation so slightly that it is not easy to feel the scene anything but a gay one; and then, returning, when the evening splendour opalizes sea and sky, and the great white Alps shine in the northern distance, the calm and beauty harmonize all those scattered bits into the mosaic of the memory of a perfect day. But after all it is in the north—"dark and true and tender"—that the legends of the dead have taken deepest root.

It is a very real thing to me now, the stillness that I seemed to hear settle down on our little Breton village after vespers on the Eve of All Souls, for then in every farmhouse and fisher cottage along the lonely coast of Finistère, the logs are piled high on the hearth, the oatcake and black bread set out on the table, the door left ajar for the coming of the silent guest, whom it is death, within the year, to see.

Then, over the gorse-covered "landes," and by the granite cliffs, is heard a weird, wild chant. It is the "Song of Souls" which wandering beggar folk go to sing at every hamlet and farm:—

Awake! awake! It is Jesus who sends me!  
He bids you awake and pray for your dead!  
You are at ease in bed; the poor souls suffer!  
You lie softly; the poor souls are in pain!  
A white sheet, five boards, a pillow of straw, and five feet of earth,  
These are all worldly goods that are left to us!  
Ah Blessed Mary! what sorrowful cries! Jesus! send us help!  
Perchance your father, your sister, or brother are burning in purgatory,  
There on their knees, flames above and below, they cry to you for  
your prayers,  
Once in the world, I had friends and dear ones,  
Now, dead, I have neither friends nor dear ones!  
Come, spring from your beds, barefooted, and pray, pray!

Thus for centuries has echoed that weird Celtic chant, in its harsh Breton voicing, over the country. I am not ashamed to confess to the fact that the feeling of that midnight welcome to the dead took such hold upon me that when that November night came round I, too, piled up the logs on the hearth and set the window ajar, and even now, when I am far from "the lone coast of Brittany," I cannot bear to let the fire die down on the Eve of All Souls. It seems, too, like leaving the beloved dead to be chilled by our forgetfulness.

It is in such nooks and corners of Celtic lands that the signs of the Druidic origin of this, as of others of our church festivals, are preserved. True, the week after Pentecost was, and still is in the Greek Church, the time of special commemoration of the dead. True, the official institution of All Saints' Day took place in Rome on the 13th of May, A. D. 609, when Boniface IV. ordained it

in celebration of the consecration of almost the only remaining pagan temple in that city, the Pantheon, to "St. Marie, semper Virginius, ed omnium Martyrum," when the bones of martyrs from the various cemeteries and catacombs were taken in twenty-eight carriages to the church. But, by the year 835, the observance of the festival in England, France and Germany had so generally passed to the first of November that Gregory IV. issued, in that year, an ordinance commanding the custom to become universal, and there can be little doubt that the celebration of that day had sprung from the attachment of the northern nations to the great autumn Druidic fire festival, which occurred on the 1st November. That night was consecrated to Samhein, who represented the sun, and was a night of special intercession, by the living, for the souls of those who had died within the preceding year. For the office of Samhein was to judge those souls, and award them their place of reward or punishment, and he was also called Bal Sab, or the Lord of Death.

At this harvest festival he only required offerings of the fruits of the earth, and his name, Samhein, denotes peace fire. The day is still known in Ireland as Samhein, or the feast of the sun, and on the eve of the first of November all manner of old games are played there, as in Scotland, where, though All Saints' Day is forgotten, the old heathen festival has taken the name of Hallow E'en. In Perthshire the bonfires kindled on that night still go by the name of the bale-fires, recalling the custom of extinguishing and re-lighting the household fires, for a settled price, from the ever-burning Druidic fires, and it is a very easily noticed fact that among all the variety of Hallow E'en games each one has some connection with divination of the future. These facts intensify to me, if possible, the meaning of All Saints' Day, and help me to realize how, when we use the words of our Anglican collect, "Almighty God, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son, Christ, our Lord," we carry on, in our Christian worship, the yearning of dim, unknown ages of the world's twilight towards

The land of the great departed, the silent land,

at the time of the falling of the leaf, and the death of nature.

ALICE JONES.

## SONNETS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.—I.

IF that prosaic lover of plain unvarnished tales, the scientific enquirer into Nature's ways and workings, shall ever penetrate the domicile of poetry with the rigid determination of putting that pleasure-house in order, there will be some fine old pictures burned and splendid vases shattered. Many antique images, before which worshippers of the Muses have bowed down in unquestioning veneration for centuries, will be rudely pulled from their pedestals and destroyed by the puritanical Truth-Lover. The Iconoclast will leave his mark in Poet's Corner. There will be no sentiment felt and no mercy shown; all respect for rare delights of golden song will have vanished, and such time-honoured figures as the Phoenix and the Salamander will be regarded as frauds, while the Music of the Spheres and the Tapers of Heaven will be deemed follies. Poems alluding to the Mermaid or the Dragon will be recorded in the "Index Librorum Expurgandorum," the offensive passages being duly excerpted. Poetic conceits will go the way of those precious fairy tales of our childhood which have been recently stripped of their gossamer garments and covered with ready-made suits of science that spoil the simple charm of their fabulous existence in order to make them of the fashion. The fashion of to-day is Fact.

Among the minor conceits to be thus ruthlessly sacrificed will be some of the old and pretty attributes and qualities invented by the poets for the Nightingale, and, as certainly as Cinderella has become a sun-myth, so Philomel will become a moon-myth. From a scientific point of view the poetic descriptions of the Nightingale are strangely absurd and startlingly untrue. The natural history of this widely attractive favourite of the woods is fairly well known. Like the typical English rustic, its habits are simple and its wants are few. Its appearance is not particularly attractive; but (here the analogy with Corydon ceases) it is graceful; its *habitat* is irregular, but well-defined; its migration is regular, but ill-defined; its song is limited as to variety rather than compass; there is no mistaking its notes for those of any other bird—no Swedish or American—not to say Irish—nightingale can counterfeit them; and yet, despite all the accurate knowledge which has accumulated about this bird, the Nightingale of Nature and the Nightingale of Poetry are so dissimilar that they cannot be identified in many respects as the same bird. "The honey-throated warbler of the grove" is not recognizable as the Linnæan *Motacilla Luscinia*, which the Rev. Gilbert White observed about Selborne so often, and which has been more lately re-christened *Daulias Luscinia*, for good and sufficient reasons, no doubt, and in spite of Mr. Ruskin's diatribes against all such hideous nomenclature.

Drummond wrote a sonnet to the Nightingale at Hawthornden, and Dyer, in his poem "Grongar Hill," located the bird in Carmarthenshire; but as a matter of fact the singer of the night does not warble as far north as Scotland or as far west as Wales. William Dunbar, in "The Merle and the Nightingale," speaks of

A Nightingale, with sugared notes new,  
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone.



Now the Nightingale, though certainly a plainly-feathered bird, is not to be compared in the way of plumage with either a peacock or an angel, except by the extravagant strains of poetic intoxication.

It is about the size of a canary. The head and back is of a pale fulvous colour, with a sprinkling of green; its tail is of a dull red—hence the Italian *rosignuolo* and French *rossignol*. The belly is whitish-grey, and the breast, throat, and under the wings are darker with a tint of green. Simonides uses the epithet "green-necked" nightingales. Hesiod has it "neck-streaked nightingale." Looked at from an ordinary distance the bird appears of a ruddy brown appearance, by no means attractive.

Opposed to Dunbar's extravagance is Fenton's error in the other direction:—

But the poor nightingale in mean attire  
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.

The plumage of the nightingale, though not conspicuous, is by no means mean. Probably Dunbar had never seen the bird except in print, and so has given us one of those second-hand descriptions which are the second-hand clothes of literature, and seldom fit.

This was probably a poetic license taken by the ebullient thought of the moment for verbal adornment, and is pardonable; but other poets have attributed such abnormal conduct and qualities to the bird as would astonish and shock it, could it but understand.

From Penserhurst to Palestine most of the poets have made the *nocte canens gallus* of the female sex, a tribute perhaps to the fair ladies for whose delight the bird was so often invoked; but, of course, utterly untrue. The male bird is invariably the singer, and the reasons for his song are simple and common to all songsters: the calling and wooing of his love; the invitation to marriage; the inciting to nest-building, and the necessary encouragement of his mate during the patient period of incubation. Under all these varying circumstances my lady Nightingale, whom Hood has called "the sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell," is discreetly and properly silent—or, at the most, merely utters a few unmusical notes now and again, probably in reproof of her better half's apparent laziness, after the manner of her sex. Nevertheless, most of the poets make the female to sing; the Earl of Surrey, leading the way among English sonneteers in "A Description of Spring," as follows:—

The nightingale with feathers new she sings.

Strangely enough, Mallet, a forgotten poet, has made the nightingale of the male sex, but by a curious transposition of the error calls the cock-bird *Philomela*.

The bird sings at its best for some weeks after returning to England from his winter residence in Asia Minor or Africa. He comes back (in fine feather, as Surrey notices) a few days—not some weeks, as the sonneteer avers—in advance of his mate, a scientific fact common to most migratory birds. This incident in the nightingale's career has been turned to poetic advantage by Charles Tennyson Turner in the following sonnet:—

NIGHTINGALES.

What spirit moves the quiring nightingales  
To utter forth their notes so soft and clear?  
What purport hath their music, which prevails  
At midnight, thrilling all the darken'd air?  
'Tis said, some weeks before the hen-birds land  
Upon our shores, their tuneful mates appear;  
And, in that space, by hope and sorrow spann'd,  
Their sweetest melodies 'tis ours to hear;  
And is it so? for solace till they meet,  
Does this most perfect chorus charm the grove?  
Do these wild voices, round me and above,  
Of amorous forethought and condolence treat?  
Well may such lays be sweetest of the sweet,  
'That aim to fill the intervals of love!

Cowper wrote some verses, "To the Nightingale which the author heard sing on New Year's Day, 1792." This was a most unusual season for such a performance, and, as we gather from the poem that the bird was not a captive, the winter must have been a very open one; but such a statement of fact from so respectable an authority cannot be disputed.

In England the bird begins to sing about the middle of April and stops about the middle of June, facts which are beautifully recorded by Shakespeare in his 102nd sonnet:—

As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops her pipe in growth of later days.

Philomel also stops her pipe for reasons quite unknown during the period of song, and it is the ill-luck of many—even when the locality of the bird is exactly known—to be disappointed, night after night, of the expected song. Charles Tennyson Turner appears to have gone on such a fruitless errand on the night of some 31st May, but he turned his "frustrate hope" into a sonnet, entitled

NO NIGHTINGALES, OR COMPENSATION.

Long time I waited for the nightingale,  
Befo'ld by that dumb coppice; till the dove  
And finch descried me watching in the grove,  
Poor client of the darkness, worn and pale;  
But oh! how often is our frustrate hope  
Exchanged by Heaven for unexpected mirth!  
'Though baulk'd and sleepless, yet I could not mope  
'Mid the full matins of the awaken'd earth;  
Bold chanticleer, alighting from his perch,  
'The night birds play thee false,' he said—and crow'd;  
'Welcome to truth and day?' The lark uprode  
And caroll'd. Thus, amid my weary search  
For song in bowers of silence, June was born,  
And tuneless night exchanged for choral morn.

Another error is made for poetical effect by suggesting a sadness about the Nightingale's Song. Drummond has, the following couplet in a sonnet:—

The Bird, as if my questions did her move,  
With trembling wings sobb'd forth, I love! I love!

The impression produced is untrue. His old compatriot, King James the First, in his poetical "Description of His Prison Garden," had long before sung of

The little sweete nightingale.

And Remi Belleau, in the next century, has the following lovely little verse:—

Le gentil rossignolet,  
Doucelet,  
Découpe, dessous l'ombrage,  
Mille fredons babillards,  
Frétilards,  
Au doux chant de son ramage.

Early in the fifth century B.C., Aristophanes produced his play, "The Birds," in which the nightingale is thus referred to:—

O Jupiter! the dear, delicious bird!  
With what a lovely tone she swells and falls,  
Sweetening the wilderness with delicate air.

The nightingale's song is not a melancholy one. He does not lean his breast against a thorn and then bitterly complain to his love of such suicidal conduct, as we are informed by many old poets, *vide* Sir Arthur Gorges in a sonnet published 1612:—

So sings sweet Philomel against the sharpe.

Such behaviour may be a poetical requirement, and by some it may even be considered as a poetical embellishment; but it would be as absurd as a nightingale singing to his mate of his having recently seen a human serenader, who deliberately impaled himself on a garden railing and warbled forth "Stars of the summer night," every evening after dark.

Coleridge sets this matter right in a "Conversational Poem" thus:—

A melancholy bird! Oh! idle thought!  
In nature there is nothing melancholy.  
But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced  
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,  
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,  
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale  
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,  
First named these notes a melancholy strain.  
And many a poet echoes the conceit.

Charles Tennyson Turner has echoed it and given a very proper explanation.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O honey-throated warbler of the grove!  
That in the glooming woodland art so proud  
Of answering thy sweet mates in soft or loud,  
Thou dost not own a note we do not love;  
The moon is o'er thee, laying out the lawn  
In mighty shadows—but the western skies  
Are kept awake, to see the sun arise,  
Though earth and heaven would fain put back the dawn.  
While, wandering for the dreams such seasons give,  
With lonely steps, and many a pause between,  
The lover listens to thy songs unseen;  
And if, at times, the pure notes seem to grieve,  
Why lo! he weeps himself, and must believe  
That sorrow is a part of what they mean.

The nightingale, it may be remarked, has only one mate, and he does not answer her, but keeps up an almost incessant song. Virgil has "*Qualis populea mærens Philomela sub umbra*," etc.; but as John Burroughs remarks: "To the melancholy poet she is melancholy, and to the cheerful she is cheerful. Shakespeare in one of his sonnets speaks of her song as mournful, while Martial calls her the 'most garrulous' of birds." Old Jean Passerat says:—

Entends les oiseaux jargonner  
De leur ramage.  
Mais écoute comme sur tous  
Le rossignol est le plus doux.

Some poets have made the bird sing every night; but there is no perpetual motion in the nightingale's throat. There are times when he is not melodiously inclined. He would not feel musical if he did not feel well, or whilst he was moulting, and birds, like other bipeds, may sometimes have their blue fits or brown studies, when solfeggios are out of the question.

After the young are hatched his song becomes "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." If persons approach the nest he will pursue them along the hedge with notes suggestive of any bird but a nightingale. Yet if by ill chance the mossy nest and olive-tinted eggs are destroyed, he sings again as melodiously as before, inciting his mate to build the home anew and hatch another brood. The real and practical episodes in the life of the nightingale are all omitted in the poetical descriptions and as a matter of fact a manufactured caricature is put in his place, without regard to sex, place or feelings. Nightingales can be reared from the eggs by other birds and, if they survive the first period of moulting, can be kept in captivity, when in due time they will break into song. Their nests, however, are as a rule difficult to find, being hidden away in holly bushes and the thickets of woods. Charles Tennyson Turner, who had a special love for the bird, reared some nightingales in the open and was rewarded by their returning to the locality in after years. As the nightingale is very choice and exact in its locality such a fact was exceedingly gratifying. Recently a nightingale located near the entrance of a railway tunnel outside the town of Lincoln, and drew hundreds of people nightly to hear its song in the unwonted place. Tennyson Turner's sonnet reads thus:—

A COLONY OF NIGHTINGALES.

I placed the mute eggs of the Nightingale  
In the warm nest, beneath a brooding thrush;  
And waited long, to catch the earliest gush  
Of the new wood-notes, in our northern vale;  
And, as with eye and ear I push'd my search,  
Their sudden music came as sweet to me,  
As the first organ-tone to Holy Church,  
Fresh from the Angel and St. Cecily;  
And, year by year, the warblers still return  
From the far south, and bring us back their song,

Chanting their joy our summer groves among,  
A tune the merle and goldfinch cannot learn;  
While the poor thrush, that hatch'd them, listens near,  
Nor knows the rival choir she settled here!

This sonnet is in the author's best manner and exhibits the pensive sweetness and sympathetic character of his nature.

Another fallacy is that the bird only sings at night. He is a day-singer as well, but is heard to less advantage among the chorus of the light than when he appears as the soloist of the evening; then his solitary song, though sweet, produces to many a melancholy impression. Poets have mixed up the natural and the classical nightingale until they have evolved a most unnatural and unclassical hybrid of poetically pretty, but scientifically absurd, proportions. The story of King Pandion's daughters may be briefly told in explanation. Tereus, King of Thracian Daulis, loved Philomela; but in return for bellicose assistance rendered was rewarded with her sister Procne in marriage. Determined to obtain his first and only love, Tereus pretended Procne was dead and married Philomela. When the latter discovered the bigamous fraud Tereus cut her tongue out to prevent the truth becoming known; but woman's wit prevailed and Philomel sent a robe to her sister whereon the sad story was told. The furious sisters killed Itys, the son of Procne and Tereus, and served him up at his father's table. Tereus ate his heir, but the gods punished the revolting crime. The usual transformation scene occurred—Tereus became an owl, Itys a pheasant, Pandion an osprey, Procne a swallow, and Philomela a nightingale.

Such is the myth that has interwoven itself with the real nature and habits of the nightingale until, after centuries of repeated error and added imagination, the bird has become a strange fowl, indeed. When the poet makes the hen-bird sing, despite Nature's ordering, it is Philomela in metamorphosis. When they turn the really sweet and glad song into a sad complaint, it is a reminiscence of King Pandion's daughter's trouble. In "As it fell upon a Day," Shakespeare even hints the name of the false Tereus:—

Fie, fie, fie; now would she cry;  
"Tereu, tereu!" by and by.

Granting, then, that the poets have the right to reconstruct the nightingale for their special purposes, and allowing them all the latitude they require, let us glance at a few of the sonnets addressed to the bird that has delighted the sons of song from Provence to Persia. The Scottish Petrarch leads the way in his quaint and quiet philosophical style.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours,  
Of winters past or coming, void of care,  
Well pleas'd with delights which present are,  
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;  
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers  
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,  
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers,  
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs,  
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven  
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,  
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven!  
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise  
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

This is one of Drummond's best sonnets, and it has received much praise from most critics. Nathan Drake calls it "a strain of hallowed gratitude which seems worthy of ascending to the throne of heaven."

There is certainly no melancholy note recorded, and it is probable that Drummond wrote it on or after hearing the bird sing, in spite of the fact that it does not visit Scotland. He may have listened to it in England, or perhaps in France, where he resided on more than one occasion, and in which country it has been a common object of poetic address, ever since the Troubadours sang of *le rossignolet salvatge*. There is a passage in Walton's "Compleat Angler" (1653) that has been paralleled with this sonnet, viz.: "But the Nightingale (another of my Airy Creatures) breathes such sweet loud musick out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think Miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight (when the very labourer sleeps securely) should hear (as I have very often) the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the redoubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say: Lord, what Musick hast Thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such musick on Earth?"

Old Isaac has committed the error of attributing the song to the female bird; but he writes truly of its wonderful sweetness.

David Main says: "This sonnet is partly an echo of Petrarca's 317th 'Vago augeletto,' etc., lines 10-14; but I fail to find it." The trend of thought is entirely different. Petrarch complains sadly; Drummond hopes cheerfully. It requires more than mere critical skill to determine the influence of one poem on another; the echo is more often betrayed by the tone and sentiment than by the mere verbal similarity, which may often accidentally occur in addressing the same object.

SAREPTA.

THE present difficulty, amounting often to impossibility, in the way of the peasants in Russia attending mass has been overcome in those sparsely inhabited tracts of country which are crossed by a railway by the novelty of introducing a travelling church capable of seating seventy persons and performing parochial duties at several stations during the day.

## A DIRGE.

COLD, grey and drizzly drifts the dreary day ;  
Drifts to the gloom-girt shores within the West,  
And cowering sinks before night's spectral sway  
To troubled rest.

The lowering heaven lends no guiding light,  
Wild, black-winged shades her flickering beams debar.  
Save in the East, there gleameth, coldly bright,  
A lonely star,

Which sheds its tearful beams above thy grave  
Where sear and shivering droop the wind-swept flowers.  
Death doth above my slumbering darling wave  
Thro' dragging hours.

Oh! cloud-bound night, and naked sighing trees ;  
Oh! wailing winds and mad waves making moan ;  
Thy woe-tuned voices chant her litanies.  
Love, Life, is flown.

A. L. McNAB.

## STAGE REALITIES.

THE curious and gossipy old Latin writer, Aulus Gellius, has handed down to posterity a singular story of a certain famous Greek actor named Polus. Playing on one occasion the title-rôle in Sophocles tragedy, "Electra," he was seen to burst into broken sobs over the urn which was supposed to enshrine the remains of Orestes, whom Electra believes to be dead. The vast Athenian assembly was moved to a man by the actor's tears, but few present guessed their terrible significance. The urn, in fact, contained the ashes of the tragedian's only son. This incident has not been without its counterparts in the history of the modern stage. Mrs. Siddons, as Lady Constance, wept motherly tears over her own boy ; and Macready has himself described how the recent loss of his daughter gave poignancy to his emotion in the part of Virginius. These stories, and others that might be added, show us, indeed, how Diderot, and his followers notwithstanding, the world of reality, will sometimes invade the world of fiction, and the feelings of the actor be heightened and coloured by the feelings of the man. Perhaps it is impossible for an outsider ever to realize how often genuine tears have been shed upon the stage—not the tears of Quin in "Coriolanus," or Mrs. Porter as Isabella, or Talma in "Simais, fils de Tamerlane," in which cases the performers were admittedly influenced only by the dramatic force of the situation ; but the tears of those who have seen in the parts entrusted to them, the faint reflections of individual griefs. The green curtain and the row of footlights have no magic to shut out the stern facts of everyday life. Not in this way alone, however, have truth and fiction been seen to overlap. The old Roman love of unrelieved realism—the love which, while it created the brutalities of the gladiatorial show, also prevented any genuine success in the higher walks of dramatic art—prompted them occasionally to introduce into their stage performances the actual exhibition of an occurrence, in place of a mere imitation thereof. Thus we read that once at least the death of Hercules, in "Hercules Furens," was represented by the burning upon the stage, and in full view of the audience, of a criminal who had been lying under sentence of death, and who was thus made at once to satisfy the requirements of the outraged law and to minister to the inhuman pleasure of the Roman populace. The revolting brutalism of such an exhibition of course very properly blinds us to its artistic implications ; but it may be pointed out that, viewed on its æsthetic side alone, it reveals no greater misconception of the first principles of dramatic effect than is to be found in many modern developments of the realistic craze. But altogether apart from such premeditated occurrences, stage history furnishes us with many instances in which death, with a strange and striking appropriateness, has stepped in to round off the mimic scene. In France, the performer of the part of Judas, in an old mystery play, getting his neck entangled in the rope, was hanged in earnest before the spectators. Similarly in a Passion play performed in Sweden in 1513, one of the actors was so carried away by religious or dramatic excitements that he actually plunged his spear into the side of the person representing Jesus, killing him on the spot. Every reader of Molière will recollect how, playing the part of the pretended invalid in his own "Malade imaginaire," the great dramatist was smitten down by the real illness which so soon proved fatal. Coincidences even more singular than these are upon record. An actor of the name of Patterson, for example, was once appearing as the Duke in "Measure for Measure"—a rôle in which, it will be remembered, occur the following lines :—

Reason thus with life :  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep.

And scarcely had he uttered the words before he fell back in the arms of a brother actor, dead. Another performer named Palmer expired during the representation of "The Stranger," with the significant words :—

O God, O God !  
There is another and a better world,

still upon his lips.

Perhaps among all recorded cases of designed stage realism none is more singular in its way than that mentioned in connection with a benefit performance which

was given on behalf of Dr. Clancy. No one knows anything about Dr. Clancy nowadays, but in his own times he enjoyed a certain reputation as the author of one or two plays. His benefit took place at Drury Lane, on April 2, 1744, and the play chosen for the occasion was "Edipus" ; Dr. Clancy, who was himself blind, performing the part of Tiresias, the blind prophet. The bill of the play, headed with the pathetic verse from Milton : "The day returns, but not to me returns," expressed a hope that the "novelty" of the performance, as well as the "unhappiness" of the doctor's case, would "engage the favour and protection of the British audience ;" and it is certain that, from one cause or the other, the house was well filled. But it nevertheless seems to us that the representation must have been of a particularly painful and distressing character. But though we have hitherto referred only to their pathetic or tragic aspects, stage realities have their humorous side as well. It is said, for instance, that when a piece called "The Battle of Waterloo" was first produced upon the English stage, the violence of national prejudice suddenly betrayed itself in a somewhat curious way. As the play originally stood, a number of French soldiers had, in a particular battle scene, to drive their English enemies in confusion across the stage. This was well enough for a performance or two, but patience and endurance have their limits, and even the long-suffering "super," accustomed though he is to all the caprices of the managerial will, will, like the proverbial worm, turn in the end. So was it in the case in question. The English "supers" at length grew weary of having, night after night, to suffer ignominious defeat, amid the cat-calls of gallery and pit. One evening their patriotism proved too much for them. Instead of retreating at the proper cue, as dutiful "supers" ought to have done, they turned upon the "Johnny Crapauds" with all the hearty pugnacity of the genuine John Bull, and, much to the amusement of the spectators, and not a little to the dismay of all interested in the piece, drove them triumphantly from the scene. This story, by the way, reminds us of another, not unlike in general character, in which, however, the disturbing element of reality was introduced, not by the actors, but by a section of the audience. A good many years ago at Greenock, some performances were given of the once popular melodrama, "The Anchor of Hope," a play containing one exciting scene in which there was a fight between a band of smugglers and a captain. It happened that one evening a large part of the house was filled by a contingent of sailors from the Channel fleet, which had just anchored outside the town. All went well enough till the smugglers attacked the captain, and then in a moment the whole house was thrown into confusion. A perfect stampede of outraged "tars" struggled on to the stage, where they fell upon the smugglers and routed them, amid the intense excitement of the onlookers. It was only with the greatest difficulty that they could be made to understand that, after all, it was "only acting." It must have struck most spectators that the exigencies of dramatic performance often present extremely tempting opportunities for the exhibition of personal prejudices or spite. A dangerously suggestive situation in Lee's "Rival Queens" has been twice thus turned by distinguished actresses to meanly personal account. It happens that in a famous scene between the two heroines, Roxana and Statira, the former has to stab the latter with a dagger. Once in the hands of Mrs. Barry, and later in those of Peg Woffington, the dagger was aimed at the breast of the fair rival with a vigour which originated, not in the anger of the queen, but in the irritation of the actress. In much the same manner an incident in a play was once used by some "supers" for the punishment of a leading actor, by whom, as they thought, they had been treated with very scant respect. The actor, as an honest sailor, had to rescue a fair lady from the clutches of a band of pirates—in other words, from the aggrieved "supers." But instead of relinquishing their prize after a brief and heartless resistance, as the plot of the play required, the pirates fell inearnest upon the unfortunate sailor, and after bearing him by main force from the scene of action, returned, and, to the unspeakable astonishment of the audience, made the damsel secure in their own secluded cave. It is notorious enough that when an actor once gets well warmed up to his work, the faint line between jest and earnest is apt to be overstepped. Edwin Forrest, the great American tragedian, was in particular noted among the profession for his "powerful" acting, and was somewhat inclined, when the opportunity served, to perform with a vigour which made it rather unpleasantly hot for those who had to play to him. On one occasion, while rehearsing a Roman play, he roundly upbraided the "supers"—with whom he had to engage in a hand-to-hand struggle—for the lukewarmness of their attack. One of the band forthwith enquired if Forrest wished to "make a bully fight" of it, and Forrest at once said "yes." And a "bully fight" of it they certainly made. That night the mimic battle was for once turned into a hearty and thorough-going game of fisticuffs. The Roman minions struck out like men who meant business ; the muscular hero answered with well-timed blow on blow. At length one "super" was knocked heels over head, four retired to their dressing rooms to have their wounds attended to, while the others took to flight ; and thus the Roman warrior was left, breathless indeed from his unwonted exertion, but still the undisputed master of the field. It may fairly be assumed that for once at least Forrest had as much realism as he desired, unless indeed he belonged to that class

of men who never have enough of anything ; like the manager who, having fined a "super" for not making up black enough as a negro, afterwards discovered that it was upon a real negro that he had expended the vials of his wrath.

W. H. H.

## THE RAMBLER.

THE near approach of our Canadian winter, deemed so vigorous outside our own boundaries but not so difficult to endure if proper precautions be taken, reminds us that it was not always regarded with the complacent interest that we—in the last days of 91—exhibit. I came across an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* of about ten years ago setting forth the rigours of farm life in Muskoka, and, as I read on, it hardly seemed possible that the privations therein recorded by an Englishwoman of breeding but defective physique could be genuine. No wonder then that our villages decay and our young population comes into town. The truth seems to be that Winter, in such a city as Toronto, and Winter in distant country recesses are very different things. The desolation of remote Canadian districts, wrapped in snow and given over to solitude and isolation, renders existence insupportable. After all, the climate of Canada, of which we hear so much and so favourably, will prove her great stumbling block unless as years go on the continued clearance of forests will conduce to less rigorous conditions. The readers of that number of the *Atlantic Monthly* must have shivered and shook when they read it, and proceeded to thank the *Stars and Stripes* that they were not as these others were—rednosed, blanketed, cheerless Canucks. I forgive the writer ; she doubtless had suffered much, but it was scarcely fair to let such a picture of our civilization go into a foreign magazine.

Among the earlier records of the Hudson Bay Settlement, the letters to Lord Selkirk from Capt. Miles Macdonell in 1811, contain some very interesting passages relative to the rigours of the new climate. Shortly after they made a trip in 61 days from Stornoway, Capt. Macdonell writes :—

"Last winter was the severest ever known in those parts—game disappeared & many of the improvident natives perished thro' cold & want. The Thermometer was at 49½ degrees below 0.—It is well that it is past, & to be hoped this may be a mild one. We have had the Thermometer already at 8 & 9 degrees below 0, two succeeding nights, & we have now snow on the ground.—It is therefore time for those who are without houses to begin building."

The little colony was soon attacked by that dread foe of the pioneer—the scurvy, but before this, the brave Macdonell writes again to a Mr. Auld :—

"DEAR SIR,—We have had a small supply of fresh meat from Mr. Geddes since I had the pleasure of writing you last. A party was sent there a few days ago and only brought three Barrels of salted meat—Mr. Geddes informed Mr. Jno. Sloan, the officer with the party, that he had orders not to give us any more fresh meat but to reserve it all for the Factory. This must surely be a mistake of Mr. Geddes, as I understood both from Mr. Auld and you, that the motive of sending us to this place, was to be in a convenient situation to receive supplies of fresh meat for the preservation of the health of our people.

"There is scarcely provisions now on hand for one month's consumption, at the rate of 2 lb. of meat per day to a man—and at the expiration of that time there is not a probability of a communication being practicable between this and the Factory, it being very uncertain at what time we can cross the river on ice. Our situation here will consequently be most helpless. We have made every possible exertion to get Game, but hitherto all to no purpose, except about 3 brace of Wood Partridges which have been killed. We now occupy both sides of the river, and have a party at Sam's Creek—no Deer have yet been seen."

Further on we have the still more interesting report that to the want of vegetables "the people being very gross feeders may be ascribed in a great measure the scurvy at Y.F. and although they are not altogether strangers to this disorder at other Factories on the Bay coast, it is more prevalent at York than anywhere else. For the cure of this disorder many expensive articles are given which might well be spared. An Orkney man of last year's importation had by the 1st Feby. when I saw him at the Factory, drank out a Hhd. of English Porter with some gallons of Port Wine, & had besides used a quantity of crystalized salt of lemon, essence of malt & cranberries without getting well, while my men recovered in a short time by simply drinking the spruce juice. Spruce is the prevailing wood here & I believe of all these northern parts ; were it an object that would pay, tons of the essence might be sent home, it is called the *pin* by the people, who were quite ignorant of its beneficial qualities, spruce, poplar, & larch are all the species of wood that grow to trees, and these are of a very moderate size, the last is called *Juniper*."

From all of which we still can learn a few lessons. You know that the intellectual ascendancy of Boston is popularly ascribed to the bean and pumpkin diet of the good old New England régime, and, apart from any desire to poke fun at peculiar customs, is it not the truth that out of that quiet corner of Unitarian Vegetarianism came

a wonderful procession of geniuses? High thinking with plain living would do a good deal for Canada at the present juncture.

The feeling about the kilted regiment runs high in certain quarters and well it may. The city should never have been asked to grant any monies towards such an end. The promoters of the scheme could very well find a sum sufficient among themselves, and as they are the only people really interested in the enterprise they might safely be left to carry it out. We require so many more, vastly more important things than a kilted regiment, that it puts us really a little out of temper to see money going where it need not go. Apart from sanitary and civic reforms, we require to pay up all debts on churches, to open Loan Museums and to conduct successfully Canadian magazines run by Canadian capital.

Here is Mrs. Jameson's picture of our Queen City in November, 1836:—

"What Toronto may be in summer I cannot tell; they say it is a pretty place. At present its appearance to me, a stranger, is most strangely mean and melancholy. A little ill-built town on low land, at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church without tower or steeple; some Government offices built of staring red brick in the most tasteless vulgar taste imaginable; three feet of snow all around, and the grey, sullen, uninviting lake, and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect. Such seems Toronto to me now."

### CORRESPONDENCE.

HOODLING.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—It is evident from the Ottawa revelations that rascals have been working the manipulating wires. The order now is "Let go!" and those who will not obey the command must have their hands chopped off. The question is: "Who is to do it?" Parliamentary Committees or Commissions will not accomplish much: they seldom do. Party managers will do still less: 'tis their nature. I fear that the remedy lies with the people, with their voices and their votes, and with them alone. Now, at any rate, it is the people's bounden duty to stop all this hoodling. Hitherto they may have been hoodwinked and bamboozled into the belief that the rumours thick in the air had little or no foundation in fact. Now, however, their eyes are opened, and it will be their own fault if they be hoodwinked or bamboozled again. I say that I "fear" it rests with the people to kill the snake that has left its slimy trail on Canadian politics. I fear it because the public memory is so short-lived (Gladstone says so), and after a grand display of proper indignation the people will shut their eyes and go to sleep again, leaving hoodling triumphant, until rudely re-awakened by another Tarte, when the whole thing will be gone over again, and then—to sleep once more. It is this that should be prevented. The public ought to be kept awake—wide awake, and I suggest that an anti-hoodling association be formed, with vigilance-committees all over the Dominion. These should be on the look-out for cases of corruption in their respective localities, and the central executive should drive into limbo both hoodlers and boodles, the receivers as well as the thieves. Of course such an association would be fettered to no party, would, indeed, consist of the honesty and independency of all parties, and might do something to remove from Canadian politics the foul disgrace that weighs so heavily upon it.

WM. TRANT.

Cotham, Assiniboia, Oct. 8, 1891.

### ART NOTES.

A BEAUTIFUL little oil painting, representing a waterfall, may be seen at the rooms of Mr. Roberts, on King Street West. It is from the brush of Mr. J. B. Smith, an English artist, who has made waterfalls a special study. The fall is softly yet effectively treated; the flow of brown water over the rocky bed of the river below the fall is especially well done, as is also the treatment of tree and sky. Our young art students would find an occasional visit to the rooms of our leading art dealers very beneficial, as they would there be able to observe, if not study, works of matured excellence.

IN the company of Cecil Lawson, Swan, Daubigny, Peppercorn, Arthur Melville, Troyon and other painters of distinction, Messrs. Boussod and Valadon are showing Mr. G. Léon Little's latest work, "Moonlight: Thanet." Certainly romanticism has never struck a higher note than this picture strikes. It coheres, it is absolutely perfect in technique, and, as a colour scheme, nothing could be more sensuous and satisfying. Mr. Little recognizes the fact that cloud forms have as much drawing about them as animals or trees; moreover, his clouds move. The artist has succeeded in conveying a sense of breadth and bigness within the limits of a small canvas. To successfully translate a pregnant idea, a big *motif*, without having recourse to the adventitious aid which a large canvas undoubtedly gives, is one of the most difficult problems the master is called upon to solve. Such a picture as this gives this brilliant young painter the position of unassailable

pre-eminence among the poet-painters of our day. A *Nineteenth Century* reviewer has recently claimed for landscape art a future which shall put to the blush all its previous achievements, and "Moonlight: Thanet" justifies his sanguine hopes.—*Public Opinion*.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

THE "Mr. Barnes of New York" company, from Broadway Theatre, brought with them entirely new scenery, costumes, etc. The beach at Ajaccio and the gardens at Monte Carlo being especially well executed. This bright and exhilarating comedy-drama drew large audiences to the Grand the last three nights of last week, Mr. Barnes having many distinguished visitors at his splendidly conducted receptions each night. A more life-like exponent of the familiar character could hardly be conceived than that of Mr. Toland's. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, "H. M. S. Pinafore," has had smooth water and fair weather on the boards of the Grand, whereby she was enabled to entertain her large-hearted patrons through the happy medium of Gilbert and Sullivan's music and mirth. The little sick ones will have every cause to feel grateful to Toronto's amateurs, who have bestirred themselves in the cause of charity. The performances were excellent, showing hard drilling and much native talent, and the receipts must be highly gratifying to those interested. The proprietor and staff of the *Telegram* made special efforts to crown this charitable event with success, and they succeeded. The Tillotson Opera Company, from New York, will sing, "A Night in Venice," which is highly spoken of by the American press, this Friday evening and to-morrow matinée and evening. This opera is Strauss' latest success.

THE TORONTO.

"THE TWO JOHNS," at this Opera House, in their funny effervescent fat feats, caused intense fun during this week, the similarity of these jocund jokers being quite bewildering. Next week, November 9, Corinne, with her clever company in the "Carmen Burlesque," will appear. Bernard Dyllin is said to possess a very fine baritone voice, and handles the Torreador song like an artist.

THE ACADEMY.

GORMAN'S old established and clever minstrels appeared at this house during the latter part of last week. They have introduced a new style of first-part, which supersedes the ballad, quartette and chorus singing, so long associated with minstrelsy. Alas! for musical Toronto, as we love to style ourselves, but the spectacle of Emma Juch and empty benches, on the one hand, and Gorman's "Niggers" with "standing room only" on the other hand, is an instructive, if tough, lesson for cultivated music lovers to digest. "Sara," the divinity, came along just too late for this issue, but will be administered to in the next.

NOVEMBER 2ND, 3RD AND 4TH, will witness the presentation of a new Comedy-Drama, "The High-Roller," which has had a very successful run in New York city.

THE PAVILION.

THE Pavilion was quite two-thirds filled on Thursday evening, 22nd inst., with a very enthusiastic audience, gathered to greet the great Hungarian violinist, Remenyi, who has not favoured Canada with a visit for some ten years. His manipulation of his beautiful toned violin has an individuality about it entirely his own. This was especially evident in the lovely "Hungarian Melodies," and in an *encore* number, the "Hymn to Liberty," which brought out all the soulful power of the artist and the instrument he loves. The "Allegro" movement from the "Concerto," by Mendelssohn, fairly roused into a burst of genuine applause the hitherto somewhat apathetic audience. An ovation greeted Remenyi's rendering of his final selection from the "Capriccios," by Paganini. A return concert by this great artist will be looked forward to with distinct pleasure. The assisting members of the company were Mrs. Rice, who possesses a clear soprano voice, skilfully managed, sometimes quite brilliant in her upper register, but at times, in the concerted music, overpowered by the rich, deep contralto of Miss McGregor, whose singing of "A Summer Night" gained her a deserved *encore*. For some unexpressed reason Toronto audiences look more for some other element in contraltos than that of richness, fulness and power, that are chiefly looked for by audiences abroad. Mr. Fessenden's sweet voice blended well with his co-singers.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

ANOTHER charitable cause is to be benefited on Thursday, the 26th of November, when Mr. W. Edgar Buck will give his popular concert-lecture on "The Voice in Speech and Song," for the benefit of the "Children's Aid Society," a most worthy object, seeing that the chief aim of the society is the rescuing of gutter-arabs, the reclaiming of young criminals from jail, the forming of kindergarten mission schools, etc. Mr. Buck will be assisted by several amateur singers at the concert. Mr. Phillips, organist of St. George's Church, will preside as accompanist. Tickets can be had of Mr. Buck at 555 Church Street, and at the music stores. Mr. Morgan, organist, Miss Morgan, harpist, and Miss Hortense Pierse, soprano, of N. Y., appear in concert on November 4th.

THE AUDITORIUM.

MR. BARRINGTON FOOTE, the English baritone, who has had the honour of singing before Her Majesty at a State Concert, together with the really marvellous Mercedes sisters, pianistes from Costa Rica, have delighted their audiences during their three nights stay here. Mr. Foote's open chest voice is manly and free from throatiness; the same cannot be said of his mezza-voce, in the use of which he fell sometimes from pitch; his various song interpretations are quite enjoyable. The piano prodigies are little artistes and free from affectations.

A NEW composition by the Chevalier de Kontski, for orchestra and chorus, entitled, "Liberty Triumphant," was produced quite recently at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, in connection with the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America.

THE recent discovery of the only perfect copy known to be in existence of the original word-book of the "Messiah," used at the first performance in Dublin, April 13, 1742, forms the subject of a highly interesting pamphlet written by Mr. James C. Culwick, of Dublin. The copy was found among a collection of the word-books of Handel's works, as performed by him in Dublin in 1742, contained in a small quarto volume bound in old calf.

THE London *Musical News* says Rubinstein is about to go to Leipzig, then he will proceed for a short stay to Berlin. He will spend the winter in Dresden, and return to St. Petersburg in the spring. Then comes the final leave of his Russian friends and his journey either to Dresden or to Paris. The great pianist has nearly finished the new volume of his memoirs, in which he criticizes severely Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, who, he affirms, have retarded the progress of music.

SIBYL SANDERSON, the Swedish nightingale, has been engaged at a large salary for the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg to sing there in Massenet's opera, "L'Esclarmonde," in which she was the creator of the leading rôle at the first production of the work in Paris. Her career has been a most brilliant one for so young a singer, and chiefly through the active interest which Massenet took in her success. Later reports come from Paris of the signal success of Miss Sanderson in a revival of "Manon." A new vocal gavotte had been added to the opera for the *prima-donna* to sing. We heard this delightful cantatrice in opera at Drury Lane Theatre in jubilee year; she is called the third Swedish nightingale.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By Henry Adams. Price \$2.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: W. Briggs. 1891.

We have here a volume of historical essays of very wide extent and bearing, dealing quite as much with economic questions as with historical. The first is of special interest in these days of Associations for the Advancement of Women, or "Woman," dealing as it does with the "primitive rights of women." As far as we have been able to observe, the interesting facts relating to the subordination of women are given with accuracy and care; and the study of these facts can never be quite unfruitful, even although we may have reached the period when principle has more influence than authority. The second article on Captain John Smith, one of the founders and first historians of Virginia, is not only interesting in itself, but it helps to warn us against the mythical element in these early histories. "Harvard College, 1756-1787" is of interest not only to the alumni of that great university, but to all who are interested in the higher education. A great part of the article consists of records of the doings at the college within the period indicated. "Napoleon I. at St. Domingo" is of especial interest, as showing the manner in which the first Consul dealt with the negro and slavery questions, and also the way in which he neglected the island and lost it for France. The other articles on the "Bank of England Restrictions," the "Declaration of Paris, 1861" (not at all satisfactory to Americans), the "Legal-tender Act," which did so much to change the average of prices in the States, the "New York Gold Conspiracy," which gives some information about the financial methods of Mr. Jay Gould and others. The last paper is on the "Session of 1869-70," a period of transition with consequences which Mr. Adams deprecates.

BEGGARS ALL. A Novel. By L. Dougall. Price \$1.50. London and New York: Longmans; Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company. 1891.

This handsome book comes to us with the double recommendation of Canadian authorship and of the great publishing house of Longman, which seldom condescends to the putting forth of novels, and, when it does, takes care that they are of the best. The book before us, however, has no need of these extrinsic recommendations. It stands upon its own merits, which are considerable.

In the first place, it is written in good, nervous English—no slight advantage at any time, and a special excellence in days of somewhat excessive production and publication, and of a good deal of slipshod writing. We feel that we are in good company and bracing fellowship. A man who writes well thinks well. A cultivated style is the index of a cultivated mind. And this is much to start with. As regards the story itself, it possesses the qualities

of freshness and even of originality. Neither the characters nor the situations are familiar. The development of the plot is ingenious, and will seldom be anticipated, although here and there it may be guessed at, by the reader.

The hero of the story is a "newspaper man," who had been educated in an orphanage without any knowledge of his parents, and had grown up without faith in God or in man, yet with a certain self-respect which made him repay what he owed to the orphanage, and with a large amount of shrewdness, which made him a first-class reporter. This man advertised for a wife, and the advertisement was answered by a pretty girl who was struggling to support her aged mother and her crippled sister, and who was willing to marry him for the sake of those dependent upon her.

This is not a very promising start, and the reader is a little surprised at the climax of marriage being reached so early in the book, expecting to find all kinds of difficulties in the way, and then the removal of these and the proper conclusion. But nothing so commonplace is the course of Mr. Dougall's story. On the contrary, all the difficulties and dangers come after the marriage. Kent, the husband, had told his wife that he had some other sources of income, odd jobs, besides his reporter's work, and it turns out that these jobs are occasional burglaries, which he justifies on the Robin Hood principle that he robs the rich and the rapacious and helps the poor and weak. The scenes between Kent and his wife, after her suspicions had been confirmed by his confession, are worked out with a good deal of literary power and insight into human sentiment and motive. The complex character of the husband and the growing affection of the wife furnish material for situations full of dramatic interest. We must not reveal the conclusion, which is not so much a dénouement as an outlook. Probably it will be disappointing to many readers; and yet a slight reflection may satisfy them that it is the best and most natural which is compatible with the circumstances.

One of the most remarkable figures is the ex-Baptist minister, Gilchrist, who had given up every earthly hope and prospect, and almost his spiritual work, to watch over a drunken half-sister. A very prosaic kind of martyr, some readers will think. Yes, but one far more real and Christlike than many which will impress the ordinary imagination more powerfully. We have said enough to show that we have here a book of no ordinary interest.

*Poet Lore* for October opens with a critical and scholarly article on "A Love Drama of the Tenth Century," referring to the dramatic works of Hrotsvitha, by Mr. H. Hudson. Other articles, interesting and instructive to literary readers, make up a good number.

*Literary Opinion* for October is brim full of bright and entertaining matter of a character at once acceptable and pleasing to literary people the world over. The picture of Adam Lindsay Gordon and his bush cottage, with the accompanying ballad, "The Feud," will prove of unusual interest, as will also the representations of F. Marion Crawford and Marie Bashkirtseff. This periodical is low in price, compact in form, and its contents are clearly and cleverly written.

THE October number of the *Critical Review* of Theological and Philosophical Literature contains many critical articles abounding in advanced scholarship and profound thought. This review cannot fail to be of signal service to students, theologians and philosophers. It is surprising how much solid and serviceable matter is compressed within its pages. The experience and ability of its contributors enable them to write concisely, yet comprehensively. The publishers, Messrs. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh, announce that the review will appear next year as a quarterly.

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S able contribution on "The New Empire" to the *Westminster Review* for October is written with the customary vigour, frankness of thought and fulness of information which mark this distinguished Canadian's literary work. It is an omen of good for Canada to see such manly and authoritative articles as this appearing in English reviews. This number contains other interesting articles, such as "The Ordeal of Trade Unionism"; "History and Radicalism," by J. W. Crombie, and "Free Education in the United States," by Harriet S. Blatch.

A VERY interesting contribution to the Johns Hopkins Series of Studies in Historical and Political Science is that on "The Constitutional Development of Japan, 1853-1881," by Toyokichi Iyenaga, Ph.D. This small pamphlet of fifty-six pages contains a large amount of information collected from various authentic sources, condensed, and presented by its learned author with clearness and ability. This is the first attempt by a cultured native of Japan to trace the rise and progress in Japan of that large measure of constitutional freedom which she at present enjoys. It is well worthy of study.

A FINE portrait of the late Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., greets one on the first page of the *Illustrated News* of 24th inst. This number contains besides pictures of "Baron Hirsch," "Parnell," "The Bishop of St. Asaph, President of the Church Congress," "Mr. Hall Caine," and "Mr. Blundell Maple, M.P.," and his splendid horses, "Childwick" and "Common." A double page illustration of "Penrhyn Castle," with letter-press description, and the opening chapters of "Come Live with me and be my Love, an English Pastoral," by Robert Buchanan, make this an unusually attractive number.

FREDERIC HARRISON ends his able article on "The Emancipation of Women" in the October *Fortnightly* with these not unwise words: "Let us then honour the old-world image of woman as being relieved by man from the harder tasks of industry, from the defence and management of the state, in order that she may set herself to train up each generation to be worthier than the last." E. B. Lanin, in "The Demoralization of Russia," adds many new counts, from internal evidence, to the world indictment of the Muscovite for brutality and barbarism. "Under the Yoke of the Butterflies" is a well written, but rather tedious, philippic by the Hon. Auberon Herbert against the vanities of modern society. "Social Life in Australia" is a crisp, democratic article by Francis Adams. "A Son of Adam's" "Impressions of England" is bright, frank and unconventional reading. W. H. Mallock's serial, "A Human Document," is very interesting.

*Blackwood* for October opens with a long and instructive article on "Current Influences on Foreign Politics," in which the present position of affairs in Europe is ably portrayed. The writer thinks in a war between France and Russia on the one hand, and Germany and Austria on the other, the latter alliance would succeed. Mr. F. H. H. Guillemand reviews the "Seal-fisheries Question." Mr. H. M. Trollope throws some new light on the genius of the great French poet, Molière. In the line of fiction, "Danovitch: a Russian Romance," is especially interesting. "Capt. Ludwey's Jump," by Dorothea Gerard, is a bright little tale. There is a most useful biographical sketch of John Inglis, Justice-General of Scotland, who died during the current year, and whose name is honoured among jurists.

THERE are several really good articles in the last number of the *Political Science Quarterly*. Mr. F. Bancroft sets forth the efforts at compromise in 1860-61 with the object of averting the then impending civil war, and he proves that it was an impossibility, the difference being so great between the two parties. This was pithily put by Lincoln in a letter to Alexander Stephens: "You think slavery is right and ought to be extended, while we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted." The history of the North German Confederation, by Professor Hudson, shows how the Confederation of 1866 necessarily resulted in the German Empire of to-day. "Economics in Italy" traces the growth of economical theories in that country. Mr. T. Greene goes fully into the question of watered railroad stock, and claims that a distinction should be drawn between stock which is comparatively innocent in purpose and that which is not. Yet, if a man pays for milk he expects to get milk and not water—they represent different values; and it practically comes to this, that if a railway has cost a million of dollars, and shares are issued for two millions, those who, without giving value, get the extra million profit thereby, and those who buy at par practically give double the real value of the shares as represented by the actual outlay. Mr. W. J. Ashley writes very thoughtfully on the subject of "General Booth's Panacea," and points out the difficulties surrounding the question. It is highly probable that the good results will not be so great as anticipated. It will be a tremendous task to change lazy and inefficient people into industrious workers, and we may be sure that there will be a host of failures. Yet, doubtless, some solid results will be achieved.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It is rumoured that Miss Braddon is engaged upon "a novel with a purpose."

JOAQUIN MILLER'S autobiographical novel, "My Own Life," will soon be issued.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER is preparing for publication a new volume entitled "The Principles of Morality."

TENNYSON in his old age is said to be an incessant smoker. A large jar of tobacco stands conveniently near his elbow, and his beloved pipe is rarely removed from his mouth.

GEORGE MACDONALD'S new novel, "The Flight of a Shadow," and also George Moore's new contribution to fiction in one volume entitled "Vain Fortune," are announced.

AT the age of sixty-eight the author of the most famous French "Life of Christ," M. Renan, is said to be engaged on a new arrangement and compilation of "Contes des Fees," or Fairy Tales.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON starts the hero of "The Wrecker," in the November *Scribner*, on his adventurous voyage among the South Sea Islands, where Mr. Stevenson recently cruised for several years.

THE *Cosmopolitan Magazine* has devoted twenty-eight pages of the November number to a most interesting and exhaustive article upon Chicago from the pen of the famous novelist, Col. Charles King.

MARK TWAIN is having immense fun on his erratic voyages over the rivers of France. He travels in a fishing-boat. He was not long ago at Avignon. He is accompanied by a courier, servant and pilot.

IN the *Forum* for November Edward A. Freeman, the English historian, perhaps the highest living authority on the subject, explains the political situation in Europe, pointing out the specific dangers to peace.

THE "Reminiscences" of his campaigning life as a special artist and war correspondent, on which Mr.

Frederick Villiers is engaged, will be published this season in book form with characteristic illustrations.

MR. J. CASTELL HOPKINS, who was recently elected a member of the Toronto School Board, has just been installed as President of the Young Conservatives Association of the city. We congratulate our able contributor on his advancement to these honourable positions.

SOME particulars of a new volume of poems which Lord Tennyson has in hand are given in the *Athenaeum*. It will comprise Hellenic legend, Oriental tradition, humorous *patois*, idyl, and even stories of the wild brigand life of Southern Europe, and will possibly include the new comedy.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce "Venetian Life," by W. D. Howells, Holiday Edition, with coloured illustrations; "The Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes," New Riverside Edition; Vol. VII., "A Mortal Antipathy;" Vol. VIII., "Pages from an Old Volume of Life," and "Persia and the Persians," by S. G. W. Benjamin.

WALTER BESANT, in the November number of *Harper's Magazine*, will present the readers of that periodical with an entertaining account of "The London of Good Queen Bess"—the London of Shakespeare, of Raleigh, and of Bacon—with descriptions of English life and manners at the time of the Armada, and of England's first period of commercial prosperity.

HARPER AND BROTHERS have just ready for publication "Men of Iron," a stirring romance of the Middle Ages, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. The story is especially adapted to young readers, and with the illustrations, which are numerous, presents a faithful picture of life and manners in England five hundred years ago. They also announce "Hints to Amateurs," a hand-book of art, by Mrs. Louise Jopling.

MR. EDWARD WHYMPER, well known as the boldest and most scientific mountain climber of his generation, has just completed a new book descriptive of his travels amongst the great Andes of the Equator. As an account of mountain adventure it is worthy the hand that described the fatal first ascent of the Matterhorn, while it records many new and interesting discoveries. It will be issued shortly by the Scribners in handsome form, with profuse illustrations, drawn by various artists and engraved by the author.

THE *Nowoje Wremja* tells a story of a young woman's recent consultation with Count Leo Tolstoi as to what she should do with \$300,000 which she had recently inherited from her father. She wished to keep \$150,000 for her own use, and to benefit mankind with the rest of her fortune. Tolstoi's first advice was in harmony with his well-known hatred of money *per se*. "Burn it, it all," were his words. He afterward admitted that it would not be a bad idea to give the surplus \$150,000 to the poor, and accordingly she did so.

THE catalogues of Messrs. Macmillan and Company, of New York, and of George Bell and Sons, of London, England—whose United States agents the Macmillans are—comprise a very large number of standard works for all classes of readers. The issues of the Oxford Clarendon Press and of the Cambridge University Press are widely noted for their excellence in character as well as workmanship. The popular Bohn Libraries, included in the publications of George Bell and Sons, have for years past been favourites with students and general readers as well.

THE death of Demetrius Kokkos, shot in the streets of Athens by an officer believed to be of unsound mind, is a sad blow to the many who esteemed him first among living Greek poets. His best known works are the opera "Marula," and the tales "Barba Linardo," "Captain Lazaros," and "The Lyre of Old Nicolas," from a dramatic representation of which he was returning at the time of his death. Kokkos was only thirty-one years of age, and had served for some time as secretary to the late Minister, Signor Tricoupis. His murderer afterwards put an end to his own life.—*The Literary World*.

MR. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, M.P., has been paying Toronto a visit. Mr. Davin is an old contributor of THE WEEK, and is one of the comparatively few men in our public life who combine political sagacity with broad literary culture. It is not every man who is both an orator and a forceful and graceful writer. Such men give a literary tone to public discussions and elevate and refine public taste. Apart from his ability as a speaker and a writer, Mr. Davin has an impressive personality. His scholastic culture, added to a wide journalistic experience on the British and Canadian press, his store of anecdote and flow of humour, make him one of the most agreeable of men. A cosmopolitan in thought and feeling, a loyal Briton and a public spirited and progressive Canadian, as shown by his good work in the North-West as well as at Ottawa. Mr. Davin has won the regard of his fellow-countrymen, and is bound to make his mark on the future of our country.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Akers, Elizabeth. The High Top Sweeting. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.  
Everett, C. C. Ethics for Young People. 60c. Boston: Ginn & Co.  
Eaton, Arthur Wentworth, B.A. The Church of England in Nova Scotia. \$1.50. New York: Thos. Whittaker.  
Page, Thos. Nelson. Elsket and other stories. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.  
Stoddard, Chas. Augustus. Across Russia from the Baltic to the Danube. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THE VOICES OF EARTH.

WE have not heard the music of the spheres,  
The song of star to star; but there are sounds  
More deep than human joy or human tears,  
That nature uses in her common rounds;  
The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain  
The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might  
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain  
That falls by minutes in the summer night.  
These are the voices of earth's secret soul,  
Uttering the mystery from which she came;  
To him who hears them grief beyond control,  
Or joy inscrutable without a name  
Wakes in his heart thoughts buried there, impearled  
Before the birth and making of the world.

—Archibald Lampman, in *October Scribner*.

## SUSPENDED ANIMATION: A HINDOO ANCHORITE'S DEATH.

MY first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father; and his authority was the well-known General Aitavable, Runjeet Singh's right hand man, who was present. Those facts are that a certain "Joghee" (Hindoo anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by Runjeet Singh, and declining to obey was brought by force into the tyrant's presence and ordered to give, under pain of death, a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted perforce. He was put by his disciples through certain processes, during which he became perfectly unconscious; the pulses ceased, his breath did not stain a polished mirror, and a European doctor who was present declared that the heart had ceased to beat. To all appearances he was as dead as Queen Anne. In this state he was put into a carefully made box, the lid was closed, and sealed with Runjeet Singh's own signet ring. The box was buried in a vault prepared in an open plot of ground under the royal windows at Lahore, and the place was guarded day and night by Runjeet's own guards under General Aitavable's own supervision. Sun and rain came and grass sprang up, grew, and withered on the surface over the grave, and the sentries went their rounds, and the joghee's disciples and friends were all kept under careful surveillance, not to call it imprisonment. After forty days, in Runjeet Singh's own presence, the vault was uncovered and the box extracted from it with its seals intact. It was opened, and showed the joghee within precisely as he had been placed. He was taken out, dead still, to all appearance, but the body incorrupt. His disciples were now brought to manipulate the body in the manner which he had taught them, and which he had publicly explained before his burial. He revived, as he had said he would, and was soon in as perfect health as when he had suspended his life. He refused all gifts, and retired to his former retreat, but shortly afterwards he and his disciples disappeared. It was not safe for such a man to live in the jurisdiction of so inquisitive and arbitrary a ruler. Runjeet Singh cared little for human life, which was his toy or plaything. No one who knows his historical character will for a moment admit that he would let himself be deceived or played upon in a matter on which he had set his heart. Each scene—the suspension of life, the burial, the disinterment, the reviving—took place in the tyrant's own presence and before hundreds of spectators in open daylight, and with every precaution that absolute despotic power could command. Runjeet cared little whether the man lived or died, so that his own curiosity was gratified. The guards under the palace windows commanded by Aitavable would be anxious solely to carry out Runjeet Singh's wishes.—*Chambers' Journal*.

## SEA FISHING.

A GOOD many of us have been at the sea-side, and cannot have failed to notice that fishing in the sea is more attractive to most people than fishing on it. They will try their luck from the pier head or a convenient rock, and will be content with such small fry as they may capture; but the idea of sitting for hours in an anchored boat, which the rollers lift up with more or less gentleness and then leave to fall into the trough of the sea, is an undertaking to which the majority feel unequal. No amount of enthusiasm will compensate for a weak stomach, nor has the very fishy odour which necessarily pervades the sea-fisherman's craft ever yet been suggested as a cure for *mal de mer*. So it comes about that sea-fishing is not what may be called a popular form of amusement in its highest development. The fresh water angler often looks down upon the sea fisherman. The former has his neatly polished and brazed rod, his fly book or his bait boxes or can, and his art calls for a delicacy and skill to which sea fishermen are strangers. The freshwater fisherman claims, too, that his is a contemplative amusement, into which much poetry enters, and that while pursuing his recreation he is worshipping nature. In a recent magazine article, however, a writer has tried to show that the fisherman sees nothing more than his float or his fly, even amid the most lovely scenery; the song of birds falls on dead ears; the striking of the village clock merely warns him of the approach of the dinner hour; and it is not till he gets home and discourses about the day's doings that he brings in anything about nature's beauties in connection with the

pastime of angling. All this may or may not be true, but as freshwater fishing possesses a literature which salt water fishing does not, not to any extent at least, there is a good deal of sentiment and mention of pastoral surroundings in the prose and verse which has been written in praise of angling. So far as we know, no one has ever tried to extract sentiment out of sea-fishing; and if there is an unsentimental person in the world it is the professional sea fisherman. If sea fishing is not such a delicate operation as killing a salmon or trout with a fly, it has nevertheless a distinct charm of its own, provided always that a man is a sufficiently good sailor not to be upset by the motion of the boat. To go out by one's self or with anyone who does not know the "marks" is a sheer waste of time; as unless the fisherman anchors just at the right spot, he might almost as well confine himself to the pier head or to some projecting rock, except he is going on the whiting ground, which, being of greater extent, is of course more easily found. Sea fishing will grow in favour with those who can stand the motion of a boat. The angler may turn up his nose at the piles of "worms" and other bait necessary for a day or a night's fishing, particularly if the programme includes the setting of a "trot" or bultoe—a line a mile long, if you like, with a hook every six feet; but in the sea you fish on a larger scale.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

## HOW TEA IS MADE IN CHINA.

TEA is not drunk at meals in China, and not too soon afterwards, lest digestion should be unduly accelerated. It is taken constantly at odd moments throughout the day to relieve thirst. "If you want to make good tea," says Yuan Mei (a poet and letter writer who flourished in the last century) "first get good water." This is a point upon which the Chinese insist most strongly; and tea-shops, to attract customers, generally advertise outside the establishment the name of some famous spring whence the water they use is obtained. For fresh water, as Yuan Mei points out, has a pungent flavour, which mellows into sweetness when the water has been stored for use. Of all teas, that gathered on the heights of the Wu-i (Bohea) mountains is declared by Yuan Mei to be the best. But, as he says, there is too little of it. "The water," he adds, "must be poured on at the moment of boiling. If allowed to go on boiling the water will lose its flavour. If the water is allowed to 'go off the boil,' the tea leaves will float. Drink as soon as made. To cover the teapot is to change the flavour of the tea."—*Temple Bar*.

## LOVE.

LOVE came at dawn when all the world was fair,  
When crimson glories, bloom, and song were rife;  
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,  
And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,  
When head and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;  
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,  
And whispered, "I am rest."

—William Wilfred Campbell, in *the October Century*.

## A NEW BIBLE PROPOSED.

PROF. PAUL HAUPT, Chief of the Semitic department of the Johns Hopkins University, has just returned from London and Berlin, where he had a conference with noted scholars in reference to a new translation of the Bible. It is proposed, according to a correspondent of the *New York Times*, to include in this translation not only the Old and New Testament, but also the Apocrypha and the Pseudepigraphy. Included with the last named are four esdras and the Psalms of Solomon. Each of the thirty-six books will be assigned to a competent scholar, the translation to be accompanied by explanatory notes and pictorial representations. The books of the Old Testament will occupy two volumes of 1,000 pages each, and the entire Scriptures six volumes. The American scholars who have been invited to contribute are Prof. C. H. Toy, of Cambridge, the author of "Christianity and Judaism"; Profs. Charles A. Briggs and Francis Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, New York; Prof. W. H. Ward, of the *New York Independent*; Prof. E. L. Curtis, of Chicago, the archaeologist and successor to President Harper, of the Semitic Seminary at Yale, and Prof. W. R. Harper, President of the new Chicago Baptist University. The character of the whole work will be international, though the project is from an American point of view and is to be brought out under American auspices. The whole Hexateuch will be in the hands of English scholars, among whom may be mentioned the famous Hebraist, Prof. S. R. Driver, of Oxford; J. K. Cheyenne, Canon of Rochester; C. G. Montifiore and I. Abrahams, editors of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, and Russell Martineau, of the British Museum. In this work a new device by Prof. Haupt will be introduced. Portions belonging to different documents are to be placed in blocks of different colours, and in some cases as many as ten different colours will be made use of, so that the reader can tell at a glance at what period the lines were compiled and from what source taken.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

HE is happy that hath a true friend at his need; but he is most happy that hath no need of his friend.—*Warwick*.

## HYPNOTISM.

MANY a medical man could tell of alarming conditions resulting from improper attempts at hypnotizing by the unskilled amateur. One such case has quite recently been reported by Dr. Solon. An amateur at a friend's house volunteered to hypnotize another visitor, and after two trials succeeded so well that the subject became extremely excited, lost the power of speech, and then passed into the condition of catalepsy; subsequently he had severe convulsions. He had simply been hypnotized by being made to look at a diamond ring, and afterwards the sight of everything glistening threw him into a state of violent excitement. The floor of the room in which the physician discovered him was covered with cushions, as he frequently threw himself from the sofa on to the floor, and was in a condition of grave hysteria with maniacal excitement. He was treated with full doses of sedatives, chloral, sulphonal, bromides, and morphine, but at first showed no improvement. After ten days the convulsive attacks were replaced by periods during which he sang persistently; he would sing every song he knew without stopping. After a fortnight of this he had a high temperature for several days, and altogether was very ill for three weeks. Such cases are not so uncommon as is generally supposed. It is fairly certain that hypnotism may be employed with advantage as a therapeutic agent in certain nervous affections, but that if it is a potent agent for good it may equally be a grave source of danger, and that we cannot inhibit the highest centres of the cortex and make the suspension of consciousness and intellect a source of amusement with impunity. It should be only permissible to hypnotize for therapeutical purposes, and then we should observe the golden rules laid down by Beaunis: Never to hypnotize except with the patient's free consent, and, if necessary, that of the friends; (2) never to make any experiment without the knowledge and consent of the patient; (3) never to operate except in the presence of a third person. With these precautions, the skilled hypnotist can do much to relieve and cure many conditions that are scarcely amenable to any other known therapeutical agent.—*Hospital*.

## LIFE AND THE PLANETS.

IT is almost universally admitted by astronomers and physicists that the sun is gradually cooling down. That it was hotter in geological times seems clearly indicated by the coal beds found in the arctic regions, and their existence even in the British Islands is evidence in the same direction. In those far distant times Mars was possibly a habitable and inhabited planet, but has now probably passed the life-bearing stage of its existence, through which our earth is at present passing. When, in the course of ages, the sun has still further cooled down, all life will probably cease to exist on our globe, and in that remote epoch Venus will probably form the theatre of life. If life now exists near its poles, it will then probably extend to its equator, and the cloudy canopy in which it now seems to be shrouded will then, owing to the diminution of the solar heat, be gradually dissolved, and the glories of the starry heavens will be revealed to its wondering inhabitants. Later still, in the march of time, life will die out of Venus also, and then Mercury will become cool enough—even at the centre of its sunlit side—to be inhabited by animal life. At last, the solar heat being reduced to its minimum, life will cease on Mercury also, and the sun itself, perhaps, will "roll through space a cold and dark ball." Such may possibly be the course of life in the solar system. As a writer has well said, "When the birth, the progress, and the history of sidereal systems are considered, we require some other unit of time than even the comprehensive one which astronomy has unfolded to our view. Minute and almost infinitesimal as is the time which comprises the history of our race, compared with that which records the history of our system, the space even of this latter period forms too limited a standard wherewith to measure the footmarks of eternity."—*J. E. Gore, F.S.A., in the Newbery House Magazine*.

## PINE, ROSE, &amp; FLEUR DE LIS.

## POEMS BY SERANUS.

"All who prize local colour and young enthusiasm, and deep-hearted patriotism will find them in this book. The series of songs—'Down the River,' are veritable caskets of precious New World conceits."—*Saturday Review* (London, Eng.).

"Spirit and tone genuinely Canadian. . . . French models of versification are successfully and appropriately imitated. The author might become a Canadian 'Longfellow.'"—*Spectator* (London, Eng.).

"The pretty French phrases and refrains come like the notes of a guitar into our Saxon symphony. As Mr. Cable brought into use the rich colouring of the French Creole regions, the Canadian poets began timidly to use the same resources among the Frenchmen of Canada, and the best fruit of the new effort is to be found in the present volume."—*New York Nation*.

"A new singer from Canada who possesses a brilliant natural voice. It is not likely that there is in America or in England another writer who could describe a woodland sojourn, naturally and without strain, by means of half a hundred villanelles."—*Boston Literary World*.

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## SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

In Brockton, Mass., the festive inhabitants charter the electric cars for afternoon and supper parties. Boards for a table are placed on the backs of the seats in the middle of the car.

So numerous are the electric launches on the Thames that floating charging stations containing a dynamo plant ply up and down the river ready to charge the accumulators of six launches at once.

An electric wire breaking in a mine will frequently give forth a spark, thus exploding the dangerous gases. A recent invention is a safety mining cable, which can be torn apart without spark, arc or flame.

ANOTHER link in the chain of submarine cables round the coast of Central and South America has been established by the completion of the system of the Societe Francaise des Telegraphes Sous-Marins between the West Indies and Brazil. This places the United States and Brazil in closer telegraphic communication than they have been before.—*Electrical Review*.

MRS. FRENCH SHELDON, the English explorer, suffered greatly from her trip into the interior of Africa, and is said to be but a shadow of her former self. She was not only ill, but at one point in her journey one of the bearers of her palanquin slipped, and she was precipitated down a rocky embankment into a river, receiving severe bruises and being nearly drowned.—*Harper's Weekly*.

It is said that the ingenious Mr. Nayemura Sakusaboro, the Japanese druggist, has made excellent success of his experiment of converting wild hemp into a textile impossible to distinguish from silk. Many trials were made at first of the hempen thread at various silk-weaving manufactories in Kioto and elsewhere, and the reports were that "the web had a luster, beauty, and softness, and more than the durability of silk, while the plant as it grows is much cheaper than the slow and expensive product of the silk worm."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

A NEGLECTED case of cold in the head may cost you your life. Why run the risk when Nasal Balm offers you a speedy relief and certain cure. Sold by all dealers. Try it.

To prevent accidents from the Lauffen-Frankfort cable, which transmits a deadly current of 25,000 volts, all the poles for the 112 miles are adorned with skulls and crossbones surmounted with a warning notice.

WOULD you like to exchange your sallow cheeks for those glowing with health's roses? Then try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They rebuild the system and make life as bright as childhood's dream.

## "August Flower"

What Is It For?

This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

THE village of Faido, on the line of the St. Gothard Railway, has an electric-light plant, erected within the past year, in which water power is used to drive the machinery. The water is stored in a reservoir, above the falls of the stream near the village, and thence is led to the power station through a 6in. cast-iron pipe. The power station is equipped with a turbine which, with the available head of 145 metres—about 475ft.—develops about 45-horse power.

A STEAMER which can be propelled on land by means of its own engine has just been constructed at the Ljunggren Engineering Works at Kristiansstad, in Sweden. It is intended for the traffic on two lakes close to Boras, which, however, are separated by a strip of land. Rails have been laid between the two lakes. The steamer, which has been christened, very appropriately, Svanen (the Swan), can run itself across from the one lake to the other. At a trial trip, if one may call it so, at the works, the vessel fulfilled the tests very well. The engine is ten horse-power, and the Svanen can accommodate some sixty passengers.

PROFESSORS RUCKER AND THORPE, in their magnetic survey of the South of England, discovered that the compass needle was attracted towards an axis or line running through South Wales and the Valley of the Thames to near Reading, and thence to Selsea Bill. This line, in fact, follows the geological axis of the Palæozoic rocks, which presumably contain iron or magnetic iron ore. A similar magnetic axis has now been found in France, passing by Fecamp, Elbeuf Rambouillet, and Chateau-sur-Loire, which, if prolonged, would touch the English coast near Portsmouth. The rocks of this axis in France are calcareous and cretaceous, but Professor Rucker infers from the magnetic axis that under these sedimentary rocks the Palæozoic axis would be found uniting England to France across the Channel.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

A NEW use has been found for the electric current in purifying the atmosphere of holds of vessels, especially those that pass through the tropics. It is well known that there are sources of disease in the ship itself in the form of decaying vegetable matter, putrid bilge water and badly ventilated cabins, which tend to make the air between decks both objectionable and harmful, and numerous methods have been proposed to overcome the objection, principally by the use of chemical and germ-destroying vapours, but most of these are unsatisfactory. A French chemist has suggested the employment of electrolysis to purify the atmosphere of ships, the apparatus for this purpose consisting of a system of pipes that convey the water that has been acted upon by the electric current to all parts of the vessel, where it is allowed to escape by constant jets into basins, escape pipes, etc.

ONE of the greatest advantages accruing from the higher education of girls lies in the broader and more intelligent views of marriage which they necessarily gain from their studies. With a knowledge of the laws of heredity a woman will hardly run the risk of entailing either physical or moral weakness upon her children by union with a man of doubtful habits, however strong may be her personal feeling for him. It is upon this rock that the happiness of many a home has been wrecked. There is scarcely a community in which one may not witness the pitiful sight of a noble middle aged woman suffering untold agonies, not so much from being linked herself to a man of unworthy character, as in seeing the father's ignoble and vicious traits reproduced, and usually intensified, in the children. Mothers have shrunk from acquainting their daughters with these stern physiological facts, but the girls are learning them for themselves. The higher education also opens new avenues for self-support, so that they need not commit the blunder of marrying merely for the sake of a home.—*Fireside*.

You Take No Risk in buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building-up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

THE most experienced railroad men feel that the possibilities of steam practice are nearly reached—much greater speed is not practicable. A maximum of ninety miles per hour, with a running speed of sixty to seventy, is all that can be hoped for under the very best condition which can be provided. The limitations are numerous and they are well known to all engineers. The maximum speed of which a locomotive is capable has not been materially increased in a number of years. The scheduled time has been shortened principally by cutting down grades, straightening curves, filling up ravines and replacing wooden structures by permanent ones of iron or stone; by the use of heavy rails, safer switches, improved method of signalling, the interlocking switch and signal system, the abolition of grade crossings; in short, by improvements in detail and management which permit a higher speed on a more extended section of road because of greater safety and the greater degree of confidence inspired in the engine-driver.—*The Forum*.

M. SCHERER, a Frenchman, has invented a clever but simple method of electrically doing to death gnats, flies, and similar pests. The only drawback is that he requires an electric battery giving a constant current. But as many hotels, public buildings, and private buildings in warm climates are now lighted by electricity, there can be little difficulty in setting up economical, effective, and perfectly safe death traps for aerial pests. His device is very simple. He takes a candle, lamp or torch and places it within a cage of metallic wire gauze. This metallic gauze is connected with the poles of an electric machine, and duly charged with the electric current. The gnats, mosquitoes, flies and wasps fly to the light, touch the electrified metal, and are instantly killed. There is no possibility of their flying about half dead, and, as in the case with certain traps, conveying poison about the place. During the day the light can be replaced by some bait, raw meat, etc., to which the insect pests fly with alacrity and meet their doom.—*London Globe*.

PROFESSOR BRUYLANTS, of the University of Louvain, is credited with a curious little experiment. He writes a word with a pencil on a sheet of paper, resting on several other sheets, from which he draws one bearing no trace of the pencil marks. On exposing it, however, over a heated capsule containing iodine, for a few minutes, the paper is seen to grow yellowish, and the letters of the word stand out of a violet-brown colour. On moistening the paper the letters appear as violet on a blue ground. M. Leconte, who gives an account of this experiment, says that it will also reveal the words effaced from paper by a correspondent. Professor Bruylants explains it on the ground that paper contains starch, and under the influence of moisture and pressure forms a slight quantity of hydramide, a substance analogous to hydrated starch, which forms at a temperature of 60 degrees C. The iodine colours the starch blue. In writing, the pressure of the pencil forces the water into the fibres of the paper, and a little hydramide is formed, which is coloured by the iodine more deeply than the rest of the paper.

THE peculiar enervating effect of summer weather is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which "makes the weak strong."

A TELEPHONE system for use in large factories has been invented, in which each telephone has its own switchboard, so that any person can communicate with any telephone on the line by simply moving a switch.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I took a severe cold, which settled in my throat and lungs and caused me to entirely lose my voice. For six weeks I suffered great pain. My wife advised me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT and the effect was magical, for after only three doses and an outward application, my voice returned and I was able to speak in the Army that night, a privilege I had been unable to enjoy for six weeks.

Yarmouth.

CHARLES PLUMMER.

THE successful transmission of a powerful current of electricity from Lauffen to Frankfort has revived interest in the suggestion to send a current of equal intensity from Niagara to Chicago.

## Catarrh

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood effects a permanent cure of catarrh by eradicating the impurity which causes and promotes the disease. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength. All who suffer from catarrh or debility should certainly try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### A Perfect Cure

"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the past four years at intervals. I was troubled with catarrh, and the medicine effected a perfect cure. I take it now whenever I feel debilitated, and it always gives me immediate strength, regulates the bowels and gives an excellent appetite."—LEVI CAMPBELL, Parkersburg, W. Va.

N. B.—Be sure to get

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

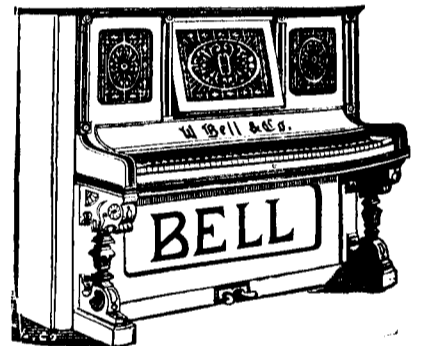
100 Doses One Dollar.

AN electric swing for the World's Fair will carry twenty-four people and swing a distance of 900 feet.

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OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have a wasting away of Flesh—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

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PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.  
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues the test of 40 years, no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeits of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, said to a lady of the *hauilton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Cream as the most east harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also "Poudre" Subtle removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. FERD T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.

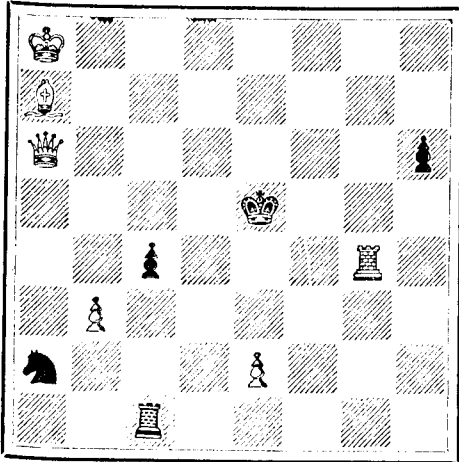
Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 611.

By M. Pradignat.

BLACK.



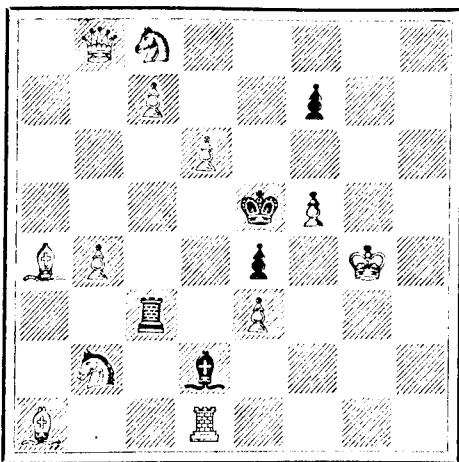
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 612.

By Mrs. W. T. Baird.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 605.

White.

- 1. Q-R6
2. Q-KKt6+
3. P-K4 mate
2. Kt-B5
3. P-K4 mate

Black.

- 1. KxKt
2. K-Q4
if 1. P-B6
2. moves

With other variations.

No. 606.

R-Q5

A BEAUTIFUL GAME PLAYED IN THE RECENT U. S. C. A. TOURNEY BETWEEN J. W. SHOWALTER AND W. H. RIPLEY.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Table of chess moves for Showalter (White) and Ripley (Black) in the Evans Gambit, listing moves 1 through 28.

White announced mate in 4 moves.

NOTES.

(a) It is good play to take the P, but Showalter's idea is to capture it (see move 20) with increased, not retarded impetus to the attack. (b) A first-class continuation. (c) This costs a piece, the 3 Pawns ahead being only a temporary offset. Yet what can Black do, in face of 16, B-B4, Q-Q Kt 3. 17. P-R5? (d) Threatening R x Kt +, with R-K1. (e) Leaving open a mate in 5, not 4 moves, commencing R x Kt +.

AS A PREVENTIVE

For Consumption and Catarrh, which originate in the poison of Scrofula, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The existence of this taint, in the blood, may be detected in children by glandular swellings, sore eyes, sore ears, and other indications, and unless expelled from the system, life-long suffering will be the result.

"My son—now fifteen years of age—was troubled for a long time with catarrh, in its worst form, through the effects of which his blood became poisoned. About a year ago he began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and is now entirely well."

"My husband's mother was cured of scrofulous consumption by six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of catarrh."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures Others, Will Cure You



BANISHES BAD BLOOD.

Bad Blood is responsible for all the Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases, Humors and Disfiguring Rash that are so prevalent, especially in spring. There is a NATURAL FOE TO BAD BLOOD called Burdock Blood Bitters which always conquers, never fails and is recommended by thousands.

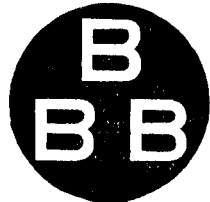
Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Shingles, Tetter, etc., its effects are wonderful.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Two of my children had large sores on their bodies caused by poorness of the blood. They were completely cured by one bottle of B. B. B. Mrs. J. PINEL, London East, Ont.

About a year ago I got a running abscess on my neck which made me very weak. B. B. B. cured it and I am strong again. Mrs. GEO. LEDINGHAM, Montefiore, Man.

A Faithful Friend.



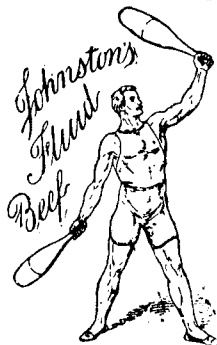
SIRS,—I have great faith in your Burdock Blood Bitters, and can recommend it for most anything. Two years ago I was troubled with an ulcer on my ankle; having used B. B. B. for bad blood I procured a bottle, and a box of Burdock Healing Ointment; after using three bottles and three boxes I was completely cured and can recommend it everywhere. Yours truly, Mrs. WM. V. BOYD, Brantford, Ont.

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London; And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

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ONE POUND of JOHNSTONE'S FLUID BEEF contains as much real nutrition as FOURTEEN AND A QUARTER POUNDS of Prime Beefsteak.

A valuable food for ATHLETES when training.

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For the Cure of all DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, COMPLAINTS PECULIAR TO FEMALES, PAINS IN THE BACK, DRAGGING FEELING, etc., INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, and all derangements of the internal viscera.

DYSPEPSIA.

RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability to contract disease.

PERFECT DIGESTION.

Will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing DYSPEPSIA HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste and decay of the body.

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ST. NICHOLAS

THE CENTURY CO'S MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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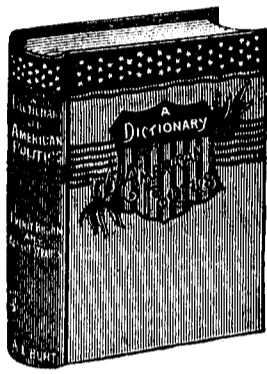


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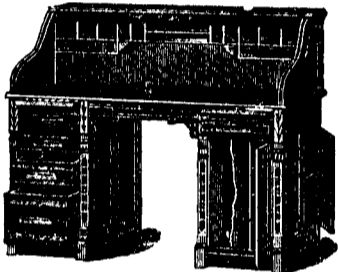


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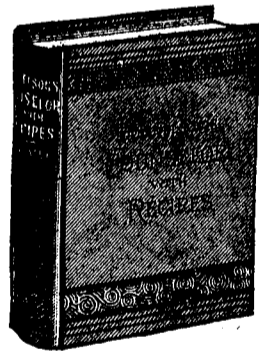
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