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

PROBABLY the most noteworthy fact in connection with the great Conservative banquet at Petrolea was Sir John Thompson's emphatic declaration that the National Policy is still the policy of the Party. This announcement will be a disappointment to many, and to at least a few staunch friends of the Government. At least so we infer from utterances which have been made by prominent Conservatives from time to time, especially since the disappointing results of the census became known. The emphatic re-assertion of the Government's faith in the old policy gave Sir John Thompson a tempting opportunity, of which he did not fail to avail himself, to taunt the Opposition with the vacillation which has marked their course within the last few years in regard to the trade question. But now that public attention, which had been more or less diverted by fanciful schemes of Imperial Federation and Imperial Trade Union, and so forth, is brought back and the virtual leader of the Government tells us that they have nothing better to offer the country than the old protectionism, it becomes important to examine carefully the record on which they rely for experimental proof of the merits of this as the best available policy for Canada. The gist of the evidence, as given by Sir John Thompson, is contained in the statement that in the last ten years the number of people employed in the industries of Canada has been increased by 112,000 persons, and the wages paid to those employed in those industries, by \$10,000,000. Waiving the very important question of what is meant by industries and taking the figures as thus given, we find ourselves shut up to certain inferences which seriously affect the value of the evidence. As the total number of persons now engaged in these industries in Canada is but 367,000, and the total amount of wages paid, \$40,000,000, it appears that the increase in the former during the decade was nearly forty-five per cent., and that in the latter, thirty-three per cent. The ratio of increase in the number of employees being much greater than that in the amount of wages paid, it would seem to follow that the rate of wages per employee must have been seriously reduced. As this will hardly be admitted, and is not, we think, the fact, there is evidently something wrong with the statistics. Again, Sir John appealed to his audience to judge whether if the National Policy were abandoned, the great body of these 367,000 employees would not have to seek employment in the United States. Well, no, not the great body of

them, but only the 112,000 for whom the National Policy claims credit, and those only on the two very large assumptions that these industries would, without exception, cease on the reduction or discontinuance of the protective tariff, and that no other industry or employment could be found to take their place. But where did these 112,000 persons come from? Were they brought into the country by the N. P. to engage in new industries? The census gives an emphatic and crushing answer in the negative, unless others were driven out of it to make room for them. The sum of this staple argument, then, seems to be that if and in so far as the policy of protection was the means of creating or fostering the industries which give employment to these people, it merely transferred them from some other employment, presumably farming, a transfer which many regard as of very dubious value.

SOME of the statements which the Finance Minister was enabled to make at Petrolea were decidedly reassuring. Such is the fact that the exports of Canada have increased from \$89,000,000 in 1890, to \$114,000,000 in 1892, and the companion fact that the value of imports last year was \$127,500,000, though the balance-of-trade theorists may not be pleased with the decided preponderance of the latter figures. It is also extremely satisfactory to learn that the debt has not increased during the last three years. The striking off of \$3,500,000 of taxation, in the shape of sugar duties, is undoubtedly a great relief to the country, but Mr. Foster must credit his hearers with amazingly short memories when he seeks to exalt the Government as the beneficent author of this deliverance. Does he suppose that there is an intelligent man, of those who heard or read his speech, who does not know that the Government consented with great reluctance to grant this relief, and granted it simply because they were in a manner forced to do so by the action of the United States? They knew well that with cheap sugar on the other side of the border it would never do to attempt to keep up the tariff on this side, unless they were prepared to transform all the militia of the country into customs officers, and set them to guard the frontier, and at the same time face a great increase of popular discontent as the result of the startling object-lesson on the beauties of high taxation, which the people would have had constantly before their eyes. It is rather to the lasting discredit of the Government that they have, in the interest of a few wealthy refiners, persistently refused to give the people the full benefit of the remission of the sugar tax, just as, in order to put money into the pockets of a few proprietors in the neighbourhood in which the demonstration was held, they are compelling the people of Canada to pay millions of dollars for illuminating oil, over and above its true value as determined by the laws of supply and demand.

THE one clear note which rang through the addresses of all the Ministers who spoke at Petrolea was that Canada is at the present moment a happy and prosperous country, and that all those who cannot see this to be the case must be either imbeciles or ingrates. That there are a good many prosperous and contented people in the country may be cheerfully conceded. That the amount of suffering from want of the necessaries of life amongst us is small compared with that unhappily existing in most older countries we must also gratefully acknowledge. But when we speak of the prosperity of a country what should be our standard? What test can we apply? Can it be reasonably or truthfully said that any young country, with vast and fertile regions almost unoccupied and immense resources undeveloped, is prospering when its increase of population falls below the average of natural growth, and when its own citizens, especially the young and vigorous, are emigrating by hundreds of thousands? If so, then may Canada be said to be prosperous. This brings us to the old question of the unceasing, debilitating exodus. The Minister of Finance waxed eloquent upon the happy homes of Canada, but the fact is that the happiness of tens of thousands of homes is seriously marred by the unoccupied places which suggest the absent members, who have been forced to seek opportunities to earn their bread in a foreign land. Surely this question, how to keep our people in the

country, is the most pressing question in Canadian politics to-day. Yet all the comfort our Ministers have to give us in regard to it is that contained in Sir John Thompson's assertion that "the Government cannot control movements of population in a country." Is that so? What does control these movements? Every one knows that they are governed almost entirely by material considerations. Our people cross the border because they can, or believe that they can, better their circumstances in respect to the securing of a livelihood, or a competence. Most of them would prefer to remain in Canada, and would do so but for this one consideration. No one can deny that it is a perfectly legitimate consideration. The plain inference, then, is that if the Government can equalize the conditions either by reducing the taxes and the cost of living in other respects, or by increasing the demand and the remuneration for the various kinds of labour, physical and mental, it can control the movements of the population. Has the Government given up all hope of being able to secure admission to wider and more accessible markets for our various products of the farm, the forest, the mine and the sea? If that is Sir John's meaning, his confession of inability is a note of despair, so far as any rapid increase of the country's population and the development of its resources are concerned.

SOME of the Ministers at the Petrolea banquet were emphatic in protesting that Canada has done no wrong in the matter of the canal tolls, that the discrimination in favour of Canadian ports is no violation of the Treaty, and that any concessions which the Government proposed to make were simply from good-will and for the sake of conciliation. To this we can fancy the Washington Secretary making the easy reply that in that case the United States have done no wrong in adopting essentially the same policy and making a similar discrimination in favour of American ports, and that, therefore, Canada has really nothing to complain of. We confess that, so far as we can see, the rejoinder would be unanswerable. A Canadian or an Englishman might, however, go further and say that to yield a right under threat to an exacting neighbour is the very worst way in which to seek peace or conciliation. But our attention is now called to an argument of quite a different kind. By way of preface we may say that some of our friends have more than once dissented from the views of THE WEEK in this matter. They seem to think that we are playing the role of a certain writer of whom his friends used to say that in trying to stand erect in controversy he always "leaned the other way." In this matter we almost wish we could plead guilty to the charge or accept the compliment, whichever it may be, for we would most gladly lay all the blame at the door of our ever sharp neighbours if we could. But to the argument, which, we are told, puts the question fairly. It is summed up in a brief article in the *Montreal Witness*. To guard against possible misconstruction, we quote it entire:—

The only part of Mr. Foster's reply we take exception to is that in which he charges that in discriminating against American routes on her canals Canada violates the Washington treaty. It cannot be too often insisted upon that Canada does nothing of the kind. The Washington treaty is between the Government of Great Britain and the Government of the United States, and Canada had no more and no less to do with it than any one of the States of the Union separately, such as New York. The British Government could not agree to give the use of Canada's canals to United States citizens any more than could the United States agree to give the use of the States canals to Canada. The United States Government did agree, however, to advise the State of New York and other states to allow Canadian citizens the use of their state canals on the same terms as American citizens, and the British Government agreed in return to advise Canada to grant the use of her canals to the citizens of the United States on the same terms as Canadians. Canada complied with the request of Great Britain and opened her canals to American citizens by statute, but not as a provision of a treaty. The United States Government never recommended the States to open their canals to Canadians and the States never did so, and they are closed against Canadians to this day, though Americans have all along been using the Canadian canals. The United States did by treaty bind themselves to open the national canals, which are the property of the Federal

Government, to the Canadian citizens, on the same terms as to her own citizens, and in exchange for this Great Britain gave the use of St. Lawrence River and other valuable concessions. But the American Government, for its own purposes, compares the privileges granted by treaty on the national canals with the privileges only recommended to be granted by treaty, and in order to compel Canada to grant the privileges recommended she withdraws the privileges actually conveyed by her Government by the treaty. The United States breaks the treaty in withdrawing the privileges granted on the Sault canal, for which they received *quid pro quo* by the treaty, while Canada disregards a statute law, not a treaty, in withholding privileges, the *quid pro quo* for which were never given by the United States. That is the difference between Canada's position and the position of the United States, and it is a great one.

WE mean a sincere compliment to the *Witness* when we say that such a plea in its columns surprises us. Let us study it for a moment. In the first place, it seems to imply that had the Treaty been between the United States and Canada, the discrimination *would* have been a violation of it on our part. That traverses the Government's position. Again, is it true that "Canada had no more and no less to do with the Treaty than any one of the States separately?" Did New York, or any other State, have a special representative on the board of diplomats who framed it? Can it be denied that the Treaty was framed, so far as Great Britain was concerned, solely in the interests of Canada? Did not the participation of Canada's Premier in the preparation of the Treaty, and its subsequent ratification by the Dominion Parliament, to all intents and purposes bind Canada to its observance? Again. Is not the *Witness* astray in saying that "the United States Government never recommended the States to open their canals to Canadians and the States never did so"? Did not President Grant specially request the State of New York to open its canals to Canadians, and did not the State, so far as she is concerned, do so? Once more. Is it not the fact that what prevents Canadian vessels from using the canals of New York State is not any refusal or objection on the part of the State, but the customs law or regulation of the Washington Government, which compels the foreign vessel entering any canal to discharge cargo at the first American port of entry? If the *Witness* is disposed to blame the United States Government for having thus, by the enforcement of a customs regulation, rendered the Treaty utterly worthless to Canadians so far as the State canals are concerned, so are we, in the strongest terms at our command. If the fact be as we have intimated, and as we have always understood and still believe it to be, it would be hard to conceive of a more unfair, not to say contemptible, evasion of the spirit of a solemn compact. We do not believe in the principle of retaliation, else we should be disposed to ask why did not our Government enact and enforce a similar law in respect to our canals. This would have rendered them useless to Americans, and would have been a genuine "tit for tat." Even that would have been far less unworthy of our country, it seems to us, than either to attempt to justify ourselves in an unfair discrimination at the expense of Great Britain, who made the best treaty she could in our interests and trusted us to carry it out, or to take refuge behind the technical plea, which looks suspiciously like a subterfuge, that the discrimination complained of disregards only a Canadian statute, not a British treaty. Finally, how can it be said that the United States received, in return for giving Canadians the use of her national canals, a "*quid pro quo*" by the Treaty, when, according to the argument, Great Britain, having no canal of her own, could not possibly guarantee anything in return by Treaty, but could only undertake to recommend Canada to open her canals by a statute, which she might afterwards deem honoured in the breach? Has not Canada the same right of control of the St. Lawrence which she has of other portions of Canadian territory? And if not, of what value would the right to navigate the St. Lawrence be, without the St. Lawrence Canals?

TERRIBLE are the penalties of violated sanitary laws, as St. Petersburg, Hamburg, and other European cities now suffering from the Cholera scourge, are learning. That the innocent are involved with the guilty in the direful suffering but adds to the horrors of such a visitation. There can be little doubt, we suppose, that Russia, *i.e.*, the Russian Government, is to a large extent responsible, not only for the suffering and death of thousands of her own citizens, but for those of the people of Hamburg and other cities which mercifully afforded a refuge to the

wretched victims of Russian intolerance and cruelty. The uncleanly and in other respects unsanitary modes of life which may have comparative impunity so long as those using them are scattered over rural districts, become swift messengers of misery and death when these are crowded together for a little in the dens and alleys of the worst locality of some great city. The spectacle now presented of almost every city and country on the sea-coast of Europe and America engaged in a desperate struggle to ward off the disease from their citizens, is one which, whether completely successful or not, should not soon be forgotten. The need for vigilance will not be past when the coming frosts shall have removed the immediate cause of dread. With the coming of spring the danger will be probably even greater than now, for two causes. In the first place, the disease germs will have the whole summer season in which to develop, and in the second place there will be great danger that the authorities, national or civic, may in some places relax their vigilance, and involve the whole country in a common calamity. Nothing more strikingly illustrates the alarming extent to which, in these days of abounding travel and commercial intercourse, the well-being of every place and race is becoming involved in and identified with that of every other. The result must inevitably be that in the future each nation cannot be left free as in the past to manage its own peoples and institutions and work out its own destiny without interference by others. If, for instance, it be universally believed that Russia by her unfeeling banishment of her Jewish subjects has scattered disease and death broadcast over Europe and America, a very serious question will arise, or ought to arise, as to the extent to which the other great nations can, in self-defence, permit her to continue such a policy in the future. Must not the time be near when the great Powers will have to establish a system of mutual surveillance, so far at least as sanitary matters are concerned. The day for an international health bureau cannot be far off.

WHERE is the English-speaking man or woman whose heart has not at some time responded to the pure and elevating sentiments embodied in the simple verses of the Quaker poet of America, and who has not been thereby consciously made better, at least for the moment? To all such the news that the venerable poet had at last crossed the river, on whose brink he had been so long waiting with the patience of resignation and hope, brought sadness without shock. Though he might not aspire to a place among the select few in the very highest places, Whittier was a true poet, and his history affords yet another illustration of the truth which much quotation has made so familiar in the Horatian epigram, that the poet is born, not made. Few situations less adapted, apparently, for the cultivation of the poetic faculty than those in which he passed his childhood and youth, can be imagined. The hill in the rear of his father's farm-house in Massachusetts, and the mountain peaks visible in the distance from its summit, may have rendered the locality to some extent a "fit nurse for a poetic child," but there must have been very little in the environment of a laborious life on a debt-cumbered farm, in a neighbourhood where the only educational facilities were those afforded by a district school kept open for but three months of the twelve, either to stimulate the imagination or to develop the poetic taste and temperament. The naive statement in the brief sketch of his life written by the poet himself, to the effect that he "now and then heard of a book of biography, or travel, and walked miles to borrow it," reveals very suggestively the peculiar stuff of which the young farm lad was made. Whittier's Quaker training, his innate love of peace, and his modest shrinking from publicity, do not suggest the type of man from which sturdy social reformers and champions of the oppressed usually come. They serve in this case rather as foils to set forth more strikingly the intensity of the love of freedom and sympathy with suffering which gave him so prominent a place among the heroes of abolition. There was something very suggestive in the retort which a young soldier is said to have once made in reply to a companion who taunted him with being afraid, as they were about to join in an assault: "If," said he, "you were half as much afraid as I am, you would run away." On the same principle we can readily believe that it must have required an unusually strong impulse, whether from sympathy or conviction of duty, to nerve one of Whittier's temperament to brave the angry and cruel mobs which more than once threatened to wreak their vengeance upon him for his abolition poems and sentiments. All this relates mainly to the man. This is not the place in

which to attempt to determine his place as a poet. Whether posterity shall assign him a niche among the immortals or not, he will live long in the hearts of all those who love the true, the beautiful and the good, embodied in simple and graceful verse.

BROWNING has, we fear, much to answer for, though dead. What spirit of mysticism, if not his, is entering into some of our most promising young poets, and converting their effusions into metrical rhapsodies, which poets and other men of genius alone can understand? Surely there must be some of our readers to whom we may appeal for sympathy. In common with other loyal Canadians we have felt and still feel a legitimate pride in the success with which so many of our gifted young men and women have courted the muses during the last few years. We like to take up a leading American journal or magazine and find the place of honour in the Poet's Corner assigned to one or another of our young Canadian bards. But of late our pleasure is sometimes sadly marred by a consciousness of sheer inability to accompany the songsters, or even to keep within measurable distance of them, in their adventurous flights. Yes, the fault, or rather the misfortune, is our own; of course it is. We are not denying that. The poet has done his part when he has written the poem. He cannot be expected to furnish either the brains or the keen poetic insight which are needful to the appreciation of his loftier effusions. His eye, in its fine frenzy rolling, must be expected to descry many beautiful things in heaven and earth and in the mind of man which are hidden from the uninspired, and cannot be revealed to them. But while this may be true of poetry on what may be called its mystic side, are we altogether presumptuous in expecting to find in it also an intellectual side, from which it may be studied and in a measure understood, even by the common-place, matter-of-fact mortal who may be willing to give it a fair amount of patient study? Or are these modern priests of the Muses constrained, while filled with the divine afflatus, to "hate and keep at a distance the uninitiated crowd," and commissioned to speak things beyond the capacity of all but the favoured few? Such questions as these have been again and again forced upon us of late as we have wrestled with the beautiful words of some fugitive poem or sonnet, in a vain effort to form some clear conception of the meaning. The confession may not exalt us, but we confess to a hope that some at least of our readers have had similar experiences, for if they have not we are, in the expressive slang of the day, "giving ourselves away" in a most childlike fashion. Perhaps we cannot better test the question than by quoting almost at random—there are nine in the same style—a couple of stanzas from a poem by Bliss Carman, who, as every reader knows, has written many admirable things, which appears in the *New York Independent*, of the 1st inst. Our previous chagrin and despondency culminated, we frankly confess, in utter despair, after we had struggled a little while with these and connected stanzas. *What do the italicised words and phrases mean?*

MARJORY DARROW.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

Marjory Darrow was twenty year,
With the perfect cheek of cream and tan,
With the earth-brown eyes and the corn-gold hair,
When the thrushes' song began.

*Clear, clear,
Dawn in the dew.
Dawn in the silver dew!
Reap, reap,
Gold in the dawn,
Clear. . . .*

Marjory Darrow's brows were cool.
While the blue martins preened and purred
About their doorways in the sun,
She mused upon the world.

*Sphere, sphere,
Sphere of the dawn,
Sphere of the dawn in the dew,
Leap, leap!
Fold in the dew, sphere,
Spherical, sphere!*

A NUMBER of influential journals in the United States are advocating "compulsory arbitration" as a means of securing the prompt settlement of the perpetually recurring labour strikes, and thus preventing the disastrous interruptions of travel and business traffic, and the serious danger to life and property, involved in prolonged contests between employers and employed. To this pro-

posal the *Independent* objects that the term "compulsory arbitration" is self-contradictory, since arbitration that was compulsory would not be arbitration at all. The point is, in a sense, well taken, but it is merely a verbal criticism and proves nothing in respect to the thing itself, except that it may perhaps have been introduced by the wrong name. Why not call it at once a court for the settlement of labour disputes? The virtue of the proposal is in the means it would afford for the speedy settlement, on a basis of equity, of disputes which might otherwise be indefinitely prolonged to the great injury of the public. The *Independent* thinks that such a procedure would be an invasion of the rights of both employer and employee. But surely the public, e.g., the travelling community and those whose commercial interests are damaged or jeopardized in the case of railway strikes, have rights which are also invaded, and which have valid claims on the State for protection. It may be said that this protection is afforded when, as in the recent Buffalo affair, the State forces are used to preserve the peace and protect the property of corporations from violence. But from the point of view of the strikers the act of the State in this respect is akin that of the onlookers who enforce the rules of the ring in a contest between antagonists who are unequally matched. It has nothing to do with the equity of the case, but virtually enables the tyrant who has strength on his side to enforce the tyranny against which the weaker is revolting. There are clearly weak points on the analogy, but it has also an element of vital truth.

DESPERATE efforts are being made by interested parties in the United States to defeat Senator Washburn's Anti-Option Bill. Failing to find a sufficiently weak place for a direct assault, the enemies of the measure are, either ignorantly or purposely, misrepresenting its character and effect. In a recent reply to Hon. Seth W. Cobb, one of the most vigorous of these opponents, Senator Washburn complains bitterly of these misrepresentations, as will be seen by the following vigorous extract:—

You do not state to the readers of the Republic that there is not a provision or a word in the so-called Washburn-Hatch Bill that by any possible implication or construction can interfere with legitimate or honest trade in the articles embraced in section three of that Bill. You do not state that there is nothing to prevent anyone owning property from selling the same for future delivery, and the one so purchasing to sell the property indefinitely until the time of such delivery shall arrive. Neither do you state that this Bill is aimed only at transactions where there is no purpose of selling or buying actual property, and where no actual delivery of property is contemplated by either seller or buyer, but which, in plain English, are simply gambling transactions. On the contrary, you seek to carry the impression that this measure is a blow at legitimate trading and commerce, and that this legislation is in the interest of some great milling syndicate, and in attempting to do so you make statements very wide of the truth.

This extract indicates pretty clearly the real character and purpose of the Bill. It can hardly be denied that these are legitimate and in the interests of business morality. Further on the Senator suggests a comparison between the operations which are to be forbidden by his Bill and those of the notorious Louisiana lottery. The comparison seems perfectly just, for it is demonstrable that the practices which this Bill is designed to forbid are gambling transactions pure and simple. With reference to the extent of the loss and damage inflicted, he says:—

In my judgment the great wheat-growing States of North and South Dakota and Minnesota lost on the crop of 1891 not less than \$20,000,000 on account of the manipulations and artificial making of prices on the Chicago Board of Trade during that period. No time during the last eight or ten months have prices been made near the point of consumption, neither at Mark Lane, London, Liverpool, Paris, Antwerp nor Amsterdam, but have been arbitrarily and artificially made, and to great extent by one man on the Chicago Board of Trade.

Most of the journals of the better class are in favour of the Bill. If passed and enforced, it will put an end to a most corrupt and corrupting practice, and one which is responsible for the ruin of thousands of clever and promising young men, as well as for the loss of millions of money by farmers.

WERE it not that, unhappily, the country has Sir John Abbott's own statement in regard to the serious state of his health, we might safely set down the current rumours to the credit of the idle season and the exigencies of the political correspondents. As it is, we are forced to believe that he has virtually resigned the pre-

miership, and would gladly have done so formally but for the urgent requests of his colleagues. Acting, no doubt, on Lincoln's shrewd principle that it is never safe to "swap horses while crossing a stream," the Ministers have, it is believed, persuaded him to withhold his resignation for a time, and to try the effect of a trip to England. All will join in the wish and hope that his health may be benefited by the change, but it is almost too much to expect that, at his time of life, and in view of the peculiar symptoms which he himself describes so frankly, he will ever again feel equal to the heavy responsibility of the premiership. Under the circumstances, with the Manitoba school question lowering on the political horizon, it is easy to understand why the Government and Party should shrink from a change at the present moment. In view of his peculiar relations to this question, the accession of Sir John Thompson, Sir John Abbott's only possible successor, would place both the former and the Government in a very awkward, not to say critical, position. At the same time it is a fit question for discussion whether it is fair, either to himself or to the country to constrain the present premier to retain a position whose duties he is no longer able to discharge, thus holding him responsible for a course of action which he can have no hand in shaping and which he might not, under other circumstances, approve.

ERASTUS WIMAN ON INTEREST AND LOYALTY IN CANADA.

I HAVE read with much interest and attention in THE WEEK of 9th inst. the article on the above subject, contributed by Mr. Erastus Wiman to the *Contemporary Review*. The greatest difficulty with which Canada has to contend in its negotiations with the United States for the adoption of some joint legislation or treaty tending to a liberal and equitable commercial policy between the two countries, is the almost universal indifference prevailing in the United States on this question. Free and frequent discussion ought to lead to a better understanding; hence, it is very gratifying to find a gentleman of Mr. Wiman's position and influence taking an active and prominent part in this discussion. However, we may differ with him as to the merits of the policy which he advocates, or however strongly we may dispute its fairness or adaptability to the present position of the Dominion, it must in all honesty be admitted that the tone of all his writings and speeches and the time which he devotes to the consideration of Canadian questions afford unquestionable evidence of sincere affection for the land of his birth, and a warm interest in its prosperity.

Many of the premises upon which Mr. Wiman bases his arguments and conclusions are manifestly incorrect; and, considering his extensive business experience and acknowledged financial ability, it is to be inferred that not having had the leisure to make a thorough personal investigation of the commercial statistics of the two countries, he has relied upon information incorrectly compiled by others from the defective reports of the United States Bureau of Statistics. A glaring evidence of this is found in the fact that all Mr. Wiman's arguments are based on the unwarranted assumption that the large, and, as he frequently terms it, the "natural" market of 65,000,000 people is and must be of much greater value to the country of 5,000,000 people than the market of the latter is to the former. This assumption is all the more dangerous because it looks reasonable. It is, however, in direct variance with hard facts. For a long number of years Canada has been purchasing from the United States much more largely than it has been selling; during the two years, 1889-90 and 1890-91, its excess of purchases over sales amounted to over \$40,000,000, the purchases being about fifty per cent. more than the sales.

Mr. Wiman's position and arguments, with respect to the question of preferential trade between Great Britain and her colonies, are singularly inconsistent with his persistent advocacy of Commercial Union. In the former case, he asserts that further agitation in this direction is useless, because at the Commercial Convention lately held in London, the motion in favour of a preferential policy was voted down by a majority of two to one. He says that the result of the conference was "to reveal the widest divergence of opinion on questions of trade policy between the two greatest colonies, Australia and Canada, while among the British delegates there was a division of opinion almost as marked." Mr. Wiman appears to accept the result of the vote as conclusive. Many of the delegates who are favourable to proposed policy, consider the result as very favourable under the circumstances, and feel sanguine as to future success. If this adverse vote of two to one shall be considered so decisive as to render useless any further agitation of preferential policy, why should Mr. Wiman persist in the agitation in favour of Commercial Union in the face of a majority of two to one in the House of Commons and the almost unanimous opposition of the Senate at Ottawa? It is to be noted that Mr. Wiman bears willing testimony to the strong mutual attachment between Great Britain and her colonies, which he says is an evidence of the highest character to the wisdom and

success with which the Government of the British Empire is administered.

Mr. Wiman asserts that Canada is called upon to make "tremendous sacrifices" in order to maintain the line of demarcation which completely cuts her off from the great growth in the other half of the continent. He says, that it is "isolated by its British connection from the southern half of the continent, wherein a material wealth has been created, at which all the world wonders"; that she is compelled to confine her trade to the products of narrow latitudes everywhere the same, or with Great Britain, 3,000 miles away; while, "within actual sight a commerce exists, the greatest on earth, in which she has neither part nor lot." "The material advantage to Canada from an obliteration of the barrier between herself and the nation of forty nations directly alongside, and the resulting development which within her borders would equal that which has already taken place within the southern half of the continent, is the *measure of the sacrifice that Canada makes to maintain her connection with Great Britain.*" He says that the "natural market" for the farmers, fishermen, lumbermen, miners and shippers of Canada is in the United States. The remedy suggested by Mr. Wiman is, "when Canada is ready to accept an offer of a market with 65,000,000 in exchange for a market of 5,000,000, a business arrangement can be made between the countries that will completely prevent a desire for a change in the political condition." "When all the material advantages possible to political union are secured by the simpler and earlier *Commercial Union*, what is immediately possible, Canada will be secure for all time to Great Britain." The italics are the writer's.

I think that the above extracts from Mr. Wiman's article fairly represent the sacrifices which he alleges Canada is compelled to make under its present position, and the advantages which he thinks would arise from Commercial Union. Now, Mr. Wiman knows perfectly well that Canada is under no compulsion as to its fiscal policy, which is discussed and settled in accordance with the views of the majority of its own Parliament as to Canada's own interests. That these interests would be promoted by a more liberal interchange of products with the United States is admitted by all parties; the sentiment of the Government and people is strongly in favour of an equitable adjustment of the customs tariffs between the two countries, and of the total repeal of many of the existing duties; the Dominion Government has made repeated overtures to the Administration at Washington for a liberal and fair adjustment of the commercial policy between the two countries. All of these overtures have been rejected, or met by a proposal so utterly unjust and unfair towards Canada, that it would involve infinitely more sacrifice than benefit to the Dominion. This proposition is the policy of "Commercial Union" which Mr. Wiman considers calculated to confer such material advantages upon Canada.

The returns of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington conclusively establish the following facts: That during the last ten years Canada has in every year purchased from the United States a very much larger amount of merchandise than the United States has purchased from Canada, and that this excess of purchases during the ten years has amounted to fully \$125,000,000. That in raw products of the farm, the forest, the mines and the fisheries, the interchange has been slightly in favour of Canada; but the interchange in manufactured goods has been immensely in favour of the United States. During the two years, 1889-90 and 1890-91, the balance in favour of the United States in this class of goods was over \$42,000,000. The exports of manufactured goods to Canada form one-seventh part of their entire exports of such merchandise to all foreign countries. That the proportion of all kinds of merchandise admitted into Canada, free of duty, is much larger than the proportion admitted into the United States from Canada, on same terms. That even prior to the passage of the McKinley Bill, the average rates of customs' duties levied upon imports was very much lower than the average rates levied in the United States; and this disparity has been largely increased by that Bill. All these considerations appear to be disregarded by the administration at Washington. Is it possible that a gentleman, of the business ability and experience of Mr. Wiman, can have overlooked such facts, or does he wilfully ignore them? Canada would profit undoubtedly under free trade, by the increased sale in the United States of barley, eggs, horses, cattle, sheep, wool, beans and peas, hay, potatoes, etc. But would not the United States profit somewhat by increased sales of corn, canned meats, hog products, fruits, seeds, nursery stock, etc.? Under an amicable adjustment of the commercial policy, the United States would not only retain but might very largely increase its present trade with Canada in manufactured goods, which is much more valuable than the sale of a like quantity of raw products. There are a number of articles now imported by the one country from the other, because they cannot be obtained to the same advantage from any other source, such as cotton, tobacco, coal, lumber, fish, etc. Except for revenue purposes, no duty should in any case be levied upon these, as, evidently, the consumer would pay the duty. If the facts as above stated, taken from the returns of the Bureau at Washington are correct, and of this I have no doubt, and if it is desirable that the trade between the two countries should be extended by a more liberal joint policy, the question arises, whether the position and propositions of the Dominion Government or those of the administration

at Washington are correct, and justified by a fair and impartial consideration of all the surroundings. The idea that either of them is of vital importance to the prosperity of Canada, as appears to be the understanding of Congress and Mr. Wiman, may as well be abandoned. Canada is progressing very favourably, and can do without the trade of the United States as well as the United States can do without the trade of Canada. The great majority of the Canadian people consider that under the proposals of this Government for limited reciprocity, Canada is offering to the United States more than ample equivalents as to merchandise, transportation, canals, fisheries, etc., for all that it asks from them. Canada is not conscious of suffering the great sacrifices which Mr. Wiman appears to think it is struggling under from its connection with Great Britain or its isolation from the United States. Canada does not believe in the ultra-protective principle which is governing there, under which every article of foreign produce must be excluded that can be possibly produced or made in the importing country. It believes in a moderate and judicious protection of such industries as are likely to create new fields of labour at a cost commensurate to the advantage derived from that labour. Talking of sacrifices, Canada does know that the adoption of the policy of commercial union would necessarily involve most costly sacrifices; the sacrifice of a very large proportion of our revenue; the sacrifice of our fiscal independence; the sacrifice of our present freedom to import from every country in the world, subject to our own tariff, all the merchandise we require for our household and industrial necessities.

Mr. Wiman treats of the aversion felt in Canada to the proposed policy of discrimination against British manufacturers as a mere matter of sentiment arising from our connection with and our attachment to the Mother Country. This is all wrong, the main cause of the aversion to discrimination is the very common-sense view of the question, that under commercial union we are asked to deprive ourselves of buying, as we now do, from fifty to sixty million dollars worth of merchandise from countries outside of the United States; whereas, under commercial union, we would be required to purchase the greater part of these goods at such prices as United States manufacturers might demand. Further, Canada cannot be induced to adopt a discriminating policy against any other foreign country which will admit its products, free of duty, or at reasonable rates.

All the talk about the 65,000,000 people market and the "natural" market is wind and nothing else, in view of the incontrovertible fact that the 5,000,000 people of Canada purchase from the 65,000,000 about fifty per cent. more merchandise than they sell to them. As stated in the early part of this letter, Mr. Wiman trusts too much to general principles and arrives at conclusions completely at variance with the facts.

To the same extent that it is true that the natural market for Canada to sell in is the United States, it must be equally true that the natural market for the United States to buy in is Canada. Both countries should be equally willing to encourage this natural trade.

Mr. Wiman points rather disparagingly of the commercial position of Canada in comparison with that of the United States. The foreign commerce of a country is generally regarded as a test of its position. The Bureau of Statistics at Washington, in its Statistical Abstract for 1891 (page 55), reports the foreign trade of the United States, for year ending June 30, 1891:—

Exports, domestic and foreign...	\$884,480,810
Imports.....	844,916,196
Total exports and imports...	\$1,729,397,006

The Trade and Navigation Returns of Canada, for same year, show:—

Exports.....	\$98,417,296
Imports.....	119,967,638
Total exports and imports.....	\$218,384,934

Another comparison may be instituted. The Statistical Abstract of the United States for 1891 (page 31), in a table showing the resources of the National Banks, gives the following figures:—

Capital stock, 25th Sept., 1891..	\$677,400,000
Surplus fund, " " " " " "	227,600,000
Undivided profits, " " " " " "	103,300,000
	\$1,008,300,000

The *Monetary Times*, Toronto, 9th September instant, gives the following figures for Canadian Banks:—

Capital paid up, 31st May, 1892....	\$61,554,098
Reserve, " " " " " " " "	24,599,046
	\$86,153,144

In both of these respects Canada, with its population of say 5,000,000, compares favourably with its southern neighbour with a population of nearly 65,000,000.

The foreign trade of the United States (population 65,000,000) per cap..... \$26 60
The foreign trade of Canada (population 5,000,000) per cap.... 43 68

Mr. Wiman further says: "Another evidence that the contest in Canada between sentiment and interest has already begun is found in the exodus of her people to the United States. This exodus includes one or more representatives from almost every family in the Dominion, and implies a proportionate personal annexation to the United States of male adults to which there is no parallel, except that which depopulated portions of Ireland in her worst days." This is a rather exaggerated view of the situation, but it would be foolish for Canada to shut its eyes to the fact that its increase in population during the last

ten years has been very unsatisfactory. What are the causes which have led to this exodus, and what are the attractions in the United States which have directed the exodus to that country? The principal occupation in both countries is agriculture. It cannot be contended with any authority, that the agricultural interests of the United States are in a more prosperous or flourishing condition than in Canada. A few of those who have left Canada during the last ten years may have been attracted by the free grants of land in the north-west States, but this will only cover a very small portion of the exodus. The agricultural productions of Canada have largely increased in volume during ten years, but owing to the rapid increase in the use of agricultural implements, the manual labour has been greatly reduced, and the number of people employed on the farm is necessarily much smaller. The profits in farming and the future prospects of success in that occupation are not so favourable as to induce the farmer's sons of the present day of superior education to take up the bush farms of the Dominion and undertake the arduous labour of clearing and improving. Many of them have a natural aptitude for mechanical or mercantile pursuits, and their inclinations lead them in this direction. They find that nearly all of the positions which they would like to obtain in Canada are already filled, but that in the United States, owing to its vast diversity of industries, there is an opening for them. Very naturally they go there to look for the employment they cannot find here. The source of attraction is *diversity of employment*. The remedy for the exodus from Canada is *diversity of employment here*. The wretched cant about cheap living, tribute to bloated manufacturers and monopolists, large national debt and heavy taxation, serves no good purpose. If the whole of the taxes levied upon imported goods were remitted, the cost of the necessities of life would not be reduced to any appreciable extent, and most assuredly not to the extent to induce the intending emigrant to remain where there was no employment of the kind he was desirous to obtain. How, then, are we to stop this exodus and create the employment sought after by our young men? Is it by adopting the policy of our southern neighbours, by which they are constantly adding to their population, by the extension of existing and the establishment of new industries, by means of protection against the outside competition of the lesser wages of Europe; or, as proposed by Mr. Wiman, throwing upon our markets and exposing our manufacturers to the fierce competition of immense capital and long experience? The universal testimony of the United States is to the effect that nearly every branch of manufacturing there is in a congested state of over-production, and that foreign markets have become for them a necessity. Mr. Wiman, in most of his writings on this subject, contends that under free trade in manufactured goods, American capital, mechanics and their train of attendants would pour into Canada in a flood, and inaugurate a long season of great prosperity. Is there not something in all these fine predictions of the relation of the spider to the fly? Is it not more reasonable to expect that American capitalists would utilize their present establishments and their staff of employees in extending their present output, than that they would erect new establishments in Canada, not only to supply the requirements of the new field of occupation, but to enter into competition in their own overcrowded markets? That the great want of Canada is population is a truism admitted by all; that it is not succeeding very well in this respect is equally true; that the establishment of new industries is essential to success must be apparent to all. Canada has the command of resources equal, if not superior, to those of any country in the world; it has a population of rare vigour and intelligence. Its greatest drawback is the lack of fixed and reliable ideas as to its commercial policy, leading to such apprehension of violent changes as deters capital and enterprise from embarking in necessary undertakings. It is a National, not an American or Continental policy that is required. Its present so-called "National Policy" is sadly in need of amendments and extensions. The Government of the Dominion has an overwhelming majority at its back. Let it without further delay proceed fearlessly with the lopping and pruning of decayed or useless branches, and the planting of young trees and shrubs, and our condition will soon be much healthier.

ROBERT H. LAWDER.

"APPLICATION, study, and thought." Could there be a simpler or more adequate statement of the conditions out of which the greatest works of literature issue? The lyric, which is the expression of a detached experience, of a single emotion, of a sudden impulse of the imagination, is, in a measure, independent of this fostering of meditation and knowledge. But the epic, of which a race is often the real poet—a race trained and enriched by many-sided contact with life, by wide and deep experience; the drama, with its large movement and its constant interpretation of profound ideas; history, biography, criticism, the essay—all these larger forms of literature, in which the deepest life flows, and in which the soul of the race abides, are conditioned upon application, study, and thought. Behind the great national epics, what a multitude of toiling, enduring, experiencing persons! Behind the tragedies of Shakespeare, what stirring of the depths, what meditation, what culture of the most vital sort! Behind "Faust" what varied knowledge, what amplitude of observation and reflection!—*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued).

THE lawyer explained the circumstances, the excavation, the money, the assault, to his deliverers; but the resurrection of the Grinstun man was a mystery which he could not explain. Without being told, Timotheus, whose arrival had been so opportune, ran all the way to Richards, and brought from thence the waggon, along with Harry Richards, who volunteered to accompany him, and Mr. Errol, who was visiting in the neighbourhood. Young Richards brought an axe with him, and cleared some of the obstructions of the once masked road, so that the vehicle was able to get up within reasonable distance of the encampment. It was desirable to get the Squire home, lest his injuries should be greater than they supposed, and the prisoner ought to be in Mr. Bangs' hands at once. Accordingly, Mr. Errol and Harry Richards offered to stay with Mr. Bigglethorpe and carry out the original picnic, it being understood that Timotheus would either call or send for them about four o'clock.

"Gin I'm gaun to be oot on the splore, I maun hae a bit smokie. Wha's gotten a bit pipe he's no usin'?" asked the usually sedate minister. Coristine handed over to him his smoking materials, penknife included; and Mr. Errol, taking off his coat, sat down on a stone to fill the pipe, saying, "Nae mair pastoral vocation for me the day. Gin any body spiers whaur I am, just tell them I'm renewin' my youth." Timotheus and Harry carried the prisoner to the waggon, while the veteran and the lawyer followed, leading the Squire, and carrying the box of treasure. The fishermen came to see them off, and, then, they descended to the lake shore and began the sport of the day. Timotheus drove, and the Squire sat up between him and his affectionate father-in-law. The lawyer was in the rear seat with the prisoner, who, for greater security, was lashed to the back of it. Rawdon's revolver was in his captor's hand, and his skull-cracker in a handy place. Several times, shamming insensibility, the prince of tricksters endeavoured to throw his solitary warder off his guard, but the party reached Bridesdale without his succeeding in loosening a single thong. There was great consternation when Timotheus drove up to the gate. The children had been at their old game of the handkerchief, and Miss Carmichael was actually chasing Orther Lom, to their great glee, and to Coristine's intense disgust. Of course, they stopped when they saw the waggon and the Squire's pale face. The colonel, who had been smoking his morning cigar on the verandah, came forward rapidly, and, with Mr. Terry, helped the master of Bridesdale to alight. Then, his wife and sister took the wounded man in charge, and led him into the house, for he was thoroughly dazed and incapable of attending to any business. "If you will allow me, colonel," said the lawyer, "I will take charge of legal matters in this case," to which Colonel Morton answered, "Most certainly, my deah suh, no one moah competent."

Maguffin had come round to see if his services would be required, and was appointed to mount guard over the prisoner in company with Timotheus. To Mr. Terry the lawyer gave the heavy cash box, with orders to put it in a safe place in the Squire's office. Then, Coristine went up stairs, washed and brushed away the traces of conflict, and knocked at Wilkinson's door. A lady's voice told him to enter, and, on his complying with the invitation, he beheld Miss Du Plessis sitting by the bedside of his friend, with a book, which was not Wordsworth, in her hand. "Please to pardon my intrusion, Miss Du Plessis; the Squire is hurt, and we have captured Grinstuns, who was not burnt up after all. I must see the prisoner safely caged, and have other business to attend to, so that I have come to say good-bye. I am sure that you will take every care of my dear friend here." After this little speech, hard to utter, the lawyer shook his friend by the well hand, saying: "Good-bye, Wilks, old boy, and keep up your heart; any messages for town?" Before he had time to receive any such commissions, he shook hands warmly with the lady, and vanished. Replacing Maguffin over Rawdon, he told him to saddle a horse, and bring it round. His orders to Mr. Terry and Timotheus were to secure their prisoner between them in some lighter vehicle, and bring him with all speed to Collingwood, whither he would precede them on horseback. He found the Squire in an easy chair in the sitting room with three lady attendants. Shaking hands with the half-unconscious man, he assured him that he would attend to the business of the day, and then, with a few words of grateful recognition to Mrs. Carruthers, bade all the ladies good-bye. "Hasten back," they all said, and the kind hostess added: "We will think long till we see you again." Walking back into the kitchen, he bestowed a trifle in his most gracious manner, on Tryphena and Tryphosa, and then went forth to look for Marjorie. As he kissed her an affectionate farewell in the garden, the little girl intuitively guessed his absence to be no common one, and begged her Eugene to stay, with tears in her eyes. But he was obdurate with her and all the little Carruthers, on whom he showered quarters to buy candy at the post office. Maguffin was there with the horse, and, near the gate, was Miss Carmichael with that ineffable ass Lamb. Looking at the latter as if he would

dearly love to kick him, he raised his hat to his companion, and extended his hand with the simple words "Good-bye." Miss Carmichael did not offer hers in return; she said: "It is hardly worth while being so formal over an absence of a few hours." Coristine turned as if a serpent had bitten him, slipped some money into Maguffin's hand, as that worthy held open the gate for him, and vaulted on his horse, nor did he turn to look round so long as the eyes of Bridesdale were on his retreating figure.

The lawyer rode hard, for he was excited. He went by Talfourd's house like a flash, and away through the woods he had traversed on Nash's beast that last pleasant Sunday morning. At the Beaver River he watered his horse, and exchanged a word with Pierre and Batiste, bidding the former look out that no attempt at rescuing the prisoner should be made in that quarter. Away he went, with madame's eyes watching him from afar, up the ascent, and along the road to where the Hills dwelt at the foot of the Blue Mountains. He doffed his hat to the old lady as he passed, then breasted the mountain side. For a moment, he stood on the summit to take in the view once more, then clattered down the other side, and away full pelt for the town. Soon he entered Collingwood, and sought the police headquarters without delay. Where was Mr. Bangs? He was told, to his great delight, that the detective was in town, and would report at four o'clock. It was now half-past three. Putting up his horse at the hotel, the lawyer partook of a hasty meal at a restaurant, and returned in time to meet Bangs on the very threshold. "Whet ere you doing here, Lawyer Coristine?" he asked.

"You will never guess, Mr. Bangs."

"Any more trebble et Bridesdale?"

"No, but I'll tell you; we've caught Rawdon."

"Why, the men's dead, berned to a cinder, you know."

"No, he is not; that was some other man."

"Ere you shore, Mr. Coristine?"

"Perfectly. Mr. Terry and Timotheus are bringing him here now."

"Whet, only the two of them, and kemming pest the Beaver too?"

"Yes; there were no more to send. I warned Pierre Lajeunesse to be on the lookout."

"Is your beast fit to trevel eny more?"

"I think so; it seems a strong animal."

"Then get on hersebeck quick! Here, kensteble, hend me two betons, and a kerbine!"

When the lawyer returned with his hard-riden steed, he found Mr. Bangs mounted, with a baton by his side and a carbine slung behind him. Off they went along the shore and up the hill. Descending, they saw the buggy approaching slowly in the neighbourhood of the Hills' log shanty, attended by four persons who seemed to be armed. Hastening down the slope, they came up to it, and found the prisoner safe but awfully profane. The foot guards were Ben Toner, Barney Sullivan, and Rufus Hill, under the command of Monsieur Lajeunesse. They were relieved of their self-imposed duty with many thanks, and Coristine shook hands with the honest fellows, as he and the detective replaced them in escort duty. Then Timotheus whipped up his horse, and they drove and rode into town, an imposing spectacle for the eyes of the youth of Collingwood.

Bangs could hardly believe his eyes, and could not conceal his delight, on beholding the murderer of his now buried friend. No pains were spared for the safe-keeping of the notorious criminal. In the presence of a magistrate, Coristine and Mr. Terry made affidavit as to his crimes and capture. The latter and Timotheus also related his attempts to bribe them into giving him his liberty, offering large sums and promising to leave the country. "Now, Mishter Corstine," says the veteran, "it's hoightime we was gettin' home. The good payple 'ull be gettin' onaisy about yeez, 'an spashly Miss Carrmoichael that was gravin' sore to think she niver said good-boye to yeez. Come, now, come away, an' lave the baste in the shtable, for it's toired roidin' ye must be."

"I am not going back, Mr. Terry. I said good-bye to them all at Bridesdale, and must hurry away to business. Perhaps Timotheus will ride the horse, while you drive."

"Thet pore enimel isn't fit fer eny more werk to-night, Mr. Coristine. I'll tell you, Mr. Terry, whet I'll do. I shall be heck here to-morrow evening, end will ride the horse to Bridesdale. I've got a weggon and team of the Squire's here, which yeng Hill will drive beek for me. Then he ken ride pore Nesh's horse, and I ken get my own. Streng they didn't give you one of thowse beasts instead of the colonel's, Mr. Coristine."

"Is this the colonel's horse?"

"I should sey it is. You down't think eny ether enimel could hev brought you along so fest, do you?"

"God bless the kind old man!" ejaculated the lawyer.

"Mishter Corstine, dear, it 'll be breakin' aall the poor childer's hearts an' some that's growed up too if you 'll be after lavin' us this way," continued Mr. Terry; and Timotheus, whom his Peskiwanchow friend rewarded, added his appeal: "I wisht you wouldn't go fer to go home jess' yet, Mister." But all entreaties were unavailing. He and Mr. Bangs saw the buggy off, and then retired to the hotel to get some supper. On the way thither, he invested in a briar root pipe and some tobacco, to replace those he had given to Mr. Errol. They would be home from fishing long ago, and perhaps good Bigglethorpe would take Miss Carmichael away from that miser-

able Orther Lom. After supper, the two sat over their pipes and a decoction of some kind in the reading-room, talking over the sad and wonderful events of the past few days. Mr. Bangs took very kindly to the lawyer, and promised to look him up whenever he came to town. He advised him to keep silent about the discovery of Rawdon's money, as the crown might claim it, and thus deprive poor Matilda Nagle of her only chance of independence. He said also that he would instruct the Squire in the same direction on the morrow.

That night, two gaol guards armed to the teeth arrived in police quarters to take charge of Davis, but the bigger criminal was placed in their care. Early in the morning there was a stir in the railway station, when the handcuffed prisoners were marched down under strong escort, and securely boxed up with their guards and Mr. Bangs. Many rough characters were there, among whom the lawyer recognized Matt of the tavern, and Bangs and he could have sworn to the identity of others, whom the former had met in the cavalry charge on the masked road, and whom Coristine had seen and heard in the Richards' scow the night of the catastrophe. They scowled, but attempted no rescue. Thanks to the lawyer's generalship, things had been pushed through too quickly for them to combine. For some time, Coristine travelled alone. There were other people in the car, but he did not know them, nor did he care to make any new acquaintances. All his friends were at Bridesdale, and he was a homeless exile going back to Mrs. Marsh's boarding-house. At Dromore, however, he caught sight of the wide-mouthed barrel of a blunderbuss, and knew the Captain could not be far off. Soon that naval gentleman got on board, helping Mrs. Thomas up to the platform, followed by Sylvanus with the saluting weapon. They were to be his companions as far as Barrie, and much the lawyer enjoyed their society. Marjorie was the great subject of conversation, although, of course, the Captain had to be enlightened in many points of recent history. He still thought Wilkinson a sly dog, but wondered greatly at Coristine's going away. Mrs. Thomas explained the relationship of Orther Lom. He had been a poor neglected boy, when Marjorie Carmichael was a little girl, whom her father, the member, had interested himself in, giving him an education, and supporting him in part while at the Normal School in Toronto. Just before he died, he exerted his influence to obtain a Government berth for him, and that was the whole story. The lawyer saw it all now, and learned too late what a foolish fellow he had been. Of course, there were old times, and they had much to talk of, and she could not help being civil to him, and being angry when he had reminded her father's protegé of his early poverty. Coristine sighed, and felt that, if Lamb had been present, he would have apologized to him. To cheer him up, the Captain invited him to join Mrs. Thomas and himself on a cruise in the *Susan*. He would have enjoyed it immensely he said, but, having made so many assertions of pressing business in the city, he had to be consistent and miserable. At Barrie, he bade his last friends adieu, parted affectionately with The Crew, and then gazed longingly at the spars of the *Susan Thomas* in Kempenfeldt Bay. If only the Captain had brought the two Marjories for a cruise, he would have shipped with him for a month, and have let business go to the dogs. There were no more objects of interest till he arrived in Toronto, took a street-car, and deposited himself, much to that lady's astonishment, in his bachelor's quarters at Mrs. Marsh's boarding-house. After a special lunch, he sat down to smoke and read a little Browning.

It was very late when Mr. Terry and Timotheus arrived at Bridesdale. All the ladies had retired, with the exception of Mrs. Carruthers, who had staid up to await her father's arrival. The gentlemen of the party were the Squire, quite clear in head and not much the worse of his crack on the skull, Mr. Bigglethorpe, and Mr. Errol, who had been induced to continue his splore in the office. He was still renewing his youth, when the veteran entered all alone, and said he didn't mind if he did help Mr. Bigglethorpe with that decanter, for it was tiresome work driving.

"Where is Mr. Coristine, grandfather?" asked the Squire.

"It's in Collinwud he is an his way to Teranty."

"What! do you mean to say he has left us, gone for good?"

"That's fwat it is. Oi prished 'em, an' porshwaded 'em, an' towld 'em it was desprut angery an' graved yeez wud aall be. Says he Oi've bud 'em aall good-boye an' Oi'm goin' home to bishness. It was lucky for you, Squoire, that it wasn't lasht noight he wint."

"It is that, grandfather. I'd have been a dead man. He maun hae focht yon deevil like a wild cat tae get oot o' the way o's pistols and things."

"'Twas Timawtheus as kim up furrust an' tuk the thafe av a Rawdon out av his arrums, for he grupped 'em good an' toight."

"Well done, Timotheus!" said Mr. Errol. "He's a fine lad, Mr. Bigglethorpe, though a bit clumsy in his ways."

"We can't all be handsome, sir," answered that gentleman. "If he's got the good principle in him, that's the mine thing, so I always say."

Mrs. Carruthers put her head into the smoke, coughed a little, and said: "Come, father, supper is waiting for you in the breakfast room." The veteran followed his daughter, and, over his evening meal, gave her a detailed account of the proceedings of the afternoon. "And to go

away without a bite to eat, and ride all that distance, and leave his knapsack and his flowers and I don't know what else behind him, what is the meaning of it, father!"

"Honor, my dear, I aalways thought women's eyes was cliverer nor min's. There's a little gyurl they call Marjorie, an' she's not so little as aall that, if she isn't quoite the hoighth av Miss Ceshile. That bhoys was jist distracted wid the crool paice, that goes aff philanderin wid the Shivel Sharvice shape av a Lamb. He didn't say it moind in wurruds, but I see it was the killin' av 'em, an' he jist couldn' shtand it no langer. Smaal blame to him say Oi!"

So grandfather got his supper, and went back to the office to finish his pipe and his tumbler, while Timotheus was entertaining Tryphosa in the kitchen. Mrs. Carruthers retired, but, first, she visited the young ladies' apartment, and said, in a tone which she meant to be reproachful as well as regretful: "Mr. Coristine has left us never to return." The kindest-hearted woman in the world, having thrown this drop of bitterness into her niece's cup, left her to drink it to the dregs. Meanwhile Orther Lom was dreaming that he could not do better than marry the Marjorie of his youth and begin housekeeping, in spite of tailors' bills.

The sun rose bright on Friday morning, and, peeping in upon Mr. Bigglethorpe in his room and upon Marjorie in the nursery bedroom, awoke these two early birds. They met on the stairs and came down together. The fisherman said he thought he would get his things bundled up, meaning his gun and rods, and walk home to breakfast, but Marjorie said he just wouldn't, for Eugene was gone, and, if he were to go, she would have nobody. Well broken in to respect for feminine authority, save when the fishing fit was on, Mr. Bigglethorpe had to succumb, and travel down to the creek after crawfish, chub and dace. He told his youthful companion fishing stories which amused her; and confided to her that he was going to train up his little boy to be a great fisherman. "Have you got a little boy, Mr. Biggles?" she asked, and then added: "How funny!" as if her friend ought to have been content with other people's children, and fish.

"What is his name, Mr. Biggles?" she enquired.

"He hasn't been christened yet, but I think I'll call him Isaac Walton, or Charles Cotton, or Piscator. Don't you think these are nice nimes?"

"No, I don't. Woollen and Cotton and what Mr. Perrowne belongs to are not pretty. Eugene is pretty."

Mr. Bigglethorpe laughed, and said: "I didn't say Woollen but Walton, and I said Piscator, which is the Latin for fisher, not Episcopalian, which Mr. Perrowne is."

"Why do you want to call him a fisher? It is like a Sunday School story Marjorie read me, a Yankee book, about a little baby boy that was left on a doorstep, and the doorstep man's name was Fish, and he had him baptized Preserved because he was preserved, and he grew up to be a good man and was called Preserved Fish. Wasn't that awful?"

"Oh very streinge! If my boy had been a little girl, I would have nimed her Marjorie."

"See, Mr. Biggles, here she comes again, and Cecile, and, O horrors! Orther Lom."

It was too true. The young ladies had come out to enjoy the morning air, and, after a turn in the garden, had rushed to the hill meadow to escape the Departmental gentleman, whose elegant morocco slippers they had heard on the stairs. Spite of the morning dew he had pursued them, well pleased with himself, and doubtful whom to conquer with his charms.

"O Mr. Biggles," continued Marjorie, "that horrid man got me a naughty, cruel shaking, and he's sent my dear Eugene away never to come back any more. I know, because I went into aunty's room when I got up; and she told me."

"It's too bad, Marjorie. Who mide that little song on Mr. Lamb?"

"You'll never tell?"

"No."

"'Pon your honour?"

"'Pon my honour."

"It was papa, you old goosey."

"Not Mr. Coristine?"

"No, of course not."

"My I sy that it wasn't Mr. Coristine?"

"O yes, don't let them think any bad things about Eugene, poor boy."

"Good morning, Miss Carmichael," said Mr. Bigglethorpe, or rather he bawled it; "will you come here a minute, please?"

Miss Carmichael gladly skipped down, leaving her companion a prey to the gentleman of the morocco slippers.

"I want to clear our friend, Mr. Coristine, of a suspicion which you may not have shired," said the fisherman. "He didn't mike that little piece of poetry on Mr. Lamb that Marjorie and the other children sang yesterday morning."

"Thank you, Mr. Bigglethorpe; I am very glad to hear it."

"Nasty pig!" said Marjorie to herself; "she drove Eugene away all the same."

Meanwhile, Mr. Lamb was conversing with Miss Du Plessis.

"You don't seem to mind the doo, Miss Cecile."

"Oh, but I do," she answered.

"Your shoes are perfectly wat, sowking I should think."

"No, they are not wet through; they are thicker than you imagine."

"By the bye, where is his high mightiness, the lawyer, this mawrning?"

"Mr. Coristine has returned to the city."

"Haw, cawled away to some pettifogging jawb I suppose?"

"Such as your Crown Lands case."

"Naw, you down't say, Miss Cecile, thot he's awff offer thot jawb?"

"I cannot tell what Mr. Coristine may have to do in addition to that. He did not confide his business to me."

"I wonder whot time the stage goes awff at!"

"It will pass the gate," said Miss Du Plessis, consulting her watch, "in ten minutes."

"Haw, ofally onnoying you know, but I'll hov to pock up and leave before breakfast. Please remember me to Morjorie, will you Cecile, if I shont hov time to see her before I go."

Mr. Lamb took his morocco slippers back to the house, and soon reappeared at the gate, Gladstone bag and cane in hand, looking at the approaching stage. It was filled up with a roughish crowd, all except one seat in the back, into which he jumped. The driver flicked his horses, and Bridesdale was relieved of the presence of Orther Lom.

"Marjorie," said Miss Du Plessis, "I have bad news for you."

"What is it, Cecile?"

"Your young man has called me by my Christian name, without even putting Miss before it."

"Have you killed him and dug his grave with those eyes of yours?"

"No, I simply told him that Mr. Coristine had returned to Toronto, perhaps on Crown Land business."

"Well?"

"It terrified him so, that he packed his valise forth-with and is gone."

"But how?"

"By the stage. Did you not hear the horn just now?"

"No, I was too busy with that delightful Mr. Bigglethorpe. But do you mean to tell me that Arthur has left without a farewell word to anybody?"

"He said, 'Please remember me to Marjorie, will you, Cecile?' What do you think of that?"

"What odious impertinence! I am glad the silly creature has gone, and were it not for the safety of your land, I wish he had never come."

"It was not he who saved my land, Marjorie."

"Oh, don't I know? Don't talk to me any more! You are hateful, Cecile!"

"If you can forget fifty acts of disinterested kindness, Marjorie, it does not follow that I am to do the same." By which it will appear that Miss Du Plessis had her orders to rub it in pretty hot to her friend, and was rubbing it in accordingly, even though it did smart. Miss Carmichael broke away from her, and ran to the house, leaving her once dear Cecile to follow with Marjorie and Mr. Bigglethorpe.

At breakfast the Squire appeared quite picturesque, with a silk handkerchief tied over his head to conceal and hold on what Marjorie called a plaster of vinegar and brown paper, having reference to the mishaps of Jack and Jill.

"Marjorie," said Mr. Carruthers, "ye ken what Jill got for lauchin' at Jock's heed and the plaister."

"Yes, Uncle John, but mother isn't here to do it."

"Papa said I was to be your mother now, Marjorie," said Mrs. Carmichael.

"You've got a Marjorie of your own, Auntie, that needs to be punished worse than me."

The colonel looked round the table anxiously, and then addressed the hostess: "I fail to pehceive my deah friend, Mr. Cohistine, Mrs. Cahhuthehs; I sincely trust he is not unwell ateh his gallant fight?"

"I am sorry to say, Colonel, that Mr. Coristine has left us, and has gone back to Toronto."

"O deah, that is a great loss; he was the life of our happy pahy, always so cheehful, so considehate, ready to sacrifice himself and lend a hand to anything. I expected him back on my hohse."

"Timotheus tells me that Mr. Bangs is going to bring your horse over this evening."

"I'm gey and glad to hear 't, gudewife. I'd like weel tae hae anither crack wi' Bangs. But it's an awfu' shame about Coristine; had it no' been for his magneeficent pluck, fleein' on yon scoundrel like a lion, I'd hae been brocht hame as deed as a red herrin'. Isna that true, granther?"

"It's throe, ivery worrud av it. Savin' the company, there's not a jantleman I iver tuk to the way I tuk to that foine man, and as simple-harrted and condiscindin' as iv he wor a choild."

"Where is that lazy boy Arthur, I wonder?" asked Mrs. Carmichael; whereupon Miss Du Plessis told her story, and all joined in a hearty laugh at Mr. Lamb's fright and sudden retreat.

Mr. Errol, feeling none the worse of the previous day's splore, and still renewing his youth over the fish he and Mr. Bigglethorpe had caught, suddenly remembered and confessed: "Dear me, Mrs. Carmichael, I forgot that I had Mr. Coristine's merschaum, and his tobacco and pen-knife. Puir lad, what'll he dae withoot his pipe?"

"You naughty man, Mr. Errol, is it possible that you smoke?"

"Whiles, mem, whiles."

"How many pipes a day, now, Mr. Errol?"

"Oh, it depends. When I'm in smoking company, I can take a good many, eh Mr. Bigglethorpe?"

"Yesterday was a very special occasion, Mr. Errol. You called it renewing your youth, you know, and nimed the picnic a splore."

"I felt like a laddie again at the fishing, Mrs. Carmichael, just as light-hearted and happy as if I were a callant on the hills."

"And what do you generally feel like? Not an old man, I hope?"

"I'll never be a young one again, Mrs. Carmichael."

"Perfect nonsense, Mr. Errol! Don't let me hear you talk like that again."

"Hearin's obeyin'," meekly replied the minister, showing that he was making some progress in his mature wooing.

After breakfast, the company sat out on the verandah. The colonel had to smoke his morning cigar, and courteously offered his cigar case to all the gentlemen, who declined with thanks. "If it were not that I might trouble the ladies," said the minister, "I might take a draw out of poor Coristine's meerschaum." Mrs. Carmichael at once said: "Please do so, Mr. Errol; the doctor smoked, so that I am quite used to it. I like to see a good man enjoying his pipe."

"You are quite sure, Mrs. Carmichael, that it will not be offensive? I would cut off my right hand rather than be a smoking nuisance to any lady."

"Quite sure, Mr. Errol; go on and fill your pipe, unless you want me to fill it for you. I know how to do it."

So, Mr. Errol continued the splore, and smoked the Turk's head. Mr. Terry lit his dudheen, and Mr. Bigglethorpe, his briar. The Squire's head was too sore for smoking, but he said he liked the smell o' the reek. While thus engaged, a buggy drove up, and Miss Halbert and Mr. Perrowne alighted from it, while Maguffin, always watchful, took the horse round to the stable yard. The doctor had heard of Rawdon's capture, and had sent these two innocents to see that all was right at Bridesdale. Miss Halbert sat down by Miss Du Plessis, and the parson accepting one of the colonel's cigars, joined the smokers. He also regretted the absence of Coristine, a splendid fellow, he said, a perfect trump, the girl will be lucky who gets a man like that, expressions that were not calculated to make Miss Carmichael happy. Mr. Perrowne had proposed and had been accepted. He was in wild spirits, when Mr. Bigglethorpe startled the company by saying, "I've got an idear!"

"Howld on to it, Bigglethorpe, howld on; you may never get another," cried the parson.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Carruthers, who was shooin' the children away to Tryphosa.

"It's a united picnic to the likes. Who's got to sty at home?"

"I have for one," answered the Squire; "yon deevil o' a Rawdon has gien me a scunner at picnics."

"I cannot go," said his wife, "for I have him and the children to keep me."

"Paul, you must go, and Cecile also," interposed Mrs. Du Plessis; "I will attend to the wants of our patient."

"Then," spoke up the fisherman, "we shall have Mrs. Carmichael and Mr. Errol, Miss Halbert and Mr. Perrowne, the colonel and Miss Carruthers, Mr. Terry and Miss Du Plessis, and, please Mrs. Carmichael, Marjorie and me. Can ten get into one waggon?"

"O aye," replied the Squire, "the waggon'll haud nine, and Marjorie can sit on Mr. Bigglethorpe's knees. Hi, Timotheus, get oot the biggest waggon wi' three seats, quick, man!"

Once more, the mighty ham was carved into sandwiches, and others were made of sardines and marmalade. Chickens were hastily roasted, and pies and cakes, meant for dinner and tea, stowed away in baskets, with bottles of ale and cider and milk, and materials for tea-making, and a huge chunk of ice out of the ice-house, and a black bottle that Mr. Terry eyed affectionately. "This is for you old men, grandpapa," said Mrs. Carmichael to the veteran; "now, remember, none for these boys, Errol and Perrowne." Mr. Terry replied: "To be sure, ma'am," but thought in his heart, would it be him that would deprive the boys of a bit of innocent recreation at such a time. Such a looking out there was of hats and wraps, of guns and fishing tackle. The colonel was to drive in person. Mr. Terry was to be chief of the commissariat under Mrs. Carmichael. Mr. Bigglethorpe was to direct fishing operations, and bring, with the assistance of Mr. Terry, the scow and Rawdon's boat to the Encampment lake. Marjorie was wild with delight, and insisted on going with the grandfather and dear Mr. Biggles. It was ten o'clock when all the preparations were concluded, and Timotheus brought round the capacious waggon. All the household assembled to see the picnic party off, and the young Carruthers lifted up their voices and wept. The whole ten got in, but there was no free rollicking Irish voice to sing:—

Wait for the waggon,
And we'll all take a ride.

(To be continued.)

THOSE who differ most from the opinions of their fellowmen are the most confident of the truth of their own.
—Mackintosh.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WHITTIER'S genius is not complex, and in its simplicity lies its strength. Unswayed by all fierce passion, nor exalted on the wings of a lofty imagination, he has sung his songs into the people's heart. His achievement perhaps does not justify his widespread popularity in his native land, for the mass of his countrymen, who read him at all, appreciate him where his poetry is at its poorest, in the dull inspiration of the "Voices of Freedom," or in the laboured products of his religious muse. It is astonishing how many qualities that render other poets great, in Whittier are lacking. There is no lyric fervour in his song, no passion of despair, no haunting sense of life's mysteries.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind,
To drop the plummet line below
Our common world of joy and woe.
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Sometimes dark questions of life's whence and whither, and of man's mission upon earth rise up within him, but the bright sunshine of his trustful quaker faith dissolves all clouds of doubt, and he is well content to do battle for the truth, nor dream of the unknown.

Yet, denying him these qualities, and many more, and seeking in vain for artistic finish in his verse, there is something present in the best of his poetry which justifies his fame and links his name to Wordsworth and to Bryant. With a voice of smaller volume than Wordsworth's, and with less poetic beauty of detail than Bryant, he never relapsed into the inanity of the former, and surpassed them both in narrative power, in his delicacy of touch, and in the musical flow of his verse.

His ballads are exquisitely told, with an unflagging energy of narration and the delicate natural touches that give charm to his better poems. His earliest efforts were in the realm of Indian legend, but his best work was done upon New England themes, echoes perhaps from his childhood. "With a tale he cometh to us, that draws the old men from the chimney corners," and who can resist the charm that flows through "Amy Wentworth," the pathos of "Marguerite," or the weirdness of the two splendid poems, "The Garrison of Cape Ann" and "The Wreck of Rivermouth."

In the newspapers we have already seen the details of the poet's life, but it is better to read its spirit recorded on his pages. In "Snowbound," that beautiful idyll of his home, we get pleasant glimpses of the quaker household, and animated descriptions of the inmates, with such beautifully pathetic reference to the sister whom he had just lost, that quotation becomes a temptation not to be resisted.

The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings,
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are,
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

His religious sympathies are expressed in many poems, but nowhere with more effect than in "Tauler" and "Abraham Davenport," the sturdy old member who spoke so calmly on

An Act to amend an Act to regulate
The shad and alewife fisheries,—

when the impending wrath of God was lowering in the skies, and the last day seemed at hand. "The Voices of Freedom" tell their own tale of how the poet strove against the power of slavery for many years, and though they savour to us of the newspaper office, and seem utterly devoid of inspiration, they spread the poet's name more widely than his better verse. While upon the subject of his individual poems, it may be interesting to some to know that the late Professor Young cherished as his favourite poem Whittier's "Eternal Goodness." Invariably upon evenings when students had been invited to his house, he produced his favourite volume, and read with deep feeling and exquisitely modulated voice those memorable lines.

Whittier's touch is simple and direct, and felicitous lines are more frequent than verses of metaphorical splendour. He has never surpassed these verses from "Evening":—

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon
Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And golden-sandalled, walk the lake.

Now that Whittier has passed away, preceded so shortly by two famous poets of his own land, the curious will compare their work. Is his as great? We think not. Richly equipped as was his mind, it moved within more constrained limits and touched the spirit of the times at fewer points than theirs. Yet his gift of song was a true one, and his name will not swiftly fade.

PELHAM EDGAR.

AS A MOTH.

(FOR MUSIC.)

Love, look up!—As lamps at evening lighted
Guide home-comers through a gloom of trees,—
Or as when on mariner benighted
Breaks the harbour-gleam o'er heaving seas,—
So thine eyes shall lead me, steadfast shining,
By fair ways my eager heart would scale,
Ever up to purer heights divining
Richer joys beyond hope's trembling veil.

Love, look down!—As wanderers belated
Track the marsh-light through the pathless mire,—
Or—as sunken reefs when keels have grated—
Prove the beacon but a wreckers' fire,—
So thine eyes have led me falsely burning,
Wheresoe'er thy wayward fancy willed!
And, through ways that leave me no returning,
Given me only promise—unfulfilled.

Kingston.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

PARIS LETTER.

It is evident that French colliers do not understand their epoch. At the Carmeaux Mines, the secretary of the colliers' syndicate, comprising 1,100 members, was elected mayor of the commune; his name is Calvignac; his duty was to clean and oil the machinery. The manager of the mine, Humblot, in presence of the irregular attendance of Calvignac, who went about the country stumping the questions of fewer working hours and augmented wages, after due warning to mind his work, issued the formal eight day notice that his services were no longer required. Thereupon the miners struck, attacked Humblot, and compelled him to reinstate Calvignac. The directors of the company assembled at Paris, confirmed their agent's actions, and repudiated all signatures forced from him under pressure of being massacred. The strike continues, and the military guard the mines and the 900 non-union colliers.

The colliery of Monthieu, near St. Etienne, in the basin of the Loire, is the antithesis of Carmeaux, and typical of the shibboleth, "the mines for the miners." In 1891, the owners of the Monthieu mine decided to abandon the enterprise as it did not pay. A wail was set up by 500 colliers at the inhumanity of closing the work; the owners replied by making a present of the colliery to the men without any conditions. Blessings succeeded the anathemas. But the colliers had no money, no capital. Marinoni, the well-known printing machine maker, sent them a cheque for 50,000 fr.; he was originally a poor lad. The wind-fall was divided into shares of 100 fr. and one share was allotted to each miner. A general meeting elected a council of ten of their own members to administer the enterprise, and the first step of the council was to draw up a Draconian set of regulations, to ensure obedience and discipline on the part of the miners. The great collieries of Nizin and Lens are milk and water in their rules as compared with the drastic code of Monthieu.

The honeymoon of the experiment had hardly well commenced, when difficulties arose. The council suffered from Panurge's disease, "want of money;" the men commenced to dictate to their council of ten, accused them of tyranny and partiality. Poverty had replaced love: the Chamber of Deputies, though warned not to play with fire and obstruct the conditions of free industry, voted 50,000 fr. as a charity dole to the miners; the enterprise went from bad to worse; the men's contributions to the Pension Fund ceased, and the legend that shareholders and officers eat up all the money vanished in presence of the 500 starving colliers. Their ruin is completed in the material point of view as in the moral point of view, anarchy has succeeded. Another miners' mine, that of Rancie, is also on the down grade. The men are petitioning, naturally, the Government for help.

It is often said that in bygone times the workman was happier than at present. In the eighteenth century, employers and employed, if they caused any labour disturbance, were simply sent to the Bastille. In 1724, Thominet, a printer, engaged German typographers to come to Paris; they accepted lower wages and longer working hours; he was incarcerated in the Bastille along with kindred sinners; in time he was liberated, but on condition not to reside within one hundred miles of Paris. In 1724, 2,000 hosiers struck; they collected a sum to keep up the strike; the treasurer had to hide, but, being discovered, was lodged in the Bastille, where an employer, who agreed to pay the old rate of wages, was also sent. The king wanted his coaches regilt in a hurry to visit Compiègne; he requisitioned the carriage-builders to suspend all work to execute his; on refusal, the master of the guild and some of the best artisans were Bastilled. In 1748, Bourgeois, the horologist, was sent to the Bastille and cruelly treated because he established branches of his business in Flanders, Holland and Madrid. He petitioned for release, alleging there was no law against his enterprises, and so he could commit no offence, and that were he in England, instead of being treated as a criminal, he would be loaded with honours. This logic entailed for him fresh bolts and new chains; when wrecked in health and fortune he was liberated. Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, and old sweethearts to wed, these are the forms in which light of other days may be desirable.

I went a few days ago to witness the cutting of the trenches for the foundations for the *Maison du Peuple*, on Montmartre, and contiguous to the Sacré Cœur Cathedral. It was a so-so ceremony, and the orators claimed the coming structure to be the Temple of Light, *vis-à-vis* the edifice of "darkness and superstition erected by Rome." The People's Palace is being run by the Socialists and non-religionists, and will have concerts, theatres, restaurants, cafés, gymnastic games, reading rooms, debating clubs, etc. These proceedings must disturb, as they are intended to do, the ceremonies of the cathedral and its pilgrimages. The Sacré Cœur is not a parish church, so cannot claim any special protection, and it would be folly to expect such, beyond what the police are bound to give to all meetings. The *Maison du Peuple* will soon split up into tadpole parties, when the shares will be offered for sale. Then a "good Catholic" will buy them up, and make a present of the Palace to the Cathedral. The works of the latter proceed slowly; the worshippers are of the Lourdes type, only more middle-class, and coming to the votive edifice from all corners of France, very simple, resolutely pious, and satisfied they are among the "elect." Seeing a kind of tent-booth restaurant, dedicated to pilgrims, and very neatly and cleanly kept, I took a seat among the pilgrims at déjeuner. I was served with an excellent soup, a slice of mutton, string beans, bread and wine for 32 sous; the quantity of food, unlike other restaurants, was visible to the naked eye. An old maid handed me eight sous change, when I begged she would oblige me by keeping that for the waiter. She replied nothing was given to the waiters, but that two boxes were at the door in which those who wished could drop contributions for the Pope and the cathedral. I deposited the change straight and solid into the recipient for His Holiness, to testify my sympathy for his republicanism, his efforts to solve the capital and labour difficulty, and his protest against the persecution of the Jews, and of the Gentiles when necessary.

Sponging is the order of the day, for the heat is intolerable, the temperature need not be measured by the thermometer, but by pocket-handkerchiefs. Good health, according to Comte de Tolstoi, is to be found not only in eschewing beefsteak, but, above all, pork; since he saw a pig slaughtered, its cry recalling the murdering of a human being, and its flesh the rosinness of that of man's—he has turned vegetarian; but no one eats meat now, not even in the form of chicken salad. Even the absorption of fluids is discountenanced, if one desires to live long in the land. It is now asserted that the sanitary doctors are squabbling over the hygiene of drinkable waters, the misconduct of microbes, and of vaccination against cholera. Public opinion is simply occupied with the "sweating system." Sarcey, the critic, swears by his mother's head, that after the interior of an iceberg the coolest spot on earth is the interior of a playhouse—possibly because it is empty. Ice threatens to run up in price, but as one can now have their water decanters refrigerated, after preparatory filtering of contents, a short supply of cold is not to be feared. They are the bakers who freeze the carafes, and who at same time bake legs of mutton surrounded with a parterre of potatoes—extremes meet.

M. de Lanessan, the governor-general of Tonkin and the neighbouring regions, is being attacked for abusing his omnipotent powers; he out-does the autocracy of an old Roman proconsul. All this simply means that some rival wants De Lanessan's place. Haiphong is the French capital of Tonkin; the French Chamber of Commerce there makes no complaint against the governor-general; that body simply remarks, when they elect a president the pirates abduct him; this has occurred twice. The French want a governor-general of genius, who will, in making war, conquer without soldiers.

Rear-admiral Reveillére has novel ideas respecting his country's colonies; France, he writes, in founding colonies ought to comprehend the works much more for the interest of humanity than for her own; not to see in colonization a profit but a duty, where "glory"—still harping on my daughter—would be the reward. In this end France ought to complete the Panama canal—and so, say all the wrecked shareholders and financiers, should connect Paris with the sea at Rouen. Less sentimental are his "shop" views; England, it seems, has won Egypt by her navy, while France was self-hypnotizing about the Rhine. In all lengthy wars, the victory will rest with the power, or coalition, which commands the seas. It was not the invasion of Russia—with an army composed of twenty different nationalities—that subjugated Napoleon, but the crushing of the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar. If France cannot command the sea, and she be enclosed in a ring fence on her frontiers by the foe, she will lack food supplies, as she does not produce sufficient aliments for her home population, which is nearly equal to that of England. To be killed it is essential to be kept alive. The admiral denounces the aristocracy for labouring to keep the rural population in the rural districts to secure cheap workmen, perhaps rather than good sailors. In any case France ought to have such a mercantile marine as to make her the principal entrepôt of the universe and the most important laboratory of humanity. Pursuing that ideal and preparing for the 1900 exhibition, she cannot be accused of troubling the triple alliance.

Lamartine is generally believed to have ruined himself by debts contracted in his voyage to the east. That trip

only devoured 200,000 fr., and his wife confessed that, during her husband's short occupation of power, he expended 100,000 fr. in political alms-giving, for nearly every one was ruined. Lamartine compromised his wife's fortune—an English lady, Miss Birch, and an heiress—and his own, by speculating in wine making in his native region of Maçon. The best tribute ever paid any public man was to Lamartine; to relieve his distress all the workmen of France offered to sacrifice one day's pay—which he refused. They do not propose that proof of love for Russia and her miseries.

Stambouloff, the Bismarck of the Balkans, is becoming more and more the hero of Europe; people now talk more about him than they do of the Emperors of Germany and Russia, and perhaps he is most in the anxious thoughts of these two potentates. The conclusion of the Commercial treaty between Germany and Russia—a necessity for the latter, will do more for staying up the peace of Europe than all the alliances. The French mission to Fez next month, if it succeeds where England failed, cannot be objected to; but if France obtains exclusive advantages, or acquires the oasis of Tiguig, the other European powers will have a grab at the Sultanate. Why not try and parcel out the latter peacefully?

The collapse of the Franco-Russia fête in the Tuileries Gardens, to raise the wind for Muscovite sufferings, ought to convince the French, despite other proofs, that the expenses of such a mode of sending round the hat absorb next to all profits. The Anglo-Saxon plan of opening by cheques a national subscription should be encouraged, despite the opinions of the fraternity who make relief ideas a "running concern." It would be a capital way of obtaining a plebiscitum on the "alliance." Sydney Smith held that when a man puts his hand in his breeches pocket for cash towards any movement, he was in earnest.

The noted blue-stocking, Madame Adam, demands in the interest of European peace, that Mr. Waddington be recalled from London, and the Marquis of Dufferin from Paris. Z.

THE ARCHIC MAN—IX.

MR. AND MRS. LALAGE have a very nice summer villa at St. Patrick, which hamlet is about three miles from Riviere du Loup. To the east of this, some six or seven miles, is Cacouna, and everywhere you find the cottages of Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec people. A few summer weeks spent in this charming stretch of the shores of the St. Lawrence, abounding as these do, in every kind of attraction, will pleasantly reveal why so many have built here, and why the hotels are all so crowded. When it is "roasting" at Orchard Beach here it is cool. There is to this a drawback. Except for persons of a vigorous circulation the bathing is not agreeable.

On the highest point of the rocky shore—a point which commands a magnificent view of the river and mountains, Madame Lalage, for this was her doing, built a fine chateau. This point used to be called Crow's Hill, but on the occasion of her first visit, when the place and site attracted her, a bald-headed eagle—a fine specimen of the erne breed—was seen perched on the branch of a lightning-blasted fir, his eye fiery and perspicuous, apparently taking in the whole scene; on the right, to the north-east, on the other side of the deep horse-shoe shaped bay, the Point, the wharf running out "to sea"—one is inclined to write, for the tide here is as salt as the Atlantic, and the river is eighteen miles wide, the two hotels at the base of the long artificial projection, the larger caravansary flanked with pine; all this and more reflected in the sunny mirror of the horse-shoe. On the east of the point a yacht, and beneath the water-line an inverted boat—a fac-simile—all brought out to the tip of the mast and the colour of the pennon. Far to the east shines the river and Cacouna's houses scattered white against the hills. Across the St. Lawrence rise the Laurentian Hills, not robed in ultra-marine blue to-day, as they are when it is raining or misty, but shining and glad in the sunlight, and rejoicing in the blue sky and the richly-rolled, marbly clouds. The features of the mountains are brought out, their expression, their varied tint and outline, their beauty patches, their very scars, toned down by distance, contributing to the æsthetic impression. On the left the eagle's eye went (in the imagination of Madame Lalage) up the river, rested for a moment on the Pilgrims—rocks which rise almost mid-channel, and according to the point of view take very different forms, but whatever form they take, wearing an air appropriate to their name—sometimes dark-robed, sorrowful, penitent; sometimes glorified, shining in a happy sense of forgiveness, and indeed not infrequently suggesting that they have passed away from sin and suffering, from dark robes and gloom, and put on the crowns of the victors and the garments of the redeemed. This is what Madame Lalage says she thought the eagle was observing. But appearances are deceitful, and we project ourselves into everything.

Let us turn to the reality. While Madame Lalage was admiring the bird, appreciating all this beauty—breadths and stretches of water, curves of shores,—which will bear comparison with anything in the world, the eagle was actually thinking of his dinner and of the dinner of his eaglets. She saw him launch out on the air above that broad and placid tide, rise high on powerful wing, spread his sail-broad pinions right over the Bellevue Hotel across the horse-shoe bay, shoot himself to earth like a thunderbolt, then rise, his talons holding some-

thing. She heard a shot and saw the eagle fall into the bay, and a man swim towards him. What occurred is told vividly by Monsieur de Sardines, one of the oldest inhabitants of "the Point."

An Englishman had arrived at the Point the day before, having a large amount of sporting luggage, and this morning, as luck would have it, he had been cleaning his rifles, one of which was an invention of his own, and which he claimed would throw the Snider and Martini-Henry into the shade. He had loaded it to let the then Minister of Militia try it, for he was in hopes that he would get an order to supply the militia and volunteers of Canada with a superior weapon, "the zeal of the Canadian Government, its foresight and wisdom in military and all other matters," as he said, "being well known." This was when he was opening the case to the Minister, who smiled and said: "I agree with you." Well, he had this rifle in his hand. As usual, the babies were numerous, and one little thing, just nine months old, was crawling and crowing at its mother's feet, when down the eagle swooped, seized the infant, and rose to make for its eyrie. The Englishman's name is a mystery to this day; he did not register, would give no explanation about himself; the card he gave the Minister was that of a great German firm. This noble Briton saw how it was. There was a bare chance of saving the child. If he killed it, it might as well be killed by a bullet as be torn to pieces by eagles. He lifted the rifle to his shoulder: bang! a scream from the eagle echoed along the rocky shores, and bird and infant fell into the water, separating as they fell. When the brave man saw his shot had taken effect, he threw off his coat and plunged into the cold tide. Lightly clad and an expert swimmer, he struck out for where he saw the child fall, dived, and was soon making for shore, the child held above the water in his left hand. The wharf was now filled by an excited crowd, all gazing eagerly with protruding eyes at the swimmer, the mother conspicuous with her clasped hands and streaming eyes. Among the men attracted by this feat was a young man named Fortin, who proudly wears his medal from the Royal Society. He knew something of these matters, and when he saw the man plunge into the water, he, instead of gazing idly there, shouted "a rope!" and ran to a boat moored at the end of the wharf, and by the time he returned the swimmer had neared the side of the steep wharf, and his strength was failing him, and the cold of the water was telling on him, and once both he and the baby ducked under, while the women screamed and the mother cried piteously "My child! My child!" By this time the young man had lowered the rope with a loop on it. The Englishman caught it in his right, put the loop around the baby; the child was drawn up; was found to be alive and unharmed, save for some wounds, where it had been held in the talons of the eagle. The child was placed in its happy mother's arms, who in her maternal joy forgot all about her benefactor. Not so the young man, who again lowered the rope; the swimmer caught it, was trying to adjust it round his waist, when a spasm seemed to seize him; he closed his eyes, threw up his hands, and went down to rise no more. The current from the coffee-coloured Riviere du Loup must have borne the body to the current of the St. Lawrence, which carried it out to sea, for it was never found. The eagle was got by Mr. de Belders, who had it stuffed, and it may be seen in his drawing-room under a glass covering. It is fully three and a-half feet long.

"Can you wonder," asked Madame Lalage, spreading her hands like an orator, "this spot had a charm for me? I determined to build here, and that I would call the place, not 'Crow's Hill,' but The Eyrie, the eagle's nest." Her house rose, not of timber, like those of Lady Macdonald, Mr. Bate, Sir Joseph Hickson, Mr. McGreevy and other wealthy people, but of stone, castle-like, with a tower containing a library where four windows look to all parts of the compass, and taking in a circuit at least thirty miles wider than any other house or point in the whole Fraser Seignior commands. Here she invited the whole party that was with her at Cobourg, but only McKnom, Rectus and his wife, Helpsam and his, Glaucus and Mrs. Glaucus and their historiographer came. Three of us had to occupy a tent on the artificial lawn raised on the rock and deep embowered and perfumed by pine. Mr. Lalage would run down from Ottawa and stop a few days and go back again. Our kind hostess insisted on the venerable McKnom occupying a bedroom in the house and she said: "The library is a free hunting-ground for all."

A great deal of our time was spent walking, driving, bathing, sauntering on the beach, but the pleasantest chats were in the library, with its stimulating view—a place where a poet might write a Canadian epic, or a statesman plan a great Canadian policy. Here we discussed the canal tolls question; Canada's future; books; everything. Save where are the door and the four windows, all is books—Greek, Latin, German, French, English, a Hebrew Bible; Gesenius' Hebrew lexicon and grammar; extracts from the Talmud, and de Sola's Hebrew Prayer-book. On the table are the latest novels; the English and American magazines. It would make a volume to reproduce all the valuable things which fell from McKnom in this intellectual mount of vision high above the St. Lawrence, up which now we see in fancy the ships of Jacques Cartier go; now the fleet bearing Wolfe to his glorious victory and glorious death; later on the emigrant ships with Lord Palmerston's half-clad, half-starving tenantry; and to-day watch ship and pleasure boat and ocean steamer

go up and down the broad breast of this unrivalled stream. McKnom often goes to the Greek wall, and, taking down a volume of Pindar or Æschylus, talks in a way that fills those of us whose education has been neglected with a despairful enthusiasm. In days of storm—the wind from the east—we watch the waves, and then McKnom takes down his beloved Homer. One such day he read that passage in the Second Book of the "Iliad," where the breaking up of the assembly in consequence of Agamemnon's mocking speech dissuading from war is compared to the waves of the Icarian Sea, raised by the east and south winds rushing from the clouds of Jove.

"How Alexander Pope murdered that!" cried Glaucus.

McKnom: "O yes. He did not get at the meaning of Homer, who does not aim at expressing the noise and tumult with which the vast assembly broke up, but the way it was moved by a powerful impulse. Lord Derby got at Homer well, but his translation is comparatively tame. Old Chapman's rendering is the best ever made. Oddly enough, in his first edition he fell into the same error as Pope. The second simile in the passage is well expressed in Milton's imitation.

Gwendolen: "Give us the passage, Mr. McKnom."

McKnom then read the original, "and now," he said, "here is Pope's:—

The mighty numbers move,
So roll the billows to the Icarian shore
From east and south when winds begin to roar,
Burst their dark mansions in the clouds and sweep
The whitening surface of the ruffled deep;
And as on corn when western gusts descend
Before the blast the lofty harvests bend;
Thus o'er the field the moving host appears.

There is nothing in Homer about 'the shore' nor about 'the roaring of the winds.' Now take Lord Derby. The crowd, we are told, was moved:—

So sway'd and heav'd the multitude, as when
O'er the vast billows of th' Icarian Sea,
Eurus and Notus from the clouds of Heav'n
Pour forth their fury; or as some deep field
Of wavy corn, when Zephyr briskly sweeps
Along the plain and stirs the bristling ears,
So wasth' Assembly stirr'd.

The word 'wavy' is weakening here, and 'briskly sweeps along the plain,' and 'stirs' are poor as translations. You have not Cowper there, have you? No? Milton is very fine. When Satan makes his defiant reply to Gabriel—

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With pointed spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded growing ears which way the wind
Sways them.

But hear Chapman—

"Hear Chapman!" cried the ponderous Mrs. Glaucus, "I'm blessed if you're not as bad as Glaucus. He is always scribbling or reading stuff like that. What's the good of such nonsense? Mrs. Lalage, I will go down and look at them playing tennis. There's some sense in that, though I don't play myself."

When she was gone, McKnom expressed his regret, saying indeed, with some awkwardness, that Milton could find in his first wife no ability for "fit and matchable conversation."

"Oh," said Glaucus, who, like many learned dons, loves to pun, "I don't mind that. I love her still."

Madame Lalage shook her fist at him, and said: "Take care, I'll tell Mrs. Glaucus; but," turning to McKnom, "pray give us Chapman's version."

"All the crowd was shov'd about the shore
In sway, like the rude and raging waves before the fervent bore
Of the east and south winds; when they break from Jove's clouds and
are borne

On rough backs of the Icarian Seas; or like a field of corn
High grown, that Zephyr's vehement gusts bring easily underneath,
And make the stiff, up-bristled ears do homage to his breath;
For even so easily with the breath Atrides used was swayed
The violent multitude."

Helpsam (the original in his hand): "Lord Derby is the most literal."

McKnom: "Yes; but Chapman is more Homeric."

We then turned to the Washington Treaty. This must wait for another chapter.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"FAIRPLAY RADICAL," AND PATRICK EGAN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I noticed that in your issue of 19th August, your correspondent "Fairplay Radical" is again to the fore,—his subject being ostensibly a comparison of taxation in the United Kingdom and Canada, but, as the whole drift of it shows, prompted by the desire to have a fling at poor Ireland, seasoned with side-wipes at "Land-league lawlessness and crime," "seventy years of agitation,"—just as if it were not the very same agitation that has brought about the present ameliorated condition of the Irish farmers—and with pæns on the benefits which have arisen from the putting in force of the "Crimes Act,"—from Lord Salisbury's "twenty years coercion of the 'Hottentots,'" but which, happily, have just been cut short by two-thirds.

Now I confess to being largely sceptical as to statements emanating from the pen of the writer in question,—and for reasons which, with your permission, I shall lay before your readers.

Some couple of years ago "Fairplay Radical" made a serious charge through the columns of the *Mail* newspaper against the Rev. Doctor O'Reilly, a highly respected Catholic priest of the city of Detroit, asserting that proof of the charge lay in the evidence taken before the "Parnell Commission." A copy of the letter in question having been sent to Doctor O'Reilly, that gentleman at once wrote an open letter to the *Irish Canadian*, which was published, in which he offered to pay over five hundred dollars to "Fairplay Radical" if he would point out one sentence or line or word in that evidence sustaining the charge. It is impossible that "Fairplay Radical" did not see that letter; but you may remember that I sent you, sir, a copy of it, in order that it might be sure to reach "Fairplay Radical," a communication from his pen—on I forget what subject—having appeared about the same time in your paper. In return I received a "postal" from you, saying that the *Mail*, in which the challenged article had appeared, was the quarter to which I should address myself. Anyhow, Mr. "Fairplay Radical" has never yet—so far as I am aware—claimed the handsome reward.

In your own paper of 20th May last appeared a communication from "Fairplay Radical" in which he informed the world-at-large that "Patrick Egan, the American envoy to Chili, has now got an indefinite leave of absence, and it is semi-officially announced that, without publicity being given to the matter, he will ultimately cease to draw pay—in other words he has been recalled." And then he proceeded to tell how this degradation of the American envoy (the "ex-Fenian,"—and there was the sting so far as "Fairplay Radical" was concerned) was brought about,—all by the untiring exertion of "Fairplay Radical." He told of the dreary, up-hill work he had to encounter; how he had sent copies of an article that had appeared in the *Toronto Mail* (doubtless from his own fertile pen) assailing Egan's Irish career to the *New York Nation*, whose editor being a "Home Rule Irishman" suppressed the same; how, nothing daunted, he sent an abbreviated statement of the case to a Santiago (Chili) journal, which also suppressed it; and how, finally, he got the ear of the Chilean envoy at Washington, who in turn laid the matter before Secretary Blaine, the result being that already set forth—the recall of Mr. Egan!

But alas for "Fairplay Radical's" airy structures! a copy of his letter having been sent to the editor of the *Boston Pilot*, he punctured it from top to bottom: Mr. Egan had not received "an indefinite leave of absence;" he had not been "recalled." And I read in the *Pilot* of 20th ult. that Mr. Egan's conduct as American envoy had reserved an unequivocal vindication from the pen of the Honble. Theodore Roosevelt, in the *New York Independent* of 11th idem, supplementing it with the "earnest hope that Mr. Egan's career in our diplomatic service may be long, and that in it he may rise to the highest position." You will also remember, sir, that I mailed a copy of the *Boston Pilot's* article addressed to "Fairplay Radical" in your care, in a registered envelope.

In both the above cases "Fairplay Radical" was precise to a degree,—giving chapter and verse, as it were; both have been proven to be at best but the result of highly-wrought imagination. But "Fairplay Radical" sits silent; never does it seem to appear to him that reparation is due to either of the gentlemen whom he has so maligned; (as to the amount of reparation he owes Ireland and her people it is beyond calculation). I now ask your readers whether I have proved my case; whether I am justified in my scepticism touching "Fairplay Radical's" statements, backed though they (seem to) be by authorities. And I ask, further, if it is not time that readers of respectable journals should be saved from a writer such as he of the (in the present case) misnomer "Fairplay?" Trusting you will see fit to give the present space in your columns.

Ottawa, 27th August, 1892,

BRANNAGH.

THE QUESTION OF PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS.

A GOOD many things have happened since I ventured to suggest at the annual dinner of the Imperial Federation League in 1889 that the best means of uniting more closely the colonies and the Mother Country would be found in the adoption between them of mutually advantageous fiscal arrangements.

Sir Gordon Sprigg, at one time Premier of the Cape of Good Hope, subsequently advocated the same policy at a public meeting in London, and the *Times*, commenting on that speech, said: "The British Empire is so large, and so self-supporting, that it could very well afford for the sake of serious political gain to surround itself with a modern fence." The United Empire Trade League was formed under the presidency of the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, to advocate the promotion of inter-Imperial trade by the same means. That organization now numbers over five thousand members, more than three hundred of whom are members of the Imperial or Colonial Parliaments of different parties. The Marquis of Salisbury, in response to a delegation from that League, said: "Some people say that you can have these preferential taxes without an increase of cost to the consumer. . . . On these matters public opinion must be formed before any Government can act. . . . It is the duty of those who feel themselves to be the leaders of such a movement and the apostles of such a doctrine to go forth and fight for it, and when they have

convinced the people of the country the battle will be won."

Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., the present Chairman of the Associated Chamber of Commerce, in the autumn of 1891, at the meeting of that body in Dublin, moved a resolution declaring the importance of "closer commercial relations between the Mother Country and her colonies, and that the Chambers heartily approve of the forthcoming Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire as conducting towards this important end." In the Dominion House of Commons, on the 25th April, 1892, Mr. McNeil moved "That if and when the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland admits Canadian products to the markets of the United Kingdom upon more favourable terms than it accords to the products of foreign countries, the Parliament of Canada will be prepared to accord corresponding advantages by a substantial reduction in the duties it imposes upon British manufactured goods." This resolution was carried by ninety-eight votes to sixty-four. The *Times*, favourably commenting upon Canada's offer, writes:—

"When Central Europe is involved in a network of commercial treaties, it is not pleasant to contemplate the possibility that under protective tariffs of increasing stringency our colonies may slip from us, and the political allegiance of our colonial fellow-subjects may be gradually broken down; were Canada to be joined by the colonies of Australasia and South Africa in opening the colonial markets freely to British goods, there would be a substantial basis for negotiation."

At a conference of the United Empire Trade League, held in the Westminster Palace Hotel, on the 23rd of June last, where Great Britain, Australasia, South Africa, and Canada were all represented, not a discordant note was heard. Sir Charles Mills, representing the Cape of Good Hope, the Hon. George Dibbs, the Premier of New South Wales, and Sir Julius Vogel, formerly Prime Minister of New Zealand, heartily endorsed the policy of the League and the action of the Canadian Parliament. At that meeting I proposed the following resolution, which was seconded by Colonel Howard Vincent, warmly supported by the Hon. Mr. Dibbs, and passed unanimously:—

"That this convention impresses upon the Empire the unlimited productive resources of the world-wide realms under the British flag, and their full ability, on the expiration of adequate notice for development, to supply the needs of the Mother Country and the other portions of the Empire in any substance required by any British subject independently of foreign nations. It urges the concentration of all patriotic efforts in Britain and Greater Britain upon pressing this home on the minds of the people, with a view to the extension of inter-British trade, the territorial security of Her Majesty's possessions, and the personal advantage of each individual."

In a recent speech at Hastings the Marquis of Salisbury depicted in strong terms the injury inflicted upon British trade by the hostile tariffs of all foreign countries, and the utter helplessness of England to secure justice to the industries of this country without resorting to the imposition of duties upon the products of foreign countries that impose prohibitory tariffs upon everything we export.

The second Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, which met at the hall of the Merchant Taylors' Company on the 22th of June last, under the presidency of Sir John Lubbock, M.P., was certainly one of the most important assemblages that has ever taken place in London. The first question submitted for consideration was:—

"Commercial relations of the Mother Country with her colonies and possessions, with special regard to the renewal of European treaties, and recent commercial legislation in the United States."

The first resolution was moved by Lord Brassey, and passed unanimously, as follows:—

"That in the opinion of this Congress it is expedient that arrangements should be devised to secure closer commercial union between the Mother Country and her colonies and dependencies."

Mr. Neville Lubbock proposed the next resolution as follows: "That a commercial union within the British Empire on the basis of Free Trade would tend to promote its permanence and prosperity." Referring to Canada he admitted that loyalty, sympathy, and affection towards the Mother Country had ever been shown by that colony, but he asserted that one thing was wanting, and that was material aid and commercial advantage. He evoked loud cheers when he described as heroic the manner in which Canada had refused the offer of the United States of free admission of her products to the markets of the Republic at the expense of the Mother Country. But Mr. Lubbock went on to point out that facts and interests were stubborn things, and that what Canada gallantly refused to-day she might be compelled by the need of self-preservation to accept to-morrow. He was mindful of the existence of a strong feeling on the part of the colonies that their liberty to fix their tariffs must not be interfered with, but he reminded the Congress that there was nothing contained in the resolution that would prevent the colonies from levying any customs duties they pleased, provided that the customs duties were levied upon a commodity produced by the colony, and that an equivalent excise duty was also levied.

I pointed out that however desirous we might be of having Free Trade within the Empire it was impracticable, as it meant stagnation and bankruptcy in the colonies, and inability to maintain our credit and the payment of interest upon the capital we had received from this country. I moved an amendment at a later stage to substitute "freer"

for the word "free," which was accepted by the mover and passed unanimously.

Mr. G. W. Medley, of the London Chamber of Commerce, moved—

"That in the opinion of this Congress any fiscal union between the Mother Country and her colonies and dependencies, by means of preferential duties, being based on Protection, would be politically dangerous, and economically disastrous; and that the arrangement which, more than any other, would conduce to an intimate commercial union, would be by our self-governing colonies adopting as closely as circumstances will permit the non-protective policy of the Mother Country."

To this I moved an amendment, which, as subsequently altered by consent, read:—

"That in order to extend the exchange and consumption of the home staple products in every part of the British Empire, a slight differential duty, not exceeding five per cent., should be adopted by the Imperial and Colonial Governments in favour of certain productions against the foreign imported articles."

On this the issue was fairly joined, and a discussion of two days ensued. Mr. Medley urged in support of his resolution the difficulty of getting rid of the clauses in the treaties with Belgium and Germany, the great prosperity this country owed to Free Trade, and the danger of increasing the price of bread and of inducing foreign countries to retaliate by the adoption of a discriminating and prohibitive policy.

I replied by showing that Belgium and Germany both exported to England so much more than they imported that they would not insist upon the abrogation of those treaties if England required the elimination of the clause that prevents preferential trade between the colonies and the Mother Country. I reminded Mr. Medley that France and the United States had made marvellous progress under a protective policy, and that it was not easy to discriminate on these questions between the *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. I held that the importance to a country obliged to import £100,000,000 of bread and meat annually, of obtaining that supply within her own Empire, and the vast impetus such a policy would give to her trade and the development of her colonial possessions would warrant a slight increase in the price of bread. I was prepared to show, however, that no such result was likely to follow the imposition of a slight duty on corn. The experience of France and Germany, where a high duty on corn had not increased the cost of bread, and the statistics of this country showed that an increase of five shillings per quarter on corn did not affect the price of bread. I maintained that foreign countries would have no ground of complaint, as most-favoured-nation treatment did not apply to fiscal arrangements within an Empire, and that a duty of five per cent. on foreign goods coming into this country, while yielding sufficient revenue to meet the cost of the British navy, could not, in the face of the enormous tariffs of foreign countries, be regarded as protection, and, as there would be no discrimination, could not give offence. I said, I believe the people of foreign countries and the New World would respect you for having the courage to imitate them, although you would not imitate them to the extent they had gone. The alteration, so far as it would go, would be a compliment to them by showing that England was inclined to adopt a little of their policy. I do not intend on the present occasion, to say anything in reference to the great Republic lying to the south of Canada, at which any offence could justly be taken; but, after what I have heard in this hall to-day, and after the suggestion has been made that we must speak with bated breath in the presence of the fact that there is a Presidential election now going on in the United States, I am bound to say that I believe that that is an utterly mistaken policy. No people on the face of the globe understand better or respect any country more than the United States when they see that country adopting a wise, judicious, independent policy, in its own interests. Have your efforts at conciliation, your efforts to induce the United States to treat this country reasonably, met with such favour that you are afraid to make any alteration? What is the fact? In 1890 England took from the United States £97,000,000 sterling worth of their products without the imposition of a farthing of duty. She received everything they had to send, let it be in competition with whom it might. And how much did they take in return? £32,000,000, or not one-third of what they sent into this country, and they required to be paid the value in cash because they would not make an exchange. But were Americans satisfied with this? Did they think that the balance in their favour of two-thirds on the interchange between the two countries was sufficient? Not at all. They sat down and constructed the McKinley Tariff to see how much they could reduce the £32,000,000, and by one stroke of the pen they knocked off, by that tariff, ten per cent. of that £32,000,000. Judging from that they do not appear to be disposed to show any material appreciation of the treatment they have received from this country. But what more did they do? Like a great octopus, they threw their tentacles over South America, the Antilles, and the West Indian Islands, with the intention of driving out British trade. And they are going to do it. Read the language of the British Consul in Brazil. What does he say? He tells the people of Great Britain "You must make up your mind to lose the British trade in Brazil, because the United States has absorbed it under the reciprocity clause of the McKinley Bill."

But they have done that which I hold to be a greater wrong to this country. Not only have they striven to drive England and Canada completely out of the Southern Hemisphere, but they have turned round upon Canada, and, in violation of their own policy, for there is no such principle in the McKinley Bill itself, which was a Bill propounded with a view to aiding the manufacturing industries of the United States—a Bill brought in, it was said, in consequence of the pledge given by the Republican party to the manufacturing interests of the United States—they have turned round in violation of the assumed object of the Bill, and applied portions of it to Canada. And what did that do? It injured the manufactures, because it enhanced the cost of living in the United States, and was, therefore, against the manufacturing interests. What induced that policy? Nothing but the mistaken idea that, by imposing that duty upon the products for which the United States offered at that time our principal market, and, as they believed, an essential and necessary market, they could bring the Canadian producers to their knees, and leave us no alternative but to become part of the United States of America. There could never be a greater wrong to this country as well as to Canada. I see no reason for it but the one I have stated. In 1890 Canada was receiving \$20,000,000 worth of the products of the United States more than they received from us. Canada was taking at the time not less than one-seventh of the manufactured exports of the United States of America. But that was not enough to save us from the Monroe doctrine, an effort to undermine our national position, and establish one Government from the Equator to the Pole. We, all of us, recognize the desire of this country, that peace should prevail between the United States and Canada, I say there is no danger of anything else, but I also say that the effect of England adopting such a policy as the Americans have adopted with such wonderful success in their own country would be to excite their respect, however much they might dislike the effect of it. I feel bound, moreover, to take this opportunity of saying that I would fail in the discharge of my duty to the people of this country if I left them under the delusion that there is any hope of the adoption of any policy which would make the United States so friendly to England or Canada as to induce them to part with any advantage whatever which they now possess.

Sir Thomas Farrer characterized any questioning of the doctrines of Free Trade as "immoral." He spoke of the colonial trade with England as utterly insignificant compared with its foreign trade. He scouted the idea that the policy of the amendment could be adopted without increasing the cost of bread. He declared himself against the Cobden Treaty with France, and asserted that all the statesmen of both the great parties were wrong in attempting to promote the trade of this country by treaties, and quoted Earl Grey's recent *brochure* on this question in terms of approval. No speech during the two days' interesting and able discussion was, in my opinion, better calculated to inspire confidence in the policy of a preferential tariff within the Empire than Sir Thomas Farrer's, as all his arguments were founded upon obvious fallacies, or palpable misconceptions of what I had said. Does he require to be told that the people of the self-governing colonies and of the British West Indies take of the products of British Industry £3 9s. 9d. per head of the population, or seven times as much as the people of the United States, who take but 10s. 3d. per head? It was well said by Lord Salisbury in 1890:—

"We know that every bit of the world's surface which is not under the British flag is a country which may be, and probably will be, closed to us by a hostile tariff, and therefore it is that we are anxious above all things to conserve, to unify, to strengthen the Empire of the Queen, because it is to the trade that is carried on within the Empire of the Queen that we look for the vital force of the commerce of this country."

The statement that I proposed to exclude imports from the United States, and that, therefore, that trade must be lost and the price of bread increased, is the very reverse of the fact. I have shown that as England would still be the best market for American corn, that they would send it here, notwithstanding the slight duty proposed. Sir Thomas Farrer said he could not understand how the proposed policy could benefit the Canadian farmer unless Canada, too, excluded corn and meat from America by a differential duty. The people of this country and Canada would never have been injured by the McKinley tariff if the United States had not known that the Free Trade policy of England rendered her powerless to resent it, and the adoption by Great Britain of the policy proposed would, I am confident, cause the McKinley Act to be repealed within a year. The adoption of preferential tariffs within the Empire is the only means of promoting freer trade throughout the world, and thus removing the trade restrictions caused by the tariffs of all foreign countries. Sir Thomas Farrer, forgetting that he had denounced all fiscal treaties, expressed his regret that Canada had not succeeded in making one with the United States, and that veteran statesman, Earl Grey, has not forgotten that Canada owes to Lord Elgin, appointed by him, the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, which promoted so largely the prosperity of British North America. Would it have been of no advantage to Canada and to the Empire if the 172,000 British subjects who have gone to the United States within the last ten years—where, to become citizens, they must swear to "renounce for ever all alle-

giance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the Queen of England"—should have settled to the north of the boundary line, as most of them would have done had this policy been adopted? But I must not enlarge.

My amendment was only defeated by the vote of fifty-five chambers of commerce against thirty-three. All the votes from Australasia and South Africa were given against my amendment. Had they voted as we had a right to expect, and as the Governments and Legislatures of those colonies would, I believe, approve, it is obvious Mr. Medley's resolution would have been defeated, as it was only carried by a vote of forty-seven to thirty-four. I prefer to take the declarations on this question of Sir Charles Mills, the able Agent-General of the Cape of Good Hope, Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, and the Hon. Mr. Hofmeyr, while the Australian statesmen speak for themselves.—*Sir Charles Tupper, in the Fortnightly Review.*

ART NOTES.

AN unusually interesting suggestion for a monument in the Queen's Park comes from Mr. Gilbert R. Frith, the well-known sculptor. It is for the erection of an equestrian statue of Her Majesty the Queen, and it proposes to represent the moment when the Queen, habited in the uniform of a field-marshal, in April, 1856, reviewed the Crimean Army on its return from the scene of action. The circular plot in front of the new Parliament Buildings, and now occupied by the Crimean guns, is the spot proposed, and a more appropriate situation could hardly be found. The monument is intended to not only be a statue of Her Majesty, but also to symbolize the British Empire. The Royal Arms, the Dominion Arms, the Star of India, the Australian Arms, and those of the other colonies will to this end be emblazoned upon the pedestal. The design is a highly worthy one, and should meet with a hearty and practical reception.

It is an error to assume that because form in French painting appeals to us more strikingly than substance that French painting is lacking in substance. In its perfection from appeals to every appreciation; it is in art, one may say, the one universal language. But just in proportion as form in a work of art approaches perfection, or universality, just in that proportion does the substance which it clothes, which it expresses, seem unimportant to those to whom this substance is foreign. Some critics have even fancied, for example, that Greek architecture and sculpture—the only Greek art we know anything about—were chiefly concerned with form, and that the ideas behind their perfection of form were very simple and elementary ideas, not at all comparable in complexity and elaborateness with those which confuse and distinguish the modern world. When one comes to French art it is still more difficult for us to realize that the ideas underlying its expression are ideas of import, validity and attachment. The truth is largely that French ideas are not our ideas; not that the French, who—except possibly the ancient Greeks and the modern Germans—of all peoples in the world are, as one may say, addicted to ideas, are lacking in them. Technical excellence is simply the inseparable accompaniment, the outward expression of the kind of aesthetic ideas the French are enamoured of. Their substance is not our substance, but while it is perfectly legitimate for us to criticise their substance it is idle to maintain that they are lacking in substance. If we call a painting by Poussin pure style, a composition of David merely the perfection of convention, one of M. Rochegrosse's dramatic canvases the rhetoric of technic and that only, we miss something. We miss the idea, the substance, behind these varying expressions. These are not the less real for being foreign to us. They are less spiritual and more material, less poetic and spontaneous, more schooled and traditional, than we like to see associated with such adequacy of expression, but they are not for that reason more mechanical. They are ideas and substances which lend themselves to technical expression a thousand times more readily than do ours. They are, in fact, exquisitely adapted to technical expression. The substance and ideas which we desire fully expressed in colour, form or words are, indeed, very exactly in proportion to our esteem of them, inexpressible. We like hints of the unutterable, suggestions of significance that is mysterious and import that is incalculable. The light that "never was on sea or land" is the illumination we seek. The "Heaven," not the atmosphere that "lies about us" in our mature age as "in our infancy," is what appeals most strongly to our subordination of the intellect and the senses to the imagination and the soul. Nothing with us very deeply impresses the mind if it does not arouse the emotions. Naturally, thus, we are predisposed insensibly to infer from French articulateness the absence of substance, to assume from the triumphant facility and felicity of French expression a certain insignificance of what is expressed. Inferences and assumptions based on temperament, however, almost invariably have the vice of superficiality, and it takes no very prolonged study of French art for candour and intelligence to perceive that if its substance is weak on the sentimental, the emotional, the poetic, the spiritual side, it is exceptionally strong in rhetorical, artistic, cultivated, aesthetically elevated ideas, as well as in that technical excellence which alone, owing to our own in-pertness, first strikes and longest impresses us.—*W. C. Brownell, in Scribner's Magazine for September.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE perennial popularity of Irish plays has once more been shown by the success of the two weeks' engagement of Joseph Murphy at the Grand in "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhue." The plays are so familiar that any reference to them is unnecessary; and Mr. Murphy, too, is so well known that any special analysis of his presentment of the typical, warm-hearted, loyal Irish "boy" would be needless. His support is fair, and in some cases excellent. The plays have drawn crowded audiences all through the fortnight, and will yet more encourage the already prosperous Irish comedy.

Next week the play presented in the Grand will be "Friends," a new comedy drama, by Edwin Milton Royle, which comes with the strongest recommendations. It has received the highest commendation from the New York press; it has enjoyed a run of unusual length, and it is presented by a very strong company, the chief parts being taken by artists like Joseph Wheelock and Selina Fetter. The play should meet with a good reception from Toronto audiences.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

EARTH-BURIAL AND CREMATION. By Augustus G. Cobb. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

This book is an able and, in some places, an eloquent appeal in favour of cremation. Mr. Cobb goes back into ancient history; "The Greeks," he says, "fifteen centuries before Christ, invariably buried their dead, but in time they learned the advantages of cremation, and the latter practice became universal"; again, "at the commencement of the Christian era cremation was the prevailing custom of the civilized world, with the exception of Egypt, where bodies were embalmed, Judea, where they were buried in sepulchres, and China, where they were buried in the earth." So much for the past, and now what is the secret of earth-burial being a Christian custom? Mr. Cobb answers this in one word, "prejudice," and shows us further how this was backed up by superstition. Mr. Cobb deals at length with the conditions surrounding graveyards, and shows us the terrible facts of "cities of the dead" actually underlying the cities of the living. Of cemeteries he says: "They are really vast store-houses of disease, and as the magnet attracts the ore, so they, like loadstones, draw the living to eternal companionship with the dead." After reviewing the subject from a sanitary standpoint, Mr. Cobb deals with it from the sentimental, and paints in startling colours some horrible pictures of the results of earth-burial, which he tells us increases the fear of death. The author then deals with the progress and revival of cremation, and tells us amongst other interesting facts "that about forty-seven per cent. of all the dead in Japan are incinerated." Mr. Cobb ends a most interesting and clearly written treatise upon this subject with the following words: "Science and proven facts attest the wisdom of cremation, and, in the words of the Royal Institute of Science and Letters of Lombardy, we believe that its adoption will mark a stage of progress in the march of civilization," with which sentiment we most heartily concur.

THE September *Wide Awake* is a good number, containing amongst other contributions worthy of notice, "A Red Letter Day," by Frances A. Humphrey, and "Our Lighthouses and Lightships," by S. G. W. Benjamin. Francis Randall writes a humorous poem entitled, "Condensed Animals." Lt. Col. Thorndike tells about his "Night with a Chinese Prefect." The September number will bear comparison with any of the previous issue.

"VIEWS IN MUSKOKA," is the frontispiece of the September *Dominion Illustrated*, which opens with "A Visitation at Verneuse," from the pen of K. A. Chipman. "Historic Canadian Waterways" are discussed in an agreeable fashion by J. M. LeMoine. M. Tremaine writes on "Social Life in Halifax." Undoubtedly the best paper in the number is "How France saved The Thirteen Colonies," by Douglas Brymner. "Cricket in Canada" is continued in this issue, which is in all respects a very fair one.

"THE First Hundred Years of Modern Missions," is the name of a carefully written paper in the September *Methodist Magazine* from the pen of the Rev. J. S. Ross, M.A. "Lawrence Oliphant," is an interesting and readable sketch of this well-known man's career. Amelia E. Barr contributes a tale entitled, "Crawford's sair strait,—a Conflict with Conscience." Professor Simon Newcomb writes a paper under the heading of "Can we make it Rain." M. Lesueur Macgillis contributes some pretty lines entitled, "Eventide Questionings."

THE September issue of *Lippincott's* is called the Californian number, and the completed story it contains this time is the "The Doomsdwoman," by Gertrude Atherton, which is followed by an article written by M. H. de Young, of San Francisco fame, entitled "Californian Journalism;" next comes "A Famous Pebble Beach" from the pen of Helen F. Lowe, and after that "The Hand of Time," by Emma B. Kaufman; "California Eras," by the well-known Hubert H. Bancroft; "The Topography of California," by W. C. Morrow; besides other good papers from well-known writers and many charming poems. This well-conducted magazine continues to hold its place in the periodical world.

AMONGST the most readable papers in the September *Review of Reviews* may be mentioned "How Miss Bentley lifted the Czar," and "A Greek Play on the Prairies." This number also contains "Louise Michel; Priestess of Pity and of Vengeance," that eloquent "character sketch" by Mr. Stead, which appeared in the English edition of this review some months ago. Amongst the "leading articles of the month" a prominent place is given to those dealing with psychical research. "Sir Walter Scott through French Spectacles" from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and "Literary Paris and M. Renan" from *Harper's*, are both well worth reading.

THE September issue of the *Quiver* is, as usual, replete with good reading for the old as well as the young. "Those Other Mothers," by Mabel E. Wotton, the first article, relates to the poor little waifs of East London and to schemes for benefiting them; other articles are: "Spiritual Failure," by the Rev. W. Murdoch Johnston, M.A.; "Bath and Its Memories," which is well written by Herbert Russell, and ably illustrated by C. Topham Davidson; "About a Carriage Clock," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford; "Some Curious Alms-Boxes," by Sarah Wilson; "Sundays with the Young," by the Rev. Arthur Finlayson, and a dozen more, besides the serial stories now running in this journal, making up an inviting number.

"God's Fool" is continued in the September number of *Temple Bar*. Charles F. Johnson contributes a charming sonnet entitled "History and Poetry." Mrs. Andrew Crosse writes her "Old Memories Interviewed," which no reader of this number should skip. Kasume writes some very pretty lines entitled "Sayonara." George Somes Layard contributes a good descriptive article entitled "A Stroll Through a Great Cruikshank Preserve." The serial, "Aunt Ann," is completed in this number. "From Mr. Lowell's books," says the writer of a paper entitled "James Russell Lowell," "we would spare much of his didactic writing and even his more positive criticism, rather than those choice papers on poetry which display his delicate perception for good things, and his fine literary taste." Amongst other papers of interest may be mentioned one on "George Herbert."

"THE Story of a Child," by Margaret Delaney, the well-known authoress, is commenced in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September. The second paper is "Cliff-Dwellers in the Canyon," which is interestingly told by Olive Thorne Miller. After this comes a continuation of "An American at Home in Europe," which we venture to think Mr. William Henry Bishop, after a few years' longer residence abroad will be inclined to re-write; then comes a charming short story called "Catherine," written by Mary J. Jacques, followed by a further instalment of Edward Everett Hale's "A New England Boyhood." "Don Orsino," by F. Marion Crawford, and "The Prometheus Unbound of Shelley," by Vida D. Scudder, are also continued in this number; besides, there are many more able contributions, making it an issue at once strong and desirable.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL'S article entitled "The Last of the Buffalo," which has the first place in the September *Scribner*, merits it. We have not read a paper on the subject which within the same limits discusses that now almost extinct animal so fully, clearly and entertainingly. Isabel F. Hapgood, in the series "The Great Streets of the World," describes "The Newsky Prospekt of Russia." W. C. Brownell has an able paper on the classical side of French art. C. F. Lammie, in his somewhat bombastic style, contributes a paper on the Pueblo Indians. "The Education of the Blind" is adequately described by Mrs. Frederick R. Jones, while Lieut. D. C. Brainard, the survivor of those members of the Greeley expedition who journeyed farthest north, relates the incidents of their greatest achievement. The usual complement of serial, short story, poem, etc., adds to the interest of this excellent number.

IBU ISHAK contributes the opening article upon "The Future of Islam," in the September *Arena*. "Physical Research" is continued by the Rev. M. J. Savage. A bright and witty paper, by James A. Herne is entitled "Old Stock Days." Articles upon literary criticism are continued by Edwin Reid. The treatment of typhoid fever is discussed by C. E. Page. Dr. Hart upon the Bible wine question is answered by Axel Gustafson. A short but powerful paper is furnished by Hamlin Garland. Willis Broughton writes on Walt Whitman. In the form of a symposium May Wright Sewall, Elizabeth Smith Miller, Mrs. James Miller, Frances E. Russell, and Frances M. Steel, discuss the knotty problem of woman's dress; and in relation to the recent labour troubles Edith Flower contributes an article headed "The Menace of Plutocracy." The issue is well up the standard.

"THE Advance of Education in the South," by Chas. W. Dabney, jr., and "Social Strugglers," by H. H. Boyesen, are the prominent papers in the *Cosmopolitan* for September, and they both reward perusal; other articles comprise "Jersey," by Mary Hasbrouck, "George Pellew," by W. D. Howells, "Up the Ouachita on a Cotton Boat," by Houghton Cooley, "Amma-San," by Anna A. Rogers, "Celebrated British Speeches," by Esther Singleton, "The Homestead Lesson," by J. B. Walker, "Alligator Hunting with Semenoles," by Kirk Munroe, "What Shall They Drink?" by Edward Everett Hale, "The Chicago Convention," by Murat Halstead, and four or five more equally attractive, besides half-a-dozen admirable poems."

of which that called "Three Moons of Midnight," by George Pellow, is illustrated by Walter Crane; several of the articles, too, in this number, like their predecessors, are charmingly illustrated.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* for September opens with a further portion of Dr. Andrew D. White's able chapter on geography, which is included under the head of "New Chapters in the Welfare of Science." Dr. C. C. Abbott writes on "The Delaware Indian as an Artist," and Professor T. H. Huxley on "The Decline of Bibliolatry," followed by a paper entitled "The Marine Biological Laboratory," by J. S. Kingsley. Mr. F. A. Fernald writes on "Changes in Chemical and Geographical Words." He says that "a general simplification of English spelling promises to be one of the events of the near future. . . . The philologists as a body desire the change, and there is not one linguistic scholar of any prominence who opposes it." A notable and timely essay is contributed by Dr. George M. Sternerberg, U. S. A., upon "Infectious Diseases: Causation and Immunity," and a number of other well-written papers by good authors complete a valuable issue of this favourite magazine.

THE first article in the September *New England Magazine* entitled, "On the Shores of Buzzard's Bay," by Edwin Fiske Kimball, possesses great historical interest; and the same remark may also be made upon both the sketch "Old Deerfield," by Mary E. Allen, and the paper from the pen of E. Benjamin Andrews, headed "Rhode Island," in the same magazine. The other articles it contains consist of a further instalment of "One of a Thousand," by Eben E. Rexford, "An Improved Highway System," by E. P. Powell; "The North Pole," by Charles M. Skinner; "An August Drive," by James Buckham; "What is Nationalism?" by Rabbi Solomon Schindler; "Requiem Aeternam," by Arthur L. Salmon; "A Lover's Fancy," by Harry Romaine; "Mrs. Rex's Brahmin," by Kate Garnett Wells, and nine or ten other equally good and attractive articles and poems, which fully maintain the excellence of this periodical, save and except the jumble headed "The Author and Society," the writer of which has evidently got out of his depth.

POET LORE appears in a double autumn number. "Karen" is the name of the opening story. It is by Alexander Kielland, and is translated excellently well from the Danish by Thyge Sogord. A naive, pathetic word-picture, it is quaint yet comely. John Burroughs defends the reputation of Whitman as a poet from an attack which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June. Kinton Parkes has a scholarly and enthusiastic paper on the element of prophecy in Shelley's faith. A number of thoughtful and ingenious articles follow, one of which is a description of "The Tailed Sonnet," with illustrations, contributed by Mr. E. B. Brownlow. The learned writer says: "The Tailed Sonnet may be regarded as a link in the evolution of the sonnet species of verse, bringing it back again to the land of the birth of its more perfect forms. The first instalment of a mysterious and powerful story by Jakub Arbes, translated from the Bohemian, also appears in this number.

PROFESSOR J. J. McCook commences the September number of the *Forum* with a powerful article headed "The Alarming Proportion of Venal Voters," which is followed by a paper on "The Lesson of Homestead: a Remedy for Labour Troubles," written by the Hon. Chauncey F. Black. Then come four timely articles under the caption "Methods and Morals of Campaign Committees," viz., "Publicity as a cure for Corruption," by Herbert Welsh; "A Plan for More Effective Management," by the Hon. M. D. Harter; "The Next Great Problems of Science," by Prof. R. H. Thurston, and "A Tariff for Revenue: What it Really Means," from the able pen of David A. Wells. Under the head of "Notable Religious Tendencies" come two articles consisting of "The Enlarged Church," by the well-known Prof. David Swing, and "Religious Progress of the Negro," by H. K. Carroll, who treats his subject with a master hand. There are several other able articles in this number, particularly those under the head of "Studies in Immigration," which will well reward perusal.

THE second number of the *Lake Magazine* comes with a generous assortment of varied matter. "The Future of Canada," by Hon. J. W. Longley, is the opening article, and is devoted to a plea for the equal consideration of Imperial Federation, Independence and Annexation—which the author prefers to call Continentalism. While the author puts his case clearly, we are sorry that he has permitted himself such slipshod sentences as "Each one of the four presented are natural," "The School Question in Manitoba," by Mr. T. W. Anglin, is a presentation of the case from the Catholic point of view, and contains a promise of a continuation of the agitation against what he describes as a gross injustice. "The Indian Poetess: A Study," by Mr. H. W. Charlesworth, is an interesting article. It is undoubtedly rather enthusiastic, even hysterical. We are surprised to see Mr. Charlesworth make the assertion that "to one who has been enabled to examine all Miss Johnson's poetry it does not seem a very bold assertion to make, that not only is she the greatest living poetess, but were the few of the greater women poets of all times to be counted on the fingers of one hand, her name must be included in the number." Such enthusiastic and indiscriminating devotion can only harm a poetess who undoubtedly is possessed of unusual merit, but whose poetic work is as

yet so incomplete as to make any attempt at a definite and final estimate rather premature. This chivalrous burst of admiration excepted, Mr. Charlesworth's study is timely if not critical. The best thing in the number is undoubtedly Mr. W. W. Campbell's charming poem, "To the Lakes." Other articles are Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley's exceedingly interesting sketch, "A Habitan Hercules," Mr. A. C. Campbell's "Modern Inconveniences," and Mr. W. S. Blackstock's "A Peep at the Prairie." Mr. W. A. Sherwood contributes an essay on "Hindrances to Art in America," and an effusion entitled "A Reverie," neither of which is up to the standard of the *Lake Magazine*. "John Myers, B.A.," is a slight but pathetic sketch by Ella S. Atkinson. As a whole the number is a good one, though uneven.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

MRS. ALEXANDER'S new novel, "The Snare of the Fowler," is announced by the Cassell Publishing Company.

"OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH," by Frank Barrett, author of "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," is ready from the press of the Cassell Publishing Company.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN, London, will shortly make an addition to his "International Library" in the shape of a Norwegian novel by Björnstjerne Björnson, entitled "The Heritage of the Kurts."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have in press, to be issued very shortly under American copyright, a long-expected "History of Early English Literature" by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke.

JOHN MURRAY, London, announces a new work by the Duke of Argyll, entitled "The Unseen Foundations of Society; an examination of the fallacies and failures of economic science due to neglected elements."

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER AND COMPANY have just issued in their series of "Familiar Faces," Blanche Roosevelt's "Victorien Sardou: poet, author and member of the Academy of France: a personal study."

A MOST important article will appear in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October on the disadvantages which the conditions of modern city life throw in the way of the best physiological development of children, by Dr. Henry Ling Taylor.

A PHILOSOPHICAL discussion of much value and interest to thoughtful people of the best methods of really learning foreign languages, is given by Dr. Howell T. Pershing, in an article on Language and Brain Disease in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October.

THE next volume of the "Great Writers" series will be on Voltaire, by F. Espinasse. Mr. Espinasse many years ago issued the first part of an elaborate life of Voltaire, which as yet has not been completed. The results of his long investigation will be put in the forthcoming work.

WE are informed that in view of the general interest awakened in the Cholera, Dr. Klein's well-known little book on "The Bacteria in Asiatic Cholera," published by Macmillan, has been reduced in price to one dollar. Dr. Klein is lecturer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and is an acknowledged authority on Bacteria.

A LETTER written by De Quincey to his publishers was recently sold in London. It apologizes not only for delay in sending "copy," but for certain marks on it, giving an excuse characteristic of the "Opium-Eater": "I must beg you to excuse the stains of laudanum, etc., which I hope have not made it more difficult to read."

MR. FRANK STOCKTON, it is reported, intends to write a book about England as a result of the long visit he is paying to that country. He has made a special study of the London cabman, and is much struck with the amount of humour he finds in that worthy. Mr. Andrew Lang, by the way, is quoted as saying of the author of "Rudder Grange," that no man excepting Mark Twain has caused him to laugh so much.—*New York Tribune*.

WE are pleased to observe amongst the advertisements of the *Saturday Review* and the *Athenaeum* a notice of a contribution from the pen of Mr. Arnold Haultain which is to appear in the September *Blackwood's* under the suggestive heading, "Titles and a Digression or Two." Mr. Haultain's name is familiar to readers of THE WEEK, and we are glad to see it attached to a contribution in the pages of such a distinguished magazine as "Maga."

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY has already issued a large number of excellent monographs by well-known educators. The latest publication is the "Hand-Book of University Extension," a reprint of the monthly journal of the Society, giving in its four hundred pages the fullest information on the purpose and methods of this system of instruction. The volume should be in the hands of every one interested in the progress of education in America. (The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Philadelphia, Cloth, Postpaid, \$1.00.)

THE University of Dublin has granted the degree of LL.D. to Mr. Henry Irving. It was from this university that Dr. Samuel Johnson, in Dean Swift's day there, tried to get a degree of Master of Arts so that he might be qualified to accept a teacher's position in a country school. Degrees went by favour then as now, however, and the request was refused. Perhaps the world was the better for it, for the refusal sent Johnson into Grub Street to

begin the literary career that afterwards made Oxford proud to honour him.—*New York World*.

THE Clarendon Press has just issued a collection of the principal speeches delivered during the French Revolution, edited by Mr. H. Morse Stephens, the English historian of that period. The orators chosen are eleven in number, including Mirabeau, Barère, Danton, Robespierre, and St. Just. Prefixed to each is a short life and explanatory comment, while a general introduction deals with French oratory in general and the oratory of the Revolution. Many of the speeches have not before been reprinted, even in France; and special attention has been paid to securing an accurate text, and to the spelling of proper names.

AN illustrated edition of Green's "Short History of the English People"—a work which has probably been more widely read and enjoyed than any other of its kind—is in preparation, and the first volume will soon be published by Harper and Brothers. The illustrations have been selected with the purpose of carrying out the favourite wish of the author, to interpret and illustrate English history by pictures which should show how men and things appeared to the lookers-on of their own day, and how contemporary observers aimed at representing them.

MR. SWINBURNE'S contribution to the Shelley Centenary is as follows:—

Now a hundred years ago among us came,
Down from some diviner sphere of purer flame,
Clothed in flesh to suffer, maimed of wings to soar,
One whom hate once hailed as now love hails by name,
Chosen of love as chosen of hatred. Now no more
Ear of man may hear or heart of man deplore
Aught of dissonance or doubt that mars the strain
Raised at last of love where love sat mute of yore.
Fame is less than love, and loss is more than gain,
When the sweetest souls and strongest, fallen in flight,
Slain and stricken as it seemed in base man's sight,
Rise and lighten on the graves of foemen slain,
Clothed about with love of all men as with light,
Suns that set not, stars that know not day from night.

FROM whence does the deep gloom which predominates over Russian literature proceed? Is it the effect of the long winters, where, as Ladislav Mickiewicz says, a yellow spot seen with difficulty reveals the existence of the sun in the afternoon? Is it an outcome of the political regime which keeps suspended over the heads of the citizens the menace of Siberia? The fact is undeniable that the most pessimistic of our writers do not approach the depths of despair seen in the works of the Russian novelists. The very strange statement is made that the greatest poets and romancers of Russia have had horrible destinies. Pouchkine and Lermontoff suffered violent deaths. Nicolas Gogol died in a state of mind bordering on insanity, tormented by a sickly religious exaltation, and trying in vain to find something earthly to which he could again become attached. Tourgueneff was a prey to profound melancholy. Tolstoi has subjected himself to the accusation of madness; Dostojewski was transported to Siberia early in life, and there lost his health. Perhaps the best reason is the one given by Ladislav Mickiewicz, that the dark pictures spread so lavishly through the Russian romances come from the fact that in this kind of literature alone it is lawful for the ardent complaint of the people to voice itself. History and journalism are submitted to a discipline so rigorous that neither the one nor the other dare do anything except to interpret the policy of the Government. To read a Russian journal is simply to be informed as to the wishes of the Czar, and the orientalizing of his politics. The personal tendencies of the Russian reviews are perceived rather than indicated, and one is reduced to the necessity of reading between the lines, not that which is written, but that which one would like to write. Among the following Russian writers Joukoffsoi, Pouchkine, Lermontoff, Nicolas Gogol, Tourgueneff, Tolstoi, Dostojewski, Garchin, Veretchagine, and Saltykoff, the latter is the only one who has approximated gaiety by the use of irony. Therefore, says Mr. Mickiewicz, "it is well for France to read the Russian novels. The evil in them will be without bad effect, because her conditions are entirely different from those which inspire Russian writers, and she will be benefited by their great originality and depth of feeling."—*Translated for Public Opinion from the Paris Revue des Revues*.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Austin, Jane G. Dora Darling. 50c. Boston: Leo & Shepard.
- Chamberlain, Montague. Ornithology of the United States and Canada; 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; Montreal: W. Drysdale and Co.
- Gautier, Theophile. Four Destinies. 75c. New York: Worthington & Co.
- Gould, S. Baring. In the Roar of the Sea. 40c. Montreal: John Lovell & Son.
- James, Geo. F., M.A. Handbook of University Extension. Philadelphia: The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching.
- Maclar, Agnes Maule. Marjorie's Canadian Winter. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Sergeant, Adeline. The Story of a Penitent Soul. 40c. Montreal: Jno. Lovell & Son.
- Statutes of Ontario, 55 Victoria, 1892; 1892. Toronto: Lud K. Cameron, Queen's Printer; Toronto: Warwick & Sons.

WE mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner time; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to enquiries say, "Oh nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts,—not to hurt others.—*George Eliot*.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE question was often asked during the Toronto Exhibition by those doing the Main Building, "Why is that stair so crowded?" The answer was, "They are all looking at and admiring the Pictures of the WONDER LAND through which the C. P. R. passes." All the walls of the south-eastern stairway of the main hall were hung with large and elegantly framed Pictures of Scenes on the Line in and through the Rockies, among which were:

Banff Springs, Heart of the Selkirks, Great Glacier, Great Cedars, Upper Kicking Horse, Fraser Canon, Albert Canon, Mount Stephen, The Loops, Hermit Range, Otter Tail Range, Threshing in North-West, Harvest in North-West, Harrison Hot Springs, Around the World, Empress of India.

Should any of our readers desire copies of these views, Hextograph copies may be obtained at a moderate cost at the C. P. R. office, corner Yonge and King Sts., Toronto.

A SHORT time ago the five-ton fishing schooner Lulu, while off Port Canovas, 250 miles south of San Diego, Cal., had a strange experience. Something thumped her terrifically from below. The vessel raised out of the water from the middle, as if forced up by a powerful jackscrew. She went up like a flash and fell back just in time to right herself. Then something struck the rudder a powerful jolt. The next instant a huge whale, appearing to be wounded, threw water from his spouting apparatus all over the vessel. The monster swam rapidly away, spouting at irregular but frequent intervals, and the two old salts got down on their knees and offered up thanks for their safe delivery. The schooner is at San Diego for repairs.—*Philadelphia Record.*

As a result of numerous experiments it has been found that iron rust often plays an important part in the cause of fires. When oxide of iron is placed in contact with timber excluded from the atmosphere, and aided by a slightly increased temperature, the oxide will part with its oxygen and be converted into very finely divided particles of metallic iron. These have such an affinity for oxygen that, when afterwards exposed to the action of the atmosphere from any cause, oxygen is so rapidly absorbed that these particles become suddenly red hot, and, if in sufficient quantity, will produce a temperature far beyond the ignition point of dry timber. It is suggested, therefore, that whenever iron pipes are employed for the circulation of any heated medium, whether hot water, hot air, or steam, proper precautions should be taken to prevent them from rusting when in contact with woodwork.

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed." ©

Constipation of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle. I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed." ©

Minard's Lintment cures Distemper.

FATIGUE is measured by the reaction of time. Galton, the English psychologist, discovered a method of measuring the degree of fatigue which is very rough, but it illustrates in a general way what I mean. If a teacher were to wish to learn just how fatigued her pupils were she might discover by placing them in a ring, all holding each other's hand, starting with the teacher. If each were to press with his right hand the left hand of the person next to him, and as soon as that pressure were felt by the next, press in turn the right hand of the person next in order, it would be found that the time for the pressure to traverse the circle would vary with the degree of fatigue of the pupils and the relative amount of time, the teacher would have an infallible test of the pupil's fatigue.—*New York World.*

ASIATIC cholera, so called from the fact that it is a disease endemic in parts of Asia, is a malignant disease of the blood, caused by the presence in the intestines of bacilli in countless myriads. This bacillus, discovered by Koch, and named the "comma" bacillus, because it resembles the comma in shape, increases by segmentation; that is, it divides itself into two parts, each becoming of full size and dividing again. Cholera may only be caught by taking the bacilli into the mouth and stomach in some way. They are infinitely small, so small that I have no words in which to convey an idea of their lack of size. They may be carried in the dust blown about the street, but the media through which they usually reach human beings are the water drunk or the food eaten. The spread of cholera, it being a purely infectious disease, and requiring the bacilli to be swallowed, is through the persons infected or suffering from it or through their infected clothing. How long the bacilli will remain active in a dry state is not definitely known, but for practical purposes I can say that any clothing exposed to infection is dangerous so long as the bacilli have not been killed. Cholera, like other diseases we call epidemics, spreads along the ordinary routes of travel. Each person infected becomes in turn a centre of infection for others, and the disease would therefore move from country to country, like the widening circles in water, were there no travel whatever. The universal movement of to-day, however, hastens its march greatly. While Cholera is endemic in Asia, and always makes its appearance during such great religious festivals as the pilgrimage to Mecca or the festival of Juggernaut, it does not travel to Europe every year. This is because the disease does not always acquire that virulence which will develop a germ of sufficient malignity to travel. Why this should be so I do not know, but all facts point to the conclusion that sometimes the germ or bacillus is of greater potency and strength than at others, and this is true of all infectious diseases. The practical question which concerns us in this country is the danger to which we are exposed. This is not very great. In the first place the fact of the existence of the disease is known, and in such matters to be forewarned is emphatically to be forearmed. Second, the period of incubation of cholera is very short, being from a few hours to three days. Consequently, should any person infected board one of the ships coming here the disease would manifest itself before the arrival of the vessel. The advantage of this is obvious; no vessel could arrive here with cholera on board without the quarantine physicians finding or hearing of cases. The outbreak of typhus which occurred in the city some months ago was produced by people who, owing to the long incubation of typhus, passed quarantine while apparently well. Of course, the germs might come here in rags, but the chances that rags have of passing without disinfection are extraordinarily small nowadays. Generally speaking, the water supply of American cities is exceedingly pure. As water and food are the carriers of the germs, it follows that these must be carefully watched should the disease find a lodgment here. It is most fortunate that the cholera bacillus can neither stand heat nor cold. A few days of sharp frost will stamp an epidemic of the disease out. Food must be eaten while hot and fresh from the fire, and water, in cholera times, must be boiled. The extraordinary freedom from cholera which has always marked the Chinese of the southern provinces of the Celestial

Empire, living as they do amid almost typical cholera conditions, and with a disregard of sanitation almost sublime, has been credited to the universal habit of tea drinking. In other words, the fact that Chinese never drink water which has not been boiled probably accounts for that other fact that there are any Chinese left to drink anything. While this is putting it strongly, it is not an unpardonable exaggeration. Should the cholera come here we must then see to it that all germs are destroyed by heat before taking them into our bodies. It is necessary, too, that the most absolute cleanliness, especially of the hands, be observed, and particularly for those who handle food. The germs may easily be found on such things as straps in cars, balusters on public stairways, door knobs, money and the like. I cannot too strongly state the fact that the chances of infection, were the cholera to break out to any extent, would be almost innumerable and that no amount of precaution, therefore, can be too great. A person whose hands in any way come in contact with the discharges of a cholera patient could easily infect hundreds of people by leaving the bacilli where they could attach themselves to other hands. So far as the care of the health goes, were cholera to break out, it is not difficult to give directions. Fortunately for us when we are in health we can resist disease germs even if they are taken into the system. The care for ourselves during a cholera outbreak is, therefore, merely that care we should properly take at all times. We must take plenty of sleep, a fair amount of exercise, eat very plain food thoroughly cooked, drink water that has been boiled and allowed to cool in bottles on ice, let raw fruit alone, wear light flannels, and in general lead as rational a life as we may. No precaution against cholera or any other disease equals perfect health, for with this we can defy it.—*Dr. Cyrus Edson, in the North American Review for September.*

The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is not accidental but is the result of careful study and experiment by educated pharmacists.

The number of volcanic vents still existing was fixed by Humboldt at 407, of which 225 have been active within the last century; it has since, however, been estimated that the Indian Archipelago alone contains more than 900. The most active volcanoes known are those on the Island of Stomboli, in the Mediterranean, at Sangar, in Peru, and Mount Etna. For more than 2,000 years the Stomboli Mountain has discharged lava constantly; the one in Peru has been throwing out masses of cinders, attended by terrific explosions, for 150 years, and Etna has a record of 81 eruptions since the sixth century B.C.

THE GENUINE MERIT of Hood's Sarsaparilla wins friends wherever it is fairly and honestly tried. Its proprietors are highly gratified at the letters which come entirely unsolicited from men and women in the learned professions warmly commending Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it has done for them.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Cents.—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. In fact I consider it a remedy no home should be without.

Cape Island.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

So SAY ALL.—That MINARD'S LINIMENT is the standard liniment of the day, as it does just what it is represented to do.

RIDING TO SAVE A LIFE.—A Georgia newspaper gave an account of the heroism of John Potter, a ten-year-old boy who rode a horse twelve miles to Macon for the purpose of calling a physician to attend his mother, who was believed to be dying with colic. The doctor could not be found, but a kind druggist gave the lad a bottle of medicine, and ordered him to hurry home. The brave lad rode home, delivered the medicine, and then fainted from nervous exhaustion. The medicine cured the sick woman, and the boy is well. It is only necessary to say that the precious medicine was PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, which never fails to cure disorders of the stomach. 25c. old popular price, for New Big Bottle.



Emma J. Frederick

Our Baby

Was a beauty, fair, plump and healthy. But when two years old *Scrofula Humor* spread over her head, neck and forehead down into her eyes, one great sore, *itching and burning*. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave her new life and appetite. Then the humor subsided, the *itching and burning* ceased, and the sores entirely healed up. She is now perfectly well. I. W. FREDERICK, Danforth street, near Crescent ave., Cypress Hill, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver ills, biliousness, nausea, sick headache, indigestion.

A METEOR.—The Tiflis *Kavkaz* gives the following description of a meteor of great brilliancy which was observed at Tiflis, on May 10. It appeared at 11 p.m. in the west part of the sky, was of a round shape, and very brilliant. Three seconds after its appearance a part of it separated, moving towards the Mtatsminda mountain, and disappeared below the horizon, after lighting the slopes of the mountain, the central meteor continuing to move, but having lost for a few seconds its great brilliancy, which, however, soon reappeared. In about thirty seconds after the first appearance of the meteor, a second small part separated from it, increasing in size as it approached the earth. This also disappeared in the west, behind the same mountain, after having brilliantly lighted for two or three seconds its slopes and gorges. After that, the meteor took first a milky colouration, but soon became bright again, and of phosphoric aspect. A third part separated from it, but it was much smaller and not so brilliant as the two former. Finally the meteor disappeared behind the clouds—a white, lighted blot being seen through them—and gradually faded away. The phenomenon lasted altogether about three minutes.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL.—The most beautiful mother-of-pearl, unless that of the obalone be excepted, is obtained from the nautilus, which is a cephalon and related to the cuttlefish. Occupying only the mouth of its dwelling, the latter is composed of a series of empty chambers, each of which the animal has successively lived in and vacated as it grew bigger, building up behind it at each move a wall of purest pearl. These vacant rooms of pearl are all connected by a pneumatic tube, which enables the creature to so control the air supply in its house as to make the domicile lighter or heavier at will, in order to ascend or descend in the water. The shell is too thin to bear grinding, and so muriatic acid is used to remove the outer coat and disclose the exquisite nacre beneath. A method of treating such shells consists in drawing upon them with a brush and wax varnish any designs desired, after which they are placed in a bath of weak acid. The latter eats away the outer coat wherever it is not protected by the varnish, the result being a lovely cameo with raised figures in white on a pearly ground. Nature, however, beats art hollow at this sort of work. In the Cretaceous epoch, hundreds of thousands of years ago, there lived certain cephalopods, since extinct, which science calls "ammonites." The pearl they produced was of wonderful beauty, and many fossil ammonites dug up to-day have been so operated upon by the process of decay as to form elaborate patterns on the shells in pearl and white.—*English Mechanic.*