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CURRENT TOPICS.

The Anti Option bill, which has been so long before the United States Congress, has been defeated, though a majority of forty-eight votes were recorded in its favour. The defeat was accomplished by the "filibustering" tactics of its opponents, by means of which the vote was delayed until its promoter, Mr. Hatch, was obliged to take his chances by bringing it up under a suspension of the rules, in which case a two-thirds majority was required to pass it. Mr. Hatch, replying to those who denounced the bill as an "infamous" measure, said, "It is only 'infamous' in that it seeks to destroy the vilest commercial infamy that ever oppressed the producer or rested upon the boards of trade of this or any other country." He added, perhaps with too sanguine a spirit of prophecy, "You may delay it for a few days or weeks or

months, but it will come, as the result of the demand of the people, as surely as the sun rises and sets to-morrow."

As we prepare for press the second great tariff debate of the session is in progress. The indications in advance are that Mr. McCarthy's motion will have the support of a solid Opposition, though some of its propositions must be far from satisfactory to revenue-tariff-looking-to-free-trade reformers, but that it will not deduct more than a few votes from the regular Government majority. Several of the dissatisfied Government supporters will find it hard to vote against the affirmations of the preamble, which are in accord with what they have themselves declared, but they will probably refuse to accept the conclusion, on the ground that they have already decided that the Government shall have time to make up its mind. Two points of special interest are involved in this debate. It will afford a clue to the strength of the personal following which the mover will be able to rely on in his revolt against the Government, and it will test the feeling of Parliament on the principle of discrimination in favour of the Mother Country, a principle which it might be supposed would commend itself heartily to the many who pride themselves on their loyalty to the Empire.

France is joined to her protectionist idols. Probably the best thing to do is to leave her alone until such time as the exigencies caused by her enormous armaments may be less exacting, or until her people shall have their eyes opened, as those of the people of the American republic are becoming opened, to the supreme folly of obstructing the channels of trade, through which must flow the life-currents of national prosperity. Certainly the treaty which is the outcome of so much energetic and persevering effort on the part of the Canadian High Commissioner is not very encouraging to treaty-making as a Canadian industry. It would be unfair to pass judgment in advance of the High Commissioner's explanations, but it is hard to conceive of any satisfactory reason for the acceptance of so extraordinary a provision as that which secures to France the benefit of any concession which Canada may make to any other nation in respect not only to articles included in this treaty but to all articles whatsoever. That is to say, Canada is to be precluded from making an exclusive arrangement with any other nation while this treaty is in force.

Canada must be pretty badly in want of a treaty if she will consent to have her hands tied in that fashion, and for so infinitesimal a return.

Whether the rejection of the principal clauses of the Army Bill by the Committee of twenty-eight presages its defeat in the Reichstag or not, it certainly indicates a state of popular feeling to which the Emperor and his Chancellor will do well to take heed. It is very clear that the people of Germany cannot much longer be relied on to submit to the burden of militarism which is pressing them to the earth. If the reports published with regard to the indignities and cruelties suffered by soldier sat the hands of their officers are founded in fact, the popular movement cannot fail to be greatly stimulated thereby. What must be the heartlessness of the petty tyrants who can so abuse their authority as to drive a dozen young men to suicide within the space of a few weeks. Not the least outrageous part of the affairs is the ridiculously inadequate sentences passed upon those who have been convicted of such atrocious crimes. Surely the Government must be blind or infatuated, or it could not fail to foresee the effect such incidents must be producing in the popular mind. Can it be that German military law permits an officer to strike a subordinate at his own sweet will. There are few things more demoralizing to national character than an overshadowing military system like that of Germany. May America long be spared such an infliction.

It is now reported from Ottawa, we know not with how much authority, that Sir John Thompson has decided, in case the judgment of the Supreme Court affirms the right of the Government to entertain the appeal of the Manitoba minority, to proceed at once to the use of remedial measures. In view of the manifest inconsistency of his course in incurring the trouble and expense involved in the reference to the Court unless such is his intention, the rumour seems not improbable. The Government would place itself in an almost ludicrous position should it, after receiving a report from the Supreme Court affirming its power to give remedial legislation, decline or hesitate to use such power. This would be reversing the natural order of proceedings, and would expose the Government to the wrath of the appellants, who would have every reason to conclude that they had been trifled with. On the other hand, it cannot

be forgotten that more than one supporter of the Government declared from their places in Parliament that they would vote against it should it attempt anything in the shape of remedial legislation, in gross violation, as they believe it would be, of the autonomy of the Province in local matters. What good end such members can suppose is to be gained by taking the judgment of the Court upon a question when it is decided beforehand that no action can follow such decision whatever it may be, or why they should approve such a course, it is hard to understand. It goes without saying that Sir John Thompson must be pretty certain of a negative answer from the judges, and that the whole Government must be earnestly hoping for it, seeing into what a sea of troubles the affirmation of their right to interfere would plunge them.

President Harrison, on the last day of his administration, signed a bill which makes it unlawful for any railway corporation engaged in inter-state commerce to run any train not equipped with power-brakes and automatic couplers. The bill also provides that the Inter-State Commerce Commission may prescribe certain regulations in respect to the construction of cars and their equipment with grab-irons and hand-holds. This is a measure which the outgoing President had advocated in each of his annual messages. The bill was strenuously opposed on the somewhat contradictory grounds that it was a long step toward "demagogism" and "populism," and that it was "simply imperialism gone mad." No other, certainly no stronger, argument is needed in its favour than the simple statistical fact that while in 1890 only 286 railroad passengers were killed in the United States, and 2,425 injured, there were during the same year no less than 2,451 employees killed and 22,000—injured. Surely there is nothing in the duties of railroad employees to make the employment so terribly destructive to life, apart from accidents. The wholesome dread of heavy damages has compelled the companies to reduce the latter to a wonderfully small minimum, considering the number of passengers carried and of miles travelled. There seems no reason to doubt that a few years of the enforcement of so salutary a law will have a similar effect in promoting the safety of employees. Their lives have hitherto been altogether too cheap in Canada, as well as in the States, and we hope that similar legislation will soon be in force throughout the whole Dominion. Congress has given the companies ample time for preparation, as the bill does not go into operation until 1898.

The signed and semi-official account of the conversations had at the Reciprocity Conference at Washington a year ago between the three Canadian ministers and Messrs. Blaine and Foster of the United

States, fully confirm our Finance Minister's verbal report of the tenor of those interviews. According to this report, which has the sanction of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister at Washington, as well as that of the Canadian representatives, the insistence by Mr. Blaine on making the Canadian tariff uniform with that of the United States, was unequivocal. The wonder is that this document should have been so long withheld from the Canadian Parliament. Under the circumstances, Mr. Foster has no reason to complain that members may have been disposed to question whether his understanding or his recollection of Mr. Blaine's words might not have been at fault, especially in view of the varying recollections of Mr. Blaine and the American Mr. Foster. At the same time our Mr. Foster is to be congratulated on the confirmation of his statements. How the memories of the other parties to the conference could have varied so widely from the stenographic record remains a mystery. A possible explanation is suggested by the somewhat remarkable fact that the Canadian Ministers seem to have been quite ready, almost anxious, to elicit the conditions which made an agreement impossible and that they made no attempt to test Mr. Blaine's firmness by submitting a counter proposition. May not the American Commissioners have stated their view in an extreme form, leaving themselves room to give way to some extent under pressure? Thus not expecting to be taken so literally, their recollections may be rather of what they possibly may have had in mind as the utmost limit of concession than of the words of their first proposition. We give the guess for what it may be worth. One has to guess at some explanation of so singular a discrepancy.

It is told of a distinguished jurist that, being at one time asked for advice by one who had been appointed to a judicial position for which he felt himself unfitted, he in reply told him to announce his decisions in the cases which might come before him with all confidence, for they would almost certainly be right, but to refrain from attempting to give reasons for them, for his reasons would almost certainly be wrong. One feels sometimes, when reading the speeches of Mr. Charlton and other earnest advocates of strict Sunday legislation, to wish that some one in authority would give them similar advice. Their opinions with reference to the national and moral blessings attendant upon the faithful observance and enforcement of a Sunday rest are confirmed by observation and experience, as well as in accord with the deductions of sanitary and medical science. But the reasons generally given in support of those opinions are not such as can be maintained on sound principles, either political or religious. It would be a right and fitting thing for the Government to have the Canadian section of the World's Fair closed on

Sunday, irrespective of the action of the United States Commissioners, or of the Mother Country. Canada believes in securing as far as possible to all her citizens one day in seven as a day of rest, and she ought to have the courage of her convictions on American as well as Canadian soil. But Canada has no right or authority, human or divine, to attempt to compel or to restrain her citizens on religious grounds. Neither Government nor Parliament may intrude into the realm sacred to the individual conscience. To attempt to do so is to put forth an unauthorized hand to steady the ark of God. No act which a man may do under compulsion of the State can be properly a religious act. We have no doubt that strict enforcement of a hebdomadal rest-day is in accordance with the teachings of the most enlightened physiological and sociological science, and that its moral effect is of the best kind. These facts are the warrant of Sunday legislation. But the laws of religion belong to a higher sphere than those of politics and are to be enforced by a higher sanction.

It is not a little amusing, as well as bewildering, to read the comments and criticisms of leading English journals upon Mr. Blake's maiden speech in the House of Commons. In the opinions of these critics, the speech ranges all the way from a tiresome performance and an almost complete failure, to one of the most powerful, eloquent and effective speeches ever made in that august Chamber. Such divergences in judgment are unusual, for the verdicts of the leading journals are generally reliable and on the whole tolerably uniform in regard to such matters. They are, in fact, about the best judges of such a speech. The explanation is probably to be found in the fact that both the voice and the style of Mr. Blake are harsh to the accustomed ears of British critics. His voice is distinctively Canadian and lacks the mellowness so pleasingly characteristic of the educated English. His style, in the length and often in the intricacy of its sentences, the redundancy of its language, and its lack of some of those finishing touches and graces whereby art conceals art, fails to satisfy ears made unconsciously fastidious by being long accustomed to the best models. For this reason it can be easily understood that many, especially of those who were utterly out of sympathy with his sentiments, may have lost interest at the outset and consequently failed to give that attention to the matter, as distinct from the manner, of the oration, which is necessary to the appreciation of one of Mr. Blake's masterly speeches. But it is not easy to understand how any mind capable of following a close and powerful train of reasoning can read the published report of that speech without perceiving that, as step by step he picks up the arguments of the keen adversary who preceded him, he outmatches and outmasters him at almost every point.

Certainly Mr. Chamberlain never made a worse mistake than when with real or affected indifference he sought to ignore the speech, as if the Government had put up to reply to him some one too unequally matched to be worthy of notice. Canadians who have followed Mr. Blake's career differ widely in opinion in regard to the merits of the cause he has now espoused, but none of them can have any doubt as to the fitness of that massive, subtle and well trained intellect to cope with any other even in the British Commons, with scarcely an exception, save possibly that of the unique "old man" himself.

AN INCONSEQUENTIAL DEBATE.

In a paragraph upon those clauses of Sec. 93 of the B. N. A. Act, which have risen to such importance in connection with the Manitoba School question, we ventured to express the opinion that they constituted a peculiar and puzzling bit of legislation, and that they bore internal evidence of having been added to the Act as an afterthought. Both this opinion and this guess have now been to a certain extent confirmed by so good an authority as the Leader of the Opposition. Mr. Laurier, further, in his speech on Mr. Tarte's motion, gave us some light on the history of the clauses. They were introduced, it appears, while the Act was being put into final shape for the British Parliament, for the protection of the Protestant minority in Quebec, and afterwards very properly extended to include all minorities, in all the original Provinces. Whether their provisions, whatever they may mean, can now be invoked for the benefit of the minority in Manitoba, is one of the points upon which the authorities do not seem to be agreed some apparently inferring, certainly not without plausibility, that the insertion of another clause touching the same subject, in different terms, in the Manitoba Act, manifestly implies that such clause was intended to take the place of those in question in the B. N. A. Act; others the right of the new Province to fall back upon the provisions of the original Act, as applying in principle to all the provinces. Mr. Ewart, in his letter in our columns, stated, it will be remembered, that the claim of Manitoba is based mainly upon the sentences which he quoted from the Provincial Act, and seemed glad that an escape was thereby provided from the bewilderment which might result from an attempt to interpret the conditions attached to the subsections referred to, in the B. N. A. Act. Dr. Weldon, too, in reply to a question in Parliament, is reported as having expressed the opinion that the provisions of the Manitoba Act are wider than those of the B. N. A. Act. On the other hand, in view of the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council, it is difficult to discover a shadow of ground exists for the claim that a

right of the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba has been infringed upon, apart from the "or is thereafter established by the Legislature of the Province," of the B. N. A. Act: This is, however, we suppose, one of the points upon which the Supreme Court will be asked to pronounce. No light was thrown upon it in the debate.

The want of logical sequence between Mr. Tarte's speech and the motion for which it served as introduction was so clearly shewn in subsequent speeches, and has been so fully exhibited in the press that it is unnecessary to do more than allude to it. That was certainly a cunningly devised motion which could enlist in its support those who approach the main question from points so far apart and by routes so widely divergent, as those of its mover and Mr. McCarthy. The majority, of course, refused to convict the Government of attempting to evade responsibility in the manner charged. This they may have been justified in doing, in the light of the Premier's distinct and emphatic denial of any such attempt or intention. As to the delay, there is a good deal to be said in favour of procrastination in a case in which the religious and race feelings are so strong, as such passions need time to cool. But, on the other hand, the charge of evasion of responsibility seems to have been so clearly made out from the language used in the report of the Sub-Committee of the Privy Council, from the speeches of various ministers of the crown, and, above all, from Sir John Thompson's own declared conviction that all concerned would respect the decision of the Supreme Court, that it is almost as hard to reconcile those expressions with the protestations of Sir John and others, as to determine the application of the constitutional statutes in the case of Manitoba. The Premier's implication that the decision of the Supreme Court would settle the question at issue, was severely, perhaps fittingly, rebuked by Mr. Laurier. It is clear that should the verdict of the Court affirm the right of the Government to entertain the appeal, scarcely a step towards settlement would have been gained and there would be nothing for anyone to submit to but the determination of the Government to proceed with the consideration of the case on its merits. On the other hand, even should the Court declare that the appeal does not lie, the Government cannot consistently ask the appellants to accept the decision and let the matter rest there. On the contrary it will be in a manner bound by its own precedent to prosecute an appeal on behalf of the minority to the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council.

The one argument of the debate which was most conclusive was, probably, that in reply to Dr. Weldon's reasoning, based on the supposed analogy of the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council, in support of the proposition that the Govern-

ment may exercise judicial functions separate and distinct from those coming within the range of its executive responsibility. On closer examination the supposed analogy seems to have utterly failed.

We have more than once attempted to make clear that the gist of the whole matter, in the Manitoba question, is wrapped up in the assumption that the Public schools of Manitoba, as established by the Act of 1890, are Protestant schools, to all intents and purposes, in the same sense in which the Separate Schools were Catholic schools. By far the most valuable contribution to the whole debate was, in our opinion, the passage in Mr. Laurier's speech in which he insisted with great force and clearness that this is really the root of the whole dispute. Once it was established by the judgment of the Judicial Committee that the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba have no constitutional right to Separate schools, this becomes the one question to be further considered. Whatever may be the meaning of the law in respect to the power of the Federal authorities to enact remedial legislation, it is clear that the exercise of such a power would be tolerated only in cases of extreme hardship. We must all agree with Mr. Laurier that to compel Roman Catholics to pay taxes for and to send their children to schools which were either avowedly or virtually Protestant schools, would be such a case. Every fair-minded man would admit at once that if any provision for remedial legislation existed in the Constitution, this would be the time for its exercise. We could have wished that Mr. Laurier had given his own opinion upon the point, so far as the Manitoba school system is concerned, but from the party point of view he was, perhaps, justified in throwing the onus upon the Government. The wonder is that so little, we might almost say nothing, has hitherto been said in regard to what is so obviously the crucial test of the Manitoba School Bill.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

We are not so sanguine as we should like to be that Home-Rule will prove a panacea for the ills of unhappy Ireland, but if we thought that any good end could be served by entering into an argument to prove that simple justice to the majority of her population demands some radical change in her present system of government, we could scarcely desire a better ground for such an argument than is to be found within the four corners of "Ulster's" letter, which we publish this week. Take, for instance, "Ulster's" description of the character and condition of the great majority of the Irish people to-day. What stronger indictment of centuries of English rule could be framed than is presented in that picture? Is there, then, absolutely no hope of better things for the Irish? Are they to be perpetually doomed to the poverty, illiteracy,

and priestly domination which "Ulster" so graphically depicts? Surely the experiment of past and present methods has been tried for a sufficient length of time to test the results. If those results are as "Ulster" paints them, any change can hardly be for the worse, so far as the Irish and Catholic majority are concerned. Do "Ulster" and those who think with him, one is tempted to ask, hold the same conviction with regard to the possibility of improving the condition of the Catholic Irish which a certain class of Americans are fond of putting forth with regard to the Indians when they affirm that the only good Indians are the dead Indians, and that the only way to civilize them is to civilize them off the face of the earth?

From the tone of "Ulster's" letter we are not sure that he would prove an adept in "putting himself in his neighbour's place," but we should like to ask him, for argument's sake, to suppose himself to be, as he might have been had the accidents of his birth and training been different, one of the despised Roman Catholic minority, and to say from this standpoint how he would like to trust himself and all his local and personal interests to the rule of a Parliament dominated by the ideas of men who entertained the same views and feelings towards him and his compatriots which he now entertains toward his Catholic fellow-citizens.

"Ulster" informs us that there is no such thing as Protestant ascendancy in Ireland; that Protestant and Roman Catholic enjoy precisely the same privileges so far as the law is concerned. But who has made and still makes the laws? And who administers them? How large a proportion of the ruling and official classes belong to the Catholic majority? How many of these placed in civic and municipal positions in Belfast, or in Ulster generally, are Roman Catholics?

"If Ireland's claims are just and right, the Imperial Parliament ought to grant them and will grant them." The Imperial Parliament has granted many of Ireland's claims after admitting them to be just and right, but which of them all was ever granted save under pressure verging on rebellion? How would "Ulster" like, from the standpoint of one of the conquered and despised race, to depend for his local rights upon the sense of justice of a Parliament dominated by his conquerors, whose descendants were in possession of the soil of his country as the result of the conquest,—a Parliament, too, with the concerns of a vast Empire to absorb its attention? But again, Ireland says, and many Englishmen and Scotchmen and Welshmen now agree with her, that her claim for local self-government is just and right, and ought to be granted. "Ulster" scouts the view that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas rather than according to English ideas, as if it were some monstrous proposition, instead of a

political truism. It is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone that his whole career has been a moving forward from one position to another always more advanced in its recognition of popular rights than the preceding. His course in this respect is typical of that of his country, which is always moving steadily forward, from one precedent of justice and freedom to another, without retrogression. The sum of the matter, as it appears to us, is something like this. The demand of Ireland for self-government in local affairs is, on the face of it, just and reasonable. We do not deny to the minority the sacred right of resistance, even to the point of rebellion, for sufficient cause. But the proposal to rebel against a measure fair and reasonable in itself, on the assumption that it will be unfairly administered, is indefensible and unreasonable. The time to resist and rebel against majority rule will come when some outrageous wrong is being done or attempted, and not till then.

PATRIOTISM AND SCIENCE IN MONTREAL.

Montreal has just celebrated two events, each interesting in its own way, not merely to Montrealers, but to all patriotic Canadians. The first of these was the public inauguration of a new National League, for the promotion of a spirit of true patriotism and the purification of our political life. Its objects have been set forth to be as follows:—

"To disseminate a reasonable patriotism, based on our position as an organized people, whose life interests are bound together under a common Government and common social institutions in a great country, to dissipate obscure, narrow and merely vain-glorious ideas of patriotism; to emphasize the importance to each citizen of his citizenship, its rights and duties, especially among the young; to advance national unity; to spread a knowledge of Canadian history and resources; and to further the improvement of the Canadian people by any practicable means.

This is, without doubt, a "large contract" at this present moment of our history. Still there are few things which cannot in time be accomplished by faith, courage and determination. In Montreal, at least, we cannot forget that "Canadian Thermopylae" which was won by seventeen young Frenchmen at a critical period of our country's history; and there is undoubtedly a moral Thermopylae before us now. Nor is it all improbable that this new "National League" may be one of the forces wherewith we may win the day for the unity essential to national life and the "righteousness" that "exalteth a nation." "I did not think this League was going to amount to much," said a thoughtful man the other day, "but now I think it may become very powerful." If the interested audience that filled the Windsor Hall on the evening of Principal Grant's address to the new League on February 17th, can be taken as an indication of the interest already awakened in Montreal, that interest must be already both wide and deep. The only drawback to the pleasure and interest of the occasion was the absence of the chief projector and worker of the young League, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, who, owing to the

dangerous illness of his wife, was unable to be present. His numerous friends were, however, glad to find a day or two later that the crisis was past, and the main cause for anxiety was removed. A large number of public school children, ranged about the platform, gave a pleasant variety to the occasion by singing a number of patriotic songs, while a number of limelight views, representing important events in Canadian history, formed an appropriate part of the proceedings. Other music and recitations added their attractions; but the address of Principal Grant was of course the main feature of the evening. It was characterized by all his fervent patriotism and faith in the capabilities of Canada for a noble future. He emphasized the importance of maintaining our historical continuity, of merging minor differences in the great central unities of faith and country, of enforcing purity of government and punishing corruption, denouncing in the most emphatic language the scandalous laxity that has of late disgraced our political life,—a laxity which, with telling effect, he contrasted with the just retribution with which France has recently vindicated her national honour and conscience. The applause which rewarded these sentiments may be taken for an augury of a purer era of public life in the future. But the League, even if it spread as rapidly as it has shown signs of doing, will find work enough before it in stemming an un-dercurrent which, with succeeding years of permitted abuse of power, has gained such a tremendous headway that it threatens to even shatter our national existence.

An event of a very different kind and having an important bearing on the development of Canada on a different plane, is the opening of the completed Macdonald Buildings for the Schools of Engineering and Physics, recently added by private munificence to the equipments of McGill University. These fine buildings have won the admiration of even the critical American scientific visitors, by their completeness of adaptation and apparatus, every requisite being supplied in its newest, most approved and efficient form, quite irrespective of its cost. Physical and engineering sciences have, therefore, a better chance for progress within Canada now than they ever had before; and the enormous importance of these sciences to our modern civilization has been impressed on Montreal very forcibly by the coincidence of this opening with the annual meeting of the American Society of Mining Engineers. Montreal has indeed been deluged with mining engineers! Science—especially engineering science—has been the dominant topic, the engrossing thought. It was, of course, the theme of all the speeches at the opening formalities, which were graced by the presence, not only of the Governor-General and distinguished Canadian visitors, but also of some of the most eminent representatives of the physical science of the United States. One of these, indeed, "magnified his office" to an extent that was almost ludicrous in its unconscious arrogance. Apparently entirely mistaking a humorous use of the well-worn term "Philistine" in Principal Grant's eloquent address on the greatness of Mind and its modern achievements, this speaker, who is Secretary to the American Society of Mining Engineers, struck out for himself an entirely original use of the term and divided mankind into the two classes of "saints" and "Philistines," because the Philistines, by their use of iron implements, gained an advantage over the Jews. He might have

gone further back, even to Tubal Cain himself, but he stopped at Philistia. According to him the "Philistines," i.e., the men of science, had done all that was worth doing since the creation of the world, and nothing that they have not done and do not know is worth doing or knowing. Philosophers, statesmen, legislators, poets and philanthropists must all be included in the term "saints," which, with him, seemed to be tantamount to that of idle dreamers. All that antiquity has done for us shows only "a few old cathedrals," and—he might have added—a few old books and pictures, with a few noble memories of imperishable deeds! Science has come, in these latter days, to be the "restorer of all things," and though she has temporarily turned them upside down by destroying fifty per cent. of the world's "plant," and throwing forty per cent. of its workers out of work, she is eventually to bring about a millennium whose blessedness he indicated by the observation that a man's power can now be made equal to that of eleven men and one fifth, and the day's work of an individual equal to fourteen bushels of wheat, instead of one bushel as before. But just how this is to bring about the moral and spiritual elevation of the race he did not condescend to explain. It is not to be supposed that he desired to be taken absolutely *au sérieux* in his remarks, but there was enough of seriousness in them to make the speech an apt illustration of a certain intoxication with its own success, to which modern science seems particularly liable, and the arrogant and somewhat antagonistic spirit, in which it averages itself for a past inadequacy of appreciation by an undue exaltation of its own sphere of truth, forgetting that it is, after all, only a part of a far grander whole, and that it is as true to-day as ever it was, that "man cannot live by bread alone."

With the exception of this somewhat jarring note, however, the proceedings were characterized by the happiest spirit, the most generous appreciation of scientific triumphs, and the most hopeful augury of Canadian progress. Lord Stanley, in his very felicitous and genial address, briefly referred to the wonderful capabilities of the apparatus provided for the practical teaching of applied science and alluded to his own warm interest in Canadian development in general and in McGill University in particular, in a way that brought down the collected students, who were, as usual, liberal in the tolerance of their own peculiar responses. The presentation to His Excellency of the keys of the new buildings in a little box made from the wood of the first steamship that rounded Cape Horn, was made by the "hero of the hour," Mr. McDonald, without a speech, and in the most quiet and modest manner. There was also the presentation of an address from the University, read by Sir Donald Smith in his capacity of Chancellor, and another was also presented by the undergraduates, along with a beautifully executed cabinet made by one of themselves. His Excellency's evident sympathy with the students must have won him golden opinions, as it did enthusiastic applause. His references to the absence of Lady Stanley and its cause were given with a good feeling and simplicity which awoke the fellow-touch of nature. And the other drawback to the completeness of the satisfaction of the time, the ill-health and absence of Sir William Dawson, was referred to by most of the speakers with a warmth and sincerity

which must have intensely gratified the venerable Principal of McGill University, could it have been conveyed to him more fully along with the telegram which was sent to him, at Lord Stanley's suggestion, from the morning meeting while still in progress, and answered by him before it was over, one incidental illustration of the victories of Science.

Not the least interesting feature of the proceedings was the varied character of the nationalities represented. About the central figures of Lord Stanley and Dean Bovey, both typical Englishmen, were grouped, first, the acting principal, Prof. Johnston, an Irishman, and around them Scotchmen, Anglo-Canadians, French-Canadians, Americans, and even one representative of the Slavonic race in the tall and dignified figure of Sir Casimir Gzowski, whose brief address and reference to the scanty facilities for the study of science in his early days had a certain pathos, in the presence of the wonderfully improved conditions under which a new race is starting. The Chief Justice of Quebec, Mr. La Coste, well maintained the credit of his race in his brief and well-chosen remarks; and in the unity of feeling which characterized so varied an assemblage, one may see tokens of the growing cosmopolitan spirit which, it may be hoped, will be one of the happy results of scientific achievements. FIDELIS.

OTTAWA LETTER.

The continued good news of his sons, enables Lord Stanley to gratify his desire to please, by giving an evening skating and tobogganing party, and the lion of March politely waived his proverbial privilege, and came in in most lamb-like guise, so that the entertainment should be the success that endless care and generous hospitality deserved. Some 800 invitations were issued, and a prettier sight than that presented by the grounds of Rideau, lit by four monster bonfires and hundreds of Chinese lanterns and coloured lights, could not be desired. Supper was laid in the long curling rink, and was a very triumph of feasting. The only cause for regret lay in the absence of Lady Stanley, now in England nursing her sick sons through the trying period of their convalescence.

By the way, there is a rumour that Lord Stanley may continue as Governor General for another year. He has grown in general favor so much that the arrangement would be very gratifying if carried out.

A curious comment on the uncertainties of the law was afforded here the other day. A gentleman, the manager of the Bank of Montreal here, was passing a cab-stand and saw one of the cabmen brutally beating his horse. He stopped and remonstrated: whereupon the man, one William Kelly, followed him, and striking him from behind a heavy blow on the head, knocked him down and injured his face so severely that he narrowly escaped the loss of an eye. The man was summoned, and Mr. O'Gara, the police magistrate decided that a fine of 20 cents would meet the case, as the man should not have been reproached publicly. A good deal of strong feeling and speaking has been the result; people wondering what could be the cause of this leniency and delicate consideration towards a fellow whose unrestrained passions would, they think, justify a good deal

stronger measures than even a public "reproach". Henceforward, only a generous fool will interfere, even if he should see a gentleman of Mr. Kelly's stamp kicking his wife to death.

The legitimate amusements of the Lenten season do not include marriages, and consequently orange blossoms here are "quiet." It is understood, however, that before long some very pretty incidents in this direction will be forthcoming. The "pilulous smallness of premarital acquaintance" will have a chance to roll up into quite a considerable ball. Possibly George Eliot never saw a Chinese pill which I may say for the benefit of those who are strange to the pharmacy of the almond-eyed is nearly as big as a small orange and requires at least two bites.

Mr. Charles MacKintosh, M.P., late editor of The Ottawa Citizen, will on the first of July succeed Mr. Royal as Lieut-Governor of the North-West Territories. Clever, kind-hearted and generous of disposition, he will surely become popular in that capacity, being well acquainted, from personal experience, with the needs of the country. He and his family will be missed in this city with which they have for so long been identified.

A contrast full of suggestiveness lies in two musical entertainments presented here recently: one a concert given by Messrs. Wolff and Hollman, arch masters, as Toronto well knows, of the violin and 'cello respectively, the vocalists being Mr. and Mrs. Moody Manners. The grace, dignity, pathos, artistic and musicianly qualities of their performance need no comment here. The "gods" were, of course, absent. Two nights after, there appeared on the same boards a variety troupe—songs, dances, acrobatic feats, etc., etc. The gallery was of course, in full force. Delighted, enthusiastic, it laughed at the rubbishy songs, roared at the lean jokes and horse play, and yelled at the dances. Yet,—and here is my point—one of the actors represented, and that exceedingly well, by the way, the type of the gentle born and college bred, who has fallen from his high estate to be a whiskey-sodden thing of rags and tatters, a bloated, bleared-eyed, bar-room bummer. Education in the past gives him words and thoughts for the present, and in a scene with a quondam school fellow whom he accosts for the price of a lodging, he presents the aforesaid gallery with some observations which might have fallen from a pulpit, (the ideal pulpit, that is, not our customary article). Did the gallery gibe? No. It listened with the compliment of profound silence and rewarded him with a round of hearty applause. If, then, the higher life spoke with such success, why should it not have spoken to the same audience with like success through the charming voice of Mrs. Manners. The violin of Wolff and the exquisite delicacy of Mr. Hollman's 'cello. Simply because the same audience was not present. The lowest price of admission to such concerts is fifty cents. It is said, the gods do not care for entertainments of this character. Who knows whether they care or don't care? Who has tried to see whether they would care? Certain experiments made in London slums have shown they do care, and care very much. There is a current, complacent theory that "they" don't care for decent lodgings, well-cooked food, fresh air and clean shirts. Just try "them" and see if they don't; and

Just try whether even if, at first, the A minor concerto or Bach's fugues fail to draw Mrs. Manners' "Robin Adair" is not as much appreciated as the "Broadway Swell" or "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de ay" and their idiotic kindred.

The Civil Service has at last, following the lead of other services, elsewhere, been supplied with an "organ" "The Civil Service Review," which made its bow on the 1st instant. Its programme is moderate and conciliatory. It proposes to be absolutely non-political, impartial and free from any national or religious bias. It promises to treat matters relating to the Service with truth, fairness and discretion and with reference purely to the principles they may involve. It calls attention to the fact that the Service is, to a great extent, the executive of the government of the day and trusts that the spirit so suggested will be met with corresponding consideration tending to sympathetic and harmonious working and to mutual respect. It states that its characteristics will be courtesy in appeal, moderation in argument and reasonableness in request. This is a good platform, and the venture should receive the hearty approval and support not only of members of the Service themselves, but of the country at large, and of its representatives in Parliament; last, but chief of all, of the Ministers of the Crown, in whose power, for use or abuse these men lie, and who are for the time, the principal performers on the stage whose minor parts are filled by the great mass of the unknown, who after all can make or mar the play. "Stars" come and go, rise, flame, wane and vanish, and fresh stars appear," for as George Eliot puts it, "Destiny stands by, sarcastic, with our dramatis personae folded in her hand," but the "super" and the scene-shifter are perpetual essentials. Let them have fair, humane and just treatment.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy has launched a bomb into the House by giving notice of a Resolution alleging that manufacturers "sheltered behind the ramparts" erected by protection, "have formed combinations and trusts which prohibit competition and create and maintain monopolies"; that the present tariff is unfair, oppressive and burdensome; that there should be no delay in remedial legislation; and that finally, the House declares its readiness to reduce customs duties in reciprocal favour of the United Kingdom, of other portions of the Empire, and of other nations, especially the United States. A considerable addition to the pages of Hansard may be looked for. Meantime, Mr. Foster having already in his budget speech, said his say, looks on smilingly, like Milton's "affable archangel." With a majority of 67, he can afford to do so.

A warm debate, closely reasoned and argued, on the important question whether the legislation of the Province of Nova Scotia should or should not be allowed to grant to a syndicate the control of her coal mines, was closed by a speech from Sir John Thompson in which, while expressing his personal non-approval of the measure, he upheld the right of the Province to deal with her own minerals just as Ontario deals with her timber limits, and, on constitutional grounds, announced that the act in question would not be interfered with.

The discussion raised in the House on the question of the census, brought out

some very interesting statements from members who found their constituencies credited with numerous manufactories which their own eyesight had been unable to perceive. It was, not unfairly, asked that the individual factories referred to might be specifically identified. It appears not to have been generally remembered that in 1885 a voluminous return was made to the House giving similar information, in the form of a report made by A. H. Blackeby, on the state of the manufacturing industries of Ontario and Quebec, and by E. Willis, on those of certain sections of the Maritime Provinces. These reports were made at the instigation of Sir Leonard Tilley, then Finance Minister. They covered the period from 1879 to 1885. The information obtained included the name of the place, the name of the firm, the class of work, and the date of establishment, besides grouping in tables of a less individual character, (so that private concerns should not become too public), the statements as to number of hands employed, totals of their yearly wages, the value of the product, and amount of capital invested. The return is to be found in sessional papers No 37, of the year 1885.

The annual Press dinner which came off in the House of Commons restaurant was a great success, the chair being occupied by Mr. Fred Cook, President. The newspaper men numbered 35, and their guests, including the Hon. MacKenzie Bowell, the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, and the Hons. Patterson, Daly and Davies, brought up the list to 70. The dinner, the speeches, and the songs were all of the best, as might be expected, under such auspices.

At last the great Reliever of the afflicted has come to the rescue of one of those whose name in the past was well known. After long years of crippled and helpless existence through rheumatism, which rendered him absolutely incapable of independent motion, Colonel Bernard, the brother of Lady Macdonald, died peacefully at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. His kind and gentle heart, and the uncomplaining disposition which carried him through his weary days, endeared him to his friends, and mingled their pity for his condition with the keenest admiration and respect for his manly bearing. Lady Macdonald has the warmest sympathy of the whole country, in this, her fresh grief.

Mr. E. L. Newcome, of Halifax, N. S., the new Deputy Minister of Justice, is only thirty-four years of age and, like the man he succeeds, adds another to the long list of those of the younger race who nowadays are absorbing the desirable positions in the country. That "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together," is an accepted law of sexual relationship, but why as between man and man youth should be allowed to elbow ripened experience and years which are neither crabbed nor dullard, away from the seats of dignity and emolument is hard to say. The fin de siècle mad push for wealth and distinction can brook no delay. The school boy and the school girl of the more slowly, but, perhaps, more solidly maturing past, exists no longer, and our babies will soon be pushing us, mothers and fathers alike, from our forms. Their lisping utterances will fill our pulpits, and phrase our verdicts. They will dictate our policies, and make our laws; the first, and under the circumstances kindest enactment being that all persons over forty-five shall be

knocked on the head as useless encumbrances. Fortunately, in the midst of this general worship of the youthful, there is left one field to middle age. The occupation of scavenger is still uncovered; and to that and certain singular, modest, but beneficial employments, it must thankfully and altruistically turn.

ZERO.

THE CRITIC.

The professional literary critic, like the professional art critic, is often apt to forget that the general public does not regard a book from quite the same standpoint as himself. Thus, among art critics, the conversation turns ten times oftener to the method in which a subject is handled, than it does to the subject itself. They talk of tone, of correct drawing, of modelling, of composition. Meanwhile the public, that public which knows little or nothing about pictures, and outnumbers enormously the few who do, the public merely knows whether or not it is pleased and often not even this. So with a novel or a poem. Your literary critic laboriously examines the technique, is careful to classify "his author," to point out his characteristics of style, and to compare him with others of his own class. The public on the other hand weeps over the characters, thrills at the poetic images and takes no thought as to why it does either.

But are there not two standpoints, and is not the uncritical public as justified in regarding a work of art from the one as the critical reviewer is from the other? There is something surely in every work of art that mere technical criticism cannot touch, and the more imaginatively powerful or the more delicately lyrical a work of art is, the more impotent does technical criticism become to interpret for us or even to point out to us the hidden and altogether undefinable beauty and influence of the author's creation. Shakespeare may (amongst his myriad other attributes) perhaps be taken as the supreme example of the utter inability of technical criticism to go to the root of the matter in the case of a highly imaginatively powerful work: the volume of technical criticism in the case of Shakespeare seems destined to flow on for ever. And Shelley perhaps may be taken as the supreme example of the inability of technical criticism to explain to us the beauty of poems renowned for the delicacy of their lyricism. In fact technical criticism, as if cognisant of its feebleness, seems to have kept its hands off Shelley: and well it may. Accostics would have an easier task were it to undertake to analyse the pleasure derived from a Sonata; or optics if it tried to put into formulæ the requisites for a beautiful sunset.

As a matter of fact true criticism of any work should travel in an ellipse about these two centres—that is, until that man arises who shall be able to see that the two centres, the two points of view are in reality one, that matter and form are divorced only because of the limitations of the finite mind. Then criticism will form the perfect circle about the thing it criticizes. But till then we must be satisfied to accept as inevitable two foci about which to travel, only doing our best to bring them as near together as possible.

It is of this last caution that both the public and the professional critics lose sight. The one knows nothing and cares nothing for methods; all it knows is that certain things appeal to it and that certain other

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things do not, and they buy and weep and laugh over the one, and they throw the other aside, never troubling themselves over the question, so interesting to the critic, as to what causes the divergence in their feelings. The other, the professional critic, is too apt to limit his view to the form, to the manner in which the writer has worked out his ideas, given the materials which he had chosen. Or if he be not wholly occupied with this narrow view, he goes off at a tangent and tells us much about the author, constructing him as best he may from the manner in which he has written; which is delightful and interesting in its way, and no doubt forms a quite important part of the thing called criticism, but which no more explains why this man's work is immortal and that man's ephemeral than the spectrum explains why sunlight vivifies.

In short, there are actinic rays and invisible notes in literature which no literary optics or acoustics will ever explain, to say nothing of that hidden, inner and mysterious power of the winged word which no critic and no public will ever define.

DION.

A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

Dion, of Syracuse, (408—353 B.C.) philosopher, was a near relative through his wife Arete of the tyrant Dionysius the Second, by whom he was banished. He took up his residence at Athens, but on hearing that the tyrant had seized his son and given Arete in marriage to another, with a small and faithful force he returned to Syracuse, captured the place and drove Dionysius into Ortygia, a fortress within the city walls. As soon as their oppression was relieved, the suspicious Syracusans began to fear the power of Dion, although he had nobly refused to make concessions to Dionysius when urged thereto by the passionate appeals of Arete and her son held captive in Ortygia. On hearing of a plot formed against him among the citizens by Heracleides, Dion withdrew to Leontini, but only to be speedily recalled to rescue the people a second time from the ravages of Dionysius, who had charged out upon the town as soon as Dion had withdrawn. Again Dion returned to Syracuse and this time succeeded in routing the tyrant from his strong-hold and restoring peace. With a magnanimity equal to his valour he pardoned Heracleides and his confederates. On breaking into the deserted fortress at the head of his troops, Dion, after years of separation, found his wife Arete. Dion naturally succeeded to the throne of the deposed monarch, but his reforms, and the severity of his manifold rule rendered him unpopular with his fellow-townsmen, and plots were formed for his assassination. He scorned to take precautions against attack, and so fell a victim to his valour. He was surrounded on the day of the festival of the Koreia, in his apartment in the palace, by a band of youths of distinguished muscular strength, who endeavoured to throw and strangle him. But the old warrior proving too strong for them they were obliged to send out one of their number through a back door to procure a sword. With this, Dion, a man in many ways too great for his age and circumstances, was despatched.

Pray youths, what urgent business claims our ear
On this high feast when all keep holiday?
Already do the gay-decked barges move
Across the harbour to the sacred grove,
And shouts and music reach us even here
Where through the balustrades the dancing sea
Marbles this chamber with reflected lights.
What! Is it treason? Ye have come to slay,

I read your purpose right. The palace guards
Have been secured and all retreat out off,
And I am at your mercy. It is well.
So often have I met death face to face
His eyes now wear the welcome of a friend's.
Is it for hate of Dion, or for gold,
Ye come to stain your honour with my blood?
And think ye I shall kneel and fawn on you,
And cry for mercy with a woman's shrieks?
Though me, like some old lion in his den,
Fate, stratagems, not ye, have tracked to death.
The lion is old, but all his teeth are sound.
What! ye would seize me? There I shake you off.
Ye did not deem these withered arms so strong
That ye five cubs could thus be kept at bay.
Despite your claws and fury and fierce barks.
But I am Dion—Dion, Plato's friend,
And I have faced the rain of human blood,
The lightning of the sword-strokes on my helm,
The thunder of on-rushing cavalry,
When ye were sucking babies at the breast.
And think ye I am one whom ye can slay
By throttling, as an out-cast slays her child,
Pinching the life out of its tiny throat.
Not this shall be my death, for I am royal,
And I must royally die. Go fetch a sword
And I shall wed it nobly like a king.

I brought you manhood with my conquering
arm,

I offered Syracuse a way to fame.
I could have made our city reign as queen,
With her dominion founded in the sea,
Cemented with wise bands of equal laws,
A constitution wrought by sober minds,
Expanding with its growth, yet ye would not,
But mewed and babbled, cried and sulked
again,

Like children that will quarrel for a coin
And yet its value know not. I am king.
Beyond this honour, if it honour be,
To sit enthroned above so base a herd,
A king of mine own self. My thoughts are
mated

With those of gods, I have no kin with you.
Go, publish my last words when I am dead
And sting the city's heart with them, say,
"Thus

O men of Syracuse, thus Dion spake,
Falling upon the threshold of his death,
With face turned back, eyes fixed and cheek
unblanched,

For one last moment at the braying mob,
Ere into dark he passed to meet his peers,
The gods and heroes of the nether world."
Yea, tell the foolish rabble Dion sends
His love and duty as a warrior should
Unto the sweet earth of his native town,
Soon to be watered with his warmest blood.
He loved her pleasant streets, her golden air,
The circle of her hills, her sapphire sea,
And he loved once and loved unto his death,
The poor, half-brutal thing her mob became
Under the heel of tyrants; had he not,
He might have finished out his course of days
And died among the pillows on his bed.
But he so loved his Syracuse that she,
Grown sick of his great heart, let out its red
Upon the pebbles of her streets, and cried,
"Mine own hands slew him for he loved too
much."

Too much, ay, at her piteous call he came
And gripped the tyrant's heel upon your neck,
And overthrew him bidding you uprising.
And when your silly fathers feared his strength
And set their murderous snares around his
path,

The sword he drew for her, for her he sheathed,
Disdaining as a warrior to be wroth
At the snake's use of its recovered power
To sting the breast that warmed it back to life;
And he whose word could then have crushed
the town

Into a shapeless ruin at his feet,
Led off to Leontini a lion men,
Who, had ye slain him, would upon the ground
Have heaped your bodies for his funeral pyre;
And who with eyes that cursed her very stones
Left Syracuse unharmed, at his command.
Yet on the morrow in your new distress
Ye were not loth to send with craven haste
Your weeping envoys fawning at his feet
And crying, "Come and save us, oh forget,
Great Dion, how we wronged thee, come again
Yet this once more and save our Syracuse."

There are no depths in ocean, earth or sky
As deep as Dion's pride, there is no force
Commensurate with the scorn which curls his
lip,

In detestation of the fickle world,
Before he plunge for ever down death's gulf.
So proud was he, that he despised success,
His manhood was the crown his spirit wore.
His stern heart felt no pulse of arrogant joy
When he charged foremost on the routed
ranks

Of Dionysius in precipitous flight;
Nor when as conqueror, up the city's hill
The wild mob bore him with their loud acclaims,
And women from the house-roofs hailed him
king,

And shrilled his praises out to the great deep.
But he was proud, as might some god be
proud,

At his self-conquest, when for mercy sued
False Heracleides, whose perfidious plot
To overthrow him well nigh wrought your doom.
Ye saw the traitor kneel, ye heard his words,
How his swift tongue did hide the poisoned
fangs.

But when all voices shouted "Let him die,"
The one most wronged obeyed that inner voice
Which bade him spare a fallen enemy,
And stooping down, he raised and pardoned
him,

Well-knowing as ye the baseness of the man,
But being too great for meanness like revenge.

Had Dion not been proud, O Syracuse,
He might have told such tale of woes endured
As would, like some moist, south-wind after
frost,

Have made your very walls and porticos,
Run down with tears of silent sympathy,
Ye thought that day he read to you unmoved
The letter that his own son wrote to him
In his young blood, sobbed out with broken
cries,

While Dionysius pressed the red-hot irons
Close on his slim boy's back, that he was stone,
Inhuman, or if human, weak like you,
And would with treason buy him from his
chains.

Nay, but ye knew not how his father's heart
Burnt with the fury of the molten sun,
And how the ashes of his being choked
The steadfast voice which cried "I will not
yield,"

I will not wrong my blood with treachery:
To what is right—the gods deliver him."

'Twas well ye marked him not that other day
When he broke first into the citadel
Deserted by the tyrant, and there found,
Whiter, more stone-like than the marble shaft,
'Gainst which she crouched in fear and dread
of him,

His wife, his long lost Arete, and went
And drew her white hands from her face and
said

"My wife, my own, thy Dion comes again,
And his great love doth wash thy body clean
From sins forced on thee, which were not
thine own."

For as she rose and clung about his neck,
Panting and quivering like a hunted fawn,
She downward bent her face in guileless shame,
And told him, with her cheek against his
breast,

How through those years of captive misery
She, like a priestess, had in secret shrine
Of wedded heart, kept ever bright and pure
The vestal flame of her great love for him.

'Twas well ye marked not, Syracusan men,
How unlike stone was Dion then. how fell
His woman's tears upon her woman's hair.
'Twas well ye heard not what his heart pulsed
out

Without one word, into her tight-pressed ear,
Else might ye and your wives have called him
weak,

When ye had seen that inner self laid bare
Which he forsook to serve his native land.

A strong tree which has braved a thousand
storms

May totter in the wind which brings its fall,
So now methinks my pride is dying down
When thus I talk before my funeral
Of all the love, hate, duty, self-restraint,
Ingratitude and sorrow, which have graved

And scarred old Dion as he is to-day,
With all his years gone by and all his deeds.

And now, Eternal Gods, I come to you
Through death, with calm irrevocable tread.
Farewell life's toilsome warfare, like a king,
Great gods, receive me into bliss or woe,
Which e'er your land affordeth; set my throne
Among the company of those who strove
To mount by inner conquest, not by blood,
And who accept and quaff with equal mind
Pleasure or pain, defeat or victory.
I care not to be highest, only peer
Of all the great who are in-gathered there;
If needs my rank be blazoned on my throne,
Inscribe it "Dion, Tyrant of Himself."

Ha! ye have found a sword, 'tis well, for now
I shall lie down to sleep as soldier should,
Wounded in front and by a soldier's blade.
O Syracuse, I thought to carve a rock
Rough and unhewn into a perfect shape;
But lo! 'twas only soft clay that I graved,
And every wind and rain did melt you down
Into the common mud which tyrants love
To smooth into an easy path to power.

Here, youths, I do not flinch, behold my breast,
Shaggy, like front of lion, streaked with gray.
It is your glory to anticipate
Time's tardy slaughter. Come, which will be
great

And first to make himself a name and steep
His weakling hands in Dion's royal blood?
Pray you be quick, I do not fear the pain
But would quit life. Here is my naked heart,
It knocks against the edges of this rib,
But yet not faster than its wont, come youths
Put the sword here and drive it quickly home,
And fix your eyes upon me as I fall,
And mark ye well the grandeur of my death.
For nothing but the red flood bursting forth,
No cry, no groan, no movement of the face
Shall tell you that ye have not slain a god.
Then draw the blade out blunted where it met
The tempered edge of my self-mustering will,
And bear the crimsoned trophy through the
streets,

And show it to the wondering citizens;
That men may know and tell in aftertimes
How Dion lived and died for Syracuse.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.
Drummondville, P. Q.

PARIS LETTER.

Big, versus little shops; freedom versus restriction of commerce—that is the question now dividing citizens. The dispute is as old as the hills and generally comes on at the approach of the general elections. The small trader is simply superseded by modern science which groups production and sale to reduce cost, and enables the consumer to reap the benefit. There is no income tax in France because the population will never submit to have their books liable to be examined to check statements of revenue. Such interference with private affairs would raise a whirlwind that would sweep away even the Third Republic. Hence, why householders are taxed on the rents they pay as the basis of fiscal valuation, and the traders simply on the appearance of their business—if it presents a live look, or is flashy or imposing.

In all industries the old and the weak must go to the wall; it is the struggle for the fittest; steam has superseded post horses; gas, oil; electricity, both gas and steam. And further these changes are brought about by the concentration of capital that secures a large out-put cheaply and effects an all round economy in its distribution. The Government is of opinion, that inequality in the matter of taxation in the case of small traders will be redressed by doubling and tripling the

impost on the mammoth shops and co-operative stores—as if an extra million of francs would demolish such gigantic houses as the Bon Marche and the the Louvre. The public are attracted to the large establishments not only on account of greater cheapness and relative superiority of wares, but because there is a greater variety from which to select, thus saving time, while securing reliable delivery. A fraction of a one per centage on the profits of the Brobdignagian shops that turn over their capital three or four times a year, would suffice to meet all exceptional taxes inflicted on them; but that would not alleviate the enemy condition of the small trader. A successful rival must be fought with the elements of his own success, i. e. grouped effort. Many working traders now unite their wares, and thrive by this associated action. The idea of preventing the trader of one department exercising his natural calling in another until the taking out a fresh license, is pure utopia. Imagine a merchant in France having to pay for 86 patents or permits, to sell his products in that number of departments, shires, or counties.

Alcohol, as a beverage or cordial, is excellent when good, this the abstinence world will never admit. It is alcohol that contributes the lion's share of the revenue as indirect taxation. A very large section of public opinion demands that the State should be the monopolist of the alcohol, as it is of tobacco and stamps; it could purify the spirit and so protect the national health; it could dilute it to a fixed strength, and thus raise one-third of the total revenue of the country from this source alone, and thus abolish the most unpopular of the many objectionable taxes. Moralists even avow the step would be the beginning of the end of alcoholism. Both the excise and the doctors agree that good alcohol is beneficial: Say the first, it is the quantity taken which is pernicious; not at all, retort the second, it is the quality, the toxicity, which produces the ravages. It is authoritatively averred that nine-tenths of the alcohol or cognac sold in France is adulterated, and that of the samples of the brandy analyzed by Dr. Heret, head of the Trousseau hospital, and taken alike from the vilest rum hole and the most fashionable cafe—all were either dangerous or bad. Extremes meet; the liqueur glassful of cognac for which the consumer pays 20 sous in a crack cafe on the boulevards, and that purchased by the rag picker in his drink den for two sous, are alike, in point of health-detriment. Only in the soup establishments, where brandy is served with coffee—for these taverns are not drinking-houses, can the least objectionable of the ordinary cognacs be obtained, now that alcohol is prepared chiefly from German potato whiskey, diluted with common pump water, and coloured caramel, Vive Duval!

The flag covers the goods; a fancy bottle and an attractive label, are all that is necessary to enable the vintner to sell his own preparation composed of ethers and colouring, and flavouring mixtures that baffle even science. Professors Riche and Villiers, the eminent toxicologists assert it to be safer to consume ordinary alcohol than manufactured brandy. Reliable cognac can only be had from notable houses and at a high price. It is the blending of rye whiskey with the spirit pre-

pared from grapes, that cognac or brandy is made from. Beet root brandy is not unhealthy, but it has a bad taste; the assassination brand is that fabricated from alcohol intended for varnishes and lamps, and which forms the base of absinthe and vermouth. To sum up this episode of the drink question: if you are not rich enough to be able to buy first-class cognac sign the pledge and subscribe to a temperance newspaper.

I have come to the conclusion that the French having got over the shiver of indignation produced by the Panama scandals, now grin in their sleeves at the fiery discussions in the press and the Chamber. The nation now apparently takes not the slightest business interest in the hurly-burly; it is not indifferent nor unobservant; it is clearly like Tam o'Shanter's landlady, "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," till October brings that Day of Judgment for politicians—the general elections. Then the French will show the world, how universal suffrage can cleanse an Augean stable. Nothing is precisely known about the prolongation of the Canal Company's concession; if the Colombian executive refuses, no new society can be formed. M. Wyse states that he holds a treaty for prolonging the concession; if so, he seems to be incapable of utilizing it, as he has not obtained the required 700 million francs; he demands one-half million francs for this new service, and the liquidator replies that he owes him nothing. Doleful descriptions are published of the state of the abandoned plant and material in the Isthmus; both are as rapidly disappearing beneath the rank vegetation, as though they were the ruins of an Aztec city.

Now and then Madame de Genlis, who reared the late Louis Philippe and his sister, wrote nearly a century ago a thumb nail comparison between English and French manners. She observed that the fights, quarrels and seditions among the English people are common daily events, while the French are the mildest and the merriest people in Europe. In England every inhabitant pays two to three times more taxes than in France; in England also the robbers attack and strip every day the inhabitants and travellers in the suburbs of London and upon the highways. It is quite the contrary in France where no thieves are to be met with either in day or night time. The English die frequently of spleen, and suicides are more common with them than with other people. When it is desired to indulge in amusement, and to witness a happy people the English go to France for these, as well as to be cured of consumption.

The distinguished theatrical critic, M. Sarcely, has been doing good work in castigating the dramatists of between 20 and 25 years of age, who bring out their plays of one to three acts, in a theatre for which they have to bear a share in the expenses. The plays are not destitute of talent, but pander to obscenity and indecency. The audience generally consists of young and fast people. To the credit of the latter, they commence to show they have had enough of that style of amusement. Not one of the nasty productions has the slightest chance of ever being represented at any theatre of note.

In looking over the Municipal Budget of Paris, there are some interesting fig-

ures to record. The total income of the capital from its assessed population of 2,294,108, is 290 millions of francs. The octroi or barrier dues, yield nearly the moiety of this total, while the interest on the several loans absorbs 108 million francs. The relief of the poor, the municipal schools, and the maintenance of the police force cost nearly each, between 24 and 25 million francs. To collect the octroi taxes 81.2 million francs are required, while administrative expenses amount to 71.2 million francs.

The receipts are very curious, and afford the key as to how the French are able to support so crushing a total of taxation; everything taxable is taxed; thus oysters bring in 14,500 francs; dogs, 512,000; the two bird markets contribute 5,300; the horse and dog markets, 83,300 and 2,200 respectively. One old clo' market yields 1,500; the ham fair brings in 7,500, while the gingerbread fair nets 86,800. The latter sum is realized because the fair is largely occupied with raree shows and kindred amusements. The slaughter house dues produce 3,000,000. Guess how much M. Eiffel is obliged to pay, till the year 1910, as the annual ground rent of his tower? Only twenty francs. It is to be hoped that the technical committee employed to scale down the millions he has been condemned to suffer two years' imprisonment for unduly squeezing out of the Panama Canal Company, may leave him sufficient to pay his municipal peppercorn.

Only think that those shops or shanties built into the recesses, or leaning against the off corners of the old churches yield annually 4,000 to 6,000 francs per francs. It is to be hoped that the technical committee employed to scale down the millions he has been condemned to suffer two years' imprisonment for unduly squeezing out of the Panama Canal Company, may leave him sufficient to pay his municipal peppercorn.

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The corporation of Paris enjoys numerous bequests and none at all of a frivolous character. There is a revenue of 10,000 francs to enable young women to set up for themselves in business, and another sum of 985 francs to purchase toys and story books for poor children. The circular posting columns along the boulevards and the chalets, 200 francs. Even the holder of the right to sell flowers, or cakes, or toys, at the entrance to the public squares, pays 5 to 20 francs dues. Going home "rolling fou": it is quite common for a vintner when renew-

ing stock, to range a dozen of barrels of wine on the foot-way till he has time to let them down into his cellar; if they have to remain over night a lantern must be attached to them. One workman at one o'clock in the morning has just been arrested. He helped himself to one of the hogsheads, rolled it homeward and explained to the police that was the manner he transported his wine, having no money to pay for carriage, and preferring the small hours when the streets were empty.

The Great Northern Railway Co. is conducting some hum-drum experiments of running trains by electricity; for years to come, however, the old plan of steam locomotive will run between the Capital and Calais.

Everyone is anxious this year for the early arrival of spring; the reason is, a desire to find a change in the country, more air after the stifling atmosphere of Panamaism. Z.

BURNSIANA.

Evidence is never wanting of the peculiar vitality of the genius and memory of Robert Burns, that seem to defy the changing taste and fancy of the world, and the very tide of oblivion itself. He scarcely needs to be read: he is sung, recited, known, lionised, toasted, celebrated and remembered in most declamatory manner the English-speaking world around. No poet not even Shakespeare himself—goes down to posterity with so joyous and resounding a tread, accredited by titled and lettered aristocrats, but especially heralded by the democracies of Britain, America, Africa and Australia. Wherever the Scot is there is a Caledonian Society, sworn to his "immortal memory" every 25th of January; and how many volumes those yearly orations, poems, toasts, etc., concerning him would fill! Of course, much of this shouting, singing, and spouting may be empty, frantic, galvanic enough; but it is even then the echo of an intelligent and a genuine appreciation, and of an affection as deep and warm as can be entertained for one who has been a century in his grave.

The city of Brooklyn, N.Y., has one man, among several, who is an indefatigable collector of Burns literature, and is the author and compiler of several volumes, such as, "Celebrated Songs of Scotland," "Scottish Poets in America," "Around the Grave of Burns: Dirges of Many Bards," and, later, "Burnsiana: A Collection of Literary Odds and Ends Relating to Robert Burns." This is a serial work—a volume being issued each year just before the Poet's birthday—and the second volume is now before the public. We can well commend this to the enthusiastic and curious in such matters, for there is much here of biographical, literary and poetic note. We open first to Beecher's Oration at New York on the Poet's Centennial Birthday, wherein we find characterization unequalled save in Carlyle's Essay. We are then prepared to visit Ayr and Dumfries in the company of J. Cuthbert Hadden. But nothing is more pleasing to the writer of this notice than George William Curtis' Address at the Unveiling of the Burns Statue in Central Park, N.Y. It is classic, compact, comprehensive; full of profound, impassioned eloquence. Andrew Lang's Address Before the Burns Club at Edinburgh is also notable. "Burns and Scottish Song," by Robert Ford; "Robert Burns and Freemasonry," by

Peter Ross (brother of the editor, whose pen has contributed several volumes to Scottish American literature); "Joseph Howe on Burns," being an extract from a Shakespeare Ter-Centenary Oration delivered at Halifax by the Canadian publicist—these and other papers, notes and excerpts add to the interest of this second volume. There are poems by James Coghill, Angus Ross, Thomas C. Latto, William Murdoch, Dr. Charles McKay, Alexander McLachlan, Henry Dryerre, Moses H. Nickerson, D. M. Henderson, Ellen Corbett Snell and others. The compiler of this work [Mr. John D. Ross, 96 Georgia Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.] is engaged in the preparation of Vol. III., and solicits the aid of any who have anything of value in their possession who are willing to contribute.

In one or two interesting articles on portraits of the Poet we are informed of a painting, famous, but of the existence of which some are not aware. It affords a glimpse of his Edinburgh career. The work of Martin Charles Hardie, it represents Burns in the midst of the city's literati and gentry at the home of the Duchess of Gordon. They have come to hear him read his poems. "The figure of the poet appears standing toward the left, one hand holding the manuscript of his 'Winter Night,' the other raised to emphasise the words which he pronounces as he contrasts the lot of the fortunate with that of the wretches whom friends and fortune quite disown; and concludes, with dark raised eyes that flash in the light:

"But deep this truth impressed my mind,
Through all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God."

Around him in that sumptuous apartment are the flower of the land—the wise, titled, beautiful—by whom he is not in any degree abashed as they gaze on his sturdy, manly figure in "the blue coat with brass buttons, yellow-striped vest and top boots, with which the portrait of Burns by Nasmyth have made all the world familiar." Fronting him sits his hostess, the Duchess of Gordon, "resplendent in rose-colored drapery and gown of rich brocade, posed somewhat as she appears in Reynold's half-length, her cheek propped on her hand, intently listening." There appear the "eager, outstretched face" of the fair Peggy Chalmers, and the figure of the "blind, pallid, snow-haired poet," Dr. Blacklock, whose letter-summoned Burns from his shame and despair, starting him on the road to Edinburgh. There the "raven-locked Miss Burnett, who struck Burns' "adring eye," leans on a harp. There shows the "erect, slim, soldierly shape" of Glencairn, who lives in the Poet's pathetic remembrance. Nearer, "seated on the dark, old-fashioned table which occupies the centre of the room, is the portly form of William Fraser Tytler, historian and defender of Mary Queen of Scots; and beside him, nursing his attenuated knee, the eccentric figure of Lord Monboddo." . . . A little more remote and a little less engrossed is Dr. Hugh Blair, critic and rhetorician, in wig and clerical bands; and near him Henry Mackenzie, "the man of feeling." In the group are Nasmyth, the portrait-maker, and Creech, the publisher. Behind the Poet "are seated Dr. Andrew Ferguson, the placid, gray-haired Dowager Countess of Glencairn, and the meditative Dugald Stewart." There in the extreme corner on the left, Harry Erskine, "young, keen-faced," bending over a card table, directs attention of

the players to "the marvellous recital." But why are these faces and figures perpetuated, and why are some of these names heard to-day, but that this young Apollo from Ayrshire once stood in their midst? For, as what Israfil touches is marked for death, so that which Burns touches is destined for immortality. Even the ponderous Dugald Stewart—

"Recognition only marks
The philosophic name,
Because it chanced to cross the disk
Of Burns' immortal fame.

Exquisite poetic tributes have been paid to Burns' memory by the foremost English and Scotch poets since his time; but nowhere is he better loved than in the United States and in Canada. One of the sweetest and briefest of poetic tributes in the volume under review is that attributed to Thomas Moore, and contributed by George Martin, of Montreal, who has said to the present writer: "If you have never seen the stanzas before, you will treasure them, as I have done, and esteem them as alike worthy of the Irish lyrist and his Scottish brother."—

Swan of the Nith! thy wing was light,
Thy plumes the whitest of the white,
And wild and wayward was thy flight
From wave to wave;
Thy course was one headstrong and bright
E'en to thy grave.

Swan of the Nith! if aught in thee
Sullied thy whiteness, none should see
The blemish; men should view, like me,
Thy life's short dream,
And let thy faults, like swan's feet, be
Hid in the stream.

PASTOR FELIX.

Cherryfield, Me.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

A translation into rhymed verse by Mr. Grant Allen of that most beautiful of the poems of Catullus has been lately published. On this translation, and on the metre of the original as propounded by Mr. Allen, two celebrated scholars pass deliberately such wholly opposite judgments that I thought I might just in part transcribe them.

The critics referred to are Mr. R. Y. Tyrrell and Mr. Robinson Ellis.

Mr. Tyrrell writes thus: "In his (Grant Allen's) translation of the "Attis" I cannot recognise any quality even remotely suggesting the Latin metre.

'Across the roaring ocean, with heart and with eye of flame'

Seems to me a tranquil movement and suggests,

'From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand.'

But "as to the Galliambic metre, I am glad to see that Mr. Grant Allen protests against the admission of Ionic a minore feet. I do not think the ancients, who were misled by the theory of an Ionic basis, (a heresy now abandoned) understood the metre, which seems to me, as one would expect in such an orgiastic whirlwind of song, violently antispastic," and so on.

Mr. Ellis on the other hand writes, "The exercises on the Galliambic metre, with much that is worth reading, appears to me essentially faulty." And he states his reasons for thinking so; adding "as, too, Hephaestion expressly states that the Ionic a minore was originally the basis of the Galliambic, and the specimens he cites from the Greek poets exhibit it indubitably, Mr. Grant Allen's assumptions seem to me unwarranted by fact and unconvincing as a theory." Of the translation, however, writes Mr. Ellis, "the form of the rhythm selected (by Mr. Allen) is an anapaesto-iambi.

This metre is managed with very considerable skill, the anapaests corresponding as a rule with the passage, and becoming more or less frequent as the moment is one of more or less excitement and emotion. Catullus himself, I think, has not escaped an occasional approach to monotony in his rhythm in this, perhaps the greatest of his poems; and the same is partially, but only partially true of Mr. Allen's translation," and he adds, "the following passage will give some notion of the whole effect:

"With his blanched and womanish fingers, a timbral he 'gan to smite,
(A timbral, a shawm, Cybebe, thine, mother
O thine the rite!)

And he beat the hollow ox-hide with a furious feminine hand.

As he cried in trembling accents to the listening Gallic band.

Arise, away, ye Gallae! To Cybebe's lofty grove!

Together, away, ye straylings of our Lady of Dinlym's drove,

Who have sought with me like exiles, a far and a foreign home,

Who have borne with me the buffets of the sea and the fleeting foam."

And adds Mr. Ellis, "The only word which I could wish altered is accents."

"The essay on Tree Worship," writes Mr. Ellis, "formed a natural pendant to a poem on Attis, and for which the materials have only lately been supplied, partly by Herbert Spencer's 'Principles of Sociology,' partly by Fraser's exhaustive treatise, 'The Golden Bough.' The two excursions printed with the translation aim at reconciling the views of these two distinguished thinkers, and form naturally the largest portion of Mr. Grant Allen's book. They are both highly interesting, and at this time will probably fall in with prevailing opinions and command attention."

This wholly antipodal difference of opinion here referred to would not be so extraordinary were the writers only common men, but they are not so; for Mr. Tyrrell is one who has made his mark as a distinguished scholar, and, as being such, has been this year summoned from Trinity College, Dublin, to one of the first Universities on this continent,—the Johns Hopkins—to deliver a course of lectures on the development of Latin poetry; while Mr. Ellis—the distinguished editor of Catullus—is really a name to conjure by, standing as he does as one of the most eminent Latin Scholars of any country.

But this only teaches us that, while paying due deference to the opinions of all honest and able men, it is our duty, too, to weigh opinions before adopting them, taking each of us as our motto:

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

J. A. ALLEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COTTON COMBINE.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—In your last issue you publish a letter from Mr. Louis Simpson, in which he is good enough to say that my "attack upon the cotton combine was founded upon false figures and continued by the aid of misstatements and slander." To prove the falseness of my figures he says that I "only increased the annual production of the Montreal Cotton Company from a little less than \$900,000 to nearly \$1,500,000." What I said, as reported in Hansard, was this:—"In the report of the Montreal Cotton Company presented at their meeting held in

Montreal on the Tuesday of this week, they state that their output for the past year was to the value of \$1,468,000. Now, from another return I know that this Company has 54,000 spindles in operation, and I know that the total spindles of all the cotton mills of Canada amount to 520,000. Taking the cost of the output of that one mill of 54,000 spindles at \$1,468,000, therefore the value of the output of 520,000 spindles in operation in the mills of Canada would be \$14,000,000.

The meeting of the Montreal Cotton Company to which I referred was held on 14th February, and was not open to the public. The press were, however, furnished with a uniform official statement of the proceedings, and I find in the Star of 14th these words, "The sales for the year amounted to \$1,468,000." In the Montreal correspondence in the Mail of 15th are the same words and figures, and in the Montreal Herald of the 15th, also the same words and figures. I have not the slightest doubt of the correctness of those figures, for if they had been so grossly and uniformly wrong, as Mr. Simpson suggests, they would have been promptly corrected.

I am glad to see Mr. Simpson really thinks it a slander to say that a cotton company might intend to water its stock, for I proved conclusively that the Dominion Cotton Company recently increased its stock by the issue of \$1,500,000, on which only \$150,000 was paid in cash and \$1,350,000 was pure and limpid water, a mere gift to the other shareholders. This watered stock is now quoted at from 136 to 140. Considering that the gentleman who is president of the Dominion Company is also president of the Montreal Company, I think my conclusions as to what might be done by the latter company were very moderate, and I still adhere to them. What I said was this:—"The annual general meeting of this Company was held on Tuesday of this week and they proposed to increase the stock from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000. Of course they have to get the sanction of the Government to do that, and I have no doubt they will get it with great facility and then they have to go through such processes as they may be advised, and as their experience will readily suggest, for watering that stock, or otherwise getting the greatest profit out of it.

Yours, etc.,
J. D. EDGAR.

Ottawa, March 13th, 1893.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I regret that in the issue of The Week of 24th ult. you are neither fair nor just in your allusions to the Protestant minority in Ireland. You seem to interpret Ulster's opposition to Home Rule to mean that the people of that Province are unwilling to accord to their Roman Catholic fellow countrymen the same privileges that they themselves enjoy. And you are unable to understand why the Protestant minority should fear a Parliament in which they will be fully represented and their interests and rights amply safeguarded.

At the present time and for many years there has been no such thing as Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. Roman Catholic and Protestant alike enjoy precisely the same privileges so far as the law of the State is concerned. The reason that the Protestants object to Home Rule is that they do not desire Roman Catholic ascendancy.

In Ireland the Protestants number one third of the population. They are the men who have stood by England in storm and sunshine and if to-day they are hated by the Celtic population, it is because of their unswerving loyalty and devotion to England. They are the descendants of the men who held Ireland for the Empire against the forces of King James in the Revolutionary struggle and were mainly instrumental in saving the liberties of England. They are the men who have turned the bleak North into a garden and made it blossom as the rose. They have not driven capital away by crime and outrage, nor do they stand about the streets, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up and talking about seven centuries of oppression. This minority possesses the wealth, the industries, the intelligence, and in fact everything that gives strength and stability to a people. Look at the city of Belfast. At the beginning of the present reign it had a population of 40,000 and to-day it has over 260,000.

Ulster has prospered under the Imperial Parliament; her religious liberties and civil rights have been maintained; the people are satisfied and do not desire to be ruled over by men who have avowed their hostility to the great linen trade and have threatened the opponents of Home Rule with vengeance in the day of Nationalistic triumph.

Let us consider for a moment the character of these men. Up to the time that Mr. Gladstone required their votes he regarded them as enemies of the Empire. He declared that "they desired to march through rapine to the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire;" and also that "crime with fatal and painful precision dogged their footsteps," and he furthermore denounced them as "men who preached the doctrine of public plunder." It is within the recollection of everyone that a few years ago the High Court of England, after long and careful and impartial inquiry pronounced against the Nationalist party the most damning judgment that was ever pronounced against any political party.

I now ask the question what measure of intelligence do constituencies possess which send such men to Parliament? In Ireland in 1886 two electors out every nine declared themselves illiterate. In North Sligo, a typical West of Ireland constituency out of the 5700 votes polled in 1886, 1700 acknowledged themselves to be illiterate. In the name of common sense should the votes of such men outweigh intelligent Protestant votes.

I have never yet heard a satisfactory reason given for the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin. What does justice require for Ireland that the Imperial Parliament is not ready to grant? If Ireland's claims are just and right the Imperial Parliament ought to grant them and will grant them. If Ireland's claims are unjust and such as should not be granted, then it would be a crime for the Imperial Parliament to hand over to another body the power to grant them. It is absurd to say that the Imperial Parliament is not qualified to deal with Irish questions any more than it is to deal with English or Scotch questions. In view of the fact that Ireland has 103 representatives at Westminster any proposal which cannot be put forward there with good hopes of success must be a very bad one indeed.

In what way I ask would Home Rule benefit Ireland if the Irish Government enjoyed law and order, and the rights of property as they are enforced in England and all other civilized countries! The truth is

Home Rule is wanted to enable a Catholic majority to plunder the landlords and oppress the Protestants! Home Rule means the ascendancy of the Roman Catholic priesthood throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. It means nothing else. The South Meath election petition revealed to the whole world Irish clericalism at work. The Bishop of Meath declared that he would approach the death bed of a sinner or profligate with more confidence than he would that of a Parnellite. The voters were given to understand that upon the way they voted depended their eternal salvation or condemnation. Before the election a letter from the Bishop was read in every church telling every elector how he should vote and that if he did not vote in that particular way he was guilty of mortal sin. Judge O'Brien, a devoted Catholic, unseated the McCarthyite candidate on the ground of spiritual intimidation and declared that the church during the election had been turned into a vast political agency, and that every priest was a canvasser on every altar, in every house and on every road. And yet people will wonder why Ulster is bound to resist Home Rule to the utmost.

As to resistance I think Ulster would be justified in offering, if necessary, an armed resistance. In the words of Junius, "The subject who is truly loyal to the chief magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures." If England hands the people over to their hereditary foes she will perpetrate the most cowardly and disgraceful abandonment of loyal subjects of which history has any record. Surely Englishmen have not sunk so low as to betray their friends and crouch to their enemies! What an infamous thing it would be to hear of Belfast, Londonderry and Enniskillen being held by English troops under the legislation of Fenians and priests and professional agitators. Could any English army be got to cross the channel and shoot down men whose only crime is that they desire to live under the shelter of the British flag and object to a Land League Parliament?

As to the limitations imposed upon a Dublin Parliament, they would not be worth the paper upon which they were written. Inasmuch as the police, the judges, and the whole civil power would be in the hands of the Irish Parliament, there will be no way of exercising power in Ireland contrary to the wishes of the Irish Parliament except by civil war. If the Imperial Parliament is to regulate the acts of the Irish Parliament what good will Home Rule be to the Irish members? Does any sane man really believe that an Irish Parliament would consent to govern Ireland according to English ideas and especially when Mr. Gladstone has said that Ireland must be governed according to Irish ideas? In case of a conflict of opinion England would either have to give way or repeal the Home Rule bill, which would mean civil war. The idea of an Irish Parliament receding from a position it had taken in deference to the wishes of an English Ministry or in obedience to the judgment of the Privy Council is too ridiculous for anything.

When I speak of Ulster I refer mainly to the six plantation counties in which there is a Protestant majority of 338,000. Some of the counties in Ulster might as well belong to Connaught, they are so Catholic. In the whole of Ulster, however, there is a Protestant majority of 137,000. I make this explanation to ease the susceptibilities of Prof. Stockley who has had a letter on the subject in The Week.

The learned Professor states that Ulster is not the richest province in Ireland, that Leinster and Munster are both richer per head. It should have occurred to so astute a man that the population of Ulster is fully a third greater than that of Leinster or Munster and that the greater the divisor the smaller must be the quotient. He should also remember that Leinster includes Dublin, in which are the head offices of the Bank of Ireland and of most of the Irish railways, the High Courts of Justice and the seat of Government. Income tax is paid in Dublin by all government officials, on all Government stocks paid through the Bank of Ireland, and on all the dividends of the railways connecting Dublin with the provinces. Is it any wonder then that Leinster's assessment should be so large? And Professor Stockley should know that the bulk of Leinster capital is in the hands of men who are resolutely opposed to Home Rule. I could give the Professor some figures regarding Ulster's prosperity that ought to prove an eye-opener to him had I not already trespassed too much on your valuable space.

ULSTER.

Ottawa, Ont., 4th March, 1898.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I was pleased to notice an article, in a late issue of The Week, dealing with Canadian Literature, and also in reading the remarks by "Critic" on the same subject. Our Canadian Literature, if such a thing can be said to exist, is not in a flourishing condition.

In my opinion, we sadly need a copyright law. The newspapers have done a little towards encouraging Canadian Literature, but not as much as they should have done; the magazines that we have had so far have not been a success; our best writers are drawn away to larger markets and have gone after higher salaries; and for these reasons Canadian Literature is not flourishing. But of all the reasons which can be advanced for this decay or non-growth of our literature the lack of a copyright law is perhaps the greatest. Instead of having too much protection, we have not had enough. Until we have a Copyright Law which will cause the growth of strong Canadian publishing houses, we will never have the means of selling Canadian books. Our publishers have become discouraged because the free trade in books has been powerful enough to keep the market supplied with cheap literature, so that they cannot afford to publish a Canadian book. Under existing circumstances, our publishers absolutely refuse to publish any more Canadian books, and content themselves with bringing American and English books in sheets, bringing them into this country, binding them here, putting on their own covers, and calling them authorized Canadian editions. Give a good book to a poor publishing house and they will make nothing out of it. To make any book a success it must be published by a reliable house, and pushed thoroughly by newdealers and booksellers. And we will never have strong publishing houses till we have a proper Copyright Law. At present the Copyright Act passed in 1889 lies in a pigeon-hole of some Government office in London, waiting for Her Majesty's pleasure thereon; and while it grows brown with dust and age Canadian Literature is dying.

Canadian authors are starving, and Canadian publishers are disappearing.

Yours truly,
J. A. C.

"CONSOLING ULSTER FACTS."

To the Editor of the Week :

SIR,—In your issue of March 3rd Professor Stockley quotes as "consoling Ulster facts" several statements by a Nationalist M.P., one of which goes back 230 years, a second one 224, and a third 188. The learned Professor does not, however, attempt to explain where the "consolation" comes in; which as an "educator of youth" I submit he should do. The Irish Unionists—both Protestants and Catholics—are strongly opposed to being put under the heel of the Nationalists; the leaders of whom have been declared to be "guilty of a criminal conspiracy" by three English judges, one being a Catholic. Yet those men declared to be "guilty of a criminal conspiracy," would form the first Irish cabinet.

I am pleased to observe that the Professor accepts my correcting statement in The Week of October 28th as to the relative Parliamentary strength of the two parties in Ulster, he having in your issue of October 14th erroneously greatly overstated that of the Nationalists, and under-stated that of the Unionists. The statement of the Nationalist M. P. about the alleged prohibition in 1663 of the exportation of cattle is seriously quoted. Many generations ago all such Acts were repealed. What possible bearing have they upon the present question of Home Rule? Surely the pathetic appeal of 980 out of 990 Irish Nonconformist ministers, scattered all over Ireland—Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists, stating that the result of Home Rule would be the "all but certainty of civil war," is of vastly more practical importance and weight than what happened in 1663. If your shoe pinches you now, you sorrowfully know it. Is it any "consolation," Irish or otherwise, to be told that your ancestor seven centuries back also had a purgatory-shoe? Such "consolation" is racy of the Green Isle, where a drowning Irishman once shouted, "I will be drowned and no one shall save me."

The verdict in the United States as to the character of the late Jay Gould throws a side-light upon the present position. The general opinion was that he was a company-wrecker; but some contended otherwise. Yet after his death railway stocks rose in value, thus showing what the general opinion of the public was. The Toronto Mail of March 2nd reports a speech of the Lord Mayor of Belfast, stating that within twelve days of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, the decline in value of Irish railway stocks and other securities amounted to £1,845,000, and the Bank of Ireland stock fell 17 points. It was the same in 1886 on the introduction of Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill. Two days after Gladstone publicly announced that he was for Home Rule the same stock fell 25 points. Thus both Protestant and Catholic investors believe that Home Rule means insecurity for capital; and they also evidently credit the fervid assurances of leading Home rulers, that the latter will attack landed property if they get the power. A few of the extreme Nationalists have actually threatened that they will deal sternly with "the linenites," meaning the men of Ulster. Are such things "consoling Ulster facts?"

If the Home Rule Bill gets into committee there will be a further fall in Irish values, but if it is hung up after the second reading, or if, as oftentimes before, the ace goes up the sleeve, there will be a partial rise, and if thrown out, a complete recovery as in 1887. It is notorious that Mr. Gladstone's great powers are on the wane—although they are marvellous for one aged 83. The cablegrams cooked for American consumption do not give jury-facts. "England" of February 18th states in its special report of the introduction of the Bill, "the speech, though a great effort for a man of Mr. Gladstone's years, was not equal to that of 1886. It was painfully obvious to all that Mr. Gladstone's vigour, though still far above that of ordinary men, is waning." The "Silent Member" who specially writes for the "News of the World," states that "Mr. Gladstone had to husband his voice so carefully that, except to those nearest, he was nearly inaudible during the greater part of the speech." If he over-exerts himself and breaks down the Bill will be lost, for it is an open secret that many Gladstonians are lukewarm upon the subject.

The leader of the Parnellite wing of the Nationalists stated in the House, "there are several points which after the measure reaches its committee stage I am determined to oppose very strongly." It is also notorious that many of the Gladstonians are opposed to some of the clauses, and Mr. Gladstone has (March 9th) only a majority of 40 in the House of Commons. As there are 570 members this is equivalent to a majority of 12 at Ottawa.

If, contrary to the general belief, Mr. Gladstone passes it through committee—a task of months—it is certain to be thrown out by the House of Lords, thus necessitating a fresh general election. England, excluding Wales, has 73½ per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom. At the last general election, when the nature of the proposed Bill was kept a profound secret, there was a majority of 71 in England against any form of Home Rule. This one, if passed as introduced, will, unless there is great elasticity in the revenue, necessitate additional taxation in England and Scotland to make up for further financial gifts to Ireland. It is therefore reasonable to believe that the next general election will add to the English adverse majority of 71.

Mr. Gladstone sanguinely prophesies a "Union of Hearts" in Ireland. When that takes place the Old Testament prophecy will have come to pass, and "the lion will lie down with the lamb." In its issue of 21st February, "England," gives a list of the epithets hurled by the two wings of Nationalists at each other and at the Gladstonians. None of those which were applied to the Unionists appeared in the list. "Their name would be legion." The total number exceeds 120 and since then the patriotic vocabulary has been greatly enriched by patriotic orators and writers. The editor stated that he had been obliged to omit a few of the epithets as being unfit for publication. There were fourteen applied by the Parnellites to Mr. Gladstone, who has sacrificed so much for ungrateful men. Among other names he was called "the champion liar" and "grand old spider." The McCarthyites were styled "ghouls," "gang of scoundrels," "lunatics," and "traitors." The priests had a very strong epithet applied to them. The British Gladstonians were called "English wolves," "dirty Radicals," "old women," and "humbugs." Not to be left out in the cold in the

wordy Donnybrook, the McCarthyites called Parnell "Fagin," "enemy to Ireland," and "false as hell," and the Parnellites the "wife-stealing party." It will be mirthful reading in future times, although sorrowful reading now. Surely such conduct shows how ill-fitted these men are to rule Ireland, and of itself justifies the opposition of the Protestant and Catholic Unionists. It is proposed that men who savagely malign their dearest friends of yesterday, are to have power over their life-long opponents. If such a Bill ever becomes law Blucher's grim joke on beholding the wealth of London will be parodied! He exclaimed, "What a city for to sack?" In Ireland it would be, "What a magnificent property to sack!"

Taking all things into consideration it is certain that "it's a far cry" to Home Rule.

Yours, etc.,
FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

THE BREAK OF WINTER.

To those who are true lovers of nature there is something not a little fascinating in the spells of milder weather that nearly always succeed frost or snow before either has long held dominion. Before Christmas these breaks have but the character of a faint recall of the tender grace of the vanished autumn. But as soon as the New Year has crossed the threshold, a touch of warmth in the air, the song of a sanguine robin, a stray flower, are signs no longer of the past, but of a future that is daily nearing us. Winter has not half concluded his stay. February Fill-dyke and March Many-weathers usually give no convincing proof of that fact. Yet already, with the visibly lengthening days, the eye of the keen observer rejoices in signs of the annual miracle that makes glad the heart of man. There are sunsets of rare splendour, set in clouds of a curious, delicate green never to be seen except in spring. The beautiful eucharis-like Christmas roses open their broad, snowy flowers directly the buds are freed from the clutches of Jack Frost, too often, alas, to serve as a dainty banquet for the hardy slug, which irritates the gardener by feasting on his one floral treasure. The slug is a creature of taste, for it invariably feeds on the choicest and rarest of plants. Happily, thrush, blackbird, and starling, who have kept a Lent-like fast whilst the ground was too hard for even the most reckless worm to peer out, are ready enough to wreak vengeance on the unsightly destroyers of our winter roses. They have a humble relative, the green hellebore, which lifts up verdant whorls of small florets in woods and copses sometimes before January is over. It is already a joy to saunter along the sodden border, and to note that not a few self-sown annuals have, so far, bravely battled through the winter. It is an old-fashioned error to put the dainty snowdrop first in the garland of the year, though already it is blooming in sheltered nooks in Cornwall and Devonshire. The snowdrop utterly refuses to be forced, so that not even a queen can wear its fairy bells out of season; but the bold Elizabethan frilled aconite usually precedes it, and that charming little Canadian, the blue or pink hepatica. Already the birds are moving about more briskly, turning their backs on the crumb-feasts to which they thankfully flocked when the snow prevented any hope of more succulent fare. Before St. Valen-

time's legendary pairing day has come, the animal thrush will trill out his eager song. If these breaks are so welcome to us moderns, with our frequent journeys, our easy facilities for obtaining fruits and flowers at all seasons, we can understand a little of the rapture with which the first signs of spring were hailed by our forefathers, be- stowed as they were in their castles by Giant Winter. The dulness of the dark months probably gave us some of the most exquisite poetry in our rich language. Shakespeare himself never surpassed his ecstasies of lyric welcome to the spirit that old French landlord described as "lodged like a prince in his green palaces." In Herrick, again, we have the very magic of the beating of the pulse of life renewed. Nature is like the Sleeping Beauty. She is beginning to stir in her long repose, as if she dreamt of this approach of the fairy deliverer. Every- one has read that pretty story that Tenny- son, when a little child was found in the garden repeating to himself his first line: "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind." Such of us as are not too deafened by a clamour of worldly interests to listen may hear a very eloquent voice in the high west wind that shrills a noisy promise in our ears. It is not enough to care for nature in her holiday garb of creamy hawthorn or her June regalia of roses. She is worth watching now, even before the willow flowers have dangled their fluffy yellow tassels, when only a stray golden bud assures us of the Pactolus, the prickly false bushes will by-and-by reveal to us. To cultivate a habit of observation when young is the best provision for a happy old age. Our minds can be kingdoms indeed if we will but learn to store them with pre- cious and beautiful remembrances and ever fresh anticipation.—Nottingham Daily Ex- press.

LINES FROM THE GERMAN OF LEANDER.

I said to the lark, "Have you room in your breast
For all the songs you shower?
And how can you carry, brown apple branch,
All the bloom of flower?"
"And how do you hide in your modest cup,
My violet, all that's sweet?"
"How can you hold," they answer made,
"All love in a wee heart-beat?"

A. A. MACDONALD.

ART NOTES.

The Montreal exhibition is free to the public on Saturday afternoons. So far this arrangement has been attended with good results.

The Academy held its annual meeting in the afternoon of March 1st. Mr. Dick, of Toronto, and Mr. Hammond, of St. Johns, N.B., were elected Academicians. Messrs. Verner, Grier, Thompson, Cruikshank, Dinnet, Mrs. Reid and Miss Bell were elected associates.

The N. Y. Critic says: The Park Commis- sioners, on Feb. 15th appointed Messrs. Augustus St. Gaudens, J. Q. A. Ward and Daniel C. French a committee to investi- gate and report upon the character of the City. With few exceptions, the statues of our public parks are the laughing-stock of artists and connoisseurs, if not of the gen- eral public.

"G." has the following remarks in the Globe: "Poetry and the arts are mainly useful by being practically of no use at all, and by this quality may help to save the world. So in the wider sense, in the

sense that alone is of importance, art does pay. Its return to the artist who practises it is incalculable, and as well to him who enjoys and appreciates it. Art persists by the same force that leads a man to do good, because it is true and beautiful to do so, and from no mercantile reason what- ever, and thus art and religion are fed by the same translucent springs."

It may be said with perfect truth that Leech was the first artist working with a pencil who could manage to be comical without ever being coarse. There is no trace in his works of the extravagance of Gillray, the vulgarity of Rowlandson, or the fanciful fantastic drolleries of Cruik- shank; and unlike these caricaturists, he abstained from drawing what was need- lessly uncouth. He first showed it to be possible for an artist to be funny without painting deformity; and, with all his gift of humor he never tried to win a laugh by drawing men misshapen or of an ape-like type. If at times he drew an Irishman re- sembling a gorilla, it was to point a moral, not to move a sneer. He might ridicule Miss December when she dressed herself like May, but there was nothing cruel or unkindly in his cut. He could draw a pretty girl, especially on horse- back, as few have ever done; and if he drew a plain one she but served, by way of contrast, to enhance the other's charms.

Much as we owe to Leech, perhaps we chiefly ought to thank him for the force of his example, and for his pure and whole- some influence upon our so-called "comic" press. Until his time all grace and beauty had been virtually banished from the realm of humorous art, while impurity and ugliness had reigned supreme therein. Des- pite his scanty training, he had always a true sense of fair proportion in design, and was rarely tempted to grotesque exaggera- tion. Although unlike Charles Keene, he seldom used a sketch-book, and more rarely still, a model, his mind's eye was always open to receive a true impression, and he could draw from memory with most sur- prising accuracy. Though never a hard rider, he rode to hounds quite well enough to catch the features of the field. None so well as he could draw with a few touches a horse going at full gallop, or standing in its stall. His landscapes, too, were just as true to nature as his figures; and, though sketched somewhat less carefully, were generally charming. So likewise were his street scenes and seascapes true to life; and if his ships were not quite rigged as a sailor might have wished, few land- men would have noticed their nautical de- fects.—Magazine of Art for March.

Mr. Bell-Smith's long stay abroad has certainly resulted in much good work, and some of it in totally new directions from his former pictures. His two large can- vases at the late exhibition and the smaller water color at the Palette club, have been seen by many; all beautifully harmonious in colour. His studio abounds in sketches, most of them the result of a few hours' work, others more elaborate; some show- ing bright sunshine, some rainy effects, others twilight or night scenes. "That" pointing to a lowering sky and stormy sea, "is off the coast of Cornwall. The little shanty I was in shook with the tem- pest, until it seemed as if about to be swept away." Some views of the dykes in Holland represented the level ground stretching away for miles, and re- called the landscape in Millet's "Angelus." That this idea of distance can be conveyed so distinctly with so few objects to mark it, and that the picture is so interesting in its seeming simplicity are but proofs of the artist's ability. Mr. Bell-Smith is enter- ing on an almost unbroken field in his street scenes; for, even among American artists, Childe Hassam is one of the few who have done much in that direction. The subject is one of general interest, and our own cities can furnish as good ma- terial as many a foreign one.

The Art Association's gallery in Saint Phillip's Square, Montreal, was brilliantly illuminated on the evening of Feb. 28, the occasion of the "opening" of the Academy exhibit. Lustre was lent not alone by the distinguished guests who passed up

the stairway and into the exhibition rooms to salute the artists of the year; but the playful variety of light and color within the frames upon the walls, echoed in mute fashion the glow of bright faces that look- ed up at them. The buzz of friendly greet- ings, the crackle of wit, soft laughter and the hum of subdued conversation about the pictures, rose and fell like waves in the murmur of great waters. A daylight view of the pictures improved their ap- pearance, as the lights are not well ar- ranged for a night display, especially of the oils. The standard is high this year owing to a selected list from Toronto, and a few favourites of past years being sent, their ultimate destination being the Col- umbian Exhibition. A supplementary sel- ection to the one made at the recent On- tario Society's exhibit in Toronto is to be made to complete the list during the days the pictures will be on view. Our read- ers are well acquainted with most of the artists' names and their work. Henry Sand- ham is an old favourite. John A. Fraser needs no introduction. Fowler commands more than ordinary respect. O'Brien, Reid, Bell-Smith, Forster, Hammond, Har- ris, Grier, Brownell, Brynner, Watson, Mar- tin, Matthews and many other names are on our list but are unintentionally crowded out.

Mr. Bell-Smith's lecture on "Impressions of Paris" was interesting to all, and full of information to those who have never been to that Mecca of artists. His first night in that city was rather a failure, owing to the fact that the driver would not, or could not, understand where the "Quartier Latin" was, and landed his pas- sengers some miles from their wished for destination. This mistake was followed by the landlady insisting that a week's board and lodging be paid for, in spite of the fact that as elaborate explanations as a rather poor mastery of the language al- lowed, had been made on arrival. The lec- turer described difficulties in renting stu- dios and facilities for furnishing—generally a second-hand shop; he gave a good idea of the Beaux-Art, the studios of Julien and Colarosse; the methods of work in each and the masters among whom a student may choose; the criticisms—or rather scar- city of criticisms—from these masters; the models, with the hardships and amellor- ations of their lot; and much other matter of interest to artists about the galleries and the salons. Mention was made of the Canadians whose work had received honourable notice or been awarded medals, and of a much larger number whose work had been hung not once or twice. The cafe's and cremeries were described, each with its own set of frequenters, some of whom were rapidly sketched. The Paris- ian Sunday was touched upon with its gaiety and its swarms of beggars unseen on other days and a very pleasant ac- count given of the Sunday evening reun- ions at the home of an American mission- ary which were largely attended by Amer- icans, among others Mrs. Whitlaw Reid, the American minister's wife. Towards the close of the lecture reference was made to a visit paid to Paul Peel, and to a day spent with that young artist, and Mr. Forbes at the Academy on its opening day. The papers had been foretelling great dis- asters for the crowds who should be pres- ent, owing to trouble with the dynam- iters, so these three adventurous Canadi- ans, taking their lives in their hands, ven- tured in, with the result of having the usually crowded rooms virtually to them- selves. "If we did die, at least it would not be an unknown or inglorious death."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

GLOVER—BOTSFORD CONCERT.

The pavilion was not crowded at the concert given by Miss Florence Mabel Glover on the evening of March 10th presuma- bly from the fact that of late there have been an unusually large number of con- certs. Miss Glover had the assistance of The Botsford Concert Company consisting of Miss Bella Botsford, violinist; Miss Grace Bullock, violincellist; Miss Jessie Corea, soprano; Mr. David Lythgoe, baritone; and

Mr. Walter Pick, pianist. Miss Glover is a remarkably clever young lady possessing a voice of great natural sweetness, compass, and brilliancy, but lacking in cultivation, method, and maturity. She sang an aria from "Robert le Diable" and "Ah! Fors E-lui," from La Traviata (Verdi) with a good deal of skill but at times forced her voice with too much severity. Miss Botsford has a facile technique, but a comparatively small tone, and performed her numbers with ease and expressiveness. The other soloists call for no special comment, they were pleasing, and well received.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

Mr. Grossmith's return to Toronto was hailed with delight by the large and representative audience which heartily welcomed him at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening last. Those who have not heard the prince of English society humourists have missed a rare treat; those who have will not soon forget him. Mr. Blathwayt's clever sketch of Mr. Grossmith in a recent number of *The Idler*, will have been read by many. Although the entertainment on Monday evening had been given on his previous visit to the city, it was none the less enjoyable. The programme was made up of a Musical sketch: "Society up to date;" A humorous sketch on the drama entitled: "Play Acting;" and humorous illustrations and imitations. It seems at first strange that an entire stage should for the whole evening be occupied by a man, a piano and two chairs; but no cultivated or intellectual audience could be better pleased or more enjoyably entertained than by Mr. Grossmith, his piano and chairs. In song, recitation, musical accompaniment, monologue, imitation and acting this artist is inimitable. We may safely say that English society humour has no better living exponent. The mirror is indeed held up to nature, and the reflections that society, the stage and the world at large behold in it are vivid representations which recall the vigour of Hogarth and the refinement and delicacy of Leech. The frailties, the foibles, the deceits of society are with a dash of infinite humour most genially and genuinely portrayed, and the ease, skill and taste of the accomplished musician add greatly to the effect produced.

This, and to-morrow evening Mr. Joseph Hodgson, the famous hypnotist, will be the attraction.

On Monday the 20th inst. Charles Frohman's selected company will present an alluring comedy bearing the modest title "Jane".

CONCERT BY TORONTO LADIES QUARTETTE.

The concert given in Association Hall on March 9th by the above recently formed organization, was well attended by an audience comprising many musicians, and musical people, who were surprisingly demonstrative in their appreciation of the Quartette's initial public performance. The singing on the whole was exceedingly gratifying; although a lack of perfect ensemble was apparent now and then; still with further practice, and conscientious study, this will soon be balanced, and Toronto may pride herself on having a Ladies Quartette capable of singing the many beautiful quartettes and trios for ladies' voices in admirable style and finish. Their opening number was Sullivan's "Lost Chord" which was sung delightfully, and with a pathos quite remarkable for its intensity, the only obstruction being the accompaniment played both on the piano and organ, for the instruments were not in tune, and the effect in this respect can easily be imagined. We think it was a mistake to employ the two instruments in combination, for either one would provide accompaniment sufficient. The other numbers given by the Quartette were "Rock-a-bye" by Neldlinger, and "Softly She Slumbers Lightly" by Freiburg. These were both sung beautifully, the former being very effective and encore numbers were insisted upon, which were granted. A most

pleasing feature of the programme was the trio, "Andante and Barcarolle" composed by F. D'Auria, and sung by Mrs. D'Auria, Mrs. Massie, and Mrs. Cameron. The composition proved to be very effective, cleverly constructed, on Italian voice models, charmingly sung by the above artists, and the applause was both energetic and prolonged. Each of the ladies composing the quartette, sang a solo calculated to show the flexibility and technique of the voice, with the exception of Mrs. Cameron's which was purely lyrical in style. All were sung in a highly finished manner, and were received with abundant evidence of satisfaction and pleasure. Mrs. Cameron has a voice of great purity, sweet and refined in quality, and her song Tosti's "Could I?" sounded delightfully restful and refreshing after the technical display of the previous numbers. The instrumental soloists were Mr. J. D. A. Tripp (piano) and Mr. George Fox (violin), the former playing three movements of Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, op 31 No. 3. and a valse by Mowskowski; the latter playing "Reverie" by Vientemps—and Sarasate's "Gypsy Dances" and for an encore number Wieniawski's "Legende". We have on former occasions spoken of Mr. Tripp's artistic piano playing. He played in this instance with considerable abandon and ease, if we except a slight tendency to over accentuation. This was quite apparent in the Scherzo from the above Sonata, and was the only impediment to an otherwise excellent performance. The Moskowski number was played with brilliancy, but personally we see little beauty in the work from a musical stand point, it being very ordinary both in sentiment and expression. Mr. Fox has genuine talent for the violin, and has a splendid technique. His numbers were performed in a manner which showed what a great player he could be, if he were to spend a few years study under such an artist as Joachim, or Caesar Thompson, the great Belgian master. We have heard players of greater reputation perform the numbers that Mr. Fox selected for this occasion, with not one whit better tone, expression, or technical accuracy, which only proves the truth of what we have just expressed. Both of these young artists were enthusiastically recalled, Mr. Tripp however only bowing his acknowledgments. The ladies' quartette is an organization we hope to see permanently established for there seems to be plenty of room for it to flourish.

LIBRARY TABLE.

SEEN FROM THE SADDLE. By Isa. C. Cabell. Price 50 cents. Harper and Brothers. 1893.

The title of this little volume tells its tale, and the contents are as charming as the promise given. We may view the world, as Mr Dudley Warner reminds us in his introduction, from a great many points of view, but we imagine that there are few "standpoints" more pleasant than the saddle; at least this is the impression produced by these pages, which we heartily recommend. One remark in the book deserves to be meditated. It is curious, the author, or one of her characters, remarks, that association with so noble an animal should affect the character of men to their detriment. It is curious, but it is often so.

LIFE IN THE NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE AND OTHER SKETCHES.

By Charles P. Dwight. Price 30 cents. Toronto: National Publishing Company.

We can quite understand that Mr. Dwight's friends who had read his sketches in manuscript should have desired to see them in print; for they are remarkably well written and entertaining. We imagine that a writer who had had a rougher life before having experience of the North West would have taken to it rather more kindly than Mr. Dwight did; and we cannot wonder that he found working on a farm almost equally unpleasant in Canada and

in the States. But he tells his story well from his own point of view; and the book may give a caution to men of his own class. Some of the sketches of his companions in adversity are very taking. It would be a great help to the reader if he were provided with a table of contents and an analysis of the contents of the chapters.

WANDERERS: The Poems of William Winter. Price 75 cents. New York: Macmillan and Co.; Toronto: The Williamson Book Coy. 1892.

Those who have read Mr. Winter's volume entitled "Shakespeare's England" will quite understand that the author wields a facile pen. It is not quite so easy to ascertain his position among the poets of the age. Of course his verse is graceful and fluent and has considerable poetical qualities; but the same might be said of a good many of those, who in our own days aspire to be poets. But a good many of the poems rise above this kind of level. The lines headed "Violet," for example, are pretty and moving, and the same might be said of a good many pieces in the volume. It is divided into the following classes: 1. Loveland; 2. Tempest; 3. Love and Death; 4. Pansies and Rosemary; 5. At Vesper Time; 6. Tribute and Commemoration. Under the last head are some charming poems addressed to the memory of the departed, for example some admirable lines to Edgar Poe, and in honor of the living, among others, Henry Irving.

PERIODICALS.

Book Clat for March well reviews some notable books and gives readings from "The Veiled Hand," by Frederick Wicks; "At the Threshold," by Laura Dearborn, and "Susy," by Bret Harte. The notes and other matter are as usual excellent and helpful.

Hawaii is the subject which pushes many others to the wall in United States journals and periodicals to-day: no less than three contributions of which Hawaii is the scene are grouped in the beginning of the March Overland, and they are all interesting and well illustrated. Edward Wilson takes the reader to "The Wilds of Hawaii;" N. E. Fuller leads him in the footsteps of Pele down the rugged sides of Mauna Loa; and Mabel H. Closson shows him Haleakala, the dead volcano. Full and varied are the contents of this number—in prose and poetry it is excellent and attractive.

Outing for March is as attractive and readable a number as a sportsman could wish. Indeed, many a non-sporting reader would find rest and mental recreation within its olive-tinted covers. T. S. Blackwell has an article on "Chasers and Chasing in Ireland," with spirited illustrations; "Shoot in Japan," is an out-of-the-way bit; the inexhaustible E. W. Sandys takes us "Fishing Through the Ice;" we continue most comfortably to follow "Lenz's World Tour Awheel;" we take a poetical "Spring Drive," with Charles Gordon Rogers and go "Yachting around San Francisco Bay," with Charles Howard Shinn.

The editor of the North American Review should have got Jules Verne to contribute the article on "American Farming a Hundred Years Hence," instead of the Hon. J. M. Rusk, who has written the opening article in the March number on that far-away subject. On the burning question—Hawaii, Lorrin A. Thurston tells the people of the United States why they should annex Hawaii, and G. W. Curtis tells them why they should not. Madame Adam interests her readers with lively "Recollections of George Sand," and "Modern Insurance"

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

discussed by a number of insurance company presidents. Archdeacon Farrar tells what he knows about a future life and Professor N. S. Shaler successfully combines "High Buildings and Earthquakes." The important financial subject of "National Banking and the Clearing House," is also treated by the Hon. A. B. Hepburn in this number.

Louis R. Ehrich heralds "A Religion for all Time," in the March Arena by the opening sentence, "The old religions are all crumbling." Most readers will pause, we fancy, on this threshold. Alfred Russel Wallace in this number tells the farmer how to get out of the "Social Quagmire." Professor S. P. Wait gives us an excursus on "Life after Death," Dr. F. J. Furnivall has an article on Shakespeare; Dr. Keeley, of gold cure fame, attempts a reply to a critic; John Keatley contributes a descriptive article entitled, "Under the Arctic Circle," and W. A. Dromgoole a graphic sketch of "The Loper of the Cumberlands."

Post Lore for March is thin but meaty. Readers will not need persuasion to follow Professor Oscar Trigg's presentation of "The Socialistic Thread in the Life and Works of William Morris," nor yet to enjoy what William G. Kingsland has written about the "Unpublished Letters of John Ruskin." The Rev. F. B. Horobrooke's paper on the poet's attitude towards his critics is well written; L. Howard's article entitled "Where Shakespearian Critics Diagnose," is suggestive. Very pleasing is the ode to a beautiful Nun by N. H. Dole. But few readers will skip "The Sightless," the first instalment of a new drama of Maccelineke, translated by the Editors.

In Temple Bar for March the serials "Diana Tempest" and "Sir Reginald's Romance" are well continued. There are three very interesting articles of a biographical character in this number, one on that extraordinary and accomplished woman, Sydney Owenson: Lady Morgan; another by Austin Dobson on the noble and unselfish prisoners' friend, Silas Told: Mariner and Methodist; and a third on Thomas Stalla Webb: historical engraver also a pleasing descriptive article in this number entitled "Among the Sutherlandshire Lochs."

The Methodist Magazine is one which we always take up with interest and put down with reluctance. The Methodist body have reason to be grateful to Dr. Withrow, its able and accomplished editor, for the monthly literary feast which he provides for them, and for many others as well, within the pages of this excellent and instructive periodical. In the March number the author of "The Catacombs" continues his series of descriptive papers on the subject, "What Egypt can teach us." Mr. H. L. Platt has an excellent paper on the late Bishop Crowther. The Rev. Dr. Dewart writes with his usual thoughtfulness and vigour under the caption, "From Malachi to Christ." The Rev. J. L. Dawson discusses "The Value of Entire Prohibition," and the serials, "The Life Cruise of Captain Bess Adams," and "The Squire of Sandal Side," are well sustained by their respective authors, Julia McNair Wright and Amelia E. Barr. Well-selected articles and appropriate poems, reviews, editorials, etc., complete an attractive and finely illustrated number.

The most important article in the last number of The Century was an account of Napoleon's voyage to Elba as told in the manuscript of Captain Thomas Ussher, the British officer in charge of the ship which carried the Emperor to his asylum in the Mediterranean.

It is reported that Thomas Hardy's great novel, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, published by Harper & Brothers, has been translated into Russian, and is being issued as a serial in the Russkaia Myal (Russian Thought). The translation is by Mlle. Vera Spassky.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan delivered a lecture on Longfellow before the St. Paul's literary society in St. Paul's Hall Toronto on Monday evening last. The lecture consisted of a sketch of the poet's life; recitations from his works; and a critical estimate of his literary standing. The lecture was well received.

Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's "Interviews" will include talks with President Harrison, Mark Twain, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, J. A. Froude, Thomas Hardy, Cardinal Manning and others. The book, for which Mr. Grant Allen has written a smart preface, will be illustrated, and published by Mr. A. W. Hall.

A sermonic exposition of Homiletic suggestion on every paragraph or verse of the Old Testament, that can be used to advantage in the preparation of sermons, is contained in "The Preacher's Complete Homiletic Commentary on the Old Testament," which the Funk & Wagnalls Company have recently published. It is very highly commended in authoritative sources.

Mr. Disraeli is reported to have made his best speeches at the House of Commons after getting through a pint of old port; and now we are told that Tennyson fortified himself in a like manner before coming to the most serious practical decision of his life. According to Mr. Knowles, the poet, when offered the Laureateship, wrote two letters—one accepting the other declining. Then, to use his own words, 'I threw them on the table, and settled to decide which I would send after my dinner and bottle of port.'

A new edition of that rare work, "Holbein's Dance of Death" being a production of the designs in Douce's edition of 1833, edited by Mr. Austin Dobson, who has also furnished a valuable introductory note, is announced. The book is said to be most daintily got up and is issued in two limited editions of 100 numbered and 500 ordinary copies. The title page of the original work is reproduced and is as follows: "Les Simulachres and Historiees Faces de la Mort, avant elegamment pourtraictes, que artificiellement imaginees. A Lyon. Soubz L'escu de Coloigne. M. D. XXXVIII." Mr. Dobson's note is explanatory of the history of the book.

The Canadian Institute announces the following programme of papers for the current month: on Saturday, 18th. "Electro Horticulture," by Alan Macdougall, C.E., and "Danger menacing our Pear Orchards from an Invasion of Psylla pyricola," by D. W. Beadle, M.A., LL.B.; on Saturday, 25th, "The Laurentian Region of Ontario," by W. A. Houston, M.A. In the Natural History (Biological) Section, on Monday, 20th, "Taxidermy as an Art—Part IV—(The mounting of Mammals)" by J. Maughan, Jr. In the Geological and Mining Section, on Thursday, 23rd, "The Ontario Mineral Exhibit at the World's Fair," by Prof. A. P. Coleman, Ph D.

"In the Key of Blue" is the title Mr. J. A. Symonds has chosen for a volume of essays, selected from his work of thirty years past, some of which now appear in print for the first time. The selection has been made with the object of presenting samples of the different kinds of work in which Mr. Symonds has been principally engaged. There is something about Greek literature, about the Renaissance, and about places; there is translation, criticism and original verse—in short, there is enough to last one for many an evening's reading. Some of Mr. Symonds's extracts from the Elizabethan

song-books are singularly pleasing. Here is one; it occurs in John Mundy's "Songs and Psalms:"

Were I a king, I might command content;
Were I obscure, unknown should be my cares;
And were I dead, no thought should me torment,
Nor words, nor wrongs, nor cares nor hopes,
Nor fears;
A doubtful choice, of three things one to crave—
A kingdom, or a cottage, or a grave.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Dickens, Mary Angela. Mere Cipher. New York: MacMillan & Co.
- Ropes, John Codman. An Atlas of the Campaign of Waterloo. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Stebbins, Genevieve. Dynamic Breathing. New York: Edgar S. Werner.
- Thomas, Elith M. Fair Shadow, \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Willink, Arthur. The World of the Unseen. New York: Macmillan & Co.
- Wilson, Woodnow, L.L.D., Epochs of American History. New York: Longman's, Green & Co., Division and Reunion, 1829-89.
- Under King Constantine, \$1.50. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE.

There are certain corporations in whose welfare a large number of our people are concerned. Among these are banking, insurance and other similar monetary institutions. The depositors and stockholders of a bank eagerly scan the balance sheet submitted, and the review of the year's work made by its president at the annual meeting; the policy-holders of a life insurance company do likewise, for, in many cases, they have invested all their surplus earnings in a policy of life insurance to be paid to their wives and children at their decease, or to themselves on attaining a specified age, thus forming a basis for a competency in old age, when enterprise and energy begin to flag.

In reading over the report of the North American Life Assurance Company, and the remarks of the president and others at its meeting, one is impressed with the great financial strength of the institution and the splendid results accomplished for its members. Permanence, profit and progress appear to characterize the workings of the company, and in all the elements which go to build up a successful life insurance company the North American Life appears to very great advantage.

The year's income amounted to \$446,474.40; its assets at December 31st, 1892, were \$1,421,981.80; its net surplus for security of policy-holders, \$226,635.80, and its payments to members, \$118,436.73, while its accumulated reserve fund now stands at \$1,115,846.00. As is shown by perusing the report, these highly satisfactory results have not been attained spasmodically, but by steady effort and adherence to those principles of life insurance underwriting which prudence and experience dictate as being not only desirable but necessary in the proper conduct of a life insurance company, to secure the best possible returns for the investments of its policy-holders.

No doubt the marked success of the company's business, especially noticeable during the past few years, in which the first series of its investment policies have been maturing, can be attributed to the fact that the company, out of its surplus earnings, has been able to pay the holders of these policies exceedingly gratifying results. The reports of the consulting actuary, and the remarks of the president on the surplus earning power of the company, will be read with special interest by those who have taken out this form of insurance.—Globe, February 18, 1893.

A LINCOLN COUNTY MIRACLE.

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF A WELL-TO-DO FARMER.

Mr. Ezra Merritt Suffers Untold Agony—Told by a Physician That Only Death Could End His Sufferings—How He Secured His Release From Pain—Anxious that Others Should Benefit By His Experience.

Grimsby Independent.

How often we hear the expression "Hills are green far afar" as a term of disparagement. So it may be with many of our readers when they hear of anything occurring at a distance from home bordering on the wonderful. They may place little confidence in it, and even if they do believe it, allow the matter to pass from their minds without leaving any permanent impression. Not so with local affairs. When anything startling occurs in our midst, affecting people we know well, every one is interested, and all are anxious and even eager for the most minute details. For some months there have been published in the columns of the Independent, from time to time, accounts of remarkable cures made by that now justly famous medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Possibly some of our readers have looked upon some of these accounts as describing cures highly improbable, if not impossible. And yet this should not be the case, for they are all vouched for by respectable newspapers, who could have no object in stating other than the facts, and who would be discredited by their own readers were they to do so. However, seeing it as believing, and Mr. Ezra Merritt, of South Grimsby, stands forth to-day as a living testimony to the wonderful healing powers of this not at all over-estimated medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having heard that a most remarkable cure had been effected in the case of Mr. Merritt, the editor of the Independent, with that desire possessed by most newspaper men for verifying things coming under their notice, resolved to investigate the case and satisfy himself as to the truth of the story. Some days ago he drove to Smithville, and at once called upon Dr. D. W. Eastman, druggist, a straightforward business man whose word is as good as his bond with all who know him. Mr. Eastman stated that he knew of the case of Mr. Merritt, and considered it a most remarkable one. Mr. Palmer Merritt had come to him one day and asked him if he could give him anything that would help his brother, Ezra Merritt, who was suffering untold agonies with pains in all his joints, his back and his head. Mr. Merritt stated that his brother had tried everything, and could find nothing to help him and that the doctors could give him no ease. One doctor from the United States had told him positively that there was no help for him, and that death only could set him free from agony. Mr. Merritt further told Mr. Eastman that his brother wished to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and asked him if he thought it would be any use. Mr. Eastman advised him to try them, as wonderful cures had been worked by their use. Mr. Merritt acted on his advice and continued the use of Pink Pills until he is now a well man and sound as ever.

The editor then drove over to see Mr.

Merritt, and found that gentleman sound and hearty, looking over his cattle in his farmyard. Mr. Ezra Merritt is a well-to-do farmer owning two fine farms about 3 1-2 miles west of Smithville, in the township of South Grimsby. When the newspaperman told the object of his visit Mr. Merritt expressed his willingness to give him the fullest particulars of his case, and we cannot do better than give it in his own words: "The first time I was troubled," said Mr. Merritt, "was on July first, 1891. We commenced haying on that day and I felt stiff and sore in my joints. I now believe that the trouble originated through my washing some sheep in cold water the preceding April, when I went into the water and stayed so long that when I came out my legs were numb, but I did not feel any bad results until July, as I have said. I gradually grew worse until I could scarcely do anything. I kept on trying to work but it was a terrible struggle, and the way I suffered was something awful. Every joint in my body was stiff and intensely painful. As time passed on I gradually grew worse, the pains went into my back and at times my agony was almost unbearable. I had tried all home-made remedies but without avail. I then consulted a doctor but his medicine had no effect. At the time of the Smithville fair a doctor was over here from the States and I consulted him. He said that my case was hopeless, and I need not expect anything but death to release me from my pain. As winter came on the pain got into my head and my sufferings were something terrible. About dark the pain would start about my ear and work up until it reached the crown of my head. As morning came on the pain in my head would subside, but the pains in the rest of my body never left me, and at last I grew so bad that when I would lie down on my back I could not get up to save my life without assistance. Although I had not lost my appetite I became weak, so bad that though I could walk around I could not stoop to lift a pound. I became so weak in this way that I got discouraged and lost all hope of ever getting better. It was about this time that I heard of the wonderful cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and Mr. Eastman, of Smithville advised that they be given a trial. My brother got me a box and I took them but felt no good results. I took still another box and still no perceptible benefit and I felt so weak and discouraged that I decided not to take any more. At this time a lady from Hamilton came to visit at our place and she strongly advised me to continue using the Pink Pills. She had known Mr. Marshall at that city and knew that his case was bone idle. I thought it useless to continue, but at the urgent solicitations of my friends did so, and by the time I was through with the third box I began to feel a benefit from them. This gave me hope which did not again waver, as I found myself steadily growing better, and continued the use of the Pink Pills until now I am as well as ever I was in my life. I know that it was Pink Pills that saved me when all else had failed, and I have no objections whatever to having the story of my cure being published, as it may be the means of helping some other sufferer back to health and strength and gladness." Mr. Merritt further said that he had now no fear of a hard day's work, and has not

had the slightest return of the pains or the stiffness in his joints.

Returning to Smithville the editor again called upon Mr. Eastman and was informed by that gentleman that his sales of Pink Pills were something enormous, Mr. Merritt's cure having something to do with the increase in sales lately. There are other cases also in this vicinity little less than marvellous of which we may speak of later on.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excess of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, nor in any form except in packages bearing the company's trade mark and any dealer who offers substitutes in any other form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Two meritorious authors, Luis de Hoyos Sainz and Telesforo de Aranzadi, published last year an excellent survey of Spanish craniology under the title "Avance a la Antropologia de Espana." In texts, maps, and tables, it displays the results of the examination of a number of series of skulls obtained from most of the provinces of Spain. The conclusions are drawn with calmness and under the proper reserves on account of the material. These conclusions point to the presence in prehistoric times of an "indigenous primitive race," characterized by dolichocephalic leptorhinc skulls. These became modified by a series of invasions; first of a brachycephalic people in the north, whom our authors identify with the Celts; then certain sub-dolichocephalic, leptorhinc peoples, supposed to be Visigoths, Suevi, and "Blond Tamau from Africa," finally certain later Berber and Moorish hordes, which are described as dolichocephalic and playtrhinc; though the Berbers in the later respect have the same index as the average Londoner and Parisian to-day, that is, between 46 and 47. The most interesting point of the discussion, which is peculiarly the duty of Spanish craniologists to decide, namely, as to whether the primitive stock was identical in osteology with the Basques of the Pyrenees, is left unclear. The fact is he would be a daring anthropologist who would positively say what the Basque type of skull is. The assertion as Quatrefages of skull is. The evidence has now proved inconclusive, and with it falls the theory that the Portuguese kitchen middens are of Basque origin, as it was on such skulls that the theory was based.—Dr. D. G. Brinton in Science.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

TANTO ONESTA PARE."

The following version, by the late Dr. T. W. Parsons, is little known. We think few of our readers will deny its charm:—"So gentle seems my lady and so pure When she greets anyone, that scarce the eye Such modesty and brightness can endure, And the tongue, trembling, falters in reply. "She never heeds when people praise her worth— Some in their speech, and many with a pen— But meekly moves, as if sent down to earth To show another miracle to men! "And such a pleasure from her presence grows On him who gazeth while she passeth by— A sense of sweetness that no mortal knows Who hath not felt it—that the soul's repose. It woke to worship, and a spirit flows Forth from her face that seems to whisper, 'Sigh!'"

London Public Opinion.

THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE.

It seems that what the lieutenant said was, "Tell the first sergeant that I wish to see the soldiers drill at one o'clock, and after that, go to the store and ask Madeira if there is to be a beef issue to-day." It is very difficult to describe in writing how he did this; and it is a really pretty thing to watch, it seems a pity to spoil it. As well as I remember it, he did something like this. He first drew his hand over his sleeve to mark the sergeant's stripes; then he held his fingers upright in front of him, and moved them forward to signify soldiers; by holding them in still another position, he represented soldiers drilling; then he made a spy-glass out of his thumb and first finger, and looked through it at the sky—this represented the sun at one o'clock. "After that" was a quick cut in the air; the "store" was an interlacing of the fingers, to signify where one thing met or was exchanged for another; "Madeira" he named; beef was a turning up of the fingers to represent

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX. G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

horns; and how he represented issue I have no idea. It is a most curious thing to watch, for they change from one sign to the other with the greatest rapidity. I always regarded it with great interest as a sort of game and tried to guess what the different gestures might mean. Some of the signs are very old, and their origin is as much in dispute as some of the lines in the first folios of Shakespeare, and have nearly as many commentators. All the Indians know these signs, but very few of them can tell how they came to mean what they do. "To go to war," for instance, is shown by sweeping the right arm out with the thumb and first finger at right angles; this comes from an early custom among the Indians of carrying a lighted pipe before them when going on the war-path. The thumb and finger in that position are supposed to represent the angle of the bowl of the pipe and the stem.—From "The West from a Car Window," by Richard Harding Davis.

A FISH STORY.

As we strolled down to the boat house from the Greenwood Lake club house, we overheard some of the guides telling fish stories. As we had just heard a batch of them at the club house from the members, we had some curiosity to learn whether the members or their guides excelled in this, the most important requisite for a good fisherman.

"We were rowing up the arm of the lake," said Garrison, "when we saw straight ahead very rough water as if a great gale was blowing over the water there. It was right smooth where we were, so we went ahead to see what it was."

"I know," said Storms, "it was the fish jumping in the water and out of it. I have seen that often."

Garrison looked somewhat abashed at having his story forestalled, but pleased to hear it verified.

"Well, that is just what it was, but what do you suppose happened to us when we reached them?"

"Why," replied Ryerson, "the boat bumped up against them fish as if it had hit a stone and you couldn't pull through them. That's what happened to me."

Garrison was balked, but he soon recovered his second wind and this time rushed to the end of his story without giving the others a chance to interrupt him.

"Yes, sir, them fish blocked the way so that we couldn't get through."

"Will you swear to that?" asked Ryerson, raising his right hand.

"Yes, sir, on a stack of Bibles. And then them fish began to jump in the boat and over the boat and on to us. And in a minute the boat was so full that she began to sink. And we had ter jump out and walk over them fish that was in the water to the shore, and there wasn't one of us that so much as wet a shoe, because we walked right on the fish you see, and every one o' them fish was a small-mouth black bass that weighed full eight pound and was as long as that."—Forest and Stream.

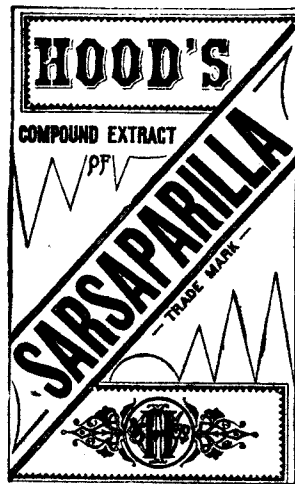
SALA'S REMINISCENCES

Among the anecdotes recently related by Mr. George Augustus Sala were the following: "I was present at the Jubilee garden party given by her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. My flower dropped out of my button-hole. A very pretty

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents.—My daughter was apparently at the point of death with that terrible disease diphtheria. All remedies had failed, but MINARD'S LINIMENT cured her; and I would earnestly recommend it to all who may be in need of a good family medicine. JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.

French Village.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



NOTICE.

The Annual General Meeting of the Denison Mining Co. of Ontario (Limited), for the purpose of the election of Directors and the transaction of other business, will be held at the office of the President, Yonge street, Toronto, on Thursday, 23rd day of March, 1893, at the hour of four o'clock in the afternoon.

By order.

T. R. CLOUGHER,

Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, March 9, 1893.

young servant—presumably there for the purpose of looking after our wearing apparel, sticks and umbrellas—picked it up. While in the act of putting it in my coat again, with a view of obtaining a peep into the Queen's rooms, I asked her if there was a chance of seeing them, at the same time endeavouring to slip a sovereign into her hand. She shrank back, 'I wish I could, sir,' she whispered, 'but there's a heye on me!'

Mr. Sala told an interviewer how he lunched on one occasion with the King of Spain under most distressing circumstances Gallenga was with him, and they were suddenly ordered to join the royal party. They had traveled all night, their faces were as black as sweeps, and being wintry weather all the water was frozen. What was to be done! Gallenga came to the rescue.

"Ever try candles?" he asked. 'The dry-wash process, See,' and he took down some of the wax candles with which the carriage was lighted, and commenced rubbing his face with one of them. With infinite trust in Gallenga's wisdom I did likewise; and really after some ten minutes' persistent rubbing, our faces certainly looked more respectable, though somewhat waxy and ghastly. The aide-de-camp entered, and we went forth to eat with the King. Now the King's saloon was uncomfortably warm—very uncomfortably warm—and as the lunch proceeded it became inconveniently hot. When the coffee and cigarette stage arrived, our faces were converted into a series of small streams—tears, sir, tears such as tender fathers shed! In vain I tried to hide them, my pocket handkerchief was useless, and I left the royal presence with a countenance like—but we will draw a veil over my features!"

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.



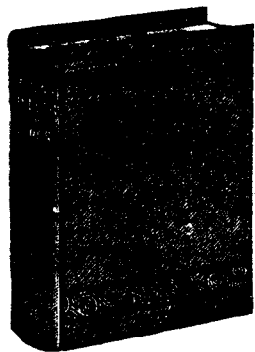
ROOT AND BRANCH,
the poison in your blood, however it may have come or whatever shape it may be taking, is cleared away by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's a remedy that rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and invigorates the whole system. Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, and the worst Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, are perfectly and permanently cured by it.

Unlike the ordinary Spring medicines or sarsaparillas, the "Discovery" works equally well at all seasons. All the year round and in all cases, it is *guaranteed*, as no other blood medicine is. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. You pay only for the good you get.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Pleuro-pneumonia has been stamped out by the Bureau of Animal Industry, according to the report of Secretary Rusk on the operation of the bureau for the year just ended. The United States, he says, is the first of the large nations of the world which, having been so extensively infected, has been able to completely extirpate it. The time required was about five years, and the total expenditure a little in excess of \$1,500,000.

Beware of Cholera.

The healthy body throws off the germs of cholera therefore wisdom counsels the use of Burdock Blood Bitters this spring to purify the blood, regulate the system, and fortify the body against cholera or other epidemics.

A handsome red and yellow macaw from South America was presented to the Zoo recently by Mr. H. H. Dobree. The Regent's Park collection has also just had added to it a pair of Rufous tinamous, from South America. Other additions to the Gardens include seven Azara's opossums from the Argentine Republic, presented by Mr. Hill; a rough terrapin from Guiana, presented by Mr. J. J. Quelch, C. M. Z.S.; and a Virginian eagle owl from South America, deposited.—Colonies, India.

But One Opinion prevails throughout the world, and that is so strongly in favor of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, that no other article ever attained so wide spread popularity. 25 cents buys a big bottle.

The volcano of Stromboli, in the Eastern Mediterranean (about sixty miles north of Messina) is much less accessible than Mount Vesuvius, but can boast one of the few incessantly active craters of the present universe. Unless busied in the concoction of lava-streams, it emits puffs of flaming cinders, at regular intervals, and with a wheezing sound resembling the snort of an old steam-engine. Once in two or three years it indulges in a first-class eruption, and just now its whirls of black smoke can be seen plainly from Monteleone, on the east coast of Italy.

The Power of Nature.

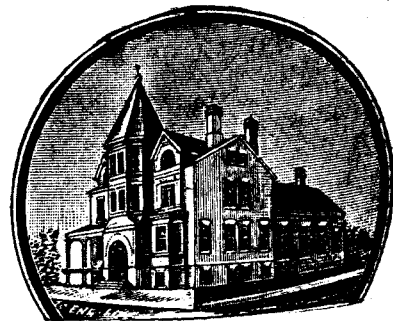
For every ill nature has a cure. In the healing virtues of the Norway Pine lies the cure for coughs, colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup represents the virtues of Norway Pine and other pectoral remedies. Price 25c.

The Austrian engineer Werner has patented an invention which bids fair to turn the labour of a stoker, or steamboat fireman, from the hardest, ugliest, and most unhealthy sort of toil into a mere child's play occupation. His plan consists in pulverizing bituminous coal and feeding it to the furnaces by means of a pear-shaped "distributor," self-acting under ordinary circumstances, but withal amenable to the control of the operator. Experiments have proved that coal dust poured into a strong blaze will burn almost without a residuum. There will be no raking of ashes and clinkers, next to no smoke, and the apparatus can be worked without approaching the hades of the furnace doors.

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Where Shakespearean Critics Disagree. L. Howard

To a Beautiful Nun. Nathaniel Haskell Dole.

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CUTS OF ALL KINDS AT SHORT NOTICE.

Mice have caused conflagrations by nibbling matches and have lined their nests with fractional banknotes, but must yield the palm of destructiveness to the California gophers, with their penchant for undermining dams, and to the Australian rabbits, whose depredations are estimated to aggregate \$5,500,000 a year.

Restored To Health.

Dear Sirs,—For years I was troubled with indigestion, but being advised to try B. B. I did so, and find myself quite restored to health. Howard Sullivan,

The German Government has appointed a commission to investigate the causes of the constant landslides which in the course of the last fifteen centuries have reduced the once populous islands of Heligoland to a mere cliff, with outworks of crumbling dunes. The original cause of the trouble appears to have been the destruction of the woodlands that interposed their bulwark between the beach and the hills, but at present the evil has probably passed the remediable stage. On the storm-exposed north side the cliffs have been worn into steep rocks, rising abruptly from the sea and washing away at the rate of ten cubic yards a week.

The Plain Truth.

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The naturalist Walker ascertained by a series of experiments that the pulse of a hibernating animal sinks from eighty to twelve beats per minute and that the process of respiration cannot be verified by any distinct motion of the chest-muscles. The torpor of such creatures as bats and Canadian pine squirrels approaches, in fact, a total suspension of the vital functions, and there is no doubt that the larvae of certain insects survive frosts that congeal every drop of moisture in their organism. The limits of that vital tenacity have never been clearly determined, and for all we know a butterfly egg deposited upon a leaf and carried by storms to the summit of Mount Blanc might rest in a rock-crevice for ages, without forfeiting its chance of resurrection, if, after the lapse of a millennium, another storm should carry it back to its mother's haunts in the foothills.

Gives Strength and Appetite.

Dear Sirs,—Last year I was very thin and reducing very fast, owing to the bad state of my blood and appetite. A friend of mine induced me to get a bottle of B. B. which I did. I obtained immediate perceptible relief from it, have gained strength and appetite, and now weigh 193 pounds. M. T. Murphy,

Dorchester Bridge, Quebec, Que.
Mgr. Sullivan Farm, Dunbar, Ont.

Figuratively speaking, the bed of the great Atlantic ocean has at last been laid bare. English, American, German and French sounding expeditions have mapped every section of the ooze that lies at the bottom of the great water waste. According to these maps and diagrams, the Atlantic is a huge water trough of varying depths, and extending from pole to pole. Here and there are rocky peaks, like that of Teneriffe, or huge mountains of sand, like the Banks of Newfoundland, which reach up to or above the surface. Between Ireland and Newfoundland there is a remarkable submarine plain. This great level stretch of ocean bottom is always referred to as the "telegraph or cable plateau," because of the fact of the main submarine cable being stretched across it. Topographers of these sounding expeditions say that this plateau is evidently a continuation of the great water-shed which, between the latitudes of 40 and 50 degrees north, surrounds the earth and divides the waters which flow south from those which flow toward the north.—Philadelphia Press.

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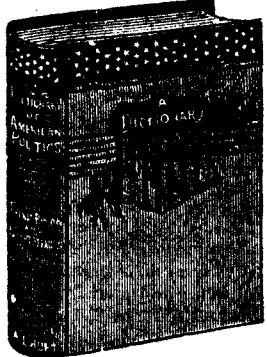
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"It is no wonder that the ocean is often rough." "Why?" Because every vessel that travels tries to see how many knots it can make on it per hour."

Miss Elderbody: I met Mr. Blake at the reception last evening. Miss Pert: Yes, he told me he saw you. He said it was such a pleasure to meet an old face in such a crowd.

Physician: Considering the weak state of your eyes, it will be as well if you gaze as much as possible into empty space.
 Patient: All right, then. I'll keep looking into my purse.

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"I say, your wife is angry again; what is the matter?" "Oh! first, she was angry with the servant, then she was angry with me for not being angry with the servant, and then she was angry because I was angry with her for being angry with the servant."

A Scotchman had two sons, one of whom was a doctor and the other a clergyman, of whom he was very proud. "If I had kent," said he, "that one of my sons was to be a medical man and the other a meenister, I would never hae had auld Jenny McCosh for their mither."

The Lover's Lament.
 Your face is like a drooping flower,
 Sweetheart!
 I see you fading, hour by hour,
 Sweetheart!
 Your rounded outlines waste away,
 In vain I weep, in vain I pray,
 What power Death's cruel hand can stay?
 Sweetheart, Sweetheart!

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 If Members who're worthy of payment I find.
 But then all this quarrelsome cackle must cease,
 If my M. P.'s I pay—like my Smiths—by the piece,
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 To pay seven hundred praters for wasting my time! Punch.

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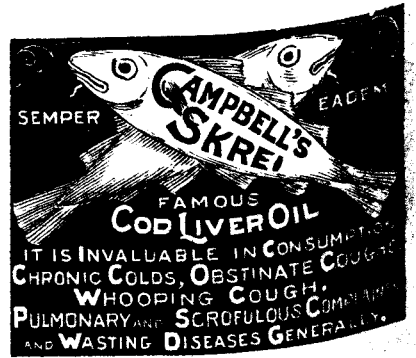
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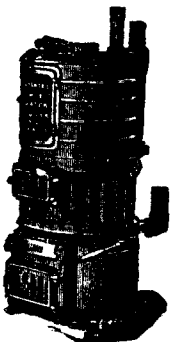
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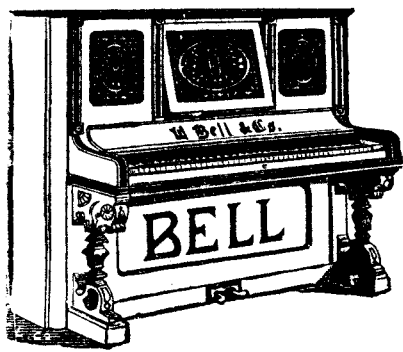
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indeed is he whose blood is poor, who has lost his appetite and his flesh and seems to be in a rapid decline; but

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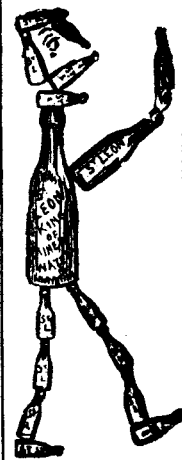
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