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THE WEEK.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

What a spectacle for gods and men is presented in a meeting of our City Council! The petty bickerings, the wire-pullings, the calling of names, the imputations of motives, the playing at cross purposes, in what should be a dignified deliberative Board, composed of the wisest and best men of the City, are enough to make one blush for himself and his fellow-citizens, whose joint suffrages can produce nothing better in the way of civic administration than this. Matters of the gravest importance to the health and well-being of citizens are pressing for attention. But when we look for the "grave and reverend seigniors" whom we might expect to find deliberating in all seriousness and good feeling, under a sense of their heavy responsibilities, what do we see? Let anyone frame in his mind a picture of what such a body of civic rulers might reasonably be expected to be like, and with that ideal before him, attend one of the meetings of the Council, or even read the meagre

report of its proceedings in a morning paper, and mark the contrast. It was hoped that the enlargement of the wards and other changes made a year or two since would have improved and elevated the character of the Council. Perhaps it has done so. But is there really no possibility of adopting a more excellent way of transacting the business of the City? How long before we shall become wise enough to select a few of our very best men and pay them a fair remuneration for devoting their time and brains and energies to the management of its affairs?

The long-expected crisis has come in Germany, and the Empire is in the throes of such an internal struggle as it has rarely known—certainly has never known under similar circumstances. To an observer in another hemisphere it is, at first thought, difficult to see on what the Emperor and his Chancellor base their hopes of obtaining from the suffrages of the people better terms than they were able to obtain from the representatives in the Reichstag. The outward signs do not seem to indicate any tendency in the direction of increasing favour for the military system, or increasing reverence for the royal prerogative. And yet it would be rash to assume that the defeat of Chancellor Caprivi and the Army Bill is certain. On the side of the Emperor there are agencies of tremendous power. The sentiment of loyalty to the throne and to the person of the sovereign, to which he so often appeals, is no doubt still very powerful, and it will be exploited to the utmost. Then there are the racial distrust and dread of hereditary foes, the military spirit, the patriotic pride and ambition, and kindred feelings, which count for so much among a people with such a record as that of Germany. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the Government will be over scrupulous in the employment of the many influences of a more sordid and practical kind, in the use of which the monarch and the government have always so great an advantage. In view of such considerations it would be rash to predict for the Opposition the sweeping triumph which they probably expect. We can only watch the progress of the struggle with the interest which springs not only from curiosity but from a conviction that it involves issues fraught with good or evil to other nations as well as that immediately concerned, and even to the civilized world.

Premier Mowat can hardly be congratulated upon either the consistency or the co-

gency of his answer to the deputation which waited upon him the other day to present the petition of the Toronto Women's Enfranchisement Association. He is reported as having said more than once in the course of his reply that he concurred in almost all that had been said. He intimated that he had expressed the same views probably before any of those who were before him had come into the world. Surely Sir Oliver did not stop to think what these statements imply. They clearly imply that for at least half a century (we are guessing, of course, at the ages of the male members of the deputation) he has believed, in addition to a number of other opinions carrying practical corollaries, that the Province of Ontario still refuses the right to vote to more than half the population entitled to it; that it unfairly and in violation of "simplest, clearest, broadest principles of eternal justice," refuses to allow women to have their proper share in making the laws by which they are governed, etc., and that, though for nearly half the period named he has been the Premier of the Province and the head of a "Liberal" or "Reform" party, he has never, so far as we are aware, taken a single step to remove this great injustice and reproach. What boots it to plead that the time has not yet come for such a change and that he is not sure that he has in his Cabinet a single Minister who supports his view in regard to it? Who is in a better position to hasten the time than the head of a Government supported by so strong a majority? Who is responsible for the choice of Ministers favourable to what he regards as an act of simple justice to one-half the whole population, if not the head of the Government? In all of this we are, of course, merely suggesting some hypothetical syllogisms based on premises furnished in the Premier's speech, not stating our own opinions upon the subject-matter of the interview.

The pending suit of the Canada Revue against the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Montreal, claiming \$50,000 damages in consequence of the Archbishop's having placed the Revue under the ban of the Church, is naturally exciting a good deal of interest in both Protestant and Roman Catholic circles. The decision of the court cannot fail to have important consequences. The success of the action would mean the weakening of the hands of the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy very materially by depriving them of a power which they have hitherto

exercised, and which has given them virtually absolute control over the utterance of newspapers and other periodicals, and, in fact, all publications intended for circulation amongst members of the Roman Catholic Church in the Province. Its failure, on the other hand, would mean that the rule of the Archbishop of a Roman Catholic in his diocese is as absolute as that of the Russian Czar, save only that the weapons by which he intimidates and punishes are spiritual instead of material, and that there remains always the remedy of an appeal to Rome, whatever that may be worth to a private member as against a powerful prelate. But then, there is, on the other side, the question whether the fact that the forces invoked to produce the intimidation, which is the subject of complaint and action, are of the class designated "spiritual," removes the case from the purview of the civil courts, is one which will demand careful consideration. In case of a similar "boycott" by the chief of a trade organization, or other secular body, there would be no room to doubt the result, in the light of well established principles and precedents. The analogy of law respecting clerical intimidation in elections and its enforcement by the courts is close and seems to favour the case of the prosecutor, who no doubt has suffered grievous pecuniary damage. The outcome of the trial will be awaited with great interest and anxiety. Far-reaching issues are involved.

The Toronto Trades and Labour Council does not often adopt so futile a motion as that which it passed on Friday evening last, in favour of asking the Dominion Government to submit to popular vote the four possible destinies of Canada—a continuance of the present colonial status, independence, annexation, or Imperial federation. It seems scarcely possible that any one even of those supporting the motion could have for a moment supposed that any Government could stultify itself and expose the whole country to ridicule and contempt by complying with such a request. So far as we are able to judge, the chief interest in the debate was in the practical proof it afforded that whatever little vitality there may have at one time been in the "political union" movement, it is now dying of inanition. Tariff-reform agitation on both sides of the line has, we believe, more than anything else contributed to this result. It was notorious from the first that no one desired the change for its own sake, but only for the sake of the large measure of continental free-trade it would bring. We do not mean to imply that the continuation of the McKinley or any other possible tariff could ever have brought about the end sought by the annexationists. But we have no doubt that the reaction against protectionism which manifested itself so powerfully and unexpectedly on the other side of the line in the Presidential election, and

which simultaneously began to work on this side, has materially hastened the end of what at no time seemed likely to become a very powerful movement. Though we regard Independence as the only goal worthy of the ambition of the Canadian people, and the only one which can ever develop a genuine Canadian patriotism, its most ardent advocates cannot shut their eyes to the fact that there is as yet no such feeling in its favour as would warrant an attempt to make it a question of practical politics. The same remark is still more obviously true in regard to Imperial Federation.

The cause of the United States before the Board of Arbitration in Paris will not suffer for the want of a courageous as well as an able presentation of its case by the gentlemen who are pleading it. The forty-hour address of Mr. Carter was no doubt as complete and forcible an argument as could have been constructed, while if sprightliness and wit can be supposed to influence the judgment of so grave a tribunal, Mr. Couderc seems likely to leave nothing to be desired on that score. It is of course impossible to guess what effect the line of argument followed may have upon the Court, but the query must have suggested itself to many minds whether a more modest claim might not have carried greater weight with a body of jurists who understand the importance of any precedents they may establish in international law, and who may be expected to look after as well as before. The admission of the claim made on behalf of the United States to a right of property in the seals wherever found, not only in the Behring Sea but in the North Pacific, and by parity of reasoning, in any part of the great ocean—a claim which would be futile if it did not carry with it the right also contended for of search and capture of trespassers wherever found—would involve some startling corollaries, as the attempt to enforce it would be likely to create some ticklish situations. So far as the logic of the claim is concerned, it seems to turn mainly on the point whether the seals can be regarded as in any real sense domesticated animals, though, even should that rather large proposition be established to the satisfaction of the arbitrators, a further troublesome point might perhaps be taken as to whether their owners should not be called upon to keep them either within an enclosure or under surveillance by herdsmen, during their peregrinations. In the latter case, again, there might arise a further question as to the ownership of the fishes upon which they feed and the right of other nations to some compensation for their share in the great "common" which is the ocean pasture of Cousin Jonathan's immense seal-herds.

The *entente cordiale* which has so often been manifested between the United States and Russia has always seemed to us one of

the puzzles of history. Standing, as they would appear to do, at the opposite political poles of democracy and absolutism, it would seem more natural to expect that these two nations would look upon each other with a disapprobation verging on mutual aversion. Yet it is probable that the great northern despotism has a warmer place in the sympathies—we do not say of the American people but—of a large class of the American politicians, than it has in those of any other civilized nation, even France not excepted. An instance of this strange affinity is just now visible in the extradition treaty which is attracting so much attention. The treaty has been sanctioned by the Czar and awaits only the signature of the President to become law. Whether Mr. Cleveland will either care or dare to bring it into operation is just now doubtful, though to refuse to do so at this stage would probably be regarded as a serious affront. That the business should have proceeded so far before public indignation was aroused is due to another anomaly in the working of the institutions of the great Republic, the secrecy in which the Senate is permitted to wrap up the most important international transactions. In view of what is known of the administration of justice (?) in Russia, there are several provisions in the treaty, if the version of its contents now current may be relied on, which it might be supposed would be repugnant to the genius of American freedom, but that which is arousing widespread hostility is the clause which makes "forgery and the utterance of forged papers, including public, foreign or governmental acts," an extraditable offence. Should the President conclude to ratify the treaty with this provision included, it may be confidently predicted that the first occasion on which the Government is called on to surrender some poor refugee, accused of some religious or political offence, who may have escaped prison, Siberia, or the gallows by means of a forged passport, will witness such an outburst of popular indignation as will tear the treaty to tatters in much less time than has been spent in its construction.

President Cleveland having discharged one of the first duties of his high office by dismissing Republican office-holders and supplying their places with good Democrats, is said to have now time to devote his attention to such minor matters as the tariff-reform, for the purpose of which he was elected. But, to do him justice, the present President seems to have sinned in this matter much less grievously than President Harrison, who in turn made considerable improvement upon the record of his Republican predecessors. The most glaring, and, we may add, the most ridiculous exemplification of the working of the "spoils" system, under the present Administration, is in the dismissal by wholesale of the fourth-class postmasters. And yet, though these have been decapitated by the thousand,

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

The decision of Mr. Laurier and his lieutenants to call a Dominion Convention of representatives of the Liberal party, for the discussion of the political situation and the construction or consolidation of a party platform, was a courageous one. It is, we believe, the first time in the history of confederated Canada that a convention representative of all the Provinces has been attempted. No one can doubt that if we must have government by party, the holding of national conventions to settle questions of principal and policy is a right and proper thing. Whether it is a wise thing for a party composed of such heterogeneous material, comprising so many varieties of opinion and of interest, and characterized by so strong a tendency to fly off in fragments under the operation of the centrifugal forces which are always at work within it, and which seem almost to be the natural offspring of Liberalism, remains to be proved. The greatness of the risk will be still more fully appreciated when we look back over the history of the party during the long years in which it has been in Opposition and note the number of dissimilar and devious, if not positively incompatible, policies which have from time to time been advocated in its name.

If the game which the Liberal leaders have resolved to play is full of risk, it cannot be denied that the stake played for is a heavy one. If Mr. Laurier can succeed in getting together a tolerably full and really representative body of delegates from all parts of the Dominion, and if those delegates can be brought to agree heartily and enthusiastically on a clearly defined policy, with tariff reform as its basis and ruling principle, the chances of the party at the approaching general election will be unquestionably much better than on any previous occasion since the adoption of the National Policy. The time is propitious. The spirit of political unrest is in the air. That the revolt against the high tariff is genuine and wide-spread can no longer be doubted. The reception which is being accorded to Mr. Dalton McCarthy in various sections of the country is proof sufficient of that fact, so far at least as Ontario is concerned. No doubt other powerful influences combine to bring about that result. The personal popularity of the man, the general conviction of his honesty and sincerity, and with a large number, strong sympathy with his attitude in regard to the dual language and separate school questions in Manitoba and the North-West, have much to do with making possible the warm and enthusiastic receptions which are given him, even by many who have hitherto been staunch supporters of the Government and the policy against which he is now directing his guns.

Other and perhaps still more potent forces are at work producing the tendency to political disintegration which is manifest-

and history as those which make Ireland a distinct unit. To the Canadian onlooker, for whom use and familiarity have deprived federalism of its bogeyish look, and who has often wondered at the courage with which the Imperial Parliament struggles on year after year under a constantly accumulating load of local legislative demands from which it can never hope to free itself under the ancient system, the wonder is that the common-sense plan of relegating local matters to local legislatures was not long since tried. Such a system is, indeed, as much a logical outcome of the county and parish council systems which are now being introduced, as of Irish Home Rule.

Were "Federalism" indeed the divisive force which the Spectator seems to suppose, there would be good reason for its depreciation. If it really meant that Great Britain is "to be disintegrated and dissolved into we know not how many arbitrary political atoms;" that "the Empire is to be a loose structure sprawling, as it were, on frail tenter-hooks all over the globe, without even a single strong core at the heart of the Empire," every British patriot must needs regard it with abhorrence and dread. But why should federation mean anything of the kind? Surely the strength of the kingdom does not depend upon the legislative bands which hold its component parts in mere mechanical union, so to speak. Surely the pride of history and the passion of patriotism are not dependent upon the ability of English members to postpone or defeat local measures desired by Scotchmen for the better management of purely Scotch affairs, or vice versa. If legislative union could produce homogeneity, there would be strong reason for continuing it in spite of all disadvantages, but the history of centuries shows that little is to be hoped for in that direction. The distinguishing features of English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh character stand out to view almost as distinctly to-day as at the first. So long as all parts of the kingdom are equally represented in the central Parliament or council which determines all relations with other nations and has supreme control in all matters affecting the Empire as such, it is not easy to see why a subdivision of the multifarious and ever-increasing details of internal legislation and management should have the slightest tendency to weaken the cohesive forces which are the source of all real national strength. Should any cynic be disposed to insinuate that the Canadian federal system has not been so successful in welding the provincial fragments into a compact whole as to make its history a powerful argument for federation, the reply is that, imperfect as may be the result from this point of view, federation has done that towards building up a Canadian nationality which could never have been accomplished under any other system.

MAY 12th, 1893.]

there are about sixty-five thousand of them in the Union—it is asserted that the removals so far are less than one-half the number removed within the corresponding period under the preceding Administration. The fact is that Civil Service reform is making steady headway in the Republic, in spite of the desperate resistance of the admirers of the machine. From a seemingly authentic statement before us we learn that there are in the gift of the Government about 180,000 positions; that of these the number affected by the Civil Service law at the end of President Arthur's administration was about 15,000; at the close of President Cleveland's former term, about 27,300; at the close of President Harrison's, 43,400, besides some thousands in the navy yards, so that at present about one-fourth of the whole number of offices have been withdrawn from the arena of the scramblers for office. The Republic is making progress, but there is yet a large work to be done. Both Presidents and people seem to be becoming more and more sensitive in regard to the ridiculous figure the chief magistrate of a great nation is made to cut when he is obliged to give up the first weeks and months of his term to the work of dismissing political opponents from petty offices and putting his hungry followers in their places all over the Union.

The London Spectator deploras "the creeping on of the federal idea" in the House of Commons. While it protests that nobody really wants federation for its own sake, it admits that "you can see everywhere that the logic of the cry for Home Rule for Ireland is gradually affecting the minds of all classes of members and converting them to a half-and-half fancy that our 'manifest destiny' lies in that direction." Not only do Mr. Asquith and Sir George Trevelyan frankly advocate federalism as the solution of the difficulty, and Mr. Storey and Mr. Wallace admit themselves converts to the logic of the idea, but even an old Conservative like Colonel Bridgeman "speaks of it with a certain tolerance, not to say even a leaning towards it." It is not the habit of the British people to make political changes as so many steps in the direction of a clearly defined political ideal towards which they are consciously working; nevertheless it is difficult to see how any far-sighted advocate of Irish Home Rule could fail to perceive from the first that the whole trend of the movement is in that direction. The adoption of the federal system in the case of Ireland will be the entering of the wedge and nothing but the conspicuous failure of that experiment can prevent its being driven home by the "logic of the idea," or of the situation, in a kingdom composed of several constituent parts marked off from each other by lines of cleavage almost as distinctly drawn by race

ing itself in different ways. The prestige of the old chieftain who so often led the Conservative forces to victory was buried with him. Notwithstanding the unquestioned ability of the leader to whom the choice of the party was virtually shut up, distrust, if not positive dislike, has in many Conservative bosoms taken the place of the intense loyalty which made the will of the departed chieftain the law for his followers. This tendency to distrust has no doubt been strengthened in no small degree by the system of compensation and counterpoise to which the present Premier found or fancied himself obliged to resort in the construction of his Cabinet. The resulting mosaic, however skilfully put together, has not caught the popular fancy, even within the party. It is generally felt that the necessity which led to the existing combination was inimical to the choice of the strongest material. Besides the Premier and the Minister of Finance, the number of statesmen of proved and recognized ability in the Government is, it must be admitted, not large enough to beget that confidence and enthusiasm which are the sinews of party loyalty.

We are enumerating some of the circumstances which have conspired to bring about the state of unrest which has given to the Liberal leaders hope, and has stimulated them to make the bold, and, from the party point of view, somewhat dubious experiment to which they are now committed. But, unless we are greatly mistaken, we have not yet touched upon the most potent factor in producing the political situation as it now is. When Sir John Macdonald led his victorious hosts to victory, under the banner of the "National Policy," every student of political affairs knew that the real secret of his sudden triumph was to be found in the world-wide depression in trade and business of every kind which at that time paralyzed industry and created almost universal discontent and distress. The old system had failed to bring or maintain prosperity. It was therefore condemned, and the people were not only ready but anxious for a change. They were predisposed to welcome any new policy which might be skilfully set before them as a means by which the cloud could be dispelled and prosperity restored. The N. P. was adopted, and *post hoc*, whether *propter hoc*, or not, the cloud was gradually dispelled and the sun of returning prosperity began to shine. Shrewd observers were not wanting then who prophesied that so long as the "good times" lasted the system of protection would be popular, but that the next wave of depression, sure to come after a term of years, would dispel the delusion and open up the way for a return to a revenue tariff. The "hard times" have returned, and there are not wanting indications that the prophecy may shortly be fulfilled.

Which of the old parties is destined to lead the people by gradual stages back to the revenue-tariff system, or whether the

change will be effected through the agency of new leaders and a new party, remains to be seen. Much will depend upon the action of the Government, which has promised to investigate the subject and to initiate any needed reforms. If they are wise to understand the signs of the times and to see what is demanded of them they may forestall both their old and their new opponents. If they adhere, as they now declare their intention of doing, to the principle of protection and make but slight changes in detail, and if the Liberals in council can but manage to weld their inharmonious schemes and proposals into a logical and consistent policy, and become united in its support—and these are large postulates—their chances will be, as we have said, much better than they have been at any time during the last ten or twelve years.

SPECIFIC DUTIES.

A good deal of agitation is going on, in favour of the total abandonment of specific duties, and the application of the ad-valorem principle to all articles imported. A few cases of apparent injustice to the industrial classes are sought to be established, and on such slender premises, a radical change of our tariff system is demanded. Without attempting to uphold the justice or fairness of every one of the items of specific duties, and even admitting the necessity of important amendments, it may be clearly shown that the proposed change would result in greater evils than advantages. One of the strongest arguments in favour of the specific duties is its tendency to shut out inferior or adulterated goods.

Among the articles in the shape of groceries on which specific duties are now levied, are:—Ale and beer, spirits and wines, baking powders, rice and sago flour, wax and other candles, chicory, coffee roasted, cider, cocoanuts and preparations, dried fruits of all kinds, nuts, pickles, sauces and catsups, soap common and fancy, starch, refined sugar, molasses, sugar syrups, candies, tobaccos of all kinds, canned fruits, tomatoes, jellies, jams, mustard, lime juice, etc.

It is certainly desirable that pure unadulterated groceries should be imported and sold. The very great difficulty in detecting adulterations in most of the above articles, makes the prohibition or prevention of their importation a sound policy. Under specific duties, the adulterated and cheaper article, pays the same duty per gallon or pound as is paid by the pure and more valuable article, so that the present system encourages the import of the better, and discourages the import of the inferior goods.

In drugs, dyes and chemicals there is a long list of those which are subject to specific duties, or partly specific and ad-valorem. Surely no one will contend that a pound or gallon of impure drugs, dyes or chemicals should be allowed to be imported for a less amount of duty than is charged on the same quantity of pure goods.

Among manufactured articles which may be classed together, and on which specific duties are collected, and sometimes in connection with ad-valorem

duties, are:—Carriages and waggons, mowers, reapers, binders, etc. musical instruments, billiard tables, printed posters, labels and music, plate glass, etc. All these articles are subject to specific duties, mainly because under ad-valorem duties, the culled and inferior carriages, buggies, farm waggons, musical instruments, etc. of American factories would, under a mere nominal ad-valorem duty, be dumped upon Canada, and the country would be flooded with showy but worthless articles. As the specific duties on organs, pianos, carriages, buggies, waggons, billiard tables, etc., are graduated according to their value, it cannot be said of them that the specific duties favour the wealthier class.

In the case of dry goods, especially cottons and woollens, much may be said in disparagement of the present tariff arrangements. Bleached and unbleached sheetings, drills, ducks, etc., are subject to a duty of 1ct. per square yard, and 15 per cent. ad-valorem; gingham and plaids, dyed or coloured, 2cts. per square yard, and 15 per cent.; wadding, batting, etc., undyed or coloured, 2cts. per lb. and 15 per cent.; coloured or dyed, 3 cts. per lb. and 15 per cent.; knitting and hosiery yarn, dyed or coloured, 3 cts. per lb. and 15 per cent.; socks and stockings, 10 cts. per lb. and 30 per cent.; wine ys, 2 cts. per square yard and 15 per cent. It is evident that these duties involve a great deal of trouble in making entries, and some little difficulty in classifying. During the year 1891-92, the cotton manufacturers were allowed to import 42,075,440 lbs. of raw cotton, valued at \$3,389,232, free of duty. The total imports of cotton goods amounted to \$4,330,000, on which the duty collected was \$1,211,518, averaging about 28 per cent. Viewed in the light of a revenue tariff, manufacturers were obtaining by the free entry of cotton, a bonus of about \$948,000, as compared with foreign merchandise of this class, which pays duty on the whole product. The amount of duty collected under the specific rates was about \$46,000. With the continuance of free imports of cotton, the specific duties on manufactured cottons might be very well dispensed with, and ad-valorem duties only be imposed, ranging from 20 per cent. on cheap grades, up to 35 per cent. on fine qualities, and not averaging over 25 per cent. all round.

In the case of woollen goods, the maintenance of specific duties is not only justifiable but judicious. One reason is that inasmuch as Canada produces a large quantity of wool, the manufacture of woollen goods provides for the farmer a better market for their wool than could be realized by exporting the wool and afterwards importing it in the shape of blankets, flannels, cloths, etc. In addition to the wool of Canadian growth, Canada imported in 1891-92, 10,224,086 lbs foreign wool, valued at \$1,694,702, and admitted free of duty. On all cloths and many other woollen goods there is a specific duty of 10 cents per lb. in addition to ad-valorem duties ranging from 17 1/2 to 30 per cent. A strong case is attempted to be made against the specific duties on woollen goods because they bear severely upon cheap cloths and blankets and flannels. This is true enough to a certain extent.

but the real object of this specific duty is to shut out the worthless trash of shoddy cloths and blankets, etc. So far from proving an injury to the poorer classes, it has the effect of protecting them from the sale of worthless goods made to sell but not to wear, but with such a good flash and appearance as would deceive the inexperienced purchaser. With a large supply of home-grown wool and with foreign wools admitted free of duty, and with a rather too lively competition among home manufacturers, the Canadian people are now being mainly supplied with Canadian woollen goods, which, for honest materiel, good workmanship and tasteful get-up, are as good value as can be found in any country in the world.

In the manufactures from iron and steel and other metals and in hardware generally, there are many articles which are subject to specific duties and frequently in competition, with ad-valorem duties:—tools and implements of all kinds, oils, mixed paints, varnishes, gunpowder, gutta serena belting and hose, bar and other iron, nails, screws, tacks, etc. In most of the cases, the specific duties are imposed for the purpose of securing the import of the best qualities of all these classes of goods.

The list of specific-duty goods might be prolonged, but a sufficient number of cases has been given to establish the conclusion started with, that, while the system may be amended in a few respects, it is nevertheless not only judicious but necessary not only for the protection and advantage of the consumer, but for the protection of the revenue, as it might also be clearly shown, that under specific duties, the undervaluation of imports is avoided.

No tariff can be judiciously framed by adherence to any theory; the duties must be adapted to the different articles, and regulated by due consideration to the circumstances of each particular case.

ROBERT H. LAWDER.

MONOSYLLABIC SONNETS.

On the principle that one swallow does not make a summer, it may be said that one syllable does not make a sonnet, or even a sonnet line. Nevertheless, there are some examples in sonnet form, wherein the fourteen lines are composed entirely of monosyllables and which are not destitute of poetical sentiment, though sadly shorn of metrical length. The specimens of these curious poems known to the writer are all of French origin, and it is fairly safe to state that no similar efforts have been made in the English or Italian language. The three following are selected as being sufficient to show how much can be suggested in a series of monosyllables, arranged in sonnet rhyme-sequence. To save space they are given together and will be referred to by number.

I.	II.	III.
Fort	Qu'on	Sens
Belle,	Change	Prime
Elle	Son	Rime :
Dort !	Lange !	Prends
Sort	Mange,	Temps
Frêle !	Mon	Trime,
Quelle,	Bon	Lime
Mort !	Ange.	Fends ;
Rose	Trois	Range,
Close,	Mois	Change
La	D'âge !	Mots.

Brise L'a Prise.
Sois Sage, Bois.
Peine Mène Los.

The first of these poetic curiosities is undoubtedly the best of the few that have been written. The whole pathetic story is told in choice style and regular form. It was composed by Comte Paul de Rességnier and entitled "Építaphe d' une jeune fille." M. Charles Asselineau calls it : "le plus hereux de tous."

The second is by M. Léon Valade, of whom M. Anatole France writes :—"l'auteur du distique, tout en rimes, fort goûté par les amateurs de curiosités poétiques, excellait dans ces exercices, qui veulent une rare habilité de main. Au reste, il ne se faisait aucune illusion sur le mérite de ses fantaisies rythmiques, car c'était un vrai poète, et il a laissé cinq ou six morceaux dignes de toutes les anthologies." The same writer justly considers the trifle not so elegant or regular as that by Comte de Rességnier ; but M. Jules Lemaitre states, "Ce sonnet est absolument parfait." M. Lemaitre published the verses with a commentary which runs thus :—"Savourez-moi ce poème d'amour maternel. La jeune mère s'adresse d'abord à la nourrice : *Qu'on change son lange!*—puis à l'enfant : *Mange, mon bon ange*—puis à une dame : *Trois mois d'âge ; c'est à dire : "Il a trois mois, madame"*; et enfin, s'adressant de nouveau au bébé : *Sois sage, bois!*

M. Lemaitre leaves this pretty little conceit by saying, "Pardonnez-moi de m'attarder ainsi sur des amusettes de mandarins affaiblis ;" to which M. Anatole France adds, with the conscious air of an old Parisian ; "Mais il est des plaisirs moins innocents."

The third specimen given is from the pen of M. Georges Garnier, who enjoyed the position of lauréat des Jeux floraux some years ago, and is an authority on the sonnet as well as a well-known poet of Provence.

SAREPTA.

NATURA VICTRIX.

On the crag I sat in wonder,
Stars above me, forests under ;
Through the valleys came and went
Tempest forces never spent,
And the gorge sent up the thunder
Of the stream within it pent.

Round me with majestic bearing,
Stood the giant mountains wearing
Helmets of eternal snows
Cleft by nature's labour throes,—
Monster faces mutely staring
Upward into God's repose.

At my feet in desolation
Swayed the pines, a shadowy nation
Round the woodlake deep and dread,
Round the river, glacier-fed,
When a ghostly undulation
Shakes its subterranean bed.

And I cried, "O wildernesses,
Mountains which the wind caresses,
In a savage love sublime,
Through the bounds of space and time,
All your moods and deep distresses
Roll around me like a chime.

"Lo, I hear the mighty chorus,
Of the elements that bore us
Down the course of nature's stream,
Onward in a haunted dream
Towards the darkness, where before us
Time and death forgotten seem.

"Now behold the links of lightning,
Round the neck of storm-god tightening
Madden him with rage and shame
Till he smites the earth with flame
In the darkening and the brightening
Of the clouds on which he came.

Tides of ocean, winds of heaven,
"Nature! at whose will are driven
Thou who rules—near and far
Forces grappling sun and star,
Is to thee the knowledge given
Whence these came and what they are?"

"Is thy calm the calm of knowing
Whence the force is, whither going,
Is it but the blank despair
Of the wrecked who does not care
Out at sea what wind is blowing
To the death that waits him there ?

"Mother nature, stern aggressor,
Of thy child the mind possessor,
Thou art in us like a flood
Welling through our thought and blood
Force evolving great from lesser,
As the blossom from the bud.

"Yea, I love thy fixed enduring,
Times and seasons life procuring
From abnormal heart of thine ;
And my spirit would resign
All its dreams and hopes alluring
With thy spirit to combine.

"Would that I amid the splendour
Of the thunder-blasts could render
Back the dismal dole of birth,
Fusing soul-clouds in the girth
Of thy rock breasts or the tender
Green of everlasting earth.

"Haply, when the scud was flying
And the lurid daylight dying
Through the rain smoke on the sea,
Thoughtless, painless, one with thee,
I, in perfect bondage lying,
Should forever thus be free.

"Mighty spirits, who have striven
Up life's ladder rounds to heaven,
As ye frighten ones who fell
On the poppy slopes of hell,
When the soul was led or driven
Knew ye not who wrought the spell?"

"Understood not each his brother
From the features of our mother
Stamped on every human face?
Did not earth, man's dwelling place
Draw ye to her as no other
With a stronger bond than grace ?

"Tempest hands the forests rending,
Placid stars the night attending,
Mountains, storm-clouds, land and sea
Nature!—make me one with thee
From my soul its pinions rending
Chain me to thy liberty.

"Hark! the foot of death is nearing,
And my spirit aches with fearing,
Hear me, Mother, hear my cry,
Merge me in the harmony
Of thy voice which stars are hearing
Wonder-stricken in the sky,

"Mother, will no sorrow move thee?
Does the silence heartless prove thee?
Thou who from the rocks and rain
Modest man take back again
Soul thy fingers wrought to love thee
Through the furnace of its pain.

"Giant boulders, roll beside me,
Tangled ferns bow down and hide me,
Hide me from the face of death
Till the demon vaniseth ;
Vain! a whisper comes to chide me
Borne upon the forests' breath."

Soft and sweet as organ-playing
Came a voice my tears allaying
From the mountains and the sea,
"Would'st thou, soul, be one with me
In thy might the slayer slaying?
Wrestle not with what must be."

Heart and spirit in devotion,
Vibrant with divine emotion,
Bowed before that mighty sound,
And amid the dark around
Quaffed the strength of land and ocean
In a sacrament profound.

Then I burst my bonds asunder,
And my voice rose in the thunder
With a full and powerful breath
Strong for what great nature saith,
And I bade the stars in wonder
See me slay the slayer—death.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.
Drummondville, P. Q.

Cement sidewalks are extensively used in Western towns. A combination of crushed granite and Portland cement, called "granitoid," has been laid in many St. Louis streets and drive-alleys, and a writer in "Paving" declares that the heaviest loads pass over it constantly without injury to the pavement.

PARIS LETTER.

It is neither Servia nor Bulgaria that causes anxiety for European peace, but Belgium. The French anticipate, that in case of a full-blown revolution, Germany and England would interfere, and hence a possible general war, for which France is not at all prepared; she had no thick-and-thin ally. The majority of the Belgians evidently want the "sweet simplicity" of the "one man one vote," suffrage; they can grasp that, but not its annex plurality of an additional vote for the married man, for those having property, or possessing a professional diploma. There is something to be said in favour of special representation of intelligence and property as a break on the power of mere numbers; only the latter will not have it. In Australia, it is proposed, after satisfying the universal suffrage voters, to rein them in with a side representation, based on a property qualification. In Belgium all parties admit, universal suffrage would give 1,200,000 net voters, aged 25; if the proposed complex and plural qualifications were accepted, not by the legislature, which will accept that solution joyfully, but by excited public opinion, 700,000 additional votes would be created. Events must decide; if the masses are firmly resolved to have universal suffrage pure and simple, they are certain to obtain it sooner or later; that means, the abolition of monarchy, and the foundation of a republic. The will of a resolute majority cannot be resisted with impunity.

The outbreak of gaol fever is now officially admitted in Paris, and the patients so afflicted have been separated from the typhoid cases. At the Hotel Dieu hospital, one medical student caught gaol fever and expired in great agony. The doctors state, it is forty years since that species of fever existed in France. The prisons are more than full, and to make room for the new condemned, the old are discharged before putting in their full time; this explains, why the members of the army of habitual criminals are so young, and have so many convictions to their account. Not much confidence is placed in reformatories; a youth once making his debut in prison, is lost.

The triennial municipal elections passed off as flat as ditch water. All the old and tried representatives were returned at the first ballot. The war, then, seems to have been limited to the multi-coloured walls of the city for weeks. Parisians apparently demanded only two qualifications in candidates: to be tried, common sense republicans; and devotion to obtaining civic ameliorations in the arrondissements they respectively represent. The attempt to work up Panamaism and religion in the elections, fell on adders' ears. Thus Parisians showed that they are not what some people think. The result is a sort of foreshadowing of the general elections in October next, and that the people want tranquility to make money, to work; in a word, to live. For the first time in elections, "sandwich men" were employed to hawk about addresses, as were also the Tonguinese hand carts with Noah's ark roofed sides. For the 80 councillors to be elected, there were 400 candidates. Among the latter were, 15 doctors; 1 melter of animal fats; several dismissed civil servants; 1 ex-politician; 13 printers; 12 school masters; 7 mechanics;

8 architects; 9 black and white smiths; 4 cobblers, 5 barbers; 2 druggists; and the same number of cabmen and musicians. Each of the following professions supplied one candidate; veterinary surgeons; dustmen; attorneys; bailiffs; bankers, and undertakers.

All hands are called to the pumps, to discover how to cover the deficit of 150 millions frs. in the current budget, and which has been concealed somewhat from the general public. Professor Aglave, a lawyer more ingenious than practical, proposes, to extend the concessions to the railway companies for six years longer,—that would bring the expiration of their leases up to the middle of the next century; feed the present at the expense of the future. He expects thus to gain half a million of francs. He demands that 20 millions frs. be at once expended on augmenting the navy. To increase the latter so as to equal England's, has become crank with the megolamant school. But the money—there's the rub?

The Minister of Public Instruction has just despatched his delegation to the Chicago Exhibition; its composition reflects the best trait of the French character—absence of snobism and the recognition of equality. The schoolmaster of to-day may be the premier of to-morrow, as the present Prime Minister, M. Dupuy, illustrates. The delegation comprises, not only representatives of the highest professions, but of town and village teachers, of both sexes of the national, as well as the superior schools, and inspectors, also of both sexes, of all the educational establishments. A sad event has taken place at all the lycées, and which attests the badness of the times; those students in arrears of payment of fees, have had to retire, though indulgence was stretched to the utmost limit.

M. Leon Permezel, one of the leading manufacturers of Lyons, is a man who understands his epoch. His operatives are happy, as he makes it his study to have them so; they never demand the 8 hours a day, or increased wages; or pensions, or compensations; his principle is, to keep his hands constantly employed, and trust to their own prudence, to provide against the rainy day. In his mill he has all of the latest scientific improvements; he aims to run out the largest volume of produce, to keep his machinery constantly at work, and so obviate stoppages and slack time. He pays his operatives by the piece, and their work is mechanically registered; he weeds out the inefficient hands; his work people earn 20 per cent. higher wages than the operatives at the other mills, and for all the year round; he awards premiums to his best operatives. He supplies the home market with goods, and instead of commercial travellers, he has established depots of his out-puts in foreign countries, and his agents keep him informed of all local changes in taste and in prices, on which information he at once acts. He considers a manufacturer is like the captain of a ship, and bound to provide for all the wants of his crew, while treating them well.

The Hippic Show this season has surpassed its predecessors in point of theatricalism. As to its claimed aim, that of improving the breed of horses, the mention of the matter provokes laughter. It is a gathering of jacks, livery stable men, hores jobbers and presumed amateurs.

The arena of the Palace of Industry is converted into a circus, where gentlemen riders jump over hurdles and artificial water courses. The ladies come to show off their spring toilettes, in an atmosphere of dust, and sit out for hours the jumping, the falls, and the applause. It is a splendid occasion for dress makers and milliners to purchase tickets and send their girls to display the marvels of the fashionable world. It is astonishing that Parisians, who claim to be so quick to seize the ridiculous, should thus lay themselves out to be its victims. The attendance is generally large, but this year the gate money must be less.

Ex-Foreign Minister Flourens, having "got no work to do," nor ever likely again to have any of a similar character to what he executed for a short time in the past, takes charge, in a journal, of the politics of the Balkans, and warns all Bulgars, that the Czar has his eye upon them; he does not add, so has Austria, Italy, Turkey and England. There was a time when France would stand by a Bulgaria, which wanted to remain Bulgarian, not Russian. The Figaro is a comical paper in many respects. Its foreign editor modestly claims to have, by his articles, frightened Mr. Gladstone from permitting Lord Rosebery to accompany Queen Victoria to Florence, and thus prevented an interview with the King of Italy; to tease political enemies, says the writer, is sweet—but he omits to add—"all round." There can be tease for tease.

Imported parrots from Brazil will be subject to a quarantine, like diseased cattle from the States, or sheep from Austria-Hungary.

HOW IT LOOKED AT HOME: A STORY OF '85.

I.

The place is the city of Roxborough. The time is the first of April, 1885.

It was a bright fair day of a late spring. Snow lay on the ground, but the warmth of the sun and the feet of passengers had transformed its purity into slush and mire. Of passers there were many, for the fine old city wore an aspect very different from its normal quiet; streams of people, with anxious and excited faces, tended all one way; there was gloom on some men's brows, there were grave, stern words on some men's tongues; here and there a woman was in tears; at the corners watching listening groups were gathered; the oft-repeated names of certain men and places were even in the children's mouths; there was a breath of expectation in the very air.

Among the passengers who alighted from the stage that made the daily trip from the village of Woodburn was a young woman, who looked about her in some wonder at the unusual stir. She had a grave and sweet, if not a beautiful face, wearing now a slight expression of anxiety foreign to its accustomed calm. She asked no questions, but, avoiding the throngs that filled the thoroughfares, proceeded without delay to a quiet house in a quiet part of the town.

She was expected, for the woman who opened the door expressed no surprise, but broke at once into exclamation.

"Oh, Miss Thorpe! What a day for you to come! And why? I hope there's no trouble with the doctor, as well as the trouble that's come on us all."

"I hope not," said the girl quietly. "But what do you mean? What is the stir in town for?"

"Why, don't you know? Haven't you heard, or read the papers? There's extras out—"

"We only get a weekly paper," said Miss Thorpe. "What is the matter?"

"You've not heard? Why, there's more trouble in the North West. There was a fight last Thursday, and nine men killed."

"Never!" exclaimed Miss Thorpe, in no slightest degree realizing the meaning of the words.

"Yes: the same man has raised it that was at the bottom of the '70 trouble, when my son was out; but they say this is worse. Anyway the soldiers are on their way to the West; they're to be here today, and there's great excitement over it. My boys are down to the station now to see them come in."

"But I can't believe it!" said Miss Thorpe, incredulously. "How is it we had no warning—that we've heard nothing about it before?"

"Ah, that's the wonder!" said her hostess, shaking her head. "Some people must have known, of course, but folks like you and me have been left in the dark. Why, even last week the papers said there was no fear. But now tell me about yourself—you expect the doctor?"

"Yes: I got a card from him to be here to-day."

"And I got one to say that you'd come. Anything up?" she added, with a significant smile.

"No, Mrs. Gould, I don't know why I'm here, any more than you do."

"Well, if the doctor fixed it, it's all right; he never does anything without a reason, and a good one, doesn't Mr. Thorold. Of all the students I ever boarded he was the most reliable. You're a lucky girl, Miss Thorpe, even if you do have to wait a while."

Miss Thorpe did not answer, and a thought seemed to occur to her hostess. "Why, you must be tired! sit down while I make you a cup of tea. Here's all the papers, and you can study up the rebellion while you wait for the doctor. Likely he'll come on the train with the soldiers—the express is in long ago."

So Miss Thorpe sat down to "study up the rebellion," a study in which she had many fellow-scholars that spring. The word had startled her. She had read some history and knew what it had sometimes meant, what, wherever it is breathed, it may mean. At first in her reading she was perplexed; events of which she had never heard were spoken of as being of deep significance—places whose names were unknown to her (as indeed they were unknown to many of us Canadians until a fierce necessity compelled a new study of geography) were referred to as being centres of vital interest; but as her attention became more fixed, as she by degrees disentangled fact from its wrappings of heated discussion, she learned what is now history—in our history, alas! a black-bordered page. She learned that the country was threatened—no, not threatened—but quivering under the shock of an insurrection of which no one at that time knew the extent or could foresee the end; she learned that battle, murder and sudden death had startled the land like a lightning flash from a summer sky; that sedition had lifted its serpent head and that

patriotism had arisen to crush the reptile under its heel; that the menaced nation had appealed to her children to sustain her majesty and her authority; and that throughout her length and breadth they had responded to the call.

It had not entered her mind that events of such importance could concern so humble a person as herself; her interest was entirely impersonal, but as she read, something woke in her breast that had never before stirred there; and her pulse quickened at the story how a few days before the Queen City had poured forth her sons on that loyal errand from which alas!—alas? yes, but also to their eternal honor—some of them were never to return.

She was of course, incapable, as were many others, of judging of the merits of the case; the oft-repeated phrases "Half-breed claims," "Bill of Rights," "Misgovernment avenged" etc., were to her but words; but accurate knowledge is seldom necessary to strength of feeling, and Miss Thorpe threw all the strength of hers on the side of existing law. The very name rebellion presupposed a system of order against which to rebel, and which, however far from perfect, must be preferable to the chaos resulting from its rash and violent overthrow. Time has taught us that then, as on other occasions, there was right, as there were faults, on both sides; but it needed time to teach the lesson, and to Miss Thorpe the fact that five days before the northern snow had been stained with the blood of nine brave and loyal men who had laid down their lives in obedience to, and in defence of, law and country, was sufficient to rouse a passion which left little room for discussion as to where the greater share of the blame might lie.

While she studied and pondered the day waned and the dusk fell. She was in a gloomy reverie, her thoughts far away with the dead at Duck Lake and the living who wept them, when one of the children of the house came and said to her in an awe-struck whisper, "There's a soldier here that says he's Dr. Thorold."

She could hear the beating of her heart as she went to meet him, and paused a moment with her hand upon the door. The opaque lamp left the room partly in shadow, and she hesitated as the unfamiliar figure advanced to greet her.

"Grace, darling—" and in an instant she was in his arms.

"Forgive me, dear, for having left you waiting so. As you see—my time is no longer my own."

She looked up quickly; there was no need of questions. The dress he wore told her all.

"Oh, Paul—I did not think—I did not know—"

"You did not know, dear, because there was never need to tell you; but the need has come."

Again she could say nothing but, "Oh, Paul!"

On their further words let us not intrude for a while. There were many such spoken in those days.

"So you see," he said, after an interval, "the country doctor is no more exempt from the call of duty than the business man or the workman. And I hope he is no less willing to obey."

As she looked at him the expression on his face caused her to exclaim: "Oh, Paul, do you think it so serious?" She spoke

imploringly, as if his opinion must weigh with her outweigh all others.

"I fear so," he returned. "There are those, I know, who profess to make light of it, and I hope they may be right; but I am afraid it will be no play."

She drew a long sigh.

"Therefore—I could not go without seeing you again. You know—sometimes—people—when those men went out from Prince Albert last week they did not come back, Gracie, dear."

"But, Paul—you don't seem sorry—I believe you are glad to go!"

"Glad?" he repeated, "that is hardly the word. I don't know how others may feel at a time like this, but it seems to me that I have only just begun to live. Glad? If the surrender of my own breath would bring back the lives that are lost—if my own blood would efface from the country the stain of that which was shed last week—it is little to say that I would gladly give them; but as it is—Grace, you know my heart; to you I have confessed what it has been to me never to know my parents; can you think what it must be to me to have found in my country a mother at last?"

He smiled, while a light, half fierce, half tender, shone in his eyes. His fervour struck an answering spark in Grace, even while she felt a momentary pang of womanly jealousy of the patriotic enthusiasm that rose above and beyond even the thought of her.

"And you must do your part," he said, kissing her; but she remained silent. "Grace, can you be brave—for yourself and others?"

"I will try," she said; but as she spoke she clung closer to his arm.

"Now," he resumed after a pause, "let us think of others; there is much to say and my time is short. How is Annis?"

"Very ill. Her grandfather is going to send her here with me for advice, attendance and care."

"He is going to do something sensible at last? Grace—was it that business with Norman Wright that has made Annis so much worse?"

"I am sure of it. She was very fond of him, and never being strong the worry and grief overcame her."

"Tell me, Grace, how was it?"

"There's little to tell. You know Norman was—well, not quite steady; not much amiss, but still—and uncle spoke to him—seriously—and he took it in bad part. He wanted Annis to promise him, but she took her grandfather's advice—and the end was that Norman got very angry—he would listen to nothing, and at last he broke it off and went away. We don't know where he is now."

"Grace, he is here now—with me."

"Paul, you don't mean it!"

"I do. He's sorry enough he ever left. I met him in L— and proposed to him to come and he jumped at the chance of going as substitute for one of my men who met with an accident. He was too likely a fellow and too well drilled to be refused. I'll look after him."

"How will Annis bear to have him go?"

"She must bear it as others do, sweet-heart. He is at all events more worthy of her now than ever before, and maybe her grandfather will think so too, when we get back."

"And we must stay here—and do nothing—while you are fighting!" said Grace, sadly.

"You'll have plenty to do, dearest. You have Annis to care for, and me to think of and write to. And—who knows?—there may be no fighting after all. Some people laugh at the thought.

But Grace drew no comfort from this. She saw he did not think so.

"Now I must go," he said, gently disengaging her clinging hand. "Thanks, dear, for what you have not said; you are my own brave girl. Take care of the weaker one for poor Norman's sake. We go on Friday, and I will see you again if I can, but if I can't—you will trust me, Grace?"

She looked at him with brimming eyes. It would be scarcely fair to listen to their last good-bye.

II.

This short tale, is in one sense, not history. Abler pens have already recorded those events which made the spring of 1885 a landmark of our time, and this is but the simple chronicle of the way in which they moulded and affected a few unimportant lives. But events do not constitute the whole of history—it is also written in the lives of those who make it; and as the industry or sloth of each individual unit adds to or takes from the material prosperity of a nation, so is her inner life reflected in the discipline, joy or sorrow of each separate soul.

Among those who awoke to a new existence was Grace Thorpe. Never selfish, in the whirl of emotion and sensations never hitherto dreamed of, her own grief was almost lost sight of. Those who remember that Good Friday, remember also the snow that late as the season was, fell in blinding masses, blocking traffic, and detaining the troops concentrated at Rexborough till the icy Easter dawn. Grace never confessed it, but in the dusk of that Friday she took her way, wrapped from recognition, past the crowded barrack square where the men were exchanging farewells and anticipations of return, and over the deserted bridge where the snow lay piled unbroken. Her one hasty glance past the pacing sentry and through the gate was her farewell to Paul, her last weakness and self-indulgence. With the next day she returned to the duties that took her out of self; and in the removal to the city of the invalid girl who filled to her the pace of sister, and in tendance of her and the querulous old man who wished neither to go nor stay, she found enough to occupy her heart and her time.

Then there came a harder trial, the waiting for news; the hardest indeed, of all trials, as those who have borne it know well.

Alternating between the quiet of the sick room and the scarcely less quiet of her dally walk Grace's life yet held much busy thought. She heard from Paul—short accounts, written where and how he could, of tiresome marches, unaccustomed duties, and conjectured movements to a doubtful end—letters which in their spirit of loyalty and honor made her heart glow. Through him also Annis heard of Norman, (who, under stress of duty and renewed hope was bearing himself as a soldier should) and the girl brightened visibly; so much so as to sensibly lighten the remorse of the grandfather who in his over-care of his fragile darling and denial of what seemed to her hurt, had brought about the very mischief he had striven all her tender life to avoid. There was no

question of denial now; and when in Paul's letter at last came a few lines which Annis read with a happy blush and hid upon her heart before she slept, the doctor on his next visit marvelled what had wrought so sudden a change for the better in his patient. Grace knew—she had her own heart-medicine of the same description—but she held her peace.

Then came a day when all thought of peace was ended, and the dream of those who had preached it was rudely broken; when the crack of the rifle on the far Saskatchewan was echoed in the hearts that throbbed by the St. Lawrence, and the news came that a fresh harvest of young lives had been cut down like the grass; when the beautiful old city was stirred as never before in the memory of living man; when in street, and home, and market, there was but one cry—for news; when the bulletin was besieged and amusement forsaken; and when people coming even from the house of God thought less of the holy words still sounding in their ears than those of the yet wet "extras" that met them at the door.

On Grace and Annis the tidings of the skirmish of that eventful 26th of April wrought very differently, though neither found the loved name in the lists that brought grief to so many. To the one, lifted above self by an agony of sympathy, not the least strange sensation was that of the unreality of surrounding things, the triviality which seemed suddenly to invest the items that made up the sum of dally life, and the feeling by which the distant and unknown became the essence of existence. That life should go on as usual and all the pageantry of Nature remain unchanged—that roses should bloom and birds nest and sing while blood was flowing, groans were drawn, and hearts were aching—seemed to Grace an unpermissible anomaly; that business cares should engage and youthful gaudies be indulged in while pain, danger, privation and death were the lot of companion, comrade and friend, appeared unfathomable in its depth of pettiness; and the consciousness of a double self, of the contrast between the outward contact with the world of sense and the inner life that pulsed and throbbed with unspoken and unshared emotions, remains with Grace as the most ineffaceable memory of that never-to-be-forgotten time.

The interest of Annis on the contrary was but a kind of sublimated selfishness. "It toucheth thee and thou faintest," are words not applicable to Job alone. To the sick girl, prostrated anew by the fresh excitement, and shut in upon herself and from all outward intercourse, the North West Force soon came to mean Norman Wright alone, and every incident of the struggle, success or failure, shame or triumph, to be only thought of as it regarded him. Annis had known that sorrow was the common lot, but when brought face to face with the truth in her own experience she found it harder that she could endure. No doubt the Dispenser of causes has known how to apportion each to the work it is to perform, and if to the mother or mistress the welfare of son or lover outweigh the obliteration of battalions we are bound to believe that that force was needed to preserve the balance of creation; but to eyes that have opened on a wider horizon it looks incredible that others should have less range of vision—that personal joy or pain should engross the mind

is wonderful to the soul touched and awakened by patriotic fire.

Grace was sadly ignorant; she knew nothing of that noble art of the politician by which the interests and sufferings of others are made the means of self-aggrandizement, and to her the accusations and recriminations which form the missiles of the wordy war of faction were worse than idle sounds. Many times was her indignation roused by the squabbles of opposing cliques and the endeavor of angry parties to fasten on each other blame which neither was willing to bear, during those succeeding weeks of anxious waiting when so few could guess what the immediate future was to bring—when intelligence false, if not falsified, and rumours contradicted as soon as circulated made life a fever of expectation and suspense. In the light of later knowledge we can wonder, and almost smile, at the darkness that then enveloped places and events; but then we learned that it is not what we know but what we fear that is hardest to be borne.

Then, on the morning of the 10th of May, a wild tempestuous Sunday, suspense came to an end. It might not be well to inquire how many of those who worshipped that day in Rexborough, with the knowledge of what was at that moment passing at Batoche's Crossing filling their thoughts, profited greatly by their devotional exercises; we remember but the rapid emptying of the churches, the crowding of the people to the newspaper offices, the eager watching through the windy afternoon for the tardy news, the demand for the "extras" which when news did arrive were seized upon faster than the presses could give them out, the thrill that struck us when we knew that the end was come; but not yet the end of the end. We remember the days that followed, with their watching, their doubt and dread, their scanty, untrustworthy tidings, the wavering balance of victory or defeat, the angry mourning for those gone, the anguish of anxiety for those whose turn it might be next to go—all this Grace remembers and will never forget.

And all this Annis knew, and the knowledge wrought her to fever, which, fading, left a weakness from which there was no rally. Letters of course, there were none; the message of life or death must be looked for in the public prints, whose terse phrases added bitterness to their bitter tidings; but to Grace and Annis came no tidings, either of pain or consolation. Never did days appear so long as that 11th and 12th of May; never did Grace find it so difficult to utter the words of hope and cheer her heart denied; and never was relief greater or thanksgiving deeper than when the wires flashed the message that, whatever might be the individual loss, victory had declared itself on the side of authority, and that further strife was stayed.

That individual loss! oh, how it tarnished the satisfaction given by the triumph of law! What eagerness of search of the dreadful lists! What heart-break were they right, what terror lest they should be wrong!

For two days Grace searched those lists with shrinking eyes, but met no sorrow, and was fain to hope that they were spared. But on the Wednesday afternoon, a warm, still shining day, that seemed made for life and joy, she came upon her hostess with a newspaper spread before her and tears dropping on the page. She gathered up her courage and scanned the lines, and this was what she read, in letters that

seemed to turn to fire. "Wounded; Severely: Private Norman Wright." And Grace laid her head down upon her arms, and wept as in all her life she had never wept before.

After that her hands and heart were full. She could scarcely be glad of her own immunity in face of the sick girl's agony and swift decay, and Paul's safety seemed a blessing to which she had no right while others mourned. She hardly heeded the public interest of the events which followed, in the knowledge that no peace now could bring life back to young limbs or happiness to young hearts again; that page was folded down.

Then the victorious troops went on their further march to the north, and began the long, weary search for the retreating Indians; invalided men began to return with their heart-stirring tales, and rejoicing friends to welcome them; but to the two women in the quiet room in Rexborough life consisted only in watching and waiting—for tidings from the woods and swamps of Saskatchewan and bulletins from the hospital at Saskatoon.

It was the 6th of June. Long weeks of anxious suspense and uncertainty had succeeded the fever of expectation and the excited reception of startling news. Those whose friends had disappeared into an unknown northern wilderness, whence tidings could scarcely come, felt that they had changed little for the better from the knowledge of risk and privation to conjecture of greater evils still; too often the words "Wires down" took the place of the news looked for more eagerly each day, and it was difficult, in the face of the doubtful future to find as much satisfaction as before in the work already accomplished, the honour already won.

Grace was growing very weary. The strain of the constant care of the invalid, the ceaseless anxiety as to the effect upon her of the daily news from the north, and the worse result of no news at all, the thought of poor Norman which could scarcely be called suspense when hope there was none, the endless fretting of the old man over what he had deemed he had brought about and what was yet to come, all this had so wrought upon her that she no longer dared to let her mind dwell upon her own troubles, or strive to penetrate the darkness that now hung over the wanderings of the soldiers—for with her Paul was not all. She tried to concentrate her thoughts upon the present, to lighten as she best could the burdens of others, and not yet face the dread that she might have to share it with them later on.

On this evening she was especially overwrought. The announcement "Wires down" had thrown Annis into an excitement only allayed as darkness fell. She had sunk into a troubled sleep, then Grace felt the jarring of her own nerves. The silence oppressed her, and when the clock tolled eight and she realized how long the night would yet be she dreaded lest her own strength might fall when needed. She left the old man on watch, and wrapping a shawl around her went out alone under the trees of the path that bordered the river.

The June night was moonless and cool. The air was damp with a promise of rain, and heavy with the scent of lilac blossoms that tossed aloft their purple plumes. Grace leaned over the water, looked at the

lights reflected in the dark stream and at the grey walls of the fort on the other bank whence came a faint bugle call, and listened to a man's deep voice singing near by. Then for a short season she allowed her thoughts to stray.

"A pretty town of about forty houses, arranged in a square." She recalled thus the only description she had then seen of Saskatoon, that place where so many thoughts were then centred, for which so many prayers went up, and tried to picture to herself how it must look. There rose before her a vision of the wide plain, the rapid rolling river, the starlit northern sky. She felt the fall of the dew, the sigh of the breeze. Fancy played her part only too well; as the dusk deepened Grace forgot her actual surroundings, and her mind, straying from the sick-bed she had left and mingling remembrance with imagination, was filled with confused images of dimly lighted rooms, of silence broken only by whispers and soft tread, of pallid, pain-drawn faces, languid limbs, faint, fluttering breathings, powerless hands, and weary eyes. She could hear the checked groan and muttered exclamation as the wrench of agony wrung the strong man's frame, she imagined the gentle voices that spoke hope and courage and the fierce hopelessness that rejected comfort. All the suffering and the sorrow, all the vain longing for the sound of a homelike or the touch of a loved hand by those who would never again know or feel them, all the present misery and the future dread seemed to take bodily shape and weight and to crush her heart. Her very ignorance of the reality intensified the imaginary picture, and she put her hands before her eyes to shut it out.

Only a woman's foolish fancies, altogether wide of the truth? Maybe: but the fancies of those days stung deep and sore. They have left some scars that will never be effaced—some wounds that will never be healed.

Grace recovered herself with a start of self-reproach. In the silence the clock tolled nine, and the bugle rang out its call from the hill. With a sudden impulse she turned and looked upward to the North-western heavens; Corona hung trembling in the blue vault, and with her eyes Grace's thoughts rose, and the words came to her mind, "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we—" she shivered a little, as though a breath from another world had chilled her, and returned to her watch.

Her uncle was waiting for her at the door.

"She's awake, Grace, and better, I do believe; her eyes are so bright and her voice so strong. She must have been dreaming, for she laughed in her sleep, and woke calling out "Wait! I am ready!" Grace made no answer, but went to Annis with a fresh and sudden fear. She did not like the news.

"I've had a lovely dream," Annis said, as Grace stooped over her. A kiss was the only reply—no need to ask the subject of the dream.

"Isn't it a good sign, Gracie? May I take it to mean that I shall live to see him come back?"

"I—hope so—darling—"
"I—don't want more than that—now. I did once—then—I was going to leave a message for him with you, but now—if I

can just see him—and tell him I never mistrusted him, and hear him speak—and leave him safe with you—"

"Hush, dear, you must not talk," said Grace, as the groan the old man could not stifle came to her ears. She did not dare to tell him what she feared; but her heart was very heavy as she watched the sleeping girl through the long night. She longed for tidings, but this unearthly communion disquieted her; and the next day was Sunday when no news could come.

The weary Sunday dragged itself out, spent by Annis in a lethargic patience; perhaps the memory of her dream stood as a shield between her and the worst—that dream which to Grace, with the recollection of her own vision at the same hour was only a haunting presage of ill. The long warm still hours were laden with suspense, and fear and anxiety were as the breath Grace drew.

The morning brought neither letter nor telegram; there was nothing to do but wait for the public news of the afternoon. When her uncle went to obtain it, Grace concealed his departure from Annis, and waited during a time that seemed both leaden-footed and to fly with wings. Annis appeared asleep when the returning footstep sounded, and Grace went down feeling that the worst that could be told would be a release compared with the tension of a moment such as this.

The old man's hand trembled as he held a paper towards her. "No letter," he said, hoarsely, "but there may be something here—"

Grace took it and scanned the lines over which so many hearts had sunk, so many tears had fallen. If for one moment her eyes went to that spot where news of Paul might be looked for, let it be forgiven her; she resolutely averted her attention to that quarter where she must learn what was now alas! an oft-told tale. The search was short; her uncle, watching her, saw a little start; then she held the paper out to him without a word. He followed where she pointed, and read the form familiar enough in its terseness, but charged for each who sought it with new and keen-edged meaning. "Clarke's Crossing, June 7th. Private Norman Wright, wounded at Batoche's, died last night in the hospital at Saskatoon."

That was all. Of the young vigorous life gone out—of hopes quenched and promise blighted—of the long vain struggle with pain and death—that was all the world would ever know. Nor the world only. Of the self-sacrifice that had concealed the suffering of the fever-flush of hope and the gloom of the dark valley—of the yearnings never to be satisfied—of the last thoughts and prayers of the heart whose faint final throb had fluttered into silence alone in the far-off desert—there could come no whisper to the hearts that craved it; the voice had passed "where beyond these voices there is peace."

"One more gone for honour's sake Where so many go,"

And those few words, over which few eyes would glance with more than indifference, or at least a half-careless pity, his only record and reward—too often the soldier's sentence, epitaph, and eulogy, all in one.

"Who shall tell her?" whispered Grace with white lips, and without a tear. Then she covered up her face as the old

man held up a shaking finger and left the room.

It was over—over. If words were needed they had been spoken—if tears had fallen they were dried. The majesty of death might reign here, but the monarch had laid aside his frown. The glory of the sunset streamed through the open window, shed a halo round the head of the dying girl, and fell on the joined hands laid lovingly on the grey head bowed upon her knees; outside the leaves rustled softly, and a bird carolled its even song; the scent of flowers hung on the air like incense; the stillness was as deep as the hush of prayer; and the smile on the lips of Annis "filled the silence like a speech."

Grace hesitated on the threshold; the place seemed to her holy ground. But Annis saw her, and at a look she came and knelt beside her.

"I need leave no message with you now;" said Annis, softly.

Grace kissed the slender hands—they were quite steady—but she could not speak.

"I am very selfish, Grace. I am so glad for myself that I cannot be sorry for him—or you."

Grace glanced at the old man; but he did not seem to hear, and did not move.

"It shocked me—for a minute—to think he could be—dead—he was so strong—but now—it would be hard to live on—and think so—and I am so glad to know that he will never—have to—miss me." She drew a little fluttering sigh. Grace leant her head on the heart whose faint beat she could hear in the stillness, and her tears fell unchecked and uncontrolled.

"Don't cry Grace. Do you think I am worthy of him now? "Greater love hath no man—" you know—"

"Who can ever be worthy—" began Grace.

"And yet—will you say that verse for me—about being faithful over a few things? I can't quite—remember—"

With a mighty effort Grace steadied her voice. "Well done, good and faithful—"

But the verse was never finished to mortal ears. There was a trembling of the hand Grace held, then the two were clasped together and flung upward, and there rang out a joyful agonized cry—"Wait for me Norman! I am ready!" Grace started up with a scream—to see the strained eyes close softly, the pale lips quiver into silence, and the head fall back.

"Oh my God! she has fainted!" cried the old man, even now refusing to accept the truth.

But Grace knew better. She knew that in that last—or first—glimpse of recognition the eyes had seen no mortal vision; that in that parting cry of passionate appeal the lips had uttered their last words on earth.

EPILOGUE.

The past history of Canada is already recorded in many places in her monuments and the homes of her dead; but there is a fair city towards the sun-setting where the prophecy of her future may be read by those who have eyes and hearts. Paul and Grace Thorold believe they have so read it; in the sculptured stone above the flower-wreathed graves of those who laid down their lives at her call is the assurance that lasting as marble shall be the unity they died to save; in the weed-grown resting-place, by which the utmost that the heart can do is to pity and endeavour to forgive, lies the shadowing

forth of their success, who, like him who lies below, are troublers of their country's peace.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

ULSTER.

A sprig of heather planted mid thy hills
By royal James has thriven to this time
Better (I proudly muse) than in the clime
Of still-loved Scotland where its sister
thrills

Strong-pulsing hearts and with a glad
light fills

Fair, beaming eyes; yet meetest theme for
rhyme

With truer lie, more lowly, more sublime,
Thy heather, Ulster, which no tempest
kills.

This people, like the ancient burning bush,
Though wrapped in flames shall never
be consumed

Who choose to be their enemies are
doomed

To fall like reeds before the torrent's
sweep;

For not till gnats the mountain granite
crush,

Shall human hands this clinging heather
reap.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

Plover Mills, Ont.

THE CRITIC.

Canada can not exactly be charged with the fault of paying altogether too much attention to belles lettres to the exclusion of more practical and more paying branches of human activity. Nor is it to be expected. A new country, or, at all events, a country which has yet very much to make in the shape of material progress, can hardly be expected to devote that amount of time and money to the consideration of purely literary and artistic matters which may be expected from countries in which there is to be found a wealthy and leisured class altogether freed from the necessity of earning its livelihood by the sweat of its brow. "Where you rest," says Mr. Ruskin, "the decorate," and he says rightly. And the converse of Mr. Ruskin's injunction is also true; namely, that only where there is the possibility of rest is there the possibility of decoration. And literature certainly is a species of decoration, that is, it appeals to and gives scope for, our aesthetic, not our purely intellectual or our physical, faculties. Consequently in the natural order of things a nation will develop its agriculture, its trade, its commerce, its manufactures, in a word, all its means of accumulating pecuniary wealth, before it turns its mind to the accumulation of literary or artistic wealth; it will, in short, make itself materially comfortable before it attempts to make itself aesthetically happy. A man must live; to delight his eye or to feed his mind are quite naturally secondary considerations. Greece had no literature in the days of Draco; Rome had no literature in the days of Tarquin. Literature, like all other branches of art, must come of itself, sua sponte, or it will not come at all. You cannot make a literature by popular vote any more than you can make a genius. When a nation arrives at that stage of its wealth and civilization when its leisured classes have the time to appreciate and the money to encourage artistic effort, then it will have a literature; to attempt to encourage artistic effort before that time is to attempt the impossible.

Belies, many things militate against any such attempt. Nations are not now

isolated as in the days before steam and electricity they were isolated. London books and Paris fashions are now the common possessions of the world a week after their birth. And London books and Paris fashions having had for years the imprimatur of the world, these are sought after rather than those of Montreal or Winnipeg. Accordingly to attempt to force in Canada a literary or artistic growth is to attempt to force in a wholly uncongenial atmosphere a plant which thrives on one soil only. Even were it successful the plant would be an exotic, and consequently not at all representative of the soil on which it grew. We can encourage trade, we have done our best to encourage manufactures; but to encourage literature is beyond the powers of a government. Some have doubted whether even in so long-established a country as Great Britain to encourage literature is within the power of a government. Too often by the questionable method of granting emoluments to literary aspirants, in the words of Lord Rosebery, "you begin with a genius and end with a job." So some argue.

After all, what is this thing which goes by the name of a "national art"? Is it not simply the artistic productions, literary, sculptural, or pigmental, of a certain number of men sufficient in quantity and similar in general character to represent the thought and feeling of the community of which they are part? But to produce that sufficient quantity, as has been said before, necessitates the arrival at a certain stage of wealth and civilization,—as to the similarity that is a large question ramifying into many other questions. If art, then, is not to be fostered, much less is a "national art."

But this is no reason why the individual artist should not receive recognition and encouragement; nay, why he should not receive cordial recognition and encouragement as a possible harbinger and prophet of that national art which is to come. In every community young or old, there will be here and there those to whom the ordinary walks of life are simply impossible, who cannot barter, who know nothing and care less for mere materiality; to whom the practical affairs of life are as nothing, and who live in a world of their own imagining. These men paint and compose and write, striving thereby to depict that other world in which they live and move and have their being. Belgium has her Maeterlinck, Norway has her Bjornson, Canada has her Lampman. Such men may be and should be encouraged, not to the end that the nation to which they belong may glory in a national art—that would evince an unhealthy self-consciousness—but first, as an antidote to that too-absorbing devotion to things material which is the bane of too many a new country; and second, because to such members of its community the country surely owes some little regard. To hunger for a national art is an unhealthy appetite, but to cherish such signs of art as spring up spontaneously in its organization is a wholly commendable act.

The largest locomotive in the world was recently completed in Rhode Island for the Mexican Central Railroad. The weight on the drivers is 201,000 pounds, and 20,000 pounds on each truck. This great load, however, is perfectly distributed over the rigid wheel base.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ONE WAY OF ENCOURAGING ART.
To the Editor of the Week :

Sir,—It has been remarked frequently that though new men are constantly coming to the fore in this city and elsewhere, the older and more famous painters are incessantly leaving this country for more lucrative fields, just when their art, from an educational standpoint, is of the highest national value and importance. Some critics have ever deplored the lack of really good works in our local exhibitions, but the fact is, the duty of 20 per cent. put on the value of all pictures crossing the line, really debars our Canadian painters from sending their works over here. John A. Fraser, H. Sandham, Percy Moran, and Mr. Chase of New York, have all expressed themselves as willing and anxious to contribute to Canadian exhibitions, but, as they say, "Our works are received gladly in England and the United States where we have no duty to pay, and these markets are really far more lucrative." The above named painters profess not to care whether, in the event of their being allowed to send them here free of duty, their pictures are framed in Canada or New York, and in fact they would all give Canadian frame makers the privilege. It is evident that their loyalty to the country, even though circumstances have driven them away from here, never wanes, or grows tired, in spite of their compulsory, if self-imposed, banishment. "If," writes one of these painters, "if any of my paintings are sold in Canada, I would have no objection to paying duty, but I do object to being taxed in an unprofitable market for the mere sake of exhibiting my works, which come back to me with the prospect of the frames being badly damaged, and myself further out of pocket by reason of this damnable duty."

The duty in question was clearly never intended to reach such men as these. It was intended, we hope, rather as an indirect encouragement to national talent. The imposition of 20 per cent. was meant only to be levied on foreign imported pictures, which are handled by charlatans and flung before the public as "great masters." And pray, even if these works above cited, should ultimately be admitted free, who is to judge as to what is, and what is not, genuine art? Are the customs' officers sufficiently capable of judging?

When we see the lack of encouragement accorded to our aspiring Canadian painters who are unable decently to subsist, and the preference which the wealthy give to the cracked, weather-beaten, and indistinguishable canvases palmed off as "Old Masters," and often bought by cunning dealers in foreign gin-shops from broken-down inebriates, who make a business of preparing these fraudulent "works of art," is it any wonder that the former unwillingly but firmly set their backs on the scenes of their early lives? And when they go elsewhere and are received with open arms by the fraternity, can it be wondered at if they never again exhibit here when they are "dubbed" as foreigners and charged for the privilege of conferring a favour on their former friends and the public in general?

Surely this is an educational question—a national question. In the interests of refinement and culture, that higher education which purifies the morals, elevates the tastes, and trains the mind to the appreciation of all that is ennobling and inspiring in our surroundings,—on which the greatness of a nation depends far more than the general public care to allow,—these discouraging drawbacks should at once be removed as a blot on our national escutcheon, which other countries detect only too readily. As a matter of fact, there is little originality in Canadian art, whether the pictures are exhibited here or in Paris and London, because the best Canadian painters are not allowed to remain here, but are compelled to join one or other of the foreign schools. We have the English, the French, the Dutch, the Belgian, the Italian, and even the American schools of painting, all differing in methods and in-

fluenced by local, national and climatic differences, but we have no Canadian school, because our painters, like remnants of the lost tribes of Israel, are necessarily scattered all over the earth, instead of combining together and influencing each other.

But this is on a par with other legislation aimed really to protect, but in fact disheartening and banishing, our thinking men. We are never tired of boasting of our superior educational code, and though it is well known we are hardly able to support any literature of our own, and there is absolutely no inducement whatever for a man of sound literary taste to pursue his calling on Canadian soil with the idea that he can eke out even a bare subsistence from the efforts of his pen, a tax of 15 per cent. ad valorem is put on all foreign books brought into this country. All Canadian authors are compelled to treat with foreign publishers and periodicals, because there is no magazine supported sufficiently to make its proprietor able and willing to pay even the rate allowed to the literary hack elsewhere, and yet we are taxed for what we are bound to have from other countries. As Ruskin says, "We gloat over the pathos of our police courts, and gather the night dew of the grave, while the genii of the country are allowed to rot in the streets."

Most truly yours, CECIL LOGSDAIL.

PERSIAN LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

In the middle of last century, the eccentric Anquetil du Perron brought back with him from India his Zend and Persian fragments, rousing the attention of literary men in Europe to the treasures of the East; and, somewhat later, his willom opponent, Sir William Jones, familiarized the English mind with the literatures of India and Persia. Prior to Anquetil du Perron, the famous Montesquieu had written his apocryphal and satiric *Lettres Persanes* and long after Sir William Jones' Song of Hafiz, Thomas Moore shut himself up with his books of Persian travel, and produced *Lalla Rookh*. Most readers are familiar with the peculiar characteristics of Persian composition in prose and in verse. It is overloaded with metaphor and ornament of every kind, indulges in pious and sentimental reflections, and makes transitions from the dreariness of a catalogue, either to brief spirited narration, or to mellifluousness of language approaching the mawkish.

A knowledge of Persian literature is almost indispensable to a literary education. Low as Persia has now sunk in spite of its travelling Padshah, it was once a great power in the world, and had its golden age. With Cyrus it gained supremacy in 528 B. C. when Babylon fell; and, with varying fortunes, its great kings ruled, till, at Arbela, in 331, Alexander overthrew the last Darius. In 255 B. C. the Parthians, a Turanian horde, overthrew the Greeks in Persia, and braved the arms of Imperial Rome, till 226 A. D., when the native Persians, under their Sassanian Kings, arose, and maintained themselves against both Rome and the Greek Empire until 641. Then the Mahometan Arabs conquered them, and drove the third Yezdegerd into exile. After that time, Persia was overrun by Seljukians, Mongols, Tartars and Turks, and, only in the year 1501, did it become independent under Ismael, the first of the Saffavean dynasty. In 1736, the erstwhile camel driver, Nadir Shah wrested the sceptre from the hands of the last of these feeble princes, and invested the name of Persian with a passing glory. When he died, the reins of power fell into the hands of the Turkish Kajars. The literature of a nation with such a history is worthy of attention.

Messrs. S. C. Griggs and Company of Chicago, have just issued a handsome volume of 420 octavo pages, and two illustrations entitled *Persian Literature. Ancient and Modern*. This excellently print-

* *Persian Literature, Ancient and Modern*, by Elizabeth A. Reed, Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Company, 1893, 8 vo. pp. 420 and 2 facsimile illustrations, one in gold and colours.

ed and bound book is written by Elizabeth A. Reed, whether Mrs. or Miss deponent sayeth not, but the same Elizabeth A. Reed, whom the European, as well as the American press, and, as she tells us, the leading European scholars, have warmly congratulated on her *Hindoo Literature*, which has not come our way. The author of this book has read a good deal, and gives the result of her reading in excellent English, and in ample translations of extracts from Persian literature. That she knows Persian does not appear, nor is her acquaintance with that literature exhaustive. In many important respects it is defective. With a few exceptions, illustrations of Persian Poetry, would have been a better title for her book. Admirable as a volume for an easy chair in the boudoir or a lounge in the drawing-room after dinner, it would be altogether out of place on the shelves of a working study or library, because of its incompleteness. The first spot that came along would pluck the student who had qualified in Persian Literature by reading this otherwise very graceful and useful book.

It sets forth Persian Literature in four periods, which embrace twenty-two chapters in a very uneven way; indeed the whole of the elegant book is uneven. The first period is that of Early Tablets and Mythology, the latter belonging to the anticipated Zend Avesta, and the former having little or nothing to do with Persia. The tablets, save those of Behistun, etc., are Accadian, Assyrian, Babylonian, and should have no place in a book on Persian Literature. The author might as well have inserted the Book of the Dead or the Institutes of Manu. She acknowledges the help and advice of Dr. Sayce, but that ungrateful ex-professor has not informed her that Cyrus was originally King of Anzan, a region which thus represents the beginning of Persian monarchy. Three chapters, following an introductory one, exhaust the first period. In justice to the author, it must be said that the ancient Persian inscriptions have this in common with the Accadian and Assyrian, that they are cuneiform.

Three chapters are devoted to the second period, that of the Zend Avesta, or sacred book of the Parsees. The best English version of this ancient volume is that of Spiegel and Bleek, and the reading of it hardly justifies the praise bestowed upon the work of Zoroaster and his followers by the author of *Persian Literature*, and many other writers who have projected their Christian consciousness into their reading. Mrs. or Miss Reed has not done this, but admits that there is a great gulf between the Persian and the Hebraeo-Christian Canons. There is internal evidence apart from the almost unanimous verdict of ancient writers, that the Zend Avesta, and its originator, Zoroaster, were immensely older than the time of Darius Hystaspes, which date is a mere fancy of Prideaux and others, who sought to connect the Persian imposter with Daniel, a fancy followed by the novelist, Marlon Crawford. Some quotations of parts of the Avesta are given, some of the best parts of one of the dreariest pieces of laboured repetition of nothingness ever written.

One solitary chapter, the eighth, is devoted to the third period, that of the Mohammedan conquest. It deals with the Koran, which is an Arabic, not a Persian production. Yet there is no doubt that this sacred book exercised a great influence upon all subsequent Persian literature. The fourth and last period extends from the, as we should spell it, Mahometan Conquest to the present day, and this extensive division falls into seven subdivisions, because seven is a favorite number in Persian literature. An introductory chapter treats of the Persian Aesop, Lokman or Bidpay, a collection of fables of ancient date called the Lights of Canopus or Anwar-i-Suhall. Then, the first subdivision devotes three chapters to the great Persian Epic, the famous poem of Firdusi, who flourished under Mahmoud, son of Sabuktigin. Too many dates in a book are troublesome, but the author gives too few, and is historically vague. Mahmoud reigned from 997 to 1030. This Shah Nameh,

which she calls Shah Namah, is a metrical chronicle of very legendary Persian monarchs, as historically valuable as Homer's Iliad. The author illustrates this great work by selections from Mr. Atkinson's admirable translation.

Nizami is the chief, almost the only ornament of the twelfth century and second sub-period, and his Laili and Majnun, a metrical romance of Arabian origin, and of the Abelard and Heloise type, is given in pleasing outline, with Mr. Atkinson's quotations. The next century and period is wealthy in the possession of Sadi, whose Bustan and Gulistan or Garden of Fruits and Garden of Roses, are illustrated from the versions of Davies and Gladwyn. Another hundred years constitute the period of the divine Hafiz, who married Sadi's daughter, and was the contemporary of the terrible Timur Lenk, the Tartar. He followed Arab models, and was the greatest Persian lyricist. The prolific Jami fills the fifth period and the fifteenth century with his fame; but no names are given to the sixth and seventh, coming down to the present day, save that of Assar, who wrote the romance of Meher and Mushteri. This romance is told briefly and chastely in five chapters, a space out of all proportion to the relative merits of the work, whether from the original or not the author does not say. So careless is she of historical particulars, that she does not even hint at the date of its author Assar. C. R. S. Peiper wrote a Latin commentary on his Meher and Mushteri in 1839, and Sir Gore Ouseley prepared a translation of the poem.

A history of Persian literature that makes a mere passing allusion to the Bundeesh, and does not mention the Dabistan; that ignores the famous historians, Mirkhond in the fifteenth century, Khondemir in the sixteenth, and Ferishta in the seventeenth; that has nothing to say of Sadiq Isfahani, the geographer, of Nasir-ud in, the ethical philosopher of numberless valuable Namahs and Tarikhs, and of the famous adventures of Hatim Tai; that, however, pleasing and worthy of commendation, is in no true sense a history, even though it makes a historical commencement long before the Persians became a nation. What the author has done, she has done well, and her book will serve to familiarize people of culture with the great names, and with a few rare flowers of Persian poetry. Probably that is all she intended to do, but it would have been better had she stated in her preface the aim of the work, a little less pretentiously. Its perusal betrays no laborious study of manuscripts and minute research. All that she has given can be found in English, French, and German dress. A hundred dollars would cover the value of all the oriental books needed for producing this volume, but a hundred dollars would not create the author's pure literary style, furnish her excellent taste in the many selections, nor invest her work with the sense of security arising from its writer's accurate historical knowledge. Doubtless, in what to her was an entirely new field, she experienced the exertions of those who, late in life, begin studies that others completed long before, and felt the pride of one commanding a rare view; not that the writer knows otherwise than that the author of Persian Literature is as young and charming as her book is fresh and pleasing to the cultivated taste. It was a Persian king who said:

"Humility becomes the eminent in dignity."

ART NOTES.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood is engaged on a portrait of Mr. Burns, late President of the Commercial Travellers' Association for that body. It is a striking likeness, and by far the best portrait, in an artistic sense, that this painter has yet executed. In fact, he seems quite to have surpassed himself.

During the long years Michael Angelo worked on the Sistine Chapel, he sat perched on a scaffold of dizzy height, with his head turned upward. His sight suffered cruelly from this unnatural position, and for long years afterwards he

could only read or examine a drawing with his eyes raised towards the ceiling.

An exchange has the following interesting note: Carl Ahrens, the artist, of Toronto, has taken up his abode at Doon, where he thinks of remaining. He is much improved in health and a corresponding increase of vigour and dash is noticeable in his work. His pictures have been winning much attention of late and a number of them go to the World's Fair. In Doon, Mr. Ahrens will find a genial comrade in Mr. Homer Watson, and many picturesque spots in that vicinity from which he can draw aspiration for his brush. Mr. Ahrens is one of the best story tellers one could wish to meet.

Mr. G. Bruenech is again exhibiting a small but choice collection of water colours at the galleries of J. F. Ryder, Cleveland. The "Leader" of that city has the following criticism: "The highest priced picture is an English country scene, 'After the Rain,' though there are several smaller ones which are equally beautiful, notably those showing a Welsh moor, a headland of the Lofoten Islands, and 'A Morning Scene on the Georgian Bay.'" Mr. Bruenech has several bright little bits at the present exhibition, but no one a fair example of what he can do.

It is not often a statue is lost, especially an equestrian one, and this seems to have been the case. The statue is one of General Poniatowski (the younger)—who was made Marshal of France by Napoleon I., and was drowned at the battle of Leipzig in 1813—and the artist, no less famous a one than Thorvaldsen. This had disappeared completely, leaving only a memory, until lately a Russian archaeologist announces its abiding place has been found. It adorns the court of a certain Count Paskevitch Erivansk at Homel, the capital of the Russian province of Minsk.

The exhibition of Mr. Forbes' pictures in the Manning Arcade last week was followed by a sale—one of the most successful and satisfactory picture sales Toronto has seen for some time, the average price being very good indeed. No doubt the public felt it might be the last chance of gaining possession of a work of Mr. Forbes, the painter of one of the most successful portraits of one of the greatest men of our time, and as this artist leaves soon to execute a number of portraits in connection with Cornell University, it may be some years before Canada again sees either Mr. Forbes or any of his pictures.

There are at present three vacancies among the members of the Royal Academy, caused by the deaths of Mr. Vicat Cole, of Mr. Pettie, and the retirement of Mr. Faed. Each of the deceased artists is represented by a picture in the present Academy exhibition; the work of any member who is dead being eligible for a year after his death. Mr. Burne-Jones has resigned his associateship of this body, and in a very temperate letter addressed to the Council has given his reasons, and expressed his friendliness towards the Academy. Mr. Burne-Jones is not as great a loser by this incident as the Academy and the most distinguished members feel this keenly.

Mr. G. A. Reid has finished his portrait of Mr. J. K. Macdonald, managing director of the Confederation Life Association, and it was exhibited last Tuesday to the Board of Directors. Like all Mr. Reid's work it is solid, painted with truth and vigour, and is considered an excellent likeness. The arrangement and shape of the picture, the greatest length being horizontal, are unusual, and Mr. Macdonald's pose is natural and characteristic. In the background the mantel and quite a portion of the room are shown, but are well subordinated to the principal figure. The picture is to be hung in the Board room and is Mr. Macdonald's gift to the Board of Directors.

In its "Notabilia" the Magazine of Art for May has the following interesting item: "Monsieur Benjamin Constant will probably send to the next Academy exhibition his newly finished portrait of Lord Dufferin. This work is of startling realism, a portrait that for vigour and life-likeness might have been executed by Holl. The

ambassador is represented in his peer's robes and chains of knighthood." This recalls a bit of gossip about one of our own students abroad. Lady Dufferin, never forgetful of Canada, has become acquainted with and taken a great interest in Miss Carlyle, daughter of Inspector Carlyle, of Woodstock, who is studying in Paris at present, and whose work has been hung in the salon. Her portrait of a peasant woman at our present exhibition has attracted a good deal of notice.

Kuhne Beveridge, says the May "Lippincott" at the age of seventeen, not only has the distinction of being the most talked-of woman or sculptor of the day, but of her an eminent sculptor has said that in all the essentials of her art she is more endowed than any woman that ever lived. . . . The most remarkable piece of work which Miss Beveridge has yet done is her Sprinter. . . . The figure is that of the typical athlete, modelled from two representative sprinters; but the face is that of the highest type of man which civilization has yet produced: a face refined, intellectual, passionate, determined, even a little cruel, and with just a hint of weakness. That a girl of Miss Beveridge's age should be capable of conceiving such an ideal, of grasping and expressing the strange forces which go to make the man of the higher civilization, is one of the strangest things about this strangely endowed young woman.

Of our portrait painters, the one who has been longest and most widely known among us, is perhaps Mr. J. W. L. Forster, and although he is known chiefly by his portraits, some of his other pictures have been well received, notably an early morning ploughing scene, illustrating the old English proverb, "Plough deep, while sluggards sleep," that was shown two years ago. Although Mr. Forster had painted a great many portraits before going abroad, as many another young artist has done, like many another, too, he felt it all counted for nothing on entering the studios of Paris and coming in touch with the art life there. Going first to one of the Julien studios, he was under Bonanger and Jules Lefebvre (who is this year president of the hanging committee of the old salon) profiting much by the criticisms from the latter master, whose exquisite finish and colouring in flesh, are seldom equalled. After a short visit to England, where he had letters of introduction to several eminent painters, and acting on the advice of one connected with the Kensington School, who was in every way qualified to give advice, Mr. Forster decided that Paris was the place for further study, although he advantages in England are great, and might be made good use of by one whose choice was limited. Renewing his studies this time under Bougeois and Fleury in another "ecole Julien," he came especially under the notice of Bougeois, whose extreme conscientiousness is somewhat of a contrast to the more dashing and effective style of Fleury, and he found a friend as well as teacher in the great artist. Probably the effect of Bougeois's style is seen in the extreme delicacy and finish always seen in Mr. Forster's work, or perhaps a similarity of feeling in pupil and teacher drew the cue to the other, and strengthened existing traits in the pupil. Mr. Forster has had four portraits hung in the salon, to execute one of which he made a second visit to France after his four years' student days were over. Mr. Forster's endeavour is to paint the possible in his sitter. Some one has said there is an angel in each of us if it could only be seen, and this is what this artist looks for and seeks to express. One of Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales" might well illustrate this idea, "The Portraits," it is called, I think, only in this case the prophesy the painter put in his work was one of evil, and perhaps helped to bring about its own fulfilment. It will be a loss to the public, and possibly to the artist, if the great demand for Mr. Forster's portraits is going to crowd out other work, for we have not yet seen what are his possibilities in other directions.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The piano pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth give a recital in St. George's Hall on the evening of Thursday, May the 18th, invitations can be procured at the piano warerooms of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter and Leeming, 188 Yonge street.

The piano pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison gave a recital in the beautiful Conservatory of Music Hall with vocal assistance on Monday evening, May 8th, when a programme of an interesting character in, Saint-Saens, Hayden, Moskowski, Jensen, and others, all of which were given in good style.

Next week, beginning May 15, and for the two following nights, Reginald De Koven's Opera "Robin Hood" will be performed at the Academy of Music by a company of good artists. This opera is considered to be the best work yet composed by an American, being melodious, richly set in orchestral garb, and contains some pretty songs and choruses. The performance should attract large audiences, which they doubtless will.

A splendid concert was given in the Normal School Theater on Tuesday evening last, May 2nd, by the pupils of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. The young ladies sang, played and recited in a manner highly creditable to themselves and to their instructors, and the evening passed off most pleasantly. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the musical director, has brought the musical department up to a high standard of excellence, and he has some most promising pupils.

Uncle Tom's Cabin Company, playing at the Academy of Music this week, is one of the largest and best travelling, comprising 30 first-class artists. The scenery is splendid, and they have a grand double band of white and coloured musicians. African mandolin students, the only coloured people appearing in public and performing on the Spanish mandolin, form a new feature in the caste of this popular play. The Lone Star Quartette, and the Topsyies, two young lady adepts in the terpsichorean art, are among the other attractions and serve to diversify the character of the performance.

Leland T. Powers again proved his cleverness and versatility as an imperator in his performance of Robertson's comedy of David Garrick at the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week, together with a scene from the Shaugraun. It is no ordinary task to attempt the representation of all the characters in a play, and the number of actors who can successfully attempt it is necessarily limited. There can be no doubt that Mr. Powers is one of that number. His interpretation of the play was most cordially received by the audience. The pleasure of the performance was heightened by the fine band of the Queen's Own Rifles, under the leadership of Mr. Bayley. Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser will have to look to his laurels if he proposes surpassing next season, the excellent series of entertainments with which he has favoured Toronto audiences during the course, which has just been completed by Mr. Powers.

The concerts given by the African Native Choir in Association Hall on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of last week, were fairly well attended, and were also, both amusing and interesting. The choir consisted of some ten or twelve native Kaffirs, male and female, some of whom have voices of real musical quality, and who sing remarkably well when one considers their life and surroundings, and what their training must be in their far-off home. Their selections were made up from English songs—sung in English—and the wild, half civilized songs of their own people. Among the most amusing of the latter were, The Hottentot Song,—supposed to be a passage at arms between a native woman, who is very fond of talking, and some of her people who are taunting her for her propensity to chatter so incessantly.—"Typical Wedding Song" and "Molo-kada" (Good-bye), the latter being a representation of the effect produced by

the gradual approach and disappearance of a travelling party, who have a peculiar habit of singing and keeping time to the weird melody with their feet. This last was a remarkable specimen of shading—as it began in a low, almost indistinct tone, gradually swelling louder and louder, until an immense volume of sound was developed, and just as gradually diminishing, until the sound was once more inaudible. The English songs were quite effectively rendered, and comprised Mohr's "Children Asleep," "Dawn of Day" and "Send the Light," a piece composed for the African Choir by a gentleman living in South Africa.

LIBRARY TABLE.

PICTURESQUE VIEWS AND MAPS OF THE MUSKOKA LAKES CANADA. Toronto: The Williamson Book Co. (lim).

This handsome compilation conveys a pleasing and instructive array of information about one of the most beautiful and popular summer resorts on the Continent. The Muskoka Lakes from the salubrity of their climate, the exceeding beauty of their surroundings, and the varied round of recreation they afford are attracting yearly an increasing number of visitors not only from Canada, but the States. They are one of nature's wild and lovely play grounds, where to the tourist the summer days are all too short, and where the crisp autumnal air so often resounds with the crack of the sportsman's rifle—in pursuit of bear, or swift footed deer. This pamphlet includes bird's eye views of the three lakes: Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph, and the lesser lakes as well; hotels and island cottages; points and places of interest, and sporting scenes in profusion. Among the most notable cottages is that of Professor Campbell, on Yoho Island, Lake Joseph: "The first cottage on Muskoka Lakes." A variety of useful information is presented in the pamphlet: just the sort of information intending visitors require, as to railway, steam boat and stage connections, fares, hotels shops, &c.

THE STORY OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH. By Henry M. Field. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

During the winter of 1849-50 Mr. Frederick Gisborne, a Nova Scotian Engineer, formed the resolution to attempt to connect St. Johns, Newfoundland, by telegraphic wires, steamship and carrier pigeons, with the mainland of the continent. After indefatigable efforts and great sacrifices, the great pioneer was thwarted by insuperable financial difficulties. Defeated, but undaunted, though financially ruined he continued the struggle. In the year 1854 he went to New York, and at his instance Cyrus W Field became interested in his project, which was soon widened to the design of joining the American and European Continents by a telegraphic cable, if such a tremendous undertaking were feasible. Mr. Field obtained very favourable opinions from Lieut. Maury of the National Observatory at Washington, and Professor Morse the distinguished electrician (who as early as 1843 had prophesied the ultimate fulfilment of such a project. He then secured the co-operation of five prominent New York financiers, among them Peter Cooper. A company was formed with Mr. Cooper as President, a charter and grant were obtained from the Newfoundland government, a capital of \$1,500,000 was subscribed and the great scheme was started. The recent death of his brother, who figured so largely in this stupendous enterprise, induced Mr. Henry M. Field to tell its chequered story, he has told it vividly and graphically. To many it will prove more interesting than romance. Is it not indeed, the romance of reality? It will refresh the memory of some—to others it will be a revelation of what pluck and enterprize have accomplished for the world when pitted against difficulties and discouragements, which

would have disheartened all but the most resolute in purpose and the most persevering in achievement.

PLATO AND PLATONISM: A Series of Lectures. By Walter Pater. Price \$1.75. New York: MacMillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson Book Co. 1893.

We are not thick and thin admirers of Mr. Pater; whilst we should always wish to recognize his eminent literary abilities. The somewhat foolish modern cultus of the Renaissance has been helped forward a good deal by some of Mr. Pater's writings. But he has done better things than that; and one of the best things he has done is now before us. The contents of the book were originally delivered as lectures to the author's pupils, students in the University of Oxford. The subject, as the author somewhat needlessly tells us, is not Neoplatonism of any kind, but the leading principles of Plato's doctrine. We think Mr. Pater has done his work excellently well. He has not only given us a very well written book, as we should expect of him; but he has given us as nearly as possible Plato's own doctrine and not Mr. Pater's opinions read into Plato, and he has left the teachings of Plato in the haze in which the great Teacher left them, neither darker nor lighter. Every lecture is good; but the one on Plato and Socrates is super-excellent. It ends thus: "All that is best and largest in his own matured genius he identifies with his master; and when we speak of Plato generally what we are really thinking of is the Platonic Socrates. The first lectures point out the relation of Socrates to his Heraclitic, Eleatic, and Pythagorean predecessors. The author also treats of the Sophists, of the Genius and Doctrine of Plato and finally of the Republic and of the Esthetics of Plato.

DIVISION AND REUNION, 1829-1889. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D. L.L. D. (Epochs of American History). New York and London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1893.

We have already commended the preceding volumes of this series. The first dealing with the period embraced between the years 1492-1750 entitled "The Colonies by Mr. Thwaites and the second the period from 1750-1829 entitled "Formation of the Union" by Professor Hart. It is now our pleasure to commend the third and last of this excellent series, which brings the record from 1829 down to 1889, and to which Professor Wilson has given the appropriate title "Division and Reunion." The early part of the volume has for its moving figure the narrow minded, resolute and overbearing demagogue Andrew Jackson—personally honest, courageous, despotic, of lowly origin, a true son of the people, a determined and bitter partizan and a democrat to the core—he was the idol of the mob, and the regal dispenser of offices to his loyal place-hunters. He was indeed representative of his time and race and in him were concentrated and popularized some of the aggressive and sinister forces which so strongly stamp the present political life of the American republic. The spoils system will ever be associated with the memory of Andrew Jackson. We find the slavery question quite fully and adequately treated, as is that of Secession and Civil War. To the consideration of these and other important issues Professor Wilson brings a store of information, a clearness and fairness of statement and a sense of proportion which add greatly to the interest and value of the work. His treatment of these and other one time, burning issues, well illustrates how time gradually mellows controversy and matures and moulds opinion. The present day portion of the volume receives short, but, considering the aim of the series, adequate treatment—the future will best record the history of to-day. Professor Wilson's scholarly and competent presentation of the period allotted to him, is not only clear and concise, but is also in accord with

the more modern historical method. This admirable series cannot fail readily to convey to a multitude of readers the very information they want and which time and circumstances debar them from obtaining from the larger works, which are in this and the companion volumes, indicated by references. The maps, suggestions, table of contents and index leave nothing to be desired. The value of these small epochal volumes is altogether out of proportion to their size, and we do not well see how other authors or editors could have better done their work.

PERIODICALS.

The Quiver for May is noteworthy for its high and well sustained religious tone, which always appeals to our Sabbatarian feeling and suggests rest. Admirable papers by the Dean of Windsor, Dr. H. Macmillan and the Rev. E. J. Hardy appear in this number and a complete story "Can the Wrong be Righted?" by L. Sharp, is very pathetic. The Quiver seems always worthy of commendation.

The May number of that delightful household magazine "The Art Amateur" comes to us amid so much that is severe, with a refreshing welcome. It is pleasing to note that in the reviews of the latest works in "Gallery and Studio," the author selects with judgment those pictures which are of value, and is not sparing in his praise and blame in his critical comments thereupon. The illustrations are good and useful, and the hints given to aspirants of the brush and the crayon are valuable. We also commend a very able paper the "Treatment of Designs." This number ends the 14th year of this able, critical and thoroughly independent journal. Mr. Marks has reason to be proud of its deserved success.

There is no lack of instructive and interesting article in the Scottish Review for April. Whether the reader selects Major Conder's learned paper on the early languages of Syria; P. Hume Brown's contribution on the relations on the relations which existed between that distinguished scholar George Buchanan and the Inquisition, as revealed by newly discovered documents; H. Gough's reasonable discussion of the reviewed fashion of Book Plates; J. B. Jury's historical statement as to the wandering of nations; Dr. J. Beddoe's remarks on the anthropology of Europe; the enquiry of the Marques of Buté into Bredeau's Fabulous Voyage, or to some readers the most interesting of all Mr. J. D. Cockburn's description of the beginnings of the Scottish newspaper press—he cannot fail to agree with our estimate of this excellent number.

The famous old Quarterly has still a select circle of admirers: scholarly readers not all of the old school, who appreciate a thorough review by a competent writer who speaks from a full mind, and writes with a free hand. Very good is the opening review of Sir Grant Duff and Whitley Stokes' memoir and life of the distinguished jurist and publicist; Sir Henry Maine, G. A. Aikens' Life of John Arbuthnot, M. D., F.R.C.P., is next brightly and appreciatively treated. Recent literary discoveries in Egypt received full notice. That extraordinary genius of the 16th century, Fra Paolo Sorpi receives admirable notice, as does the popular French novelist Pierre Loti. The remaining papers are all good, and treat respectively of "The Unseen Foundations of Society;" "The Battle of La Hague and Maritime War;" "Travels in the Mogul Empire;" "Agricultural Depression and its remedies;" and "The Unionist Reaction."

The Edinburgh Review for April, which has come to hand rather late, opens with a descriptive paper on Mashonaland, a narrow strip of territory north of the Transvaal, "Philibert Commerson" comes in for a very high place in scientific research, and the critic endeavours to do justice to the memory of this naturalist who did not live to reap the harvest of his labours. The Colonial Policy of France is sketched and handled through

notices of recent volumes by Leon Deschamps, M. Jules Ferry and others, which is followed by a historical review of the English Parliament, full of interest to all who love to trace the polity of the English people. "Fontainebleau" will appeal to archaeologists and philologists, while it is a pleasure to find the Duke of Argyll's treatment of "The Unseen Foundations of Society," so favourably commended. Captain A. T. Mahan on Maritime Power, and Proctor's Old and New Astronomy are both carefully handled.

Among the contents of the May number of St. Nicholas, which is always delightfully illustrated, we have quite an awakening to springtide. The poems, illustrations and descriptive papers of woodlands and brooks and gay holiday time will especially appeal to young folks, while Mrs. C. V. Jamison commences a pleasant story on Toinette's Philip, that of "The White Cave" proceeding through three very interesting chapters. "The Secrets of Snake Charming" by G. R. O'Reilly, and "The Story of Monkey Moke," by Poulitney Bigelow, form capital reading for young folk.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Clark Russell's latest story is entitled "The Tragedy of Ida Noble." It is issued, with forty-six illustrations by Everard Hopkins, by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan has a new book of poems in course of publication by The Williamson Book Company. The admirers of Dr. O'Hagan's facile and pleasing stanzas, will be gratified with the new issue.

Mr. Ruskin appeared at the inaugural concert of the Coniston Choral Society on 7th April, and vigorously assisted in the encores. This is the first time he has attended a public gathering for many years.

Mr. Bert Harte, we learn from The Bookman, is writing a new poem for publication in one of the magazines. He will contribute an article on his first book to the series at present appearing in The Idler.

We are pleased to call the attention of Canadians to a charming little volume by Mr. Arnold Haultain, entitled "Versicull." These poems, with their suggestive title, will, we are sure, be heartily welcome to a wide circle of readers.

The Famous Composers and their Works, reviewed in our last issue, and for which Mr. A. G. Virtue, Toronto, is agent, is sold in Canada for sixty cents. This admirable publication should prove invaluable to musicians and all lovers of music, and should have a very large sale in Canada.

Charles Scribner's Sons have arranged with the London publishers for the American editions of a series of "Books about Books," edited by Alfred Pollard. Each volume will contain from ten to thirty illustrations from originals in the British Museum, the university libraries and the collections of private owners. Besides the regular edition, there will be an edition limited to one hundred and fifty copies.

The first play to be publicly presented by the New York Theatre of Arts and Letters was Mary E. Wilkins' tragedy, entitled Giles Cordy, Yeoman. It was performed on the evening of April 18th, the leading parts being carried by Mrs. Agnes Booth and Eben Plympton. Its story is of the Salem witchcraft delusion of 1692, and it is published in book form with illustrations, by Harper & Brothers.

The Dramatic Literature Society of Toronto has been organized, being an outgrowth of the series of lectures by William Houston, M. A., on Dramatic Literature before the Y. M. C. A. The object of the society is the study of the literature of the drama. Following are the officers: President, Rev. Stuart Acheson; Vice-President, Mrs. Palmer; Secretary, Mr. Steans; Treasurer, Mr. G. A. Stainson. Council—Miss Kyle, Miss Weatherall and Mr. Adams.

The subject of Dr. Bourinot's presidential address to the Royal Society of Canada, which meets at Ottawa on the 22nd inst., is "Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness." We hope to print it whole or in part.

Dr. Bourinot has been elected a foreign honorary member of the American Antiquarian Society, which meets twice a year, once in Boston and once in Worcester, Mass. It is made up of the best historical scholars in the United States; and its papers have been specially full of interest of recent years. Among the latest contributors are Mr. Firth, the eminent Oxford scholar, and Mr. Saintsbury, of the English Records' Office, Senator Hoar, one of the most scholarly men in American public life, was long the President, and is still one of its most active members.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, whose "Life of Sir Morell Mackenzie, has been announced, is better known as a writer on musical than on general subjects. He is even so good an amateur musician that he has been wittily described as preaching on the fiddle and fiddling in the pulpit, and he knows so much about bells that he went, not so long ago, to Aberdeen to tell the people there how to manipulate their carillon. It was Dean Alford who, when editor of the Contemporary, tempted him to authorship, and the first notable result was Mr. Haweis' very successful book, "Music and Morals"—a title, by the way, which led Sir George Grove to remark that music, so far as he could see, had nothing to do with morals. Mr. Haweis lives in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's old house at Cheyne-walk, which, with the aid of his wife, who is an expert writer on dress and decoration; he has made a truly artistic residence.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Adams, W. I. Lincoln. Amateur Photography, 50c. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Benton, Joel. Greeley on Lincoln \$1.25. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Spurgeon, C. H. Gospel of The Kingdom, \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Thanet, Octave. Stories of a Western Town, \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The Parisian scientist, M. Chiffanjon, not long ago discovered the fact that the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers have the same source, and that the Rio Cassiquari, a stream two hundred miles long, connects the Upper Orinoco with the Rio Negro tributary of the Amazon. If a few sand-bars, etc., were taken away a light-draught steamer could go from one river to the other, and thus cross the continent twice, by different routes.

Charcoal is valuable as fuel, but it has other uses which make it one of the most servicable of articles. When laid flat, while cold, on a burn, it causes the pain to abate; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seemed healed when the wound is superficial. Tinned meat surrounded with it is sweetened. Strewn over heaps of decomposed pelts, or over dead animals, charcoal prevents unpleasant odors. Foul water is purified by it.—Age of Steel.

An incident related recently in the Trinidad Field Naturalists' Club goes to indicate that the bite of the tarantula is not especially poisonous. A labourer was badly bitten in the foot, and was much frightened. He was taken to the infirmary, hopping all the way on the other foot. A fomentation of water and spirits of ammonia was applied, and he was given a dose of ether mixture. He ate his dinner heartily about two hours later, and slept well at night. In the morning he complained of no pain and went to work as usual. No local swelling or inflammation was observed, and but little pain at any time. Fright was the only ill effect.—Philadelphia Ledger.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.

Though we should know when first the light
Awoke the everlasting night
Upon the silent, pregnant earth,

—Clifford Howard.

THE DEACON'S STORY ABOUT THE PARSON.

That's a right good story the Parson's writ about me, and none the worse because it's true, every word of it, and I guess some words that aren't there, too,

Or hunting. For my story isn't about fishing, but about hunting, "coon hunting" I call it; and then the Parson laughs, for he knows my story about him quite as well as I know his story about me, and maybe just a trifle better.

The Parson's fond of cider. Put that down first of all, because thereby hangs my tale.
We were out quail shooting one fall days some years back and at night we put up at a farm house, where the Parson was well acquainted, having often stopped there before.

When night came we were put to lodge in separate rooms, both on the ground floor, only the Parson was in a room at one side of the house and I in a room at the other side.

It was a grand moonlight night. Everything was so quiet and still, and the air was so cool and clean, a fellow could sleep without rocking, and I got into bed as quick as I could for a good night's rest.

But the Parson couldn't sleep without cider. Mighty fond o' cider the Parson was. I used to fear he might get a bit too fond of it, at least when it was a leetle hard like. And the Parson he'd noticed a barrel of cider laid up for use on a pair of trawles by the side of the house, just outside the window where he was put to sleep.

Now, if that barrel had been on my side of the house instead of his, what I'm going to relate would never have happened; but so it was that when the Parson was all ready to jump into bed, he went to the window and raised it to let in a little fresh air during the night, and standing there in his night clothes a few minutes looking out into the farmyard, all bright as day, nearly in the clear moonlight, he unfortunately spied that barrel of cider.

"Ah!" said he, "I wish I had a glass of that cider—I wonder if there isn't a tin cup or a tumbler near by that barrel somewhere? Guess nobody'd see me if

I'd just step out this window and tap a leetle—just a leetle—before going to bed?"
No sooner said than done. Out the Parson stepped from the window—the window sill was but a few feet from the ground—and made softly and straight for the cider.

But the barrel had been "laid up for use," as we say, and was not "on tap." The bung was in tight. No tin cup was anywhere around, and it was too far and too bright moonlight to venture to the barn after a rye straw, and even if he had a straw there was no hole in the barrel in which to put it.

Any man in his senses—and in his night gown besides—would have left that barrel of cider alone. But the Parson was thirsty and began to pull at the bung in the end of the barrel, thinking just to loosen it a trifle and let just a little run—when whish! the bung flew out and the Parson fell back soused to the skin with the whizzing cider! Fearing the whole barrel would run to waste, he picked himself up, looked around in vain for the bung, ducked his head and ran up stream, as it were, against the current, and finally succeeded in getting his thumb in the bung-hole.

And now the real fun just began to be begin. For his thumb not being big enough to stop the bung-hole, the cider squirted out this way and that—whish! fizz! zip! now in his face, now down his neck and back, and again full in front, until he was at last forced to call me with that well-known whistle of his which I had heard for thirty years past, but never under such peculiar circumstances as these.

I was just dropping off to sleep when I heard it—and so I reckon were the dogs too. Perhaps they had been asleep already, but the Parson's whistle woke them, and out they came, five of them, pell mell, likertys—scout, bow-wow! and spying the man in white they put up their hair and forwith gave tongue and chase.

Abandoning the cider to its fate, the Parson fled, jumped into the open window, the dogs in full chorus after him. Into the bed (a feather bed at that) he plumped just in the nick of time to save his bacon, for the dogs had followed him in at the window and were now leaping upon the bed, and jumping off and running under and yelling like mad, by the time I had got into some of my clothes and come on the scene.

"Scissors and buttons, Parson, what's the matter? Have you flushed the whole covey with the whole pack, run a coon to cover under the bed, or what?"

"No," said a voice from under the feather bed, "not a coon under the bed, but a mighty wet one in it. Call off those confounded dogs and I'll tell you."

I kicked the dogs out the window and shut it down, and then the Parson came out from under cover like a half-drowned rat and told me this story about himself, right there is the pale moonlight.

Next morning the farmer said he'd "Heered them dogs abarkin' like forty and guessed that old weasel was about agin."

"May be it was a coon?" I mildly ventured to suggest.

"Wall, no. I reckon it couldn't well been a coon, 'cause coons don't as a general thing, git so high to the house."

I was greatly tempted to inquire whether he ever knew coons to be fond of cider, but I forebore.

The next Sunday I stayed away from church, because I knew very well that though the Parson could preach the sermon soberly enough I never could take up the collection without smilng.—Forest and Stream.

The first pygmies from the great forest of Central Africa ever seen in any European country, are now in Germany, where they will be exhibited before various scientific societies by Dr. Stuhlmann, who liberated them from their captors, the Arabs. The Doctor is in the African service of the German government and will take the pygmies back to some mission in Africa this summer, where the quaint little creatures will be put under civilizing processes.

Canada's Book Store.

Wm. Foster Brown & Co.'s List. NEW BOOKS, NEW EDITIONS.

A History of England in the Eighteenth Century. By WILLIAM E. H. LECKY, Cabinet Edition 7 vols. 12mo, cloth, \$7.00. A New Popular Edition of this standard authority on the history of this interesting period.

England in Egypt. By ALFRED MILNER, late Under-Secretary for Finance in Egypt, \$5.00.

Whilst not attempting to gloss over the terrible error which cost General Gordon his life, the author in tracing the history of the English occupation clearly shows that England has done herself credit in the administration of Egyptian affairs. Mentioning Sir Evelyn Baring as one whose judgement and firmness and above all common sense has been of eminent service.

Idle Days in Patagonia. By W. H. HUDSON, C.M.Z.S., author of "The Naturalist in La Plata," etc. With 27 illustrations. 8vo, cloth, \$4.00.

Of all modern books of travel it is certainly one of the most original, and many, we are sure, will also find it one of the most interesting and suggestive.—New York Tribune.

An Atlas of Astronomy. By SIR ROBERT S. BALL, F.R.S., Professor of Astronomy and Geometry at the University of Cambridge; author of "Starland," "The Cause of an Ice Age," etc. With 72 plates, explanatory text and complete index. Small 4to, cloth, \$4.00.

The introduction is written with Sir Robert Ball's well-known lucidity and simplicity of exposition, and the Atlas is admirably adapted to meet the needs and smooth the difficulties of young and inexperienced students of astronomy, as well as materially to assist the researches of those that are more advanced.—London Times.

Sound and Music. By the REV. J. A. ZAHM, C.S.C., Professor of Physics in the University of Notre-Dame. With 105 illustrations. Royal 8vo. 452 pages \$3.75.

A superbly illustrated contribution to the literature of physics. It is not technical in its language, being adapted to musicians and the intelligent general reader, but at the same time the latest and best information is afforded. The book is exceedingly readable, gives its information in a clear and simple manner, and includes in its topics even those but recently advanced in the periodical literature.—The Boston Times.

The Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople. By FRANCES ELLIOT, author of "The Diary of an Idle Woman in Sicily," "The Italians," etc., with plan and illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, \$3.50.

Those who love the romance of history better than its dry facts will probably find "The Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople" a book to their taste. The author has rebuilt and repopulated the romantic scenes of this essentially Eastern city, she dwells in the beauties, natural and human, of a long line of favorite Sultans, and of Byzantium of old and the Golden Horn to-day.—London Literary World.

Concluded in next Advertisement. TO BE HAD OF WM. FOSTER BROWN & CO. 233 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. Any book sent postage prepaid on receipt of price.

ANOTHER NEW YORK MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE AFFIDAVIT MADE BY A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN.

Afflicted with Locomotor-Ataxia for Fifteen Years—Did Not Walk a Step for Five Years—Was Given Up by the Leading Physicians of New York City and Discharged from the Manhattan Hospital as Incurable—His Marvellous Recovery in Detail.

From the New York Tribune.

For some time there has been an increasing number of stories published in the newspapers of New York City, telling of marvellous cures of various diseases. So remarkable are many of the stories in their nature, that much doubt has been aroused in the minds of the masses as to their authenticity. If they are true in detail, surely the occupation of the physician is gone, and there is no reason why anyone should die of anything but old age. If they are not true, it would be interesting to know how such testimonials and statements are obtained. The first question that arises is, Are there any such persons? If so, were they really cured as stated, or are they liberally paid for the use of their names? The latter explanation is the one that no doubt suggests itself to the average thinking newspaper reader, and not without reason.

It has long been the intention of the Tribune to investigate one of the most interesting cases that could be found and give the truth to the world as a matter of news. An especially good opportunity for investigation offered itself in the shape of the following letter, which came into the hands of a reporter from a most reliable source.

February, 22nd, 1893.

Gentlemen:—"I feel it my duty to inform you what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have done for me. I have been cursed with locomotor ataxia for fifteen years, and have been unable to walk without assistance for nearly five years. I was turned away from the Manhattan Hospital, Forty-first street and Park avenue, by Dr. Seguin, as incurable, and told I was in the last stages of the disease. I have been using the pills with water treatment since September last, and been improving since about November 1st. I can now go up and down stairs with the assistance of my wife, which is something I have not been able to do for the past three years. My pains have decreased so I may now say they are bearable, and I expect by fall to be able to attend to business."

Yours,

Geo. L'Hommedieu,

Sec'y Marchal & Smith Piano Co.

Residence, 271 W. 134th St., N. Y. City.

When the reporter called on Mr. Geo. L'Hommedieu, at the residence of his cousin, Mr. Edward Houghtaling, 271 W. 134th street, he found him resting on his bed; he had just finished some writing for the Marchal & Smith Piano Company, with whom he has been connected as secretary for ten years. He met the reporter with a hearty greeting and a grip of the hand that certainly did not show any signs of weakness or loss of power. To look at him no one would suppose that he had been afflicted for fifteen years with one of the most terrible diseases known to medical science and pronounced incurable by some of the best-known physicians of New York City. He expressed his perfect willingness to give a statement of his case for publication.

"In fact," said Mr. L'Hommedieu, "I feel it my duty to give my experience to the world for the benefit of my fellow men and all those who may be suffering with the same affliction, many of whom, no doubt, have long ago abandoned all hopes of ever being relieved.

"I am 51 years of age and was born in Hudson, N. Y. I served my time in the

army, being corporal of Company A, 21st N. J. Volunteers, and I believe the exposure of army life was the seed from which had sprung all my sufferings. It has been about fifteen years since I noticed the first symptoms of my disease. The trouble began with pains in my stomach for which I could find no relief. I consulted Dr. Allen, of Yorkville, and also Dr. Pratt, since deceased, and with remarkable unanimity they pronounced it smokers' dyspepsia. This seemed probable, for at that time I was a great smoker. The pains, however, gradually became more severe and began to extend to my limbs. The attacks came on at intervals of about a month, and while the paroxysms lasted I was in almost incredible misery.

I did not leave a single stone unturned in my search for relief, but grasped at every straw. Finally I was advised by Dr. Gill to go to the well-known specialist, Dr. Hamilton. He gave me a most thorough examination, having me stripped for a full half hour, and told me he could find no trace of any disease excepting one nerve of the eye. A year later my friend told me that Dr. Hamilton privately said that I had a very grave disease of the brain.

"My condition continued to grow more critical and I was barely able to walk when I went to the Manhattan Hospital, at 41st and Park avenue. I continued treatment there for six or eight months, under Dr. Seguin, who treated me chiefly with injections."

Here Mr. L'Hommedieu pulled up his trouser leg and showed the reporter the scars of innumerable punctures; continuing he said:

"I must confess I felt relieved for the time being and gained some hope; urgent business matters, however, compelled me to give up the hospital treatment, and it was but a short time until I was as bad as ever. From this on I grew rapidly worse. The pains were more intense, my legs were numb, and I felt I was growing weaker every day. I returned to the hospital, and this time was under treatment by Dr. Seguin. He treated me for about three months, and then, for the first time, I was told that I had locomotor ataxia and was beyond the aid of medical science. Dr. Seguin also told my wife that there was no hope for me in the world and to expect my death at any time. I was now a complete physical wreck; all power, feeling and color had left my legs, and it was impossible for me to feel the most severe pinch, or even the thrust of a needle.

"If my skin was scratched there would be no flow of blood whatever, and it would take it fully six weeks to heal up. In the night I would have to feel around to find my legs. My pains were excruciating and at times almost unbearable. I would take large doses of morphine to deaden my pains and be nearly dead the next day from its effects. About five years ago I learned that Dr. Cicot, of Paris, claimed to have discovered a relief for locomotor ataxia by suspending the body by the neck; the object being to stretch the spine. I wrote to Dr. Lewis A. Sayer, of 285 5th Ave., about the matter, and at his request called to see him.

He was so interested in my case that he made a machine, or rather a harness for me, free of charge. It was fitted with pads and straps to fit under the chin and at the back of the neck, and in this position I would be suspended from the floor twice a day. Although I received no benefit from this treatment, I shall always feel grateful to Dr. Sayer for his great interest and kindness.

"So severe had my case become by this time that I could not walk without assistance, and was almost ready to give up life. I had a great number of friends who were interested in my case, and whenever I read anything pertaining to locomotor ataxia they would forward it to me with the hope that it would open the way to relief.

"It was in this way that I first learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. A. C. James, of the well-known piano firm of James & Holstrom, 355 E. 21st St., with whom I had business connections, read in the Albany Journal of a case of locomotor ataxia, that had been cured by

Pink Pills. Mr. James showed me the statement and urged me to give the pills a trial. I confess I did not have the least faith in their efficacy, but finally consented to try them. I sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. for my first supply in September. I took them rather irregularly at first with the cold water treatment. In a very short time I was convinced that I was getting better, and I began the use of the pills in earnest, taking about one box every five days.

"The first sign of improvement was in November, 1892, when I had a rush of blood to the head and feet causing a stinging and pricking sensation. Feb. 22nd, 1893, was the first time in five years I had ever seen any sign of blood in my feet. From this time on I began to improve. My strength and appetite have gradually returned; I now have perfect control of my bowels, and the pains have gradually left me. I can sit and write by the hour and walk up stairs by balancing myself with my hands. Without doubt I am a new man from the ground up, and I have every reason to believe that I will be hale and hearty in less than six months."

George L'Hommedieu,
Jennie E. L'Hommedieu.

Sworn to before me this Eleventh day of March, 1893.

H. E. Melville,
Commissioner of Deeds,
New York City.

Any one having heard Mr. L'Hommedieu's narrative could not for a moment doubt its entire truthfulness, but such a remarkable story is likely to be doubted by a sceptical public, and as a safeguard against even a shadow of doubt, a Notary Public was called in and both Mr. and Mrs. L'Hommedieu made affidavits to the truth of the statement.

Still greater force is added to the story by the fact that Mr. L'Hommedieu is widely known in business circles. His long connection with the well-known piano firm of Marchal & Smith, 235 E. 21st street, has brought him in touch with some of the best known business men in New York and other large cities, and his case has created wide-spread interest.

The reporter next called on Mr. Robert W. Smith, a member of the firm of Marchal & Smith. Mr. Smith was found at his desk busily engaged, but when the reporter mentioned Mr. L'Hommedieu's name, and stated the nature of his call, Mr. Smith cheerfully gave the following information with but little questioning on the part of the reporter.

"I have known Mr. George L'Hommedieu for twenty years and always found him a most estimable gentleman, a business man of great energy. He became connected with our firm as secretary in 1879, and attended strictly to his office duties until 1881, when he was stricken down with his trouble. I distinctly recall the day when he was taken with his first spasm, and we had to send him to his home in a carriage. Even when he lost control of his legs, so great was his interest in business affairs that he would drive to the office and direct the work he had in charge. As the disease advanced he was obliged to succumb and reluctantly gave up his office work. From that time on his sufferings were almost incredible, and yet, so great was his fortitude, that he bore them without a murmur. I know that he tried various physicians and their treatments without the least success, and he states that he was finally discharged from the Manhattan Hospital, and told that he was in the last stages of locomotor ataxia, and was beyond the hope of human aid. About six months ago, or so, he was advised by Mr. James to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, with the cold water treatment. He commenced to take Pink Pills about September last, though not regularly, for like myself, he had very little faith in proprietary medicines, and was very sceptical about their merits. So great was his improvement that he was entirely converted and commenced to take the pills as directed. The last time I saw Mr. L'Hommedieu he had gained the use of his limbs to such an extent that he could walk up stairs with

the help of his wife, and is now doing much important work for us at his home."

Robt. W. Smith.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Eleventh day of March, 1893.

W. H. Woodhull, Notary Public, New York County.

When asked to make affidavit to the story he smiled, but expressed his perfect willingness to do so, if it would induce any poor sufferer to follow the same road that led Mr. L'Hommedieu to relief. After securing the affidavit of Mr. Smith, the reporter called on Mr. A. C. James, who has offices and warehouses in the same building. Mr. James has known Mr. L'Hommedieu for a number of years, and was able to verify all the above facts.

"The last time I saw Mr. L'Hommedieu, which was two months ago," said Mr. James, "he was able to walk with his wife's assistance. This I consider remarkable. I remember when he had to be carried from one chair to another. I was one of those who helped to suspend him with the arrangement made by Dr. Sayre, and I never knew anyone to suffer more than he did at that time. I understand that Mr. L'Hommedieu has taken nothing but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills since last September. He has improved rapidly since he commenced their use, and I believe his condition is due to their good qualities."

Still on investigation bent, the reporter interviewed one of the leading wholesale drug dealers of New York City, and elicited the following facts about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vital humors

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. Then in a few moments that horrid distress would come on and I would have to eat and suffer again. I took a little of your medicine, and felt much better, and after taking a little more August Flower my Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I have never had the first sign of it. I can eat anything without the least fear of distress. I wish all that are afflicted with that terrible disease or the troubles caused by it would try August Flower, as I am satisfied there is no medicine equal to it."

For that
Horrid
Stomach
Feeling.

in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work, or excesses of whatever nature.

Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred, and the public is cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and 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 makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

MY FIRST BOOK—"DAWN."

How to compose a novel I knew not, so I wrote straight on, trusting to the light of nature to guide me. My main object was to produce the picture of a woman perfect in mind and body, and to show her character ripening and growing spiritual, under the pressure of various afflictions. Of course, there is a vast gulf between a novice's aspiration and his attainment, and I do not contend that Angela as she appears in "Dawn" fulfills this ideal; also, such a person in real life might, and probably would, be a bore—

"Something too bright and good For human nature's daily food."

Still this was the end I aimed at. Indeed before I had done with her, I became so deeply attached to that heroine that, in a literary sense, I have never quite got over it. I worked very hard at this novel during the next six months or so, but at length it was finished and despatched to Mr. Trubner, who, as his firm did not deal in this class of books, submitted it to five or six of the best publishers of fiction. One and all they declined it, so that by degrees it became clear to me that I might as well have saved my labour. Mr. Trubner, however, had confidence in my work, and submitted the manuscript to Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson for report. Mr. Jeaffreson's report I have lost or mislaid, but I remember its purport well. It was to the effect that there was a great deal of power in the novel, but that it required to be entirely re-written. The first part he thought so good that he advised me to expand it, and the unhappy ending he could not agree with. If I killed the heroine. It would kill the book, he said.—H. Rider Haggard, in "The Idler" for April.

THE ANGLER.

"Silent as an otter, the man moves into the water till it curls about his knees. An arm sways back and forth, and an insect flutters softly upon the surface of the pool some yards away. Quickly the arm sways again, and again an insect kisses the surface of the water. A flash of a silvery crescent, a splash in the water, a sudden, stronger swirl in the writhing current; then a sharp, metallic, discord rasps out against the song of the birds. The man's eyes blaze with a swift, eager light, his cheek flushes slightly; there is then exultation in every line of his face. His right hand clinches upon the wand, the rasping discord ceases, the wand arches to a semicircle and quivers with perilous strain, while two keen eyes rivet upon a shifting, swirling commotion that maddens the water, here, there, back, forth, unceasingly. A boil of snowy spume upon the surface, a spatter of jewelled drops, a tinted shape curling in air an instant, an apprehensive 'Ah!' from the man's parted lips, and again the lithe wand curves and strains. So is fought the good fight, till skill conquers. Within the fatal net gleams a shining belly and pearl-bordered fins above a streak of olive gemmed with ruby spangles. The man's face glows with pride as he carefully bears his captive to the shore. Upon a fragrant bier of freshest green within the creel a dead king



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

lies in state. All day the silent man creeps hither and thither along the stream, casting, fighting, waiting, noting many things, till darkness falls; then homeward through the scented shadows, with a whisper of falling song from darkened copses. The man's feet are tired with a healthy weariness; the cruel strap cuts deep into his shoulder, but his heart is light and his soul at peace. Not one evil idea has entered his mind all day, and he has learned much. That is trout-fishing—and do you people with money and leisure bear in mind the fact, that if you spare the rod you may spoil yourselves?"—Ed. W. Sandys in *Outing for May*.

A FORTUNATE FIND.

One of the greatest discoveries ever made was the result of the purest accident. It was the year 1796. The citizens of Munich had just witnessed the first triumphant performance of Mozart's opera "Don Juan," and the theatre was deserted by all save one man, Alois Sennefelder, who after making a round of inspection in the building to see that no sparks had ignited anything combustible, retired to his room to stamp the tickets of admission for the day following. When he entered his apartments he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone which he had purchased for sharpening razors, a ticket stamp still moistened with printing ink, and a cheque on the treasurer of the theatre for his weekly salary. As he placed the latter upon the table a gust of wind swept it high up in his room and then deposited it in a basin filled with water. Sennefelder dried the wet paper as well as he could and then weighed it down with the whetstone upon which he had before carelessly placed the printing stamp. When he returned to his room the following morning he was astonished at seeing the letters of the stamp printed with remarkable accuracy upon the dampened paper. A thought came to him. He wondered whether by some such means he could not simplify his work of continually copying the songs of the chorus. He went out and purchased a large stone, commenced making experiments, and, as we all know, finally discovered the art of printing from stone—lithography.—Science Siftings.

BEST EVER MADE.

Dear Sirs,—I can highly recommend Haggard's Pectoral Balsam as the best remedy ever made for coughs and colds. I am never without it in my house.

Harry Palmer, Lorneville, Ont.



A LONG PROCESSION
of diseases start from a torpid liver and impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every one of them. It prevents them, too. Take it, as you ought, when you feel the first symptoms (languor, loss of appetite, dullness, depression) and you'll save yourself from something serious.
In building up needed flesh and strength, and to purify and enrich the blood, nothing can equal the "Discovery." It invigorates the liver and kidneys, promotes all the bodily functions, and brings back health and vigor. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Biliousness, and all Scrofulous, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, it is the only remedy that's guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded.

About Catarrh. No matter what you've tried and found wanting, you can be cured with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine agree to cure you, or they'll pay you \$500 in cash.

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PUBLIC OPINION.

Catholic Review: Everyone knows that the question of education is the question of the day. But perhaps everyone does not know, that the education of conscience is the heart and soul of the education question. Yet, so it is; and for this reason amongst others, that the education of conscience, is the education of the heart and soul—the only education that makes good subjects, good rulers, good citizens, good men.

Ottawa Citizen: What possible difference can it be to the Ontario Government whether the people of the province are in favour of prohibition or not? The Ontario Government has no power to prohibit. The pretence of solicitude as to the sentiment of the people upon a matter beyond the jurisdiction of the local House is a fitting sequel to the refusal of the government to exercise the power which they actually possess, namely, to regulate the sale of liquor by providing for the closing of bar-rooms.

Toronto Mail: Within five years the American diplomats have advanced three conflicting theories in relation to the seal question. First they claimed that the seals were the property of the world, demanding the protection of all nations. Then they set up the claim to exclusive jurisdiction in the sea in which the seals were found. Finally they abandoned the pretence to the ownership of the sea, and advanced the proposition that they owned the seals and were entitled to follow and catch these animals in the open ocean, and to prevent the other nations from taking them.

Woodstock Sentinel-Review: The exposure of the manner in which the prize bureau in connection with a Toronto newspaper was operated will open the eyes of the public as to the measures by which some so-called publishers make money. As a rule, when a man offers you something for nothing, there is reason to suspect him; and all these prize competitions are run pretty much on the lottery principle. A great deal is taken in, and very little given out. No one can have the slightest guarantee that they are conducted honestly.

London Free Press: An interesting object lesson for the temperance enthusiasts who could compel the country to a virtuous teetotalism and millennial peace and prosperity by legislative prohibition of the liquor traffic is afforded in the result of forty years of liquor legislation in the Australian colony. Prohibition has proved a flat failure there. The record is of forty years of steady progression and absolute prohibition with heavy penal features, rigidly enforced, and a coincident enormous consumption of liquor and a steady growth of respect for the law and its officers.

Quebec Chronicle: Despite his great abilities, Mr. McCarthy is an intractable man, and intractable men in party politics are not, as a rule, desirable, if harmony is required in the ranks. Mr. McCarthy's intense dislike to the French Canadian part of our population, and his extreme Protestantism would certainly embarrass the Liberal Chieftain very much, no matter how sound his views on tariff readjustment might be. The French contingent would, in all probability, rebel at the sight of a Laurier-McCarthy ticket, much as they love their leader, and flattering as his political position is to their pride and race.

Montreal Gazette: Meanwhile, we would emphasize a point of great importance, namely, the good faith already manifested by ministers. Since commerce flourished and tariffs were established in Canada, there has seldom been known so keen a searching into the wants and desires of manufacturers and traders as the Ottawa Cabinet has manifested since the session. This evidence of sincerity ought to be taken, and is being accepted

without cavil. The outcome may be challenged when it is known, but until that event, all parties can, without any surrender of party affiliation, contribute their quota towards ensuring a fiscal policy best conducive to the promotion of Canada's material interests.

C. C. Richards & Co.
Gentlemen,—The top of my head was bald for several years. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT, and now have as good a growth of hair as I ever had.

Mrs. Albert McKay.
Wheatly River, P. E. I.
I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on my head and now have a good head of hair after having been bald for several years. It is the only hair restorer I have ever found.

Mrs. C. Anderson.
Stanley Bridge, P. E. I.

The prospect for producing aluminum cheaply is greatly improved by the recent discovery of large beds of bauxite, a mineral containing that metal, and looking like iron ore. These valuable deposits, the first to be found in America, lie in three counties of Georgia and three in Alabama. Specimens lately examined yield 48 per cent. of pure aluminum. Only 38 per cent. is obtained from clay.

DEAFNESS CURED.

Sirs,—For years I was troubled with deafness, and last winter could scarcely hear at all. On applying Hagyard's Yellow Oil it restored my hearing and I now hear as well as anyone. **Mrs. Tuttle Cook,** Weymouth, N. S.

Dr. Scott, in his latest experiments on the proportion in which hydrogen combines with oxygen to form water, finds that the ratio of hydrogen to oxygen is not 2 to 1, but more than 2 volumes of hydrogen to 1 of oxygen. The exact ratio is 2.00246 hydrogen to 1 oxygen. This result has an important bearing on the determination of the atomic weights of the elements, the exact value of the atomic weight of hydrogen not being known with reference to other elements, such as oxygen.—**Knowledge.**

A PROMPT CURE.

Gentlemen,—Having suffered for over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try B. B. B., and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can recommend it for sick headache.

Ethel D. Haines, Lakeview, Ont.

A recently deceased duke was showing an American lady some of the sights of London and, among other places, pointed out the House of Parliament. "Well, building? It ain't the Gasworks is it?" "It is, madam," he replied, "of the whole British nation."

Many a poor artist has a "model" wife.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Platinum at a white heat, it is said,
will consume any quantity of tobacco
smoke and keep the atmosphere perfectly
clear.

A delicate and quick reading electrical
thermometer has been introduced by a
Frenchman. It is capable of showing a
change in temperature of one-twentieth of
a degree centigrade.

A Frenchman has succeeded, it is said,
in producing an excellent driving belt by
parchmenting the leather instead of tan-
ning it. The belts have greater duration
and do not stretch.

An electric horn has been devised to
take the place of electric bells or gongs,
more especially on ships, where an alter-
nating current of electricity is available.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Scientists have succeeded in measuring
the thickness of soapy water in a bubble.
When showing the shade of violet, it was
one-fourth the thickness of a violet wave
of light, that is, about 1-240,000 of an
inch.

Nikola, Tesla, the electrician, says: "One
result of my investigations, the possibil-
ity of which has been proved by experi-
ment, is the transmission of energy
through the air. I advanced that idea
some time ago, and I am happy to say
it is now receiving some attention from
scientific men.

Mr. Edison has patented a proposed
substitute for gearing in transmitting
power. He would have a smooth-faced iron
wheel, its two edges so magnetized as
to attract a series of small crossbars
arranged on the belting. These would
serve as "armatures" and cling to the
wheel tighter than ordinary leather.

Les anneles politiques et litterales
draws attention to the fact that asphyxi-
ated people may be saved by systematic
traction of the tongue. The movement
does not only consist of raising or lowering
the tongue with the fingers (covered with
a handkerchief), but in using reiterated
and, to some extent, rhythmic movements.

In the great lead works at Tarnovitz
successful efforts have been made to check
the malignant poisoning caused by the
escape of lead fumes. This has been done
by connecting all the different furnaces
with a powerful ventilator, which draws
out the fumes by exhaustion and forces
them into a tall chimney.—London Morn-
ing.

It is interesting to note that in a
recent year the ratio of emigrants per
1,000 of the population was: Italy, 6.
.87; France, 0.61; Great Britain and
Ireland, 7.46; England and Wales, 5.97;
Scotland, 8.88; Ireland, 15.06; Germany,
2.10; Switzerland, 2.85; Sweden, 9.86;
Norway, 10.58; Denmark, 4.01.—Bulletin
de l'Institut International de Statistique.

Birds with long legs always have short
tails. Writers on the flights of birds
have shown that the only use of bird's
tail is to serve as a rudder during the
act of flight. When birds are provided
with long legs they are stretched di-
rectly behind when the bird is lying and
so acts as a sort of rudder. Nature is
economical.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

After some years of experimenting the
Delaware College Agricultural Station an-
nounces that the dreaded peach rot may
in all probability be arrested by spray-
ing the trees with a mixture of an am-
moniacal solution of copper carbonate
with ammonium carbonate. The mix-
ture is to be applied from the last of April
to the first of July.—New York Sun.

India now boasts the finest land tele-
graph service in the world. Recently
duplex messages were transmitted with-
out relays a distance of 2100 miles, over
a line extending from Calcutta to Madras.
The wire employed was of copper, and
the feat was rendered possible by the em-
ployment of an apparatus introduced by
a member of the Indian Telegraph Staff.

POET--LORE

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LETTERS.
Browning Anniversary Number.
MAY 1893.

- Robert Browning—The Man: Some further Remi-
niscences. William G. Kingsland.
- From the Provincial of Sordello, Troubadour.
Prof. Owen Seaman.
- Aristophanes' Philosophy of Poetry According
to Browning. Helen Leah Reed.
- Ideals of Beauty in Keats and Browning. Alice
Gross.
- Gentle Will, our Fellow. F. G. Fleay.
- Browning's Mastery of Rhyme. Dr. William J.
Boile.
- Browning's Mildred. J. J. Britton.
- The Sightless. Maurice Maeterlinck.
- Browning Books of the Year. Triggs' 'Browning
and Whitman. A Study in Democracy.' P.—Rev-
ell's 'Browning's Criticism of Life.'—'Browning's
Prose Life of Stratford,' etc. C.
- The City of Dreadful Night. C.
- Notes and News. The Original Book of Browning's
'The Ring and the Book.'—Some Interesting
Reminiscences of Browning, Carlyle, Lowell,
Holmes, etc., by Moncure D. Conway.—Browning,
A Sonnet. C. E. D. Phelps.—Boston Browning
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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per
cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been
declared for the current half-year, payable on and
after the first day of June next at the office of the
Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets,
Toronto. The transfer books will be closed from
the 17th to the 31st of May, inclusive. Notice is
also given that the general annual meeting of the
Company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m., Tuesday
June 6, at the office of the Company, for the pur-
pose of receiving the annual report, the election of
directors, etc. By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.
Toronto, 19th April, 1893.

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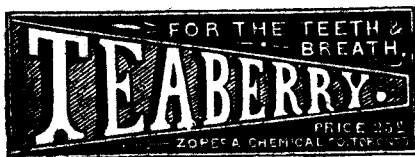
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Deep waters are still. Wise men generally talk little, because they think much.

A natural man desires carnal things as he does food. Thus we may tell what we are by what we desire.

It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.—Swift.

Handsome Features.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

The veil which covers from our sight the events of succeeding years is a veil woven by the hand of mercy.

We need our aspirations. The very loftiest of them are absolutely necessary to guard us against the very lowest temptations of the everyday world.

In the heart's greatest struggles what we want is sympathy, not companionship. We must be alone; yet not so alone as to lose the sense of love at hand.

GUARD AGAINST CHOLERA.

Keep the blood pure, the stomach in good working order, and the entire system free from morbid effete matter by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which cleanses, strengthens and tones the whole system. Cholera cannot attack the healthy.

Let not unworthiness scare the children of God. Parents love their children and do them good, not because they see that they are more worthy than others, but because they are their own.—Leighton.

The people at the World's Dispensary of Buffalo, N. Y., have a stock-taking time once a year and what do you think they do? Count the number of bottles that've been returned by the men and women who say that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription didn't do what they said it would do.

And how many do you think they have to count. One in ten? Not one in five hundred!

Here are two remedies—one the Golden Medical Discovery, for regulating and invigorating the liver, and purifying the blood; the other, the hope of weakly womanhood: they've been sold for years, sold by the million bottles: sold under a positive guarantee, and not one in five hundred can say: "It was not the medicine for me!" And—is there any reason why you should be the one? And—supposing you are, what do you lose? Absolutely nothing!

Of all the anguish in the world, there is nothing like this—the sense of God without the sense of nearness to Him.—Elizabeth Prentiss.

A famous Brooklyn clergyman was once addressing a Sunday school on the lesson of the day, which happened to be "Jacob's Ladder." He got along swimmingly until a little urchin in one of the back seats squeaked out "Why did the angels have to have a ladder when they had wings?" After the inevitable laugh had subsided the clergyman said "Well, that is a fair question, who can answer it?" There was a pause, and then up went a pudgy list. "Well, my little man," asked the clergyman, "why was it?" "I guess they was a moultin'," was the astonishing reply, and the address was concluded right there.

No gift which God can bestow is so valuable as the impartation of Himself. The heaven of heaven will be to see Christ and to be like him.—Mrs. Witter.

Remember that, in Christian etymology, the verb "to give" is the very next verb the devout heart conjugates after learning the verb "to love."—Dr. Kitchins.

Let God have all there is of you—body, soul, spirit, talents, voice, everything. Lay your whole life open before Him that He may control it.—Mrs. Smith.

Minard's Lincture cures Burns, &c.

B. B. B.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES

All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN

From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES

Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B. B. B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and

SCROFULA

We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

BAD BLOOD

Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the first bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases, on application to T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

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QUIPS AND CRANKS.

"How treacherous the ocean is." "Yes it is full of craft."

Sharp Fighting at Rangoon: We hope soon to hear that the Kachins are Kachin' it hot.

"Rent Reductions" can generally be satisfactorily made pro tem. with a needle and thread.

She: Diamonds are like women's hearts—the richest jewels in creation. He: And the hardest.

Advice to those "Up a Gum Tree" (by "Non Possom"): Come down as quickly as you can, and don't stick there.

"Johnny, why doesn't your mother put a patch over that hole in your trousers?" "Cause a patch 'ud wear out an' the hole won't."

The play's the Thing.: Soldier to Officer—Could I have a fortnight's leave, sir? "What for, pray?" "Urgent private theatricals."

"I think that young man's conduct is simply shocking." "That's all right; it's professional with him. He's an electrician."

Mistress (angrily): See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust. Servant (admiringly): Oh, mum, that's more than I can do. There's nothin' like eddication after all, is there, mum?

Wiley: I know I get a bit cross sometimes, James; but I think if I had my time over again I should marry you just the same. James: I'll be hanged if you would. (He's had experience.)

When a man does not look his best.—Burglar (taking the ground heavily): Naow, 'ooever'd 'a thought o' the howner o' that there hinnercent little villa bein' a professional 'chucker out'?

Miss Blank (to her cousin who has inadvertently admired her foot): Yes; papa thinks so much of my foot that while we were in Italy he tried his best to persuade me to have a bust made of it.

Newly Made Bride: Mamma says she does not think we will ever quarrel as she and papa do. Groom: Never, dearest. Newly Made Bride: No; she says you will be much easier to manage than papa was.

FOR SEVERE COLDS.

Gentlemen,—I had a severe cold for which I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and pleasant to take. J. Paynter, Huntsville, Ont.

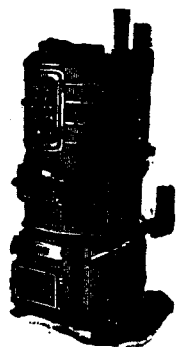
"Facts and Figures."—The business of the Labour Commissioners has to be very delicately managed. There must be a good deal of "give and take" in the work. However much "taking" there may be, there is sure to be plenty of Giffen.

Farmer: You had a fire at the manse this morning, any sericus loss? Minister: Yes, ten years' sermons were completely burned. Farmer (with the memory of many a weary Sunday morning): Mon, they had made a gran' blaze, they were so dry, ye ken."

WHAT CAN BE DONE.

When the system is overloaded with impurity, the circulation sluggish, and the stomach out of order, as is often the case in spring time, there is no remedy so efficacious as Burdock Blood Bitters to remove every trace of impure matter and restore perfect health.

Mrs. Ram's practical knowledge of French is not marvellous. She was discussing the question as to whether the French working class cared for malt liquor as brewed in England. The excellent lady observed—"I don't think so, because if I remember rightly, when I was in Paris I was told always to give the coachman money for drink, and this they called 'poor beer.' So they couldn't care for 'strong ale' such as ours."



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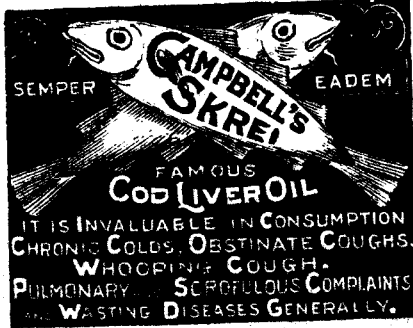
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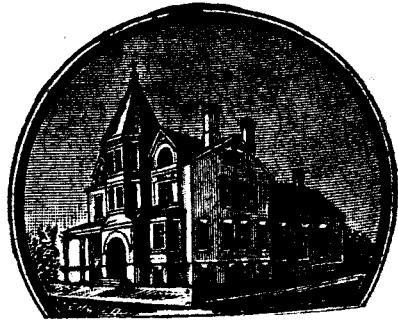
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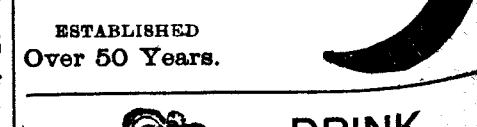
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