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DESIGNED & ENGROSSED
BY
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53 KING ST. EAST.
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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.

The accounts which reach us by late mails of the reception given to Mr. Bowell and his mission in Australia are gratifying and to a certain extent encouraging. His visit will no doubt have a good effect in directing attention to this country and leading our Australian cousins to look more closely into the larger possibilities of inter-colonial trade. The conference which has been, or is being arranged for, to be held in Canada at a later date, will give the statesmen of both countries an opportunity to compare notes and see what can be done. While we have not very great faith in special trade arrangements of any kind, believing that the very best means of encouraging trade is for all parties concerned to throw off its shackles and give it free course, we do believe in extending knowledge of our country, its productions, resources, and possibilities, as rapidly and as widely as possible.

To this end Mr. Bowell's mission will no doubt conduce. While he will find most of the Australians too good free-traders to be willing to attempt to alter the course of trade to any considerable extent by confining it within narrow dykes, it is possible that he may become so convinced that their ways are better than ours that he may be ready to give valuable aid in effecting the tariff reform which the Canadian people are now so earnestly demanding. It is already proved that Canada can produce a variety of articles which the Australians need. The Pacific steamers now offer excellent facilities for the conveyance of such articles. What does not yet very clearly appear is what the Australians have to give in return which Canadians specially need. Mr. Bowell's mission should do much to supply this information. As trade is in its very nature reciprocal, it is indispensable, first that it be shown that Australia offers a sufficient supply of products for which Canada has a market to offset whatever Canadian goods she may need, and in the second place that Canada no longer fence out such products with a high tariff wall.

Everyone has foreseen from the first that the Manitoba language and school questions are really those of the whole North-West, and that whatever settlement was reached in the case of the one must be conceded sooner or later to the other. But we, at least, were not aware that the North-West Council had already followed so far in Manitoba's footsteps as the protest of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the territory would seem to indicate. This protest, if its tenor is correctly reported, goes to show that in the Territories the Council has already taken charge of Public and Separate Schools alike, so far as insisting that none but the authorized text-books may be used, that all teachers must be examined and licensed by the Education Department, that no religious instruction shall be given, no catechism used, etc., until within a half-hour of the time for the closing of the school, and that the children may or may not remain to take part in these exercises according to the wish of their parents. Of course all this, viewed from a purely political as well as from a Protestant standpoint, simply means that schools aided from the public funds, or from funds collected under powers granted by the Government, must be subject to Government regulations, and that the educational purpose of such schools must not be subordinated to a sectarian one. In so doing the Council but acts

in accordance with the well-understood principle that it is no function of the civil Government to oversee or provide for the teaching of sectarian dogmas to the children of any class, even though the majority in a given district may belong to that class. Sooner or later these broader views must prevail, and the Catholic prelates, if well advised, would submit to the inevitable and the just with as good a grace as possible. But whether the present constitution of the North-West empowers the local council to make such changes is another question, on which we are not prepared, at present, to express an opinion.

The settlement of the long and disastrous quarrel between the striking English miners and their employers, by means of a conference under the presidency of Lord Rosebery, is an event of far-reaching significance. The immediate success of the experiment has, of course, given unbounded satisfaction to the nation and is a matter for congratulation to all concerned. But unless we greatly misread it, the incident means much more than this. It is, we presume, the first case in modern British history in which a Government has intervened to settle a labour dispute. It thus establishes a precedent which no succeeding administration, under similar circumstances, can refuse to follow. Of course, in so intervening the Government laid no claim to authority. Its reliance was simply upon the prestige of the administration as such, and especially upon the exceptional ability and popularity of Lord Rosebery. But suppose the plan had failed. It is evident that the relations of the Government to the dispute would have undergone a material change. It could hardly, in view of the great distress which was being caused on all hands, by the obstinacy of the contending parties, have retired from the field, wringing its hands and protesting that nothing more could be done but leave the contestants to fight the battle to the bitter end, while the whole nation was the sufferer. Unless Mr. Gladstone and his clever Foreign Minister were more lacking in foresight than we have any reason to suspect, they must have considered the possibility of failure, and have reached some more or less definite conclusion as to what should be the next step. In a word, it is not a far-fetched inference from the occurrence to say that the British Government has by this act committed itself to the theory of the right of a Government to intervene in any future

emergency of the kind, whenever intervention becomes necessary in the interests of the people. This is a long step in a new direction and a farther departure from the old *laissez faire* doctrine.

The lottery iniquity always dies hard. It now appears that notwithstanding the triumph of the better public sentiment of the people of the United States in the struggle with the Louisiana Lottery Company, that gigantic evil has been but scotched, not killed. That company is now publishing the following advertisement:—

"After January 1, 1894, our drawings will take place in Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Central America, under and by virtue of a contract for twenty-five years with that Government. These drawings will take place monthly, as heretofore. There will be no change in the management and no interruption in the business."

It is to the credit of the various States of the Union that the public sentiment in all is such that, with all its enormous wealth, the Louisiana Company has been unable to bribe any one of their legislatures into giving it a charter. The responsibility for further action is now thrown upon the National Congress. It is in consequence of the failure of Washington to forbid interstate traffic in lotteries that the Company has hitherto been enabled to carry on extensively by express the business which is forbidden to the mails. There is little doubt that the publication of this bold advertisement, which has between its lines such an undertone of defiance, will lead to a powerful agitation for drastic measures to prevent the proposed outrages. The Outlook has set the ball in motion by urging that the people at once demand from Congress an enactment prohibiting under the heaviest penalties the bringing of lottery matter within the territory of the Republic; also that the influence of the Government be brought to bear upon Honduras to prevent its harbouring criminals openly engaged in violating United States laws. The first measure is surely feasible and ought to be sufficient for the purpose. The obligation of Honduras, as a friendly nation, to comply with the proposed requirement would depend, we suppose, upon its willingness or otherwise to recognize the offence of the agents of the company as a crime. But in any case it is pretty certain that the feeling in the United States against the lottery business will prove strong enough to find means for preventing its laws from being evaded in this cool fashion.

At the present writing a peculiar mystery envelopes the intentions of the United States Government with regard to Hawaii. The remarkable letter addressed a week or two since to the President by Secretary of State Gresham has created quite a commotion in political and newspaper circles. That letter was founded on the report of

Commissioner Blount, who was sent to Hawaii to investigate the facts, and whose report has not yet been made public. The purport of Secretary Gresham's letter was wholly favourable to the view that the revolution in Hawaii, by which the Queen was deposed and the Provisional Government set up, was effected chiefly by aliens; that its success was secured by the landing of United States troops, whose presence in a hall just opposite the Government building effectually intimidated the Queen's Government; and that the Provisional Government was immediately recognized by Minister Stevens. Secretary Gresham's letter further clearly declares that certain statements in the official report of Minister Stevens are "utterly at variance with the evidence, documentary and otherwise, contained in Mr. Blount's reports." Mr. Stevens has promptly reaffirmed the truth of his statements, thus leaving a broad question of fact at issue between Secretary Gresham, or Commissioner Blount, or both, and himself. Meanwhile, it was reported and generally believed that the Government had despatched a representative to Hawaii to act on Secretary Gresham's recommendations, depose the Provisional Government and reinstate the deposed Queen. The arrival of a vessel from Hawaii at San Francisco, which it was confidently expected would bring news of the change, with the information that all was quiet at Hawaii, and nothing known of the alleged proposed counter-revolution, has still further mystified those who were confidently expecting a sensation. It is quite possible that the whole affair may be explained and the intentions of President Cleveland made known, before this paragraph meets the eye of the reader. Meanwhile the incident goes to show that the Chief Magistrate of a Republic can, on occasion, shroud his operations in as much official darkness as the Executive of any monarchical government, and that the people submit to being kept in the dark quite as readily as the subjects of a constitutional monarchy.

The recent Anarchist outrages in Spain are very unpleasant reminders to other nations as well, of the existence and activity of a singularly diabolical element in the complex social structure of our modern civilization. The world has in every age been familiar with atrocious crimes committed by men who, for the advancement of political or personal ends, have not hesitated to resort to secret assassination or open massacre as a means of ridding themselves of powerful men whom they hated or feared. The Nihilists in Russia, or the Clan-na-Gael nearer home, may do dastardly deeds, but their crimes are, in a certain sense rational, in that they are, to some extent at least, the outcome of a more or less clearly defined idea and a persistent purpose. But when the Anarch-

ists explode a dynamite bomb in a crowded theatre, the act is made unique in its downright fiendishness by the fact that the deed seems utterly unrelated to any definite end, unless it be to arouse the terror of the timid. The only intelligible explanation is that the perpetrators have brooded over real or imaginary wrongs until they have lost all power of discerning between good and evil. No sane man could suppose that the great body of the people would be the more disposed to abolish law and government in consequence of the evidence afforded by so diabolical an act, of the need of better laws more rigidly executed. A writer in the Outlook, who has made a study of the Anarchists of New York, is of opinion that their leaders are to all intents and purposes madmen, and proposes that the State should protect itself by treating them as such. But, until the prevalent ideas as to what constitutes sanity and insanity are greatly changed, it is not likely that the insane asylums will be largely reinforced from the ranks of the Anarchists. Nor does a longer or shorter term of imprisonment appear adequate for the protection of society. Considered as a punishment for the extravagant utterances of a female enthusiast, the sentencing of Emma Goldman, of New York, to some years of imprisonment may seem sufficiently severe. But, seeing that the almost certain effect of a few years of prison life will be to intensify the prisoner's hatred of organized society, and the law and order it enforces, it is clear that as a means of preventing this mode of dealing with criminals of this peculiar class will prove utterly ineffective. Nor would much better security in the United States, at least, result from a sentence of imprisonment for life, as is evident from the fact that the Chicago Anarchists are now at large. In short, how to deal with the Anarchists is one of the hardest problems our modern civilization has just now to solve.

More requires more. The street-car service in this city has been so improved within the last year or two that it is hard now to realize that but a year or two ago we were content to be dragged slowly along by a pair of overloaded horses, with our feet buried in straw in winter in the ineffectual effort to keep them warm. Those who have the misfortune to be located in the trailer after dark still know by painful experience how effective is the struggle of two dingy oil lamps in making the darkness visible and dreary. Cannot the energetic managers contrive some means by which the trailer can get the benefit of the electric light and heat? Whether this can be done or not, there can be no good reason why they should not carry into effect the suggestion given by one of our contemporaries the other day, by doubling the number of incandescent lights in the motor cars, thus making it possible for passengers to

their papers with some degree of comfort and without danger of injury to eyesight. On one point all classes of citizens are no doubt agreed. If any compulsion is necessary, which it is to be hoped is not the case, public opinion should compel the Company to make prompt provision for sheltering the motor-men during the winter months. This involves no unsolved problem. In Ottawa, we are told, provision is already made, by means of vestibuled cars, for protecting these men from the inclemency of the weather, and similar provision is about being made in Montreal. Let not Toronto be behind in caring for the comfort of the men who render her citizens such faithful service, at all hours, and under all conditions of wind and weather. There is no time to lose, and if it appears that the Company does not intend to provide protection this winter, the citizens ought to take the matter up without delay.

It is now said that the Street Railway Company is profited to the amount of two hundred dollars per day by the use of the transfer ticket which has been adopted. The statement is almost incredible, but if it has even a moiety of truth the change has been made none too soon. The World, in which we find the rumour, hopes that it is true! Of course we shall all be glad to see the Company prospering and to know it is receiving its due. But did the World stop to think of the moral meaning of the fact, if it be such? Would it not be rather appalling to have it thus practically demonstrated that more than four thousand persons could be found in Toronto every day, on an average, dishonest enough and mean enough to tell downright falsehoods at the rate of four or five cents each? If such is the case, the Street-car Company is responsible for having put a temptation in the way of weak citizens which must have had a very demoralizing effect, for it is not easy to see how anyone can regain his self-respect after having stooped so low for so small an inducement. It is sad to think that the majority of those who thus degraded themselves were probably children or young persons, who were thus undergoing a training for dishonorable lives in the future.

Now that we are in the moralizing mood, let us add that too many of those who have to do with the young in other matters are not sufficiently mindful of the effect of such small lapses from strict rectitude in the formation of character. We are reminded of a practice common in many schools, which is, we are persuaded, productive of much harm in this respect. We refer to what is called the self-reporting system, under which the children are called on from time to time to state for the information of the teacher how many errors they have made in their exercises, or how many times they have violated certain rules of the school, the records of standing being made

up from the answers. With the child whose conscience has been carefully trained, the plan may work well, strengthening the habit of truthfulness and the power to resist temptation. But can any one who knows aught of children as they are, doubt that those who can be trusted to report truthfully will be in the minority. That the average child of the many who are not blessed with careful moral training at home will keep silence or prevaricate under such temptation who can doubt? But if we suppose only a few to fail to come up with the high standard of moral courage and truthfulness required, it is obvious that the result will be not only the moral hardening of that few, thus daily strengthening the habit of dishonesty, but a sense of injustice and consequently an increased strength of temptation for their more truthful companions. Of course the traditional but mistaken notion of school-boy honour will not permit them to "peach." We do not know how common the practice referred to is, but it is probably widespread. If any parent or teacher is inclined to question either its existence or its injurious effects, we invite them to inquire carefully into the facts, for nothing which injuriously affects the formation of character in the young is of trifling importance.

If the latest reports touching the proceedings of the Ways and Means Committee at Washington can be relied on, Congress will shortly be asked to sanction an experiment in direct taxation on a magnificent scale. The rumoured proposal is that a revenue estimated at \$50,000,000 be raised by the imposition of an income tax, and that all incomes of less than \$3,500 or \$4,000 per annum be exempted from the operation of this tax. Theoretically, direct taxation is the simplest and most logical of all methods of raising a revenue, and the income tax is probably the fairest of all methods of direct taxation. The main question is that of the difficulty in educating a people so long accustomed to indirect taxation by high tariffs, to accept the simpler and fairer method. If they could but be induced to give the experiment dispassionate consideration and a fair trial, they would probably soon learn to appreciate it. That is to say, all would approve it except those classes, far too numerous, who have become accustomed to a system the very opposite—a system under which they are aided by the Government in levying taxes for their own benefit upon the people, especially upon those classes whom it is now proposed to exempt from the demands of the tax-gatherer. The direct method of raising revenue has two or three special advantages which should recommend it to all thoughtful citizens, and which so quick-sighted a people as those of the United States should be among the first to recognize. One great recommendation is that its simplicity and directness would enable

the Government to effect a vast saving in the cost of collection, as compared with that of the cumbrous tariff-system. The army of collectors could be reduced one-half or two-thirds. In the second place, all the money levied would go directly into the public revenue, while, as is well known, under the protective system, the larger share of the increased prices paid by consumers goes into the pockets of those in whose interests the tax is imposed. And in the third place the people, who are too ready to wink at Governmental extravagance and waste so long as they fail to realize that the money so lavished comes out of the products of their own hard labors, would be sure to insist on rigid economy when they realized that it was their money, the proceeds of their toil, which were being thus expended.

That it will be possible to introduce such a method of taxation at once in the United States, under present conditions, or to make it successful in operation if introduced, is hard to believe. The difficulties, apart from those at which we have already hinted, will be serious. It is, indeed, open to serious question whether so large exemptions as those proposed would not be unsound in principle and injurious in practice. We do not attach much importance to the objections so strongly urged by some, arising from the supposed effect upon capital. The United States are too rich, and offer too many inducements for the employment of wealth, to leave much room for fear of driving away capital by any reasonable taxation of it. But, while it is obviously sensible and right that the bulk of legislation should be levied upon those who are best able to pay it, it is no less obvious that serious evil might arise from levying the national income wholly upon the wealthy. The outcome of such a course would almost inevitably be increased recklessness in expenditure, for the masses, not being called upon to contribute, would be without the first and strongest motive for insisting on economy in administration. There would be, indeed, a distinct temptation to approve of lavish expenditure on the ground that such expenditure would be taking the money from the wealthy and redistributing it among the people. The weight of argument could, we believe, be easily shown to be on the side of a graduated income tax with much fewer exceptions. Nor can it be denied that there are very serious practical difficulties in the way of carrying out any system of income taxation. The temptation to concealment and prevarication is perhaps the first and chief of these difficulties. There is, we suppose, no room for reasonable doubt that in municipal taxation great loss of revenue and great injustice arise from this source. We do not say that this difficulty is a valid argument against the system, but it is a stubborn fact which has to be looked fairly in the face.

Another common objection is the inquisitorial character of the investigation into one's business and personal affairs which such a system makes necessary. This is, however, easily met by the consideration that a revenue has to be raised in some way, and that the inquisitorial method is necessarily still more trying and offensive under a tariff system. It is not easy to see why a good citizen should seriously object to letting a properly accredited official, or even the whole community, know the amount of his annual income, but it is often not a little annoying to be obliged to exhibit to the customs collector or his clerks the contents and cost of every little or large importation we may choose to make, with all the accompanying trouble and loss of time.

NOTES ON DANTE.—V.

PURGATORIO.

Passing from the Inferno to the Purgatorio we are struck by resemblances and differences. The Inferno is a hollow, inverted cone, the passage of which becomes more difficult as we descend. The Purgatorio is a mountain of which the ascent ever grows easier. Both are places of suffering; but the one has the suffering of hopeless misery, which hardens and destroys; the other the suffering of hope and joy, which purifies, elevates, and qualifies for higher life and experience. The reason in each case is plain. The one class is out of Grace, the other is in grace. Impenitence and unbelief shut out every gracious influence; penitence and lowliness and love lay the soul open to every higher power. In the Inferno we see sin in actual working. In the Purgatorio we see the *principle* of sin purged away.

Both have nine circles. Both have a Vestibule; although in the Inferno this is not one of the nine circles; it is one of the nine in the Purgatorio. In the vestibule are those who delayed their repentance to the last. On the summit of the mountain is the earthly paradise, lost in Adam, recovered by the second Adam, and entered by those who have passed through cleansing fires. Between those two extremes are seven circles in which the seven cardinal sins are cleansed away. There is another difference: As we descend into the Inferno, the sins become more heinous; as we ascend the mount of purification, they become lighter. For example, sensuality is the first sin punished in the Inferno, it is the last cleansed in the Purgatorio. Instead of the horrid Charon, the ferryman of hell, there is an angel in a boat with no other sail than the angel's wings.

We do not propose here to enter into any discussion of the Intermediate State. We take Dante's representations just as they stand, and we shall find a profound spiritual meaning in them. However it may be in the state between death and the resurrection, we have at least in this life the spiritual process which is represented in this great poem, the purification of the regenerate soul from natural defilement and acquired evil habit.

The opening lines of the poem declare the change which has taken place since we left the Inferno.

"O'er better waves to speed her rapid course
The light bark of my genius lifts the sail."

All is changed. We have passed from darkness to light, from fierce hurricanes to gentle gales, from pestilential vapours to pure and fragrant air. Beginning at the shore of humility, we pass into the vestibule, lying at the base of the mountain inhabited by the negligent, who had delayed their repentance until the hour of death and are detained there for a season before entering Purgatory proper.

But we must begin at the beginning. The first thing that caught Dante's eye was the Southern Cross, a constellation of four stars, which symbolize the four cardinal virtues of Plato—wisdom or prudence, courage, temperance, and justice. We should note here that afterwards three stars are seen, symbolizing the Christian graces, or theological virtues—Faith, Hope and Clarity—the seven altogether making up the seven virtues of the schoolmen.

Next they see an old man, Cato, the highest embodiment of merely human morality, the four luminaries shining on his face. Cato tells Virgil to bind Dante with a tender reed in token of humility, the starting point of all evangelical goodness; and to bathe and cleanse his face which had been soiled and disfigured by the smoke of hell. As the sun rises, the poet, looking across the sea, beholds a light approaching swiftly and growing brighter as it approaches. The brightness takes the form of wings. It is the angel of God, the heavenly ferryman, with the bark in which he conveys passengers to Purgatory.

Many souls are in the boat; they are being conducted by the angel from the estuary of the Tiber to the mount of purification. Having been absolved by the Church they are ready to enter on the new life. In the vestibule to which they now come they find four classes of those who delayed repentance. 1. Those dying excommunicated, but contrite. 2. Those presuming on God's mercy and delaying their repentance till death. 3. The negligent of the same class who died by violence. 4. Those who, through pre-occupation of political cares, delayed repentance. These are punished by periods of detention in the vestibule before being allowed to enter Purgatory proper.

Dante falls into sleep and is conveyed by S. Lucy, prevenient Grace, the illuminator, to the gate of Purgatory, which is entered by three steps, the first of white marble in which the face is reflected, signifying self-examination and self-knowledge, the second cracked and broken, signifying contrition, and the third of porphyry, signifying fervent resolve passing into love. An angel is seated on the upper step who, with his blunt sword, marks the brow of Dante with seven P's, signifying the seven cardinal sins, which have to be effaced as he rises from stage to stage in the process of purification.

1. The first of the terraces, or cornices, to which the ascent is made by a spiral stair, is occupied by the proud (ix-xii.). Pride, the principle of self-idolatry, the principle which makes self and not God the centre of all things, is the deepest root of every form of evil. It is the same which modern theologians and moralists generally designate as selfishness. At the back of the terrace a high cliff of white marble rises, sculptured with stories of humility in bas relief, designed for the instruction of

the penitent. First comes the beautiful story of the Annunciation, followed by others containing the same lesson of humility.

The proud are chastened by having to march along, bowed to the earth by great weights. Dante could hardly make out the human form in them. But this is the cure as well as the punishment of pride. If he that exalteth himself must be abased, it is equally true that those who humble themselves under the mighty hand of God, He will exalt in due time.

The proud repeat the Lord's Prayer, of which a beautiful expansion is given (xi. 1-24). Then illustrations are given of the different forms of pride: Pride of birth, pride of art and intellect, ambition and the love of popularity. There are no purse-proud people mentioned. That form of pride could hardly have been unknown, although perhaps it was not so fully developed as in our own day. Dante is now cleansed of pride, the angel brushing his brow with his wing and removing the first P. As they go up they hear voices singing: "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Lightened by the removal of a letter and the cleansing of a sin, he ascends to the next terrace with ease.

2. In the second cornice, the sin of envy is purged (xiii. and xiv.) Just as in the first circle there were representatives of examples of humility, for the instruction of the proud, so here, as they pass along, they hear invisible spirits singing songs commending the example of love to friend and foe. In the one case purgatorial art is introduced as an instrument of moral instruction and progress, in the other case music. Shortly they come upon a number of persons, "Shadows with garments dark as was the rock." They are sufferers leaning on each other and on the cliff, blinded by a thread of wire passing through the eye ball. Blindness is at once a cause and an effect of envy. Virgil consoles them with the hope of vision hereafter. A beautiful passage, beginning "Evening was there, and here the moon of night" (xv.) should be noted. They now ascend the mount and hear the chant, "Benedictio misericordes—Blessed are the merciful," and the second letter is effaced.

Before leaving Dante is anxious to understand one element in the condemnation of envy, namely, that the wider distribution of good does not take from those who possess, but adds to their happiness (xv., 106).

Virgil replies:

"The highest good
Unlimited, ineffable, doth so speed
To love, as beam to lucid body darts,
Giving as much of ardor as it finds.
So that the more aspirants to that bliss
Are multiplied, more good is there to love
And more is loved; as mirrors that reflect,
Each unto other, propagated light."

3. They are now approaching the circle of the wrathful. As they go on they become gradually enveloped in a fog which slowly gathers around them, so that Dante, like a blind man, to be led by Virgil. On the way they meet with examples of meekness, for instance, Mary and Joseph finding Jesus in the temple, and Stephen praying for his persecutors. The sufferers are praying to the Father of God, as the embodiment of divine meekness. Among the wrathful they find Marco Lombardo who explains that the evil which exists is not the fruit of nature or of necessity, but the cause of man's perversion of his freedom.

The deplorable condition of Italy he accounts for largely by the confusion of the temporal and spiritual powers, and he seems chiefly to blame the papal see (xvi., 100). At last the angel's wing touches his brow, and another letter is effaced.

4. The fourth sin in order is that of indifference or sloth. The latter is the term generally employed in devotional books. But, etymologically and otherwise considered, the other is better. The Latin *acedia* is but a transliteration of the Greek word *ἀκηδία*. It signifies lukewarmness, lack of zeal, and sluggishness in good works. As already pointed out, this evil stands midway between the two groups of three on either side of it. The first three—pride, envy and anger—are sins against love. The last three—avarice, gluttony, sensuality—are forms of misplaced love, seeking happiness in earthly things, using them either unlawfully or excessively. Virgil declares that this sin of indifference arises from defect of love. In a very interesting passage (xvii., 90) he points out that love is the principle of all action, and so is the source of good and evil. It is the germ, he says,

"Of each virtue in ye,
And of each act, no less, that merits pain."

This subject is pursued at great length, and much high, mystical converse follows (xviii.) on the nature of love and the good. The love of the good, Virgil says, is innate, and therefore is in itself neither reprehensible nor meritorious. Love finds its full rest in the possession of the good. But there is danger of counterfeit good being sought, instead of the true good; and it is the business of conscience to select an object—to adjust the motives to the will—so as to further the supreme good of the spirit. This selection determines the moral character of our actions.

Soon they are overtaken by a crowd (xviii., 96). Two of these recite examples of zeal guided by love, like "Blessed Mary," who "sought with haste the hilly region," while, at this mention,

"O tarry not, away,
The others shouted; 'let not time be lost
Thro' slackness of affection. Hearty zeal
To serve reanimates celestial grace."

It is remarkable of the Purgatorio, as distinguished from the Inferno and Paradiso, that Dante is frequently falling into slumber. Various explanations have been attempted. Perhaps it may be intended to remind us that the whole is a vision; or perhaps to suggest that, in the process of purification, we are in danger of falling into a lethargy from which we need to be aroused by the agents of Grace. Perhaps it may be meant to recognize the office of repose in effort. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

5. The next stage brings to the place where avarice and prodigality are purged. These are the two extremes of excess and defect in spending, the mean being liberality. As they pass onwards to this terrace they heard voices singing: "Beati qui lugent—Blessed are they that mourn," and another letter is blotted out.

As they enter this department Dante sees
"A race on the ground,
My soul hath cleaved to the dust," I heard
With sighs so deep, they well-nigh choked the
words."

Here are persons who are not mere misers,
but those in whom the regenerate life has been

choked and encumbered by love of money, and who are struggling to free themselves of the evil. Among them was Hadrian V., who was Pope for only one month and during that time learned "at once the dream and cozenage of life." Dante describes their sufferings. Next examples of poverty are sung by Hugh Capet, who laments over the errors, in respect of money, committed by many of his royal descendants. At the close of his recitation, the mountain trembles and voices on all sides sing: "Gloria in excelsis Deo." It is the rejoicing at the completed purification of a soul.

Here they are joined by Statius, author of the Thebaid, who had been converted to Christianity, but had not confessed it in his lifetime, for which cause he has a longer period in Purgatory. He tells Dante how much, as a poet, he owed to the Mantuan, not knowing that Virgil is present. The mutual delight of the poets follows the recognition. Statius is said to be the symbol of the moral power inherent in genius—perhaps, we might say, regenerate and purified genius as distinguished from heathen genius in Virgil. The latter expressed his surprise that Statius "midst such ample store of wisdom," should be found among the avaricious. Statius, "somewhat moved to laughter," says he was "too wide of avarice." His fault was prodigality. The fifth letter is now brushed from Dante's brow, whilst the angelic choirs sing out: "Beati esurientes—Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness."

6. They now enter the sixth circle, that of over-eating or gluttony; and soon they come to a tree "with goodly fruitage hung," pleasant to the smell, and watered by a crystal stream. But the penitents are forbidden to taste it. From its leaves a voice is heard:

(xxii., 139) "Mary took more thought
For joy and honor of the nuptial feast
Than for herself, who answers now for you.
The women of old Rome were satisfied
With water for their beverage. Daniel fed
On pulse, and wisdom gained."

As Daniel turned away from the tree he heard a sound of weeping and a prayer: "My lips, O Lord." They came from a crowd of spirits whose eyes were "dark and hollow," and "pale their visage." Their "bones stood staring through the skin." These were gluttons doing penance by fasting. They are praying that those lips and tongues once given to gluttony may now be attuned to utter the praises of God. Whilst the odour from the tree provokes their appetite, they gladly bear the pangs of hunger, which bring solace rather than pain.

By-and-bye they come to another tree grown from a shoot taken from the tree of knowledge. The penitents greatly long for the fruit of this tree; but are told that their wish can be granted only after they have passed through the water of Lethe and entered the terrestrial Paradise. Perfected knowledge is at the end of our discipline. The angel of God now appears and effaces another letter and points the way to the seventh circle.

7. The seventh terrace contains the Incontinent. The transition is described in some beautiful lines, beginning (xxiv. ad fin.)

As when, to harbinger the dawn springs up
On freshened wing the air of May, etc."

We have remarked in Dante the union of tolerance and severity. Here also it is found. Carnal sin is the first in the Inferno

and the last in the Purgatorio, and it is the commonest. Yet Dante knew, as Burns knew and declared, "It hardens all within, and petrifies the feeling," and therefore he passes the incontinent through fires so fierce that, he says,

"I would have cast me into molten glass
To cool me, when I entered; so intense
Raged the confluent mass."

Dante shrinks from entering the fire until Virgil tells him that, although he must suffer, not a hair of his head will perish, and that this lies between him and Beatrice. When, he says, I heard
"The name that springs for ever in my breast,"

then he hesitated no longer. As they mount the stairs they hear voices chanting, "Come ye blessed of My Father." On the way he falls asleep and sees in a dream Leah and Rachel, representatives of the active and the contemplative life, reminding us that not only has the evil of the past to be effaced, but the life must receive positive nourishment and in these two ways.

Virgil now takes leave of Dante saying that he no longer needs his guidance. Human reason and conscience have done their work. "To distrust thy sense," Virgil says, "were henceforth error." His purged eye can now behold the spiritual world as it is. Dante is now purged from his ignorance and weakness and ascends to the top of the mount of purification, where is the earthly paradise.

As he passes onwards his way lies across a wood through which a crystal stream is flowing. It is Lethe in which the remembrance of sins is to be effaced and his moral freedom restored. On the opposite side he sees a lady, Matilda, the symbol of Christian doctrine and the divine ministry. She explains to him the meaning of Lethe, the river of the forgetfulness of evil, and Eunoe, the river of the remembrance of good, which have a common source.

Here appears a splendid vision of a chariot representing the church, which alone can restore men to Paradise. The chariot is drawn by the Mystic Gryphon, half eagle and half lion, representing Christ. In the chariot is seated Beatrice, representing Divine Wisdom and Grace. Three virgins are on her right—the theological virtues, and four on her left—the cardinal virtues. Four and twenty elders crowned with lilies go before, representing the Old Testament. The four mystical creatures of Ezekiel come behind, representing the four Gospels. Others came after of uncertain meaning. But it is plain that they are the teachers of the church. On the other side of the stream is Beatrice who proceeds to complete the work of conviction in Dante by reminding him of the sin commemorated by himself in the Vita Nuova. The angels sing: "In Thee, O Lord, have I trusted," and Dante confesses his errors. He then finds himself crossing the water of Lethe, borne up by Matilda, who causes him to drink of the water of oblivion. He is then given into the hands of the seven nymphs.

Dante can now contemplate the history of the church, past and future. The car is fastened to the tree of knowledge which represents the empire, the various trials of the church are represented. Those arising from violence by the eagle, those from heresy by the fox, those from schism by the dragon, those from unlawful union with the world by the harlot and the giant (the King of France,) and the removal

of the papal chair to Avignon is represented by the chariot being drawn into a forest. A deliverer, however, will come, and make all new and good.

The Purgatorio, Dr. Plumptre says, may be called the confession of Dante; but it is also of universal interest. It gives the history of all human purification by Divine Grace.

WILLIAM CLARK.

PARIS LETTER.

Ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs Flourens is a champion Russophile, and, like Senator Jules Simon, claims the Gaul and the Slav to be the foremost civilising nations of the world. He has just written a book to make Russia better known to the French, and the French to Russia, for he confesses and laments that in Russia there are a great many people who continue to hold erroneous ideas about France. As a consolation he adds, there are Russians in Russia who even do not yet understand the Czar. M. Flourens wants the course of true love in the Franco-Russian alliance to run smooth. If the Czar be still misunderstood, that is due to the perfidy of the German press and the epigrams of Bismarck, who said of Alexander III., "He does not know what he wishes, but he wishes well." M. Flourens has had several interviews with the Czar, private as well as official; his character sketch is then "personal and psychologic." He studied the Emperor even before his infancy, and by means of "atavic" documents has been able to fathom his moral and intellectual personality; and examined the action of the influences in which His Majesty lived, moved, and had his being. It is thus that M. Flourens has been able to follow the threads of the leading idea of the Czar's plan, thought and action—that of bringing about an *entente* between Russia and France, for the Czar personally, and no one else, is the founder and achiever of the Franco-Russian alliance. M. Flourens furthermore asserts there is a public opinion in Russia, and also an independent press, and that she has become in Europe the hope of liberal emancipation. He does not ignore the discordant notes in the alliance, but the force of events will silence these—Germany is still denounced as the marplot.

Public opinion in its heart of hearts does not feel that the world has undergone any change since the visit of the Russians to Paris. There seems to be a competition between the double and the triple alliances as to who will cry loudest as the protector of the peace of Europe, ay, of peace from Indus to the Pole. While England joins of course in the chorus, she makes arrangements with Italy against accidental rainy days in the Mediterranean, while preparing to strengthen also her own fleet there, by way of no harm. In the great struggle to uphold general peace which nobody appears to threaten—nothing ought to be left to chance. The Balkans and Morocco are the explosive points. If Spain intends this time to finish for good with the Moors, the European Peace Protection Society will have a hard nut to crack.

The coal strike continues to be still a danger; it is now wholly run by the Socialist deputies. By pushing the unfortunate men into collision with the military, the solution will not be a whit more advanced. The coal proprietors, many of them very humble people, are not federated: they remain with hands in

pocket—like their men. To settle a coal strike then, seems to surpass the wit of man. In the north of France, the strikers being unable to lynch the non-federated miners, who are protected by the military, are inclined to take it out of the soldiers. The Socialist deputies intend to demand that the first thing to be done when parliament meets, is to send the ministers to the guillotine. At Amiens the dyers are still on strike, and swear by all the gods they will end or mend their employers who decline to discuss the points in dispute with the men. The latter offer the manufacturers of cotton velvet, the staple industry of Amiens, to set up and manage dye-works on their premises, and thus abolish their master-dyers. In the meantime Germany is receiving the orders for cotton velvet that Amiens cannot deliver.

Prefect de Police Leprieux is reaping golden opinions, not only by his reforms, but by his courageous execution of the law. He is now dealing with that terrible social ulcer, the hells of Paris, that exist under the name of "clubs." No club can hold on in Paris without gambling, and this explains why all attempts to found an "English club" in Paris have failed. Britishers avoid the fire and brimstone. There are two classes of clubs in Paris, the select, like the Jockey, etc., and the cosmopolitan, where only pigeons are sought, and card sharpers to pluck them. The directors of these establishments are usurers, and their charge is from 200 to 900 per cent. To a player or pigeon down on his luck at the green table, they give for a note of hand so much cash, and so many counters representing certain values. Money in these hells never figures on the table, only counters, and on the conclusion of the night's or rather morning's play the counters are turned into cash. There is a section of the hell, or rather bad-to-do population, that depends for their living on play, whether at club, on the exchange, or by the race course. The director of one of these "clubs" is now in prison for being associated in these compound swindles. He has ruined many once happy and hard-working business men. One of his creatures, anticipating justice, has blown out his brains; others have fled the country. Hardly a day but the journals announce the ruin of people. The Prefect intends closing five of the thieves, clubs at once; in other cases he has given a sublime warning. As it is, he who has the sole right to authorize the founding of a club, so he has the full power to extinguish it. A special police is told off to superintend the play, but as the detectives cannot enter the room where the swindling is going on, their inutility is evident. All the old club police have been changed, and henceforth a detective, in evening dress, will, in the case of certain clubs, have the right to enter every play-room, and note, not the play, but the "game" and the gamblers. Many a parent will invoke a benediction upon the head of the Prefect. He has thousands of cases where the family of the duped prefer to play rather than to have an exposure.

Sardou's new vaudeville *Madame Sans-gene* is as ever a succession of charming scenes, each an anecdote and complete in itself. The upholstery and dresses are magnificent, for the author never fails to catch eyes as well as ears. A passing remark, the prevalent taste, the decided preference of the public for all plays relating to *Napoleonism*. The present vaude

ville deals with the social life of the First Empire. "Madame Sans-gene" is the nickname given by her comrades to Catherine, a laundress, on account of her ever blurring out her mind on all subjects. Catherine was the sweetheart of Lefebvre, who rose from his humble position through all grades to become Marshal, and Duke of Dantzic, the first duke Napoleon created. Catherine became the wife of Lefebvre, fought by his side, was wounded, and in her time kept a canteen. Becoming duchess, her early habit of speaking out her mind continued, and so shocked the court ladies. Two of Napoleon's sisters complained of this and Napoleon called for the Marshal, told him to divorce Catherine, and to marry a princess. "And what answer did you make?" said Catherine, "I would do no such thing." Catherine sought Napoleon, recounted all she and her husband had done to build up his glory; alluded to a once poor artillery officer whose linen she washed, and who decamped without paying her bill of 60 francs. "Show it to me," said the Emperor as he searched his pockets but found he had not money enough to pay the old bill. "Sire, I have waited eighteen years for the payment of my account and I can afford to wait another day," replied Catherine, and so all was made up. There is no plot, no drama; and, above all, the play is not wearisome. It is said that Sardou always advances, or guarantees the funds to stage his plays and meet demands till all the expenses are paid off—generally by the first twenty representations.

The Japs pride themselves upon being the Britons of the Far East. They manage their matrimonial advertisements better than their model; here is one, culled from a Kobe journal: "A young lady desires to marry: she is very handsome, with undulating and cloudy hair; a visage like a rose, a waist flexible as a bamboo, and eyebrows like a crescent; she is sufficiently rich to traverse life hand in hand with a helpmate with whom she could respire the perfume of flowers pending the day and contemplate the stars during the night. She would willingly wed a young man, handsome and educated, and would have much pleasure in sharing with him his tomb." Only Sir Edwin Arnold should accept such an offer. Fancy Romeo and Juliet entombed at the same time.

A. M. Bartissol is the latest philanthropist who has taken up the completion of the Panama Canal. He asserts he has 60 million francs in cash to commence his plan; namely, the utilizing of the two ends of the big ditch already made; the intervening space he would cross by employing the existing railway. He undertakes to assure shippers, to transport their goods from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and *vice versa* at rates less than the all round Cape Horn route can afford; he demands only three years to get ready, etc., etc.

There are forty district post offices in Paris, the moiety of these are undergoing *feminisation*; that is, young ladies are to be employed as clerks. The public has declared itself perfectly satisfied with the experiment of the office in the Rue Lafayette; entirely, save the chef, and the porters, worked by young women. As a unit of public opinion, I can vouch for the correctness of the verdict; they are quicker than the male clerks, sharper at figures, and have geography at their finger ends.

One Simon, a renowned anarchist of Lyons

SIDE-LIGHTS OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION: ITS PATHETIC ASPECT.

has been enabled to visit the Chicago Exhibition, as one of the forty delegates sent over by the Government to examine and report upon the several departments affecting their respective trades. The official nomination was addressed to Simon, who was a tanner, and the letter fell into the hands of the anarchist, who also was in the leather business; he said nothing, but, as requested, came up to Paris, received his return ticket for Chicago and his personal expenses in full. He kept dark respecting his opinions till at work in the Exhibition and then commenced to rant against capitalists and employers and to frequent the society of anarchists. The Americans like his comrades, viewed him as eccentric, but being a Government official, his conduct was condoned. On returning to France, he boasted how he had done the Government; but those laugh best who laugh last. Simon has been arrested for wilfully retaining a letter not destined for him and defrauding the Government by the swindle. He will receive three years "hard labour" in which to reflect on his trip.

It is the high rent in Paris that kills and keeps the artizan in misery; it not only eats into his salary, but compels him to occupy attics unfit for any human being; yet they are the only cheap places he can rent, and what are those places? They are included in the statistics furnished by Dr. Mora; viz., there are 20,000 dwelling rooms where no fire can be made, and 10,000 without a window!

Exactly one century ago some French war ships, captured by the English, were brought into Plymouth; among the prisoners one was remarked for his good looks and splendid courage; he fell sick, took to his bed, and surprised the hospital doctor by giving birth to a son—it was a young woman in disguise, whose patriotism made her volunteer to crush the hereditary enemy. The "Plymouth brethren," as well as sisters, complimented the mother, who with her baby received every attention and sympathy.

Since the Minister of Justice has had his infant baptized "Olga," in honor of the Franco-Russian alliance, "Olga" promises to supersede "Marie." Already the French had exhausted the Greek and Roman vocabulary. Z.

SONGLESS.

Here in your hands, love,
Place I the lute;
Tell me, ah, tell me why
You should be mute.

You had a voice, love,
Sweet like the flute;
Sad is my heart to-night,
Your lips are mute!

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

The Grove, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

The STAR Almanac of Montreal for 1894 is so far advanced towards completion that the publishers are able to announce it to the trade for the 21st November. An enormous demand has grown up for the STAR Almanac, not only in Canada but in the United States and Great Britain.

How little our knowledge of mankind is derived from intentional accurate observation! Most of it has, unsought, found its way into the mind from the continual presentation of the objects to our unthinking view. It is a knowledge of sensation more than of reflection.—John Foster.

The most pathetic aspect of the Exhibition, at present writing, is that it is already a thing of the past! As all philosophers and moralists are continually reminding us, "passing away" is written on all material things. "Sic transit gloria mundi"—is an old, old story. But the "passing away" is generally gradual. Old historic ruins have crumbled away by slow degrees, so that those who admire the ruin never saw the building in its prime. Every autumn, the beauty and glory of the forest, over immense areas, falls before the approach of winter, carrying with it many a fairy vision of beauty that delighted the eye. But, in general, it is a gentle, "calm decay," preparing us by degrees for the inevitable end. The most pathetic element in the desolation wrought by war, lies in the suddenness with which the work of human skill and labour are laid low before the destroyer. A similar pathos attends the close of the greatest exposition the world has ever seen, and the vanishing of the ideal "White City." It may be more dramatically fitting that it should pass away thus abruptly, that no memories of gradual deterioration should becloud the undimmed lustre of its glory, that as a vision it should arise, and as a vision disappear! Still, it brings the transitoriness of human achievement so vividly before us that it can hardly fail to sadden any one who saw it in its glory. That those superb buildings, on which so much labour, ingenuity and skill have been expended, should be doomed to speedy destruction, that those magnificent collections of statuary, painting, bronzes, precious exhibits of all sorts, those archaeological and scientific treasures, brought at such trouble and expense from all quarters of the globe, should be disarranged and dispersed, never certainly to be all collected again, is reason enough to give a pathetic colouring to the memories of the Great Fair. And, indeed, there were few who did not feel this touch of pathos in advance—to whom it did not sometimes bring a strange sudden sadness in the midst of all the gorgeous vision of beauty, to remember that the whole fairy scene was destined to disappear, as certainly and almost as swiftly as an Almaschar vision. We all know the old story of the tears of Xerxes, as he reflected that the host he saw before him, would, in the course of a few years, have vanished from the earth. But here the destruction was to be the work of weeks, not years. No wonder, then, that the underlying feeling of sadness which generally accompanies the enjoyment of any transcendent beauty should here be felt in double force.

Yet, like every other "thing of beauty" it must, in the poet's sense, become "a joy forever." It has entered into the consciousness of many millions of people, and become a part of it—to remain so as long as life and memory last. It must, to a certain extent, influence the minds and taste of nearly all of those millions, and to that extent raise them intellectually and aesthetically. They will have a higher standard of comparison, to which to refer, even if unconsciously, and a higher ideal of beauty which in time may somewhat soften and refine the inevitable crudity of life, especially in new and rapidly settled regions, like the Western States and

Territories. The memories of the Columbian Exposition will be widely scattered seeds from which, in time, may spring an abundant harvest, and one cannot but wonder whether, in the New Era to which many are looking forward, with so much hope and interest—this ideal "White City," may not become a type and model for the cities of the future. Why should not art and beauty guide the building of our cities and the erection of our public buildings much more fully and efficiently than they have done in the past? Why might we not have great co-operative commercial palaces somewhat on the model of the great palace of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, or on that of the Agricultural Building? Why should not the public buildings be grouped together with reference to the beauty of the whole effect, while the residences might be grouped together also with regard to the picturesqueness of the general effect, while the less sightly though necessary accompaniments of our complex civilization might find a place in the background, as they do here. There is no reason why the new towns and cities of the future, at least, might not be built on some such general plan as that which has made an ideal city at Jackson Park. And in this connection, one is reminded that not one of the least pathetic aspects of the Exposition arises from the circumstance that the man to whom, most of all, was due the honor of the general conception, G. W. Root, died of pneumonia some months before the grand conception was actually realized—one of many instances of the apparent irony of fate!

But the pathos of human life was to be seen everywhere. One could scarcely turn one's eyes for a moment from the fascinating array of exhibits, to glance at the hurrying crowds, without encountering it. One saw it in the wistful, bewildered expression of the country-folk, who, with satchels and lunch-baskets, and perhaps a baby or two in tow, had come to spend a day at the big Fair. As the magnitude of the Exposition, and its almost infinite variety of exhibits and buildings dawned upon their overwhelmed minds—the utter hopelessness of the attempt to take it in, even cursorily, in a day, and the feeling that much of it was beyond their powers of appreciation or even comprehension, seemed to reduce them to a half-dazed condition of awe-struck admiration and amazement at this world of wonder and beauty, so much of which was closed to those who had not the key of knowledge wherewith to unlock its treasures. Especially was this noticeable at the Art Gallery, where one could not fail to notice the young country-lads, travelling satchels in hand, who hurried through the endless galleries, trying to take in an impression or two from the profusion of treasures around them, and grateful to get from any good-natured possessor of a catalogue, a crumb or two of information concerning any striking picture. The writer heard the feeling written on many faces articulately expressed by an elderly farmer, who remarked to his wife in a tone of helpless resignation, *apropos* of some exhibition in the "Midway"—probably the pointed gables of "Old Vienna"—"These things are for higher eddicated folks than us!" He recognized the inevitable limitation, and would not concern himself with things too high for him. Doubtless, for such simple folks, life has its compensations, though those who know something of what they miss, feel as if they had been in some

measure defrauded of their inthright. The younger folks, however, will not so quietly acquiesce in the deprivation of which now for the first time they have become conscious, and no doubt the "divine despair" aroused by the wonders of the Fair may prove in many cases the magic touch to awaken dormant powers and hitherto undreamed-of possibilities. The "mute, inglorious Miltons" may find their tongues some day, yet.

It is, of course, in the Art Gallery that we meet with the most vivid presentment of the pathos of life. As has been already remarked, the pictures of life, human and animal, largely preponderate, both in numbers and in importance. There are charming landscapes of course—especially in the Fine Loan Collection, where there are gems by Corot and Rousseau, Regnault and Troyon, but the chief interest of its art is with life, and notably the tragic side of life, which, alone, it would seem, can give human nature its strongest and finest expression. And one marked characteristic of the art of this exhibition is that it deals so largely with subjects from humble life, "the short and simple annals of the poor." The peasant's outdoor labour and humble household interior—the fisherman's precarious calling—the toil of the artisan at forge or carpenter's bench, and the pathos that is never far from these—afford the subjects of many of the finest pictures in the immense collection. "Love and Life" and "Love and Death"—to quote the titles of two fine allegorical pictures of Watts—supply most of the material for the rest, and the "Labour Problem" has its due share of representation, for all the principal galleries present pictures of a "strike."

Among such a multitude of fine pictures it is not possible to individualize more than a few. Some of the most touching were to be found in the Dutch and English collections. In the former, a large picture by Josef Israels, entitled "Alone in the World," arrested every eye. It showed, in mellowed tones, the dusky interior of a humble room, to which the skill of the artist had given a wonderful effect of depth and space. On a poor pallet lay the form of the dead wife, while beside it sat the desolate husband—evidently a poor working man—with his hands resting on his knees and an expression of hopeless dreariness in his face and attitude. The whole tone of the picture is one of unrelieved sadness, yet it is so suffused with the glow of genius and feeling that the beholder is sensible of the subtle and ennobling pleasure that results from the exercise of the divine gift of sympathy. In the other picture, "A Hopeless Dawn," by Frank Bramley, the sadness is almost too oppressive. There is none of the calming and subduing influence of death, only the vivid sense of the hardness and sadness of life. In realistic detail it gives the interior of a fisherman's cottage, the one small window revealing a glimpse of the gray surging ocean, just visible in the brightening dawn. In the window stands a candle-stick, with a candle expiring in the socket, while on the table was another candlestick, whose candle had guttered down, neglected, beside which are a half-eaten loaf and a plate or two, left just as they had been used, with the crumbs scattered on the floor. In the window seat is an old woman—sorrow and despair written in her furrowed face—while on the floor, with her face hidden in her lap, sits a young woman in an abandonment of grief. It tells the story only too plainly—the

long night of half-hopeless watching—the candle kept alight if perchance it might guide the storm-tossed mariner home—then "the women weeping and wringing their hands, for one who will never come back" to his home! "It makes me shiver all over," observed one, as she looked at it, and it was a picture to haunt one for months after.

The hardships and sufferings which have been endured by so many brave Arctic explorers were vividly rendered in several fine pictures. One of the most striking represented a group of men beside their stranded boat, eagerly watching a distant sail—the haggard, anxious faces irradiated with the crimson light of a gorgeous sunset, flushing the bleak, ice-bound shore; while some, still unconscious of coming succour, lay stretched in the profound sleep of exhaustion—so often the merciful precursor of approaching death.

The perils of the fisherman's life, and of others who "go down to the sea in ships" are naturally the subject of many tragic pictures, particularly in the English galleries. Watching the boats go out; watching, sometimes vainly, for the fishing-fleet to come in; the anxious suspense of the fishermen's wives during a gale; thrilling scenes of shipwreck or of efforts to save the shipwrecked, are seen in almost every collection. One of the most striking of the latter class represented a cold, gloomy morning on a desolate coast, where kindly hands were laboring to restore some of the victims of the past storm, while peasant women, sitting by, were weeping in compassion both for the victims and for those who will never greet them home. Another, almost painful in its suspense, was that of a group of Belgian peasant women watching the sea during the height of a gale, while the village curé among them was evidently endeavoring to impart spiritual consolation to the anxious watchers. In the gallery of the Polish artists were two especially pathetic pictures. One of these was entitled, "After a Storm," representing a group of Polish peasants sorrowfully contemplating their ruined fields, devastated by a storm which had just given way to a burst of sunshine. The expression on the faces of the two leading figures—a young peasant and his wife—the hopeless discouragement written on the face of the one, the patient resignation on the other, were very strongly rendered, while the accessories of the landscape showed a master hand. It was a picture to hold the eye and haunt the imagination. The other had for its subject the death of a female exile in Siberia, and had all the elements of tragedy suggested by the words. The last rosy rays of a glowing sunset irradiate the wretched interior of the convicts' hut and the dying woman stretched on her miserable pallet, while around her are a group of fellow-exiles, probably near kindred, kneeling or standing by in attitudes of hopeless grief. One cannot but wonder how long, in an age of civilization, such things shall continue to be, in the face of the inscription on the portals of this *World's Fair*, that "Civil and religious liberty form the best type of national character." It is a significant circumstance, by the way, that in the fine collection of Russian pictures, there is not one which in the remotest degree suggests the exiles of Siberia.

"The Poor People" of all lands are well represented, under this and other titles, in almost every collection. Millet's real peasants in

most realistic rendering are, of course, among the most powerful; his "Sheep-shearers" and "Gleaners" being among the gems of the Loan Collection, and leaving on our minds an impression as strong as reality itself—even stronger, because of the consummate skill with which the reality is brought out. Jules Breton's peasant girl, listening to the song of the lark, is also a touching little picture, with a little of the poetry of peasant life to relieve the stern, sad truthfulness of Millet's rendering of the burdened life of the toiler. There are several pictures representing the "frugal meal" or the "sober meal." In one of these the impression of poverty is heightened by the starved-looking cat ravenously devouring the contents of an over-turned bowl. In another, the poverty, nearly as great, is softened and sweetened by the expression of family happiness and content. There are also many scenes from hospital and almshouse life, giving us a glimpse, not only into the world's suffering but also into the world's charities. The labour problem has come in for its full share of attention, almost every country's collection supplying a picture of a "strike." "The Strike at Biscaya," in the Spanish collection, is among the finest. There is also among the sculpture, besides other groups representing the life of labour, a large group representing very vividly an incident in the Lancashire famine days—a strong working man endeavoring to hold his hardly-gained work-ticket, against the efforts of two others to snatch it from him, one of these being an active young man, who is stretching his arm up to snatch it out of his hand, the other an old man, evidently appealing to his compassion, in which there seems to be some chance of his success. A poor woman, evidently knocked down in the crowd, lies prostrate in the foreground. Two fine pictures of "The Rolling Mill" and "Forging the Anchor," show the possibilities of such subjects for effective artistic treatment. One of the more mournful class of pictures in the Austrian Gallery, entitled "A Dreary Homecoming," gives a picture of a dead poacher carried on a waggon to his humble Tyrolese chalet among the mountains, while at the door stands the grief-stricken, newly-made widow. On the whole, the pictures of humble life such as have been described, show, in common with other indications, a growing sympathy with the working class in field and work-shop, which is one of many signs that for them a happier day is dawning, if they shall only be wise in their generation to avail themselves of its growing opportunities.

The chances of war, of course, supply a considerable number of pathetic subjects, though battle pieces are by no means very numerous. Lady Butler's "Roll-call" needs no description. "Theodor Körner after the sudden attack of Lutzen" is one of the most striking historic pictures, though the "Fenstersturz in Prague" is a still more powerful picture from history. The "Sons of the Brave," "Prisoners of War" and the "Spy," an incident of the Franco-Prussian war, give very vivid suggestions of the miseries of war. "The Last Muster" is a touching picture of an assembly of old veterans at chapel—the face of one just stiffening into the rigidity of death as he obeys the call no mortal can resist. Many other pathetic pictures there are, of course, for the sorrow of life is myriad-fold, and sin and suffering are closely bound together. A series of five pictures by Frith, illustrating the

for Wealth," and the reckless heartlessness of unprincipled speculators as well as the inevitable Nemesis that follows at last, attracted universal attention, and it may be hoped that some, at least, would profit by its moral! Mr. Reid's Canadian picture of "Foreclosing the Mortgage," well known here, must not be forgotten among the pathetic pictures of the Exposition. A striking canvas, "The Curse of the Family," presented a vivid picture of the curse that over-shadows so many homes, and, in connection with this, one could not but class among the pathetic aspects of the Fair the immense trophy of bottles of malt and distilled liquors that formed too conspicuous a feature of the Ontario exhibit. Considering that it is generally admitted that two-thirds at least of our crime and poverty, not to speak of undermined physical powers and premature deaths, are caused by the contents of these same bottles, one need not be a very extreme temperance advocate to feel that this is indeed one of the pathetic aspects of the Fair, and that people as well as individuals sometimes "glory" in what ought to be "their shame!"

One more exhibit, which now awakens the most pathetic associations, must be noticed, the magnificent model of H.M. war steamship Victoria. This fine model, costing \$20,000, gives a complete and good-sized reproduction of the superb but ill-fated steamer, which so needlessly went down with her precious freight of lives. There she is, with her wonderfully complete equipment of life-boats, scientific appliances and munitions of war, the most complete, as it was thought, that ship had ever possessed, and yet all could not save her from the destruction wrought in a moment by the seeming caprice of one human will! The model has answered a purpose never contemplated when it was first placed there to show the glory of Britain's navy, in bringing before the minds of millions, more vividly than any words could ever have done, the affecting details of that tragic event which will doubtless be to future generations almost as memorable an incident of this year of our Lord as has been the great Columbian Exposition itself.

FIDELIS.

MY OWN COUNTRY.

Yesterday and all last night, I was traveling by train through an alien country; at day-break I crossed the frontier and awoke in my own. Yesterday was dreary; the road ran through a wilderness of rock and scrub and lingering snow overhung by motionless grey cloud. But this May morning the sun is shining brightly in a sky of fleckless, stainless blue. Through the car-window I look out upon white villages and farmhouses dotting broad acres of cultivated land. Between yesterday and to-day, the contrast is complete in weather and in landscape; but that alone does not account for the joy in the air or for the song chanted by the noisy car-wheels.

Every feature of the peaceful landscape I have seen a thousand times before. In little has it changed since the time that I can first remember it. Its aspect is as friendly and familiar as the face of my mother. It is the face of my mother. There is the tidy farmhouse just showing its roof and chimneys or a window and a bit of wall from amid a tuft of filmy orchard boughs. The season is early as

yet, but soon the clump of apple-trees will be a cloud of white blossom and then a wall of green around the homestead. At one side are the stables, the huge wooden barn and the stack-yard. One farmhouse is much like another. All wear a look of thrift and comfort. From each a long green lane runs through the broad fields to the back of the farm. The fields are all divided by the same fantastic zig-zag fences of blackish-grey rails. The maples and elms in the lanes and fence corners are not yet in leaf, but the grass is showing its first most tender green. The strong sunlight shoots it through and through with yellow tinges giving it the brilliant color of some strange gem. Most often the lanes are unbroken ribbons of green dividing the dark loamy fields; but here and there the heavy waggon-wheels have passed and scored the ribbon throughout its entire length with two parallel earthy lines. The long fields show dark yellow and dark brown, almost black, rich in promise of harvest. This morning, they are stirring with men and horses; for this is May-day and the farmer goes a-planting. Sometimes it is the red-painted drill which does the work; but more often the man takes the place of the machine. The sower goes forth to sow as he has for a thousand years in a hundred lands. With his sowing-sheet on his shoulder, he strides across the furrows, and flings the grain broadcast on the mould with a rapid spreading motion of his right hand. The jumping, twitching harrow follows and the field is sown. Mile after mile is swiftly passed, and the scene, though perpetually changing, is perpetually the same. The sight of it refreshes the eyes that have grown accustomed to another landscape; and the spirit of gladness so plain in earth and sky has touched my heart and stirred my pulses. In my ears is a new-old song, which never sounded so clear before.

The loud insistent clunk and roar of the train shapes into a sort of never-ending chant; and clearer and clearer come words like these:

My country! Mine, mine, mine! my own. This land brought me forth, bred me, gives me the means of living. However poor, it is still mine. I am part of it and of no other. My country, mine.

My country, mine! Within the shadow of a little church in this land, at rest under the sod lie the bones that took the pains for me. She who held me to her breast and saw her own face in my childish eyes, lies at rest in this land. It is my own by the graves within it. My dead are here. My country, mine!

My country, mine! In this corner of the earth was my child's Eden, my paradise. Here I knew the days that were all sunshine, the years that were all summer. Here I knew the first true comrade hearts. In this land the mother of my child grew to womanhood. In a home in this land she nurses her baby at her breast. I cannot live my life again. By the joy that it has given me as well as the sorrow, this land, this and no other, is mine and mine forever. My country, mine!

Over and over again do words like these sing themselves into my brain in a roaring anvil chorus of iron wheel on iron rail. No one but a son of the soil knows the music of that chant; or the pride and love which it awakens in his heart, as he looks out upon the broad, bread-giving fields of the old province.

Nor is the song without its accompaniment and loveliest of obligatos. The iron road is laid along the river bank. Beyond these happy fields, I catch glimpses now and

then of the great, blue river. The music of its unheard rhythms is sweet; I can read it, though I cannot hear. The noble river is meeting me; and I must travel by it for half a day. Its presence is revealed now in a glimpse of blue water or torn white rapid; now in a broad sheet of glittering wavelets; again, only a line marks where the river bluffs stand high. It also is a friendly face. That very water that I see has flowed past many a lake-port, past many a river-town I know. It has flowed past the town in which She lives; it has flowed past Her door. She has looked out over it at this moment; the sun is shining on it before Her door, as it is shining here. And every turn of the wheels brings me nearer and nearer Her.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College,
Halifax, N. S.

JOTTINGS FROM RIO DE JANEIRO.

Monday, Sept. 18th.

The occurrences of yesterday are not worth noting. I spent the day with friends, and slept at my friend Tripp's house.

At ten minutes past two a.m., we were aroused by a terrific cannonading, which with one intermission lasted until nearly five o'clock a.m. The rifle firing was heavy during all that time.

Of course no one could tell what was going on, as we could not see the ships and forts on account of hills between us. We could only surmise that some of the ships were forcing the bar and had been discovered.

When I reached town at about ten a.m., it was said everywhere that the Republica, a torpedura (the Marcilio Dias) and two of the merchant steamers which have been incorporated with the fleet, had succeeded in passing out of the bay, in spite of the tremendous cannonade. These vessels may proceed to Rio Grande de Sul and bring up troops, in which case Meilo will easily win.

The city is in a pretty state of funk. In the afternoon.—It is now said that the ships which tried to go out were all sunk. This is a Government lie.

A friend who saw the shooting from the forts, said it looked as if hell had been opened.

The state of siege will expire on Wednesday, but in all probability will be renewed. The affair will not be finished for some time.

There has been no more fighting since this morning. There are seven dead National Guards in the morgue, and a shell from the Republica killed eight more in Fort Sao Joao.

Everyone (?) in the town has had a narrow escape from death by shells, etc. I have not had a narrow escape, although I have been quite near where shells were passing. A number of people have picked up pieces of shell which have fallen in the city and exploded.

Tuesday, Sept. 19th, 5 p.m.

Some exchanges of shots occurred this morning, otherwise all seems calm. I have just learned from an officer of the Sirius, that the vessels escaped all right.

Wednesday, Sept. 20th.

The Aquidaban and Trajano are again

In position for bombarding, and one of the papers says they will do so at 11 o'clock—perhaps. Mello does not want to do anything like that if he can manage not to.

The Government journals are to-day forced to admit that the Republica and her consorts escaped safely. The Republica has already been at Santos.

Trajano has commenced firing on the Morro do Costello.

Thursday, Sept. 21st.

The banks are open to-day and a small amount of business is doing. Cable communication for plain messages is permitted also.

Friday, Sept. 22nd, 3 p.m.

In statu quo.

Saturday, Sept. 23rd, 9.30 a.m.

From three p.m., yesterday afternoon was one of horror. The guns on the Morro do Costello opened fire on the ships, which replied. One of the shells from the Guanabara fell in the Rua fete de Setembro, near the corner of Rua Uruguayana, near the corner of Rua Uruguayana. It fell just under a bond which happened to be passing at the time, burst, went up through the bottom, cut off the left leg of Dr. Jose Drummond, at the hip, passed on, hit a house, and splintered, wounding two persons; rebounded, and hit a lady who was flying to Sao Christovas for safety, cut her neck almost in two, killing her almost instantly. Where she fell there was a pool of blood two feet in diameter and half an inch deep. This occurred at about 2.30 p.m., and I arrived on the spot at about one minute after it occurred. The body of Dr. Drummond lay in the bond until it reached the terminus at the Rua do Ouvidor, when it, the body, was removed to a shop near by. A stream of blood was all along the street from where the shot fell, right to the Ouvidor, and this was being licked up by the dogs. The sight was simply awful. At the spot where the woman, Maria Candida Forges, fell, I saw a man standing in her blood, and called his attention to it. He asked what it was, and when I told him, he exclaimed, "Oh, my God!" and almost fainted. The cannonade between the Forts Santa Cruz and Sao Joao and the warships continued until about 6.30 p.m., and this morning has recommenced, though not with much vigour.

Dr. Drummond, I knew quite well.

It would be hard to imagine a more deplorable state of affairs than now exists in Brazil. A Senator named Nilo Pecanha, has introduced a bill to denounce the revolted ships and officers as pirates and offering a reward to any power which captures them. It is almost needless to say that Mr. Pecanha will be fusillado if Mello catches him.

Mello, as chief of the revolted squadron, has passed receipts for all supplies, etc., seized for use by the navy. A couple of days ago, the celebrated launch Lucy, which has been foremost in this business of seizing, got hold of a lighter of provisions, and with a very long tow line started to tow it to port, a wharf which was guarded by some soldiers of the National Guard. When just abreast the wharf, and very near, she apparently dropped her tow, and immediately eighteen men jumped into the lighter to make

a recapture, but—alas, for their hopes—the Lucy had just slacked the tow line, and when her captain saw that the men were safely on board, she steamed out with men and all. The joke of it is that Mello has sent a receipt on shore for the eighteen National Guards!

In front of the shop where Dr. Drummond's body was placed, a crowd soon collected, and the door was guarded by an officer and some soldiers of the Catalhao Siradentes, an eminently Republican association. The officer flourished his revolver and shouted, "This is what we have with the Republica! I don't want any more Republic! Asto o que temos como a Republica!! Noo quer mas Republica!!"

Monday, 25th Sept., '93.

With the exception of an hour's hammering between the forts and ships the afternoon of Saturday passed quietly. Late on Saturday night it commenced to blow a gale of such violence that many of the ships dragged all over the bay. Among others the Almirante, Tamandare, Guanabara, Marajo and Trajano drifted into range of the forts; and as soon as it was light the city was awakened by the renewed roar of the artillery.

With the exception of the Trajano, none of these vessels can move except by being towed; so, while they and the Aquidiban replied to the fire of Santa Cruz, Lage Sao Joao, the tow boats, with great difficulty, succeeded in finally getting all out of range. The firing lasted some three hours.

This morning all seems quiet. For all one can see, we might be a thousand miles away from instead of in the midst of a revolution which has already cost some hundreds of lives and gives promise of being even worse yet than it has been.

The shops are open, city business is going on as usual: even ladies, gaily dressed and without a shadow of care on their faces, are busy shopping in the Ouvidor, which wears its accustomed look.

The work of the port is being greatly facilitated by the foreign war-vessels present. The British ships have hoisted the white ensign on some of the large launches, thus attaching them to the Royal Navy, and have in this manner already performed important service.

11 a.m., Monday.

Word has just come for us to close up and get out, as the Aquidiban is lying right between the Caes Mineiros, and the Ilha das Cobras, ready to shell the Alfandega. She is so close that it looks as if you could shy a biscuit on board.

It seems this morning that Floriano marched two regiments of the line (the 7th and 23rd, I hear,) down to the Arsenal of Marine and Alfandega, with the intention of crossing to the Ilha das Cobras and Fort Villegaignon, to take possession and end their neutrality, which is, in the present condition of affairs, nothing less than criminal.

In some way unknown Mello heard of it, and promptly put a stop to the little game by placing the Aquidiban in such a position that she commanded the point of embarkation.

12.30 p.m.

I have just heard that the 7th Regiment has refused to embark.

Mello has sent word ashore that unless the troops were marched out at once he would open fire on them!

1.30 p.m.

No occurrences as yet. I am just closing the office for the day. The boys were scared so I let them go early. I will go and get breakfast.

Tuesday, 26th Sept.

I stayed about town yesterday until about 4.30 p.m., when I left Crasley's shop and went up the Ouvidor, intending to go home, but I did not get there, for at the Londres I met Tripp, with whom I went down to the Caes to see the Aquidaban. We could not get near the water's edge, however, for the streets were all blocked up by soldiers and artillery. We stayed a few minutes and then went over towards the Ouvidor again, via the Rua Primieiro de Marco. We had just reached the corner of the Ouvidor when—crash—went one of the big 9 in. turret guns of the Aquidaban, and crash—crash—went the walls of the buildings, as the big shells ploughed through them, knocked off the tower of a church called Kapa dos Mercadores, dropped into a building alongside and burst. This was right in the Ouvidor, not fifty yards from us. We saw the church tower leap into the air, and an instant later the locality was full of flying bricks, mortar, dust, etc.

Before the row subsided came another shell which burst somewhere near, but we could not tell exactly the spot. At the same moment the air was full of the sound of flying shot and shell from the small machine and quick-firing guns of the ship.

The rattling and plunging sound of the machine guns, broken every now and then by the crash of the heavy artillery, and the bursting of the shells which were falling everywhere, the panic-stricken crowd of people rushing for shelter, the cries and shrieks of women and children, and the shouts of men—made a scene which will not be easily effaced from the minds of those who witnessed it. Many heavy shells fell and exploded in every part of the town, and the number of houses struck by small shot is legion. Many deaths are reported in the morning's papers, and it is said that some 200 soldiers were killed at the Arsenal of Marine and Alfandega. (This is rumour.) The firing lasted over an hour. A number of buildings in the Ouvidor have ball marks on them. The Polytechnic School, and church of San Francisco de Paula, in the Largo de Sao Francisco de Paula received many shots. The residence of Dr. Corria Dutra was completely destroyed by a shot. In fine, yesterday afternoon was another panic-and-horror-struck one.

I went out to Sao Aristovas and slept there. I returned about 9.15 a.m. and found the town looking as if it were in festa. Every house has its national flag hung out (it has been so ever since this began), the shops are open again and the streets full of people. They get over a panic quickly; and, in spite of notice from the fleet that firing will be begun, they won't move until they actually hear the shot whistling through the air.

Yesterday the state of siege was renewed by the Congress; in consequence all guarantees for life and property are suspended. Martial law is supreme.

Mello was the chief instrument in overthrowing Seodoro, and it looks as if he would now turn out the very man he himself put in power. On the evening of the 5th inst. he was at the theatre, watched by secret police, as has been the case ever since he resigned the Ministry of Marine. On leaving the theatre he was followed by some police agents, but managed to give them the slip by leaving his cloak in his carriage and quietly making off while they watched it.

Wednesday, 27th Sept.

I had to stop quickly at "it," because the air became full of shot again and we closed up. This was at 12.45, and for two hours we got properly dosed with shot and shell. The day was another scene of panic, and some lamentable fatalities occurred. At 1 o'clock Harry Watmough, of the London and Brazilian Bank, was breakfasting at the Hotel Leao de Ouro, just opposite the Banco de Brazil; with him were Haynes, of the same bank (a man I know well), and White. Hearing some shots, they all went to a window to look out, and just as they did so a small shot or shell hit the building of the Banco Brazil, and rebounding, hit poor Watmough in the neck, cutting the jugular vein and killing him instantly. He fell and died so quickly that he did not even groan, and his napkin, which he was holding in his hand, did not fall. Haynes was completely covered with the blood which spurted from the wound. Both he and White are much broken up. At about 2 p.m. I saw the body, which was still lying in its pool of blood awaiting the arrival of the Police Inspector. (No person can touch a wounded or dead person until the police have examined the case. This applies everywhere in S. America, and if disobeyed a heavy penalty is exacted.) The poor boy, only about 20 years old, was lying on his left side, in a great lake of half-congealed blood. But for the horrid wound in his neck no one would know that he had been killed in such a manner. The Consul-General, Mr. Abbott, the Manager of the Bank, and many other gentlemen were on the spot to see the sad offices properly performed. The funeral took place at 10 o'clock to-day.

Everything is again quiet; but I suppose that at midday, or thereabouts, we will have a repetition of yesterday's work. This thing is getting past a joke, and should be finished pretty quickly. Floriano is quite right in trying to maintain his position, and he has shown himself to be a brave man; but he must yield. He has 18,000 men under arms, the fleet have less than a thousand; they are in the somewhat peculiar position that neither can get at the other conveniently, and Mello does not want to do any more firing than he can help. In every case firing has been drawn from the ships by the persistent popping at them by the guns on shore. A shell from the Morro do Castello burst on the Amazonas and it is said killed thirty people on board.

GEORGE E. FAIRBANKS.

(Concluded.)

A MILLION IS ENOUGH.

Is the coming reform in the distribution of property to be arrived at through some fundamental revolution such as communism or nationalism, or any other of the thorough-going theories so much afloat? Is it not rather to be best approached by simply lopping off each manifest monstrosity in our present system until we gradually bring it near to symmetry by addition here of what is needed and subtraction there of what is attackable in itself? The dangers to public interests which result from the growth of vast fortunes are admittedly matter of public solicitude on this continent. The distrust and hatred of the masses for the names of Jay Gould and the late William K. Vanderbilt, the cheers and shouts of joy which greeted the burning of the latter's stables on Madison Square some years ago, the universal execration aroused by the report of the ejaculation, "The public be damned!" the obloquy still heaped upon Mr. Carnegie, and the general disapproval by the American and Canadian publics of the last wills of such men as the late Sir Hugh Allan and William Astor, with their startling omission of charities, are testimonies sufficient to warn the vigilant that the spirit of the Reformation, the Great Rebellion and the American and French Revolutions remains but partly satisfied. To go further in proving the existence and depth of so well-known a feeling would be but to occupy space. Nor might one add much to the people's information as to the interferences and preponderant influence of men of great means in the course of legislation and government. It has been sometimes suggested in connection with these dangers that it would be well for the State if fortunes could be limited in some way. Even persons who themselves are amassing large sums spontaneously express this opinion. But the suggestion has always either been, on the one hand, the impracticable remedy of anarchy or communism, or else, on the other, has proceeded no further than some timid desire that a practicable means might be discovered. Only one proposition which would be sure to result in any gain in that direction occurs to my memory as having been made, namely, to adopt the French provision, which does away with wills and divides a man's estate, after his death, by law. The point of the present observations is that there has been too much timidity shown in not attacking the difficulty directly. I propose, therefore, the passage of a statute in the Canadian Legislature and the Congress of the United States—the only communities, perhaps, in the world which are ripe for such a measure—limiting private fortunes to a fixed limit of a million dollars.

A few of the advantages from, and answers to objections to, the passage of such a law would be as follows:

It would obviously be a definite step at trying to settle the matter. Its value, should it prove successful, would be immense. The trial of the principle is well worth a few years' practice at any rate, and the public feelings would be greatly relieved with the mere consciousness that they possessed such a measure for use against the great army of speculators and corrupt money men. Individuals would be led to divide their estates, to donate to public objects, to cease inordinate hoarding, to abstain from displaying large controlling interests in financial movements and institutions, to turn their energies to public affairs, litera-

ture, art, and matters other than money. They would be more nearly brought to feel that the lot of the masses is to be the lot of their grandchildren and perhaps their children, and thus to regard the condition of those masses as one affecting themselves and which they themselves have an interest in ameliorating. These are some of the advantages. The field is so wide that it is only proper to indicate the more salient.

Of objections, the most conspicuous is: whether it is just to fetter a man in his "right" of gathering all he can together if he so wishes. To this it is a perfect answer that money represents labor, and that it is unjust that any one man should control at will for his private pleasure and divert from the making of clothes and dwellings for the poor, to the making of fine furniture for his house and the clothing of idle servants, any vast portion of the common labor (which moreover often means the public food). The rich man makes his fortune by the fact that people are willing (or forced) to live and work with him. Were he alone he would be nothing more than a destitute savage. It is now an exploded anachronism to regard his gatherings as the result of his sole efforts and to put them to his sole say and credit. The nation has therefore a right to pass the law proposed.

A second objection is that it would be open to the whole of the well-known consequences of an income tax, occasional false oaths, injustice to the conscientious, uncertainty, and so forth. Still, as it would deal with such large amounts, these could scarcely be concealed beyond a limited degree, and it would effectually prevent many great corners and jobbing operations where large controls have to be openly claimed. Once pass the law and the collection of proof is a sufficiently simple affair. Furthermore, the cases to be dealt with would be very few, and the restraining effect very great.

A third objection is that it would not be fair or practicable to impose such a restriction on fortunes already formed. To this the answer is: then do not do so.

Fourthly, the proposed statute will be opprobriously called "a sumptuary law." But it differs from a sumptuary law in the fundamental respect that it is not a law for the regulation of a man's choice of pleasures, but for the disposal of the nation's stock of labor.

Again, it might be said that capitalists, when they pass the limit, would leave the country. I do not think they are likely to do this to any much greater extent than at present; though they might invest in other regions. By exactly so much as this law would thus effect, by exactly so much would the country be a better and safer country to live in. Besides, people will not so readily expatriate themselves. What, too, if other lands should pass the same law?

Sixthly, useful ambition, I hear some one allege, would be lessened. Surely a million dollars is a large enough limit for all useful ambition in the form of accumulation! Is it not merely the inordinate ambition of making money and enslaving labor that would be checked, and not at all the ambition to perform noble acts and public benefactions?

Next, would not many enterprises suffer for want of capital? Not at all. Joint stock companies and other partnerships render the individual millionaire quite dispensable.

Finally, some objection might be raised

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law.—Ruskin.

concerning the constitutionality of the statute. There is nothing whatever in this. An amendment to the constitution, if necessary, is a remedy well within reach should the people wish it.

And now, the proposition having been opened and a commencement of observations made about it, the writer leaves it. To him the best practical solution of socialism, in so far as it is desirable, seems to lie in the limitation of great fortunes.

Surely one point is clear, however. Surely, in the words of my heading, "A million is enough."

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Montreal, Canada.

THE CRITIC.

One hesitates to say it, but surely Mr. Huxley makes a mistake in his "Evolution and Ethics."¹ He opposes the "cosmic process" to the "ethical process," to the process which, in the words of another, "makes for righteousness." "Social progress," says Mr. Huxley, "means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole conditions which exist, but of those who are ethically the best."² The characters of the "cosmic process" he describes as "ruthless self-assertion," a "treading down of all competitors;" and the characters of the "ethical process" as "self-restraint" and philanthropy.

But why should the cosmic be separated from the ethical process? May not the ethical be a part, and perhaps the chief and best part, of the cosmical process? Strength and cruelty may be the law of individual beasts of prey,³ but as certainly reason and justice are the law of men who live in communities. Is not the one process a development and evolution from the other, not by any means a wholly different and disassociated process? "For his successful progress, as far as the savage state," says Mr. Huxley, "man has been largely indebted to those qualities which he shares with the ape and the tiger; his exceptional physical organization; his cunning, his sociability, his curiosity and imitativeness; his ruthlessness and ferocious destructiveness when his anger is roused by opposition."⁴ Indeed! May he not rather have been largely indebted to the development by the use, and to the beneficial results of the use, of the gentler affections, not perhaps deserving the name "domestic" in this early stage, but surely tending in the direction which culminated in the family and the home—themselves the very constituent atoms of civilized society? Did increased solicitude for his own offspring, merging into an increased general solicitude, first for conjugal and consanguineous, next for tribal, connections, have no influence in forming the first elements of political communities? Büchner evidently had this idea in mind when he wrote, man's "elevated position is due only to the higher

(1.) The Romanes Lecture, 1893: Evolution and Ethics, by Thomas H. Huxley, F.R.S. Delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre, May 18th, 1893. London: Macmillan; 1893.

(2.) Page 33.

(3.) Even in a pack of wolves, as Mr. Huxley himself points out (page 10), there is a certain recognition of mutual rights and duties, to say nothing of ants and bees.

(4.) Page 6.

and more varied development of his powers and faculties"⁵—the words "higher" and "more varied" become meaningless if we draw a definite line of demarcation between the cosmic and the ethical process. And there is something extremely significant in the term which Owen chose by which to distinguish man as a distinct sub-class of the mammalia—the *Archencephala*, or "brain-rulers." It is not brute strength alone that has made man to advance, it is reason united with strength; it is the combination of processes, if the processes are to be differently denominated.

Such a sentence by Mr. Huxley as the following is misleading: "Civilized man brands all these ape and tiger promptings with the name of sins; he punishes many of the acts which flow from them as crimes; and, in extreme cases, he does his best to put an end to the survival of the fittest of former days by axe and rope."⁶ It is only when the ape and tiger promptings are yielded to with baneful results upon society that society punishes them, just as the pack would very speedily put an end to any one of their number who turned his fangs upon his comrade instead of upon the enemy. The survival of the fittest of former days—even if we allow that term to a murderer—need not necessarily be the survival of the fittest of today; the environment has changed, the individual should have changed with it.

The possibility of such a flaw in the argument as has been here suggested appears to have occurred to the lecturer, for in a note to a passage on the fifth page from the end he says, "Of course, strictly speaking, social life and the ethical process, in virtue of which it advances to perfection, are part and parcel of the general process of evolution."⁷ And indeed he goes so far as to admit in this note that the ethical process is, "strictly speaking," part of the cosmic process,⁸ an admission which surely vitiates the central thesis that "the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it."⁹

It is with some hesitation that one thinks he detects flaws in so redoubtable a disputator as Mr. Huxley. Perhaps the eminent Romanes lecturer has not made his meaning clear.

(5.) Man in the Past, Present, and Future, by Dr. L. Büchner. Translated by W. S. Dallas. London: Archer; 1872. Page 8.

(6.) Page 6.

(7.) Page 56.

(8.) Page 57.

(9.) Page 34.

SLEEPING SORROW.

Like violets blown over with dead leaves
In lonely hollows beyond beaten ways,
So sorrow sleeps beneath dead drifts of days,
The soul in images itself deceives.

Like dark birds huddling under ivied eaves,
What hour the sun his golden hoard displays,
With shut eyes turned from his rose-light rays,
So sorrow hides, nor heedeth aught, nor grieves.

Day dies on day, the sun finds out the flower,
Stars lure the night-bird from her eerie bower,
And in the heart perhaps some simple thing
Awakens sleeping sorrow, it may be
A sound, a sudden wind from off the sea,
May be the stirring of a moon-moth's wing.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

Mankind in the gross is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappointed.—Mackenzie.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FOR CANADA: TRANSPORTATION THE PROBLEM.

To the Editor of The Week.

Sir,—A pamphlet on above subject by Mr. James B. Campbell, of Montreal, has been commented on in some of our papers. Mr. Campbell has been a grain dealer in Chicago for some years, and is now engaged in that business in Montreal. Considering the great interest which is now evinced in all questions affecting the commerce and fiscal policy of the Dominion, all pamphlets, such as the above, are welcome additions to our commercial literature, especially when written by one who admits that he is not an adherent of either of the Canadian political parties, and who, from business experience can write practically on the subject. As might be expected under the circumstances, Mr. Campbell's pamphlet contains much valuable information, but the facts embodied in it hardly seem to warrant the main conclusion which he attempts to establish.

Mr. Campbell argues that the inadequacy of our yet uncompleted canal system does not account for the failure of the St. Lawrence route to attract that proportion of the traffic of the great West, especially of our own North-West, which its geographical and natural advantages should enable it to command. He imputes the comparative failure of this route to the fact that, under the protective traffic, the proportion of imports of foreign merchandise, via the St. Lawrence, to the volume of exports is so small, that vessels coming to Montreal have to rely almost upon outgoing traffic to pay the expenses of the round trip. Mr. Campbell states that the rates of ocean freight from Montreal are invariably higher than those from New York. This is slightly exaggerated, as although it is true that they are generally higher, it is not true that they are invariably higher; but, as the general result is, as Mr. Campbell states, his position is correct in a general way. He states that during the year 1892, the rates of ocean freight from New York to Great Britain ruled from 8d. to 2s. 8d. per 480 lbs. wheat; while from Montreal the rates were 1s. 6d. to 3s. 3d. for the same weight.

Mr. Campbell attributes this difference to the National Policy, which discourages imports. He says:—"If ships cannot get inward cargoes, they will not come three thousand miles for outward cargoes alone; these outward freights cannot go up to a point which will pay them to come here in ballast; and again—without free inward cargoes, freights outward from Montreal will go just high enough to send our grain along the longer route to New York and Boston."

Mr. Campbell's position, with reference to our canal system and the injurious effects of the National Policy in enhancing rates of outgoing freight, involves him in a web of mis-statements and misrepresentations, and leads him to conclusions which he fails to substantiate. He assumes that the policy of protection largely reduces the quantity of imports. That this policy must reduce the value of imports must be admitted, but that it reduces the quantity is very doubtful. The raw material imported for manufacture is of much larger bulk and weight than the same value of the manufactured and finished goods which would be imported. He asserts that outward freights are made "high enough to send our grain along the longer route to New York and Boston." Surely, Mr. Campbell knows better than this, at least he ought to know, that during the season when navigation to and from Montreal is open, twenty bushels of American grain are shipped through Montreal to Europe for every bushel of Canadian grain that is shipped to Europe through New York or Boston. If Canada has achieved this, with its at present incomplete canal system, involving transhipment at Kingston or Odgensburgh, what may it not expect to accomplish in a year or two when it will be able to offer a completed channel of water transportation from the head of Lake Superior to Montreal, for vessels drawing 14

feet? Mr. Campbell says:—"If ships cannot get inward cargoes, they will not come three thousand miles for outward cargoes alone." Taking this in connection with his figures showing the difference between ocean rates of freight from New York and Montreal, he leaves the inference that, owing to a more liberal tariff in the United States than in Canada, the imports into the former of the two countries are so much larger than in the case of the latter country, that vessels coming to New York do not require to come in ballast. It is difficult to imagine a more absurd proposition or a more unfounded conclusion. The customs rates of duties in the United States are much higher than in Canada. The value of merchandise imported into Canada during the year ending June 30th, 1892, was \$127,406,000 or \$25.48 per capita, the value imported into the United States during same year, was \$827,402,000 or \$12.73 per capita on a population of 65 millions, or just one half of the proportion for Canada. Judging from this, the proportion of vessels arriving from foreign ports in United States ports, in ballast, should be double the proportion so arriving in Canadian ports. The absurdity of Mr. Campbell's contention as to the advantage enjoyed by vessels arriving in New York, in obtaining inward cargoes for that port, is fully illustrated by the following report taken at random from the New York Shipping and Commercial List, 8th instant, showing the arrivals from Europe at that port, reported between last Saturday and Wednesday:

In ballast: German steamer "Mannheim" from Bremen; barque "Serena" from Copenhagen; British steamer "Kistna" from Dundee; British steamer "Cedar Croft" from Glasgow; German steamer "Wilkenmea" from Hamburg; British ship "Maeduff" from Limerick; British steamer "Potomac" and British ship "Coringa" from Liverpool; Dutch steamer "Charlois," and German steamer "Energie" from Rotterdam; German steamer "Standard" from Shields; British steamer "Astral" from Shields; German steamer "B. Peterson" from Stettin; British steamer "Cupac" from Sunderland. An examination of the manifests of other vessels arriving shows, in most cases, a beggarly part of cargo in proportion to their tonnage. Some other explanation than that of inward cargoes must be found for the preference given by transient vessels and steamers to the New York route. The evident reason is, that they are sure of an outward cargo from the port at current quotations, and are willing to come empty, either on orders, or to look for cargo. When Mr. Campbell and other grain dealers and exporters in Montreal use the same exertion to ensure cargoes for incoming vessels as is used in New York, they should be able to attract all the vessels that they can load, and at same rates as in New York.

The Globe, which can rarely adduce any testimony from commercial authorities in support of its views on the business interests of Canada, welcomes Mr. Campbell's pamphlet with great effusiveness, as containing the views of a thoughtful and observant man whose calling has given him a thorough insight into the grain movements of the continent, but only accepts such of his facts and deductions as tend to favor its free trade policy.

As already said, Mr. Campbell's pamphlet is a timely and useful one, and has given rise to considerable discussion on the subject of transportation, which, as he truly says, is of vital importance to all interests in the Dominion.

ROBERT H. LAWDER.

Toronto, 10th November, 1893.

DR. McLELLAN AND THE NEW EDUCATION.

The Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In your editorial referring to my criticism of an article on the Theory of Division by a professor of Method in a noted American normal school, you have, I think, drawn a wrong inference as to my attitude towards the New Education. You say that probably no two persons agree as to the exact meaning of the terms. That is indisputably true, and

so you and I may appear to differ and yet be at one. The New Education that I do not believe in, and the New Education that you do believe in, are two totally different things. The principles and methods which you so clearly state and illustrate, as defining the New Education that you defend, are not the principles and methods of the New Education that I attack. Your principles I accept, under, of course, their proper limitations. But these principles are not the discovery or even the re-discovery of the canting evangelists of the (so called) New Education. In fact Col. Parker himself, who, as you say, is regarded by many as the apostle of the New Education, declares that "many, if not most, of its principles and methods have yet to be discovered."

What I do not believe in, and what you, I think, do not believe in, is the perfectly absurd methods—methods at variance with both logic and psychology—which are promulgated in the name of the New Education. The very principles and methods which I criticized, and which you characterize as "bosh," emanated from a training school which claims to be par excellence the great representative of the New Education, and the best exponent of the new "divine philosophy" of education. The New Education which I sometimes venture to criticize is not a well ordered system of rational principles, such as you clearly set forth; it is a mob of petty devices and irrational methods which its apostles proclaim as an infallible rubric for all educational procedure. The New Education with which I am at war is described by you as something that "has been run into the ground"—involves "a thousand trivialities and all kinds of absurdities"—abounds in "needless simplifications and endless repetitions and wearisome mannerisms." This New Education has been similarly described by an equally able American writer: "The movement had its origin in sentiment, and its strength lies in the fact of its vagueness; wherever this sentiment appears in any strength it tends to destroy the school as it actually exists, but provides no definite substitute for it; it counsels a violent revolution instead of an equable evolution; it employs the language of exaggeration and appeals to prejudices and narrow views; it preaches absolute freedom and versatility, but it is dogmatic in its utterances and authoritative in its precepts; it represents an impulse to abandon certain errors in practice, but rushes blindly into errors of an opposite kind, and so is in direct opposition to normal progress." This New Education as characterized by yourself and by the ablest educational writer in the United States, is the New Education which I do "not believe in."

I am somewhat surprised that I should be represented as not believing in the sound principles of education, upon which your New Education is based. But let that pass. Any misunderstanding as to my views upon the New Education is as nothing compared with the fact that so influential a journal as The Week is thoroughly sound on the philosophy and methods of education; and, what is of even greater importance, is using its influence to create a public interest in educational methods—a subject which, as you remark, "receives an astonishingly small share of public attention."

J. A. McLELLAN.

MANITOBAN HISTORY.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Mr. John S. Ewart, of Winnipeg, though in possession of all the advantages of local knowledge, must allow me to dispute the historical accuracy of his criticisms in your last issue. In referring to my article—"Prominent Canadians; Hon. John Christian Schultz"—he asserts that "the rebellion was long over before the transfer (of the Territories) to Canada." According to Mr. John Charles Dent, who is generally esteemed a most careful and reliable historian, where he does not allow partisan considerations to

prevail, ("Canada Since the Union of 1841") all arrangements with the Imperial authorities for the transfer of the territory, had been completed to take effect upon the first of October, 1869. The Dominion Parliament passed an Act providing for a territorial government and afterwards postponed the payment of the purchase money until December 1st. That the transfer was not technically made at this time, hardly affects the general statement that the rebellion occurred after the union with Canada. The Riel uprising was directed against Canada, and the violence committed was upon Canadians, while the Canadian Parliament was legislating for the government of the new country.

In the second place, Mr. Ewart says that "a gentleman of that name (Hon. Wm. McDougall) did at one time issue a commission to himself as Lieut.-Governor, but from the Canadian Government he received as reply, not the office he hoped to fill, but a somewhat smart rap over the knuckles." Dent, Morgan, and other authorities state that Hon. Mr. McDougall was appointed Lieut.-Governor of Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territories on Oct. 29th, 1869, and the first named observes—Vol. II., page 493—that his appointment "was generally regarded as a fitting reward for his services in bringing about the acquisition of the Northwest by the Dominion."

The insurrection, it may be added, lasted practically from Oct. 20th, 1869, until Sept. 21th, 1870, when Sir Garnet Wolseley entered Fort Garry. That Mr. McDougall was unable to enter into his post, or perform his duties, was no fault of his, but was due to the policy of the Canadian Government at a critical and difficult juncture. Then Mr. Ewart finds room for artistic admiration and comparisons to Rider Haggard in commenting upon my statement regarding the siege of Dr. Schultz's house. Dent, already quoted, says (page 496) that "the Canadian population were placed under surveillance, and about fifty of them who had assembled at the house of a prominent resident named Dr. Schultz, were besieged and compelled to surrender."

In his Canadian Portrait Gallery—Vol. III., page 111—the same writer says of Dr. Schultz's house, "Here they were besieged by several hundred of Riel's followers for three days. . . It is said that two mounted six-pounders were drawn by the insurgents outside the walls of Fort Garry with their muzzles pointed in the direction of the beleaguered house."

Others might be quoted, but perhaps I have said enough to show that in the article criticised by Mr. Ewart, it has at least been my desire to adhere strictly to historic truth so far as it could be ascertained and verified at this distance from the scene of action.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

Toronto, Nov. 18th, 1893.

FRENCH IN A BRITISH COLONY.

"LES ETATS DE JERSEY AND LA LANGUE FRANCAISE."

Under the above suggestive caption, M. Faucher de Saint-Maurice, F.R.S.C., has added another to his interesting and elegantly written volumes on Canadian history and other kindred subjects; the safe-guarding of the French tongue in Canada M. Faucher evidently thinks a live issue. Dear, indeed, to every nationality is its language, even in places where, through lapse of time, isolation or political necessity, it has become corrupted from its pristine purity. Jersey and Guernsey are no exceptions. The industrious islanders, though staunch and loyal subjects of Britain and one with her in faith, have not by means forgotten or eschewed the language

of their forefathers in old France. They are still, as Anated says, "Normans, but Normans of the old school, though a Jerseyman would not like to be called a Norman."

A few years ago they plainly showed their earnest attachment to Norman customs, long since obsolete elsewhere, by resuscitating the famous "*Clameur du Haro*" of the days of Charlemagne, to obstruct a scheme of public improvement.

Mr. Faucher's book goes to show how they have very recently evinced their partiality, between the two spoken languages of the islands, for that of their near neighbor, France; he does not, however, allude to the not very distant epoch, after the barbarous raid in the Channel Islands of Robespierre's *sans culottes*, when the very name of a Frenchman was obnoxious.

We find here textually reproduced in Mr. Faucher's little book a lively debate which took place on the 16th of February, 1893, in the Legislative Chamber of the "Etats de Jersey," presided over by "E. C. Mallet de Carteret, Lieut. Bailli." It originated from a discussion of the provisions of a bill introduced to remove doubts as to the right of the members to address the Assembly in English, inasmuch as a very considerable portion of the islanders, using English daily, and in many cases exclusively, had declared that it is permissible for any member of the "Etats" to address the House in English.

Some of the arguments urged by the Legislative wisdom of Jersey, in solemn conclave assembled, were of a rather singular nature, and the debate itself not very decorous, although several judges and high officials were present. A learned member, Judge Falle, speaking from an experience of thirty years, and whilst recognizing the advantage of duality of language, avers that the Legislature has several times declared that the members had not the right to use English in debate, and closes by proposing a resolution to the effect that the "Etats," whilst they are proud of the protection accorded to the island by Her Majesty Queen Victoria and her predecessors during so many centuries, and desire to reiterate their unalterable loyalty to the throne, feel that this sentiment is not impaired by the thought that they consider the idiom bequeathed to them by their forefathers too precious a legacy to allow it to be superseded or set aside, and that only in the event of Jersey having to choose between giving up the French language or the protection of England would they consent to accept the first alternative."

Judge Falle's amendment was carried on a division of 26 against 13.

The English spoken in Jersey is far purer than the French, which among the uneducated amounts to a species of *patois* and still the legislative wisdom of the island, by a large majority of votes, upheld the French; their loyalty is above suspicion. Mr. Faucher recalls with evident satisfaction the encouraging words uttered at Montreal and Quebec, in favor of the French idiom—the language of Voltaire, Racine, Bossuet, Chateaubriand—by the illustrious statesmen connected with the administration of Canada—Lords Dufferin, Lorne, Lansdowne, without forgetting our late administrator, the Earl of Derby. The little work of Mr. Faucher challenges investigation at the hands of every candid reader.

Quebec, Nov. 16, 1893.

J. M. LE MOINE.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Bell-Smith has been as far west as Winnipeg, in the interest of art matters, and, we understand, has also visited other cities. Of the date of his return, we have not been informed.

In an address to the Art Congress at Chicago, the sculptor, W. M. R. French, expressed the opinion, "I am inclined to think with F. Hopkinson Smith, that our illustrators constitute our most distinct and original school of to-day."

Owing to the fact of going to press a day earlier than usual on account of Thanksgiving Day being a holiday, notice of Mr. Bernard McEvoy's lecture on "Ruskin, His Life and Writings," on Monday at the rooms of the Women's Art Association, will have to be deferred.

Something new is La Societe des Arts du Canada, which has lately been formed in Montreal. As the prospectus naively remarks, the society "is well aware that it is not supplying a long-felt want," but it is founded "with a view to disseminate the taste for art, and to encourage and help artists." To this end it has appealed to the fellowship of French artists, with what results the catalogue shows. This little book gives a short biographical sketch of the artist members, accompanied by a number of beautiful illustrations. We wish the society all success in attaining the aims it has in view.

Mr. G. Bruenech is again leaving Toronto for a short time to return at the end of the year. We are glad to know that the exhibition just closed, of this genial and courteous artist, was in spite of hard times and predictions to the contrary, a genuine success—ten of his fine water-colours, including those two noble paintings, "A Norwegian Fjord" and "The Monarch of the St. Lawrence," having found satisfactory purchasers. Pictures such as those of Mr. Bruenech's should sell well anywhere, and lose none of their attractiveness when their exhibition is conducted by the able, modest and gentlemanly artist, whose worthy creations they are.

The November Art Amateur quotes the following criticism from a London newspaper, on the work of some of the Impressionistic painters who are appearing in force just now: "Ye gods! I do not set up to be an art critic, but wild omnibus horses will never drag from me the admission that a nude woman with a pea-green skin is an object of beauty. Nor is saffron-yellow skin attractive. A skelton woman may possibly be amiable, intelligent and faithful—specially faithful—but her beauty will always be open to some faint doubt. A pink fox on blue heather might prove a great attraction at the Royal Aquarium, but will posterity ever take him seriously? I have no desire to be frivolous, but in these depressing days I can recommend nothing better calculated to raise the dejected spirits, than frequent visits to Nos. 102, 98, 85, and 87. I can only hope that these triumphs of incoherent art may find happy and luxurious homes—in America."

From the Boston Letter, of a recent number of the New York Critic, we clip the following: "In the Art Museum today are to be placed the famous Theodor Graf mummy portraits which were displayed at the World's Fair. The collection numbers nearly one hundred pieces, and the value of the portraits is said to range from \$200 to \$20,000 a piece. They are painted life-size upon thin wooden panels, and were attached to the Egyptian mummy-cases unearthed a little time ago in the Nile district. It is said that the panel was so placed as to be directly over the face of the body and was so wrapped as to leave the portrait alone visible, the lids of the boxes being arranged so that they could be thrown back and reveal the paint-

ing to friends who wished to view the face. It is supposed that the pictures represent members of the higher classes, as jewels are shown in abundance on the women, while many of the men wear golden laurel-leaves. The time of the portraits is supposed to be the second century before the Christian era."

From an exceedingly good article on Millet, in the Leisure Hour, this is taken: "In his rural neighbourhood Millet won sincere respect. The peasants knew him as one of themselves—and something more. He could not only understand their work, but he could advise upon it. He used to say to his artist friends: "It is always the human side which touches me in art. I wish to do nothing that is not the result of an impression from reality. It is not the joyous side of things that appears to me. The joyous side to me is a fiction. I do not know where it is. I have never seen it. Maybe I do not care to see it. True life-labour is not gay nor merry, as some like us to believe. Nevertheless, for my part, it is there that I find true humanity with all its poetry." Yet he entered heartily into the humours—humour always touched with pathos—of the peasant life about him, such as that of the old widower who pronounced himself "bien desert," yet whose thrift, upon his death-bed, made him bid his niece, "Marie, put out the candle." "But, uncle, suppose you want something!" "Put out the candle, I tell you. One does not need light to die!"

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Sousa's superb band has been engaged for the entire midwinter exhibition at San Francisco.

Mr. H. M. Field will give a piano recital at the Pavilion on Dec. 11th, assisted by Miss Hibbard, soprano, of New York.

Laura-Schirmer Mapleson is appearing all this week at the Grand Opera House in De Koven's Comic Opera, *The Fencing Master*.

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser has recently been appointed Principal of the new School of Elocution and Delsarte established in the Toronto College of Music.

Mr. A. S. Vogt is diligently rehearsing Spohr's Oratorio, "The Last Judgment," and expects to have the work ready at an early date. The chorus is a good one, and under Mr. Vogt's careful training and conducting will give some good examples of singing in this beautiful work.

Henri Marteau, the famous young French violinist, has arrived in New York and will give some fifty concerts throughout the United States and Canada during the season. We understand he will play in Toronto in February or March next, under Mr. I. E. Suckling's management. He is a violinistic wonder.

Whilst many regretted the inability of Eugene Field to appear at the Kleiser Star Course entertainment last week, the illness of the American poet and humorist, afforded Mr. Kleiser the opportunity of proving how well at short notice he could fill the void. The concert was, under the circumstances, most creditable.

An interesting and enjoyable chamber music concert, was given at the College of Music, Pembroke street, last Wednesday evening, consisting of trios for piano, violin and 'cello, piano solos, and songs. The performers were, Mr. Kling-enfield, violin; Mr. Ruth, 'cello; Miss Sullivan, Miss Mansfield, and Mr. Welshman, pianists, and Miss McKay and Mr. Chattoe, vocalists. A large audience was present.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, the Chicago pianiste, has performed in Berlin, Prussia.

ela, and created the highest enthusiasm. She will play at Leipzig, Vienna, Dresden, Prague, Mannheim, Frankfort, Cologne and London, returning to America in February. It will probably be remembered, that this gifted and magnificent performer, played in Toronto in the Academy of Music in the fall of 1889, and aroused no little excitement on the part of the large audience, for she has poetry, repose, fire, dash, and a delightful spontaneity, which is absolutely telling. Fannie Bloomfield deserves her well-won triumph.

We are pleased to know that the chorus work which is being prepared under Mr. Torrington's direction for the opening of the Massey Music Hall in May next, is progressing most favourably, and the prospects are that we shall hear some excellent chorus singing on that occasion. We think it was a mistake that the representative musicians of the city had not been called together to discuss the question of what should constitute the performances at the dedication of such an important building, which is to be devoted entirely to musical representations. If the Hall is intended for the people, the performances should be free from the reproach of one-sidedness. We think all the musicians in the city should have been invited to co-operate, so that the programmes at the outset might be thoroughly representative, irrespective of schools or creeds. Had this been so, every musician would have taken a personal interest, not only in the opening performances, but also in the permanent success of the undertaking.

LIBRARY TABLE.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE CHINOOKAN

LANGUAGES (Including the Chinook Jargon.) By James Constantine Pilling. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1893.

That indefatigable worker, Mr. Pilling, has added another wreath to his aboriginal laurels in his Chinookan Bibliography. Already Canada has contributed to his Algonquin, Iroquoian, Siouan, Athapascan and Eskimo bibliographies, because within its borders representatives of these native families are found. In his treatise on the Muskogians our Dominion had no share, but that on the Chinooks places her on a high throne of bibliographical honor. Chinook is rather a ridiculous word on English ears, but it is not unlike Canuck, the name by which the American designates the Canadian. This word Canuck is probably the Iroquois name of the Flint tribe, while the American name as the Iroquois *yonkwe*, a man, a warrior. Beyond being brother aborigines, the Chinooks and the Caniengas or Mohawks have little in common. The former dwell from the mouth of the Columbia River northward into British Columbia. They are typical Flat-heads, weavers, whalers, carvers in stone, and traders, whose jargon, composed of various Indian dialects and a mixture of English and French, somewhat resembles the pigeon English of Hong Kong. Among the Canadians who have studied more or less seriously their language and jargon, the omnivorous Mr. Pilling enumerates the late Sir Daniel Wilson, Drs. Tolmie and Dawson, and Messrs. Anderson, Blanchet, Bolduc, Chamberlain, Deiters, Franchère, Good, Hale, Langevin, etc. Any one who wants to know all that has been written about the Chinooks will find his directions in Mr. Pilling's admirable monograph.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY. J. W. Powell, Director. 1886-87. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1891.

We are near the end of 1893, but this report has only now reached Canada. From '87 to '91 is four years, the time required to print the report, and from '91 to '93 is two, the space necessary for distributing the same as far as the Dominion, after members of Congress had been supplied. It is a handsome folio of 298 pages, 123 large plates, many of

which are in colors, and of 118 cuts. It contains two works of merit: the first, A Study of Pueblo Architecture, Tusayan and Cibola, by Victor Mindeleff; the second, Ceremonial of the Hasjelti Dailji and Mythical Sand Painting of the Navajo Indians, by James Stevenson. The Pueblo or Village Indians of Arizona and New Mexico have lately attracted much attention, and their communal walled villages have been objects of great interest to all observers. Many writers, from the late Lewis Morgan onwards, have treated of the architecture of these remarkable structures, but it has remained to Mr. Mindeleff to make an exhaustive study of it, as 228 pages of the report indicate. The Navajos of Arizona, like the Apaches, are a southern branch of the Athapascan or Tinne Indians, most of whose families are found in our own North-West. These Navajos have a religious ceremony called Hasjelti Dailji or Dance of Hasjelti, who is their chief god. Mr. Stevenson was fortunate enough to witness this ceremony in company with 1,200 Navajos, and in fifty folio pages he describes the doings of the nine days during which it lasted. His paper concludes with some valuable information concerning Navajo mythology. In papers such as these the Bureau of Ethnology is laying up treasures for all time.

AN AUSTRALIAN LANGUAGE AS SPOKEN BY THE AWABAKAL OF LAKE MACQUARIE. By L. E. Threlkeld. Edited with an Appendix by John Fraser, LL.D. Sydney, N.S.W.: Charles Potter, Government Printer. 1892.

This book, of which we gave notice last year, has been prepared with a view to distribution at the World's Fair. The New South Wales commissioner brought copies over with him and has remembered us with one of them. It is a morocco bound octavo of lxiv., x., 227, and 148 pages, in all 449, accompanied with a large ethnographic map and three portraits of aboriginal Australians. Mr. Threlkeld, whose work forms the basis of this book, died in 1859, leaving his lexicon incomplete. Dr. Fraser's introduction of sixty-four pages is largely taken up with comparative philology. Then follows Threlkeld's Grammar as published in 1834; next, his key to the language as published in 1850; and after it the Gospel by St. Luke in Awabakal, printed for the first time from the original manuscript of the same author; to which is added his incomplete manuscript lexicon. Dr. Fraser's elaborate Appendix includes the Rev. E. Livingstone's grammar, etc., of the Minyung people; the Rev. G. Taplin's grammar of the Narringeri tribe; an anonymous grammar of the language of Western Australia; the Rev. Archdeacon Gunther's grammar of the Wirradhuri tongue; Threlkeld's prayers in the Awabakal; the Rev. W. Ridley's Kamilaroi Sayings, and, finally, Threlkeld's Specimens of a Dialect of the Aborigines of New South Wales, first published in 1827. It will thus be seen that this gift of the Government of New South Wales is a perfect treasure-house of Australian philological lore. The Government was fortunate in having at its disposal the valuable services of Dr. Fraser, whose extensive learning and great interest in the aborigines of the Antipodes pre-eminently fit him for such a task as the preparation of this most acceptable and useful book.

HINDU LITERATURE OR THE ANCIENT BOOKS OF INDIA. By Elizabeth A. Reed, Member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain. Chicago: L. C. Griggs & Company. Price \$2.00.

This is a handsome, well printed and bound octavo of 410 pages, written by that accomplished lady, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, whose work on Persian literature, Ancient and Modern, has been reviewed in these pages. Mrs. Reed has given a good deal of attention to the writings of our Aryan brethren in the East, and, being possessed of a good English style and a keen literary instinct, has produced two deservedly popular books dealing with them. In this work, she begins necessarily

with the Vedas, the hymns of which are the oldest of Sanscrit compositions, and rightly regards the Rig Veda as the oldest and most important of the four. The pure unmitigated polytheism of these hymns, their anthropomorphic conceptions, and their occasional gross immorality she does not dwell upon, but has a treatise on their mythology which compares it with that of other Aryan peoples, following Burnouf and his successors. The fact is, that the greater part of the Hindu mythology was borrowed from the aboriginal Turanians. In a chapter on the Vedas and the Suttee, the author shows that the Rig Veda at any rate furnishes no authority for the burning of widows. The Brahmanas are many, and are the service books or rubrics accompanying the hymns and prayers, comprising the minute priestly ceremonial of Hindu worship. These are illustrated by fitting examples. The sixth chapter treats of the Institutes or Code of Manu, the lawgiver, answering to the Greek Minos and the Egyptian Menes. Most writers regard this foundation of the Caste System to be as old as the most Ancient Vedas. Properly speaking, the Upanishads, which are the most recent parts of the Brahmanas and treat of mystical and theological questions involved in the Mantras or Vedas proper, and in the older Brahmanas, should have been dealt with before the Institutes, and it is unlike Mrs. Reed's orderly mind that it should be otherwise in her volume. Having her chief material before herself and her readers, she now proceeds to set forth the ancient Hindu teaching on the subjects of Cosmogony, the Origin of Man, Metempsychosis and Rewards and Punishments, all of which is satisfactorily done. Then come the Itihasas or Sanscrit Epics, of which there are two, that in point of length put all other epics to the blush, the Ramayana or adventures of Rama and the Mahabharata or Great Bharatan War between the Kurus and the Pandus. To each of these epics Mrs. Reed devotes four interesting chapters. The Bhagavad Gita, which claims an extra chapter, is really an interpolation in the Mahabharata and is a philosophical discourse in verse, delivered by the demigod Krishna. The twenty-second chapter is taken up with the Puranas or mythological treatises, not very ancient but among the most interesting of Sanscrit documents from the historical standpoint. Another chapter is devoted to Krishna, why, it is hard to say, and the concluding one sets forth the religious and moral teaching of the various writings.

Mrs. Reed is too ambitious in her titles; we do not mean her title of membership in the Philosophical Society of Great Britain which any one can obtain on payment of the necessary fees, but of her books. Her delightful companion volume she calls Persian literature, which it is not; it is a very pleasant, thoughtful, and well written popular sketch of Persian poetry. This book she calls Hindu literature; it is not Sanscrit literature, nor even Sanscrit poetry, far less that vast subject, Hindu literature. Where is that famous poem, the Raja Tarangini or metrical history of the kings of Cashmere? Where the works of Kalidasa and Sakuntala? What about the representatives of Hindu philosophy? Then, again, the earliest Buddhist writings were Hindu, even if they were not Sanscrit, and they are numerous in the extreme. Mrs. Reed has no word for the Tripitaka or Buddhist canon, nor for the Mahavansa or Buddhist history of India, nor for the works of Jains and Sikhs. Hindu literature is as large a thing as German literature, which is far from exhausted after Uphilas, the Niebelungen Lied, and the Minnesingers have been illustrated. So far as Mrs. Reed has gone she has done her work well, and her book has already, we trust, awakened an interest on American ground in the literature of the distant east, but at least one chapter is wanting in her book to tell how small a portion, albeit a most important one, of the whole field she has touched, and how great a thing is that Hindu literature of which she has only given the foundation. For instance, we find the originals of Æsop's Fables in the Sanscrit Hitopodesa and Pankatantra; would it not be of interest to our American lovers of Uncle

Remus to know this? Probably the author and her publishers will answer that her work was not meant to be a Cyclopaedia of Indian literature, and that, had it been such, it would have lost all its charm and popularity. To this we assent, with the demurrer that another title might have been chosen to designate more truthfully a really charming volume of cultivated taste and learned research.

PERIODICALS.

The November Writer discusses schemes for schools of journalism and has papers amusing and interesting to literary workers and others.

Book Chat has its customary notices and selections in the November number, and the Notes, short notices and other departments are well filled.

Portraits of Mrs. F. A. Steel and Mr. Frederick Weckmore will be found in the November Bookman as well as prints of the Keats houses in Hampstead and the ruins of the old Brontë cottage. The literary features of the Bookman are as usual attractive, and excellent.

University Extension for October and November contains much useful information as to the movement whose name it bears. A few popular articles would invite a wider circulation, and with that wider patronage a greater impulse to the demand for the work it is designed to further would be given.

Stories for November has the unfortunate complement of thirteen short stories. No doubt readers will only think of the number in reading stories which are not of especial interest to them. Conan Doyle, Edgar Fawcett, "The Duchess," W. E. Norris and Joseph Halton are some of the contributors to this number.

Electrical Engineering for November has a timely paper advocating an adaptation of electricity, of absorbing interest by which that dread scourge fire can be made self-revealing through rise of temperature at its source. This number presents De Land's most useful index as a supplement, including 56 sheets under separate cover.

November Poet-Lore, besides a notice of antiquarian interest of Walter Map, the first English essayist, has a brief article on Caliban as presented by Shakespeare and by Browning. We incline to accept the writer's idea that Browning has taken the great dramatist's creation, and supplied the subjective side of that weird character. Shakespeare's Caliban was for the stage, Browning's picture for the study.

Lovers of the weed will take no comfort from the Journal of Hygiene for the month. Its testimony is not favorable to its use. Some smokers ought to read, mark and learn from such words as these: "It is to be regretted that they are so obvious to all but their own comfort, that stricter rules are not enforced to prohibit the practice in public places and mixed assemblies." There are also gentlemen smokers who are not gentlemen.

The Westminster for November is an average number, but no article appears to demand special notice unless it be that on "Cruel Sports." We confess to unqualified sympathy with the sentiment that "All sport, in so far as it implies the destruction of sentient beings for the purpose of mere amusement must be condemned as quite incompatible with any civilized ethic"; our only wonder is that Christian ethics does not more seriously make this manifest.

The Contemporary has an article sympathetic with the miners on the great strike, characterizing the struggle as "the awakening of the working class to self-consciousness and deliberate common purpose." We can but express the hope that the Christianity which the Christ brought into the world may so permeate all classes that individualism may realize the solidarity of our social life, and that society will learn that its perfection consists in the well being of each and every individual.

Other papers in this number we would specially indicate are "Christianity and Mohammedanism," and "The Problem of the Family in the United States."

The Nineteenth Century opens with an article on "England and France in Asia," in which some very serious questions are raised as to the immediate future of the Indian Empire, a subject too weighty to be more than noticed here. "Chats with Jane Clermont," who figured somewhat in Lord Byron's fitful history and Shelley's erratic life, has interest for those who would understand those wayward poets, and has the merit of being information at first hand. The reader of Prof. St. George Mivart's comparison of Christianity and Roman Paganism will most likely rise from its perusal with the impression, if not conviction, that an amount of baptized paganism still is called by the name of the prophet of Nazareth. Mr. Swinburne has an appreciative criticism on Victor Hugo's "Toute la Lyre," in this number.

Blackwood for November closes with an article of special interest to Canadians—"The Fur Seal and the Award." Bearing testimony to the integrity of the commission and the importance of the arbitration precedent, the writer points out that the question of preserving the seal is yet unsettled, for under other flags than those of the contracting parties the catching may be practically unlimited, unless indeed the other powers consent to the same terms, which is a question of the uncertain future. Nor from a zoological standpoint are questions as to the habits of the seal and the proper hunting season by any means made sure. The writer too seems just in concluding that while Britain gained her points on the international question raised, the United States have not lost material advantages. Another article on line fisheries or beam-trawlers shows the growing national importance of fishing grounds.

The Idler for the month is good. The article on Father Ignatius is instructive. We give a short extract therefrom as the Father's account of his own bias when the child was father of the man:—"I was, even as a child, of a very religious turn of mind. When I was ever so little, if a Quaker passed the window, my mother used to call me to see him, because I was so fond of them on account of the stand they seemed to me to make against the world for religion's sake. I was educated for the Church at the Scotch Theological College of Glenalmond. It was at my first curacy at St. James', Plymouth, where I met Dr. Pusey and Miss Sellon, the lady who first restored the monastic life for women in the Church of England, that I determined in 1861 to embrace the life of a monk." And thus the Middle Ages finds reproduction in the Anglican Church. Two other papers in this number will be widely read: The sketch of George Meredith by Anne Wakeman Lathrop, and John Strange Winter's story of her first book.

That able controversialist Mr. W. D. Le Sueur crosses swords with John S. Ewart, Q.C., on "State Education and 'Isms,'" in the November number of The Canadian Magazine. W. Sanford Evans has a hopeful paper on "The Canadian Club Movement," and Miss Machar a strong lyric entitled "Thermopylae," dedicated to the Canadian National League.

"A fairer Canada is ours than that young Duvalac knew,
And wider realms are ours to hold than Champlain wandered through;
'Tis ours to wage a nobler war than that of fire and steel—
Subtler the foes that threaten now our country's peace and weal."

Professor L. E. Hornung treats us to a somewhat ambitious paper on the rugged and powerful Anglo-Saxon epic "Beowulf," to which he gives the title "The English Homer." Mr. Ogilvie's graphic paper in the series "Down the Yukon" conducts the reader of the adventurous narrative to Fort McPherson. There are other interesting features in this number of our popular and successful magazine.

All who take an interest in the great strike of the English coal miners, and are ready to

condemn, at least as fools, the quarter of a million of able-bodied men who with their families have endured untold hardships in the struggle, should read in the November fortnightly what they have to say; the coal barons are not all in the right, and the question will yet be pressed as to how far not only public wealth, but public necessities, such as the coal products certainly are, shall be in the future subject to the suicidal competition of the business world of to-day. These labour questions are likely to affect the stability (ought we to write in-stability) of Mr. Gladstone's government, for in this same number is what in reality is a manifesto from the Fabian Society, recounting the many shortcomings of the Government in the matter of the Newcastle programme under which Mr. Morley's election at least was finally won. English artisans care little for Home Rule, only to get it out of the way, but they are clamouring for legislation nearer home, and it will go ill at the polls with the G.O.M. if in some decided manner their cry is not heard. "X" draws a sad picture of "The Ireland of To-day," and severely handles the railway companies as largely responsible for the decline in Ireland's industries; and reasonably so, if as alleged "a barrel of flour can be brought from Chicago, 1,000 miles by rail, and 3,000 by water, and landed in Liverpool for less money than it costs to bring it from Londonderry to Manchester—and a little over twice as much to bring a barrel of fish from Sacramento, Cal., to London, as it does to bring one from Galway to London?"

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., an able and thoughtful contributor to our columns, will receive the sympathy of our readers in his sad bereavement: the death of his wife on the 19th inst.

The Christmas number of Scribner's will contain a novelty in magazine illustration—a form of sixteen pages of beautiful half-tone pictures printed with a tint, illustrating the delicate material of the sculptures of the Robbias.

The visit of Mr. W. T. Stead, the well-known London journalist, to Toronto has been a subject of interest to many of our people. The Review of Reviews, founded by Mr. Stead, has attained great success, and the mammoth journal, which he is projecting, will no doubt, guided as it will be by a spirit so energetic, enterprising and progressive, achieve equal if not greater success.

The D. Lothrop Company's announcements for the present season comprise books of the most attractive characters for young or old, illustrated and otherwise, and adapted to suit tastes in great variety. Especially are the little ones well provided for, and what with "Nursery Stories and Rhymes," "Mother Goose" editions, "Rhymes, Chimes and Jingles" and "Wide Awake" Annuals, etc., many a little child-heart will be made merry by these good publishers.

The Cassell Publishing Company was sold at auction on Friday, Oct. 27th, the purchasers being The Cassell Publishing Co. The new concern consists of some of the stockholders of the old company, with others. The Company will continue to be the sole agents of Cassell & Co. (Ltd.), of London. Among the first publications of The Cassell Publishing Co. will be the "Life and Later Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew," and a new novel by Sarah Grand, author of "The Heavenly Twins."

William Briggs has in hand the manuscript copy of a revised and enlarged edition of "The Birds of Ontario," by Thomas McIlwraith, of Hamilton. The author claims the work to be "a concise account of every species of bird known to have been found in Ontario, with a description of the nests and eggs." The first edition of this work, published in Hamilton, passed out of print, and the repeated enquiries for it led the enterprising house above

mentioned to urge the author to prepare a new edition. This he has done, adding materially to the work as it first appeared. Features of importance of the new edition are "Instructions for collecting birds and preparing and preserving skins," and also "directions how to form a collection of eggs." The publisher proposes embellishing the book with a number of illustrations. There are many who feeling more than a passing interest in our feathered friends will be delighted to know that this excellent work is to be re-issued in enlarged form. The book is dedicated, by permission, to Lady Aberdeen.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

LETHAL FORCE OF A WASP STING.

Dr. A. Ivor Thomas gives in the *Lancet* an account of the effects of a wasp's sting on the middle finger of the left hand of a man of fifty-six, on September 25, a time of the year when wasps have plenty of other work to do. On admission to the hospital the man became faint, and severe pains extended up his arm and all over his body; a severe rigor followed, ending in violent vomiting and diarrhoea. The sting, it appears, had been abstracted by the man's wife, but when the doctor reached the patient he found him in a cold, collapsed condition, having a thin, wiry pulse, with the temperature 98 degs. Fahr. There was no difficulty in breathing, but the tongue and throat were described by the patient as becoming "larger." The patient recovered, but his case shows what a wasp can do with his sting.

A CURIOUS RECOVERY.

Canon MacColl quotes, in the *Spectator*, a remarkable case related to him by a physician who had been a pupil of Sir Charles Bell, the eminent author of "The Bridgewater Treatise on the Hand." Sir Charles used to tell the following story to his class: A surgeon who went over the field of Waterloo after the battle found a man lying with his scalp cut off by a sabre stroke. He picked up the scalp, and finding the man breathing, though unconscious, he ordered him to be placed among the wounded, clapping at the same time, the severed scalp on his head, in order that it might be buried with him, for he did not expect the poor man would recover. The following day, he found the man conscious, and his scalp adhering to his head, but with the ends reversed; for the surgeon, thinking the man was dying, took no pains to fix the scalp properly. The man recovered, and had to wear his scalp the wrong end forward.

MACHINES TO RELIEVE INSOMNIA.

Two remarkable machines have, it seems, been devised for the benefit of the sleepless. One of these, by compressing the carotid arteries, check the flow of blood to the brain, and so causes sleep. This strikes one as a somewhat brutal mode of summoning Morpheus, and Dr. Crichton Browne would not recommend it to his audience. He was bound to admit that it recalled the garrotter, and he could not echo the wish of the inventor that it should find a place on every pillow where insomnia had established itself. The other machine, which is suggestive of an attempt to kick the sufferer into the land of dreams, is a kind of boot. By the production of a vacuum in this apparatus, a flow of blood to the leg on which it is fitted is induced, and the blood vessels of the brain are relieved. The lecturer, however, seemed to think that it would perhaps be safer to try a mustard foot bath than to have recourse to such a risky remedy.—*Westminster Gazette*.

Nature is upheld by antagonism; Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.—Emerson.

A WOMAN'S TRIALS.

A HAPPY RELEASE FROM YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Mrs. Blondin Relates a Story of Deep Interest to all Women, Thousands of Whom Suffer as she did—Life was Almost Unbearable.

From the Cornwall Freeholder.

Since the publication in these columns some months ago of the particulars of the marvellous cure wrought on Mr. William Moore, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, there has been a largely increased demand in this section for this sovereign remedy for the many ills that weak human flesh is heir to, and the druggists report an immense sale. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess genuine merit does not admit of a shadow of doubt. Not a week passes that cures of long-standing illness are not reported through the agency of this marvellous remedy, and columns might be filled with the experiences of persons who have been restored to vigorous health by reason of their life-giving properties. A very noticeable case has been brought to the attention of the *Freeholder*; and that the facts might be given for the benefit of other suffering mortals, we have taken the trouble to verify them.

Everybody in Cornwall knows John B. Blondin, who has for several years been employed by Almon B. Warner as an agent for the sale of sewing machines, furniture, etc., especially among the French section of the town, where he is thoroughly acquainted and highly respected. Those who were intimate with Mr. Blondin sympathized deeply with him in the heavy affliction he suffered for many years in the continued illness of his wife, who from a complication of diseases was unable to render any but the slightest assistance in household matters, which were perforce left to himself and his small children. Mr. Blondin at that time lived in the north-west part of the town, which for lack of drainage is rather unhealthy; and to the bad sanitary condition of his house, among the other causes, Mr. Blondin attributes his wife's breakdown. Mr. Blondin now resides over the old post office, and when the reporter called there he was introduced to Mrs. Blondin, who appeared well and hearty, and certainly very far removed from the wreck of humanity, such as she must have been, from all accounts, a few months ago.

"I wish you could tell me something about your case, Mrs. Blondin," said the reporter, "though I should hardly thin from your looks you had been an invalid."

"Well sir," said Mrs. Blondin, "I was for several years a very sick woman. I had a constant racking headache, no appetite, my skin was dry and peeling off, I had pains in my back, neck and shoulders, and was constantly tired and indeed very miserable."

"Yes," interjected Mr. Blondin, "I began to give up all hope of ever seeing her well again. I had spent a good deal of money in doctoring, and she seemed to be getting worse instead of better; in fact I had made up my mind she was going to die, and most people were of the same opinion."

"What was it that cured her?"

"Well," said Mr. Blondin, "I was talking to a neighbour one day, and he said, why don't you try those Pink Pills that are so much talked about? I had not paid much attention to them, but thought they might be worth trying."

"I didn't want to take any more medicine," said Mrs. Blondin, "but after some persuasion I sent for a box of the Pink Pills, and I must say I had not finished the first box before I began to feel better. The first benefit I experienced was that my headaches were not so severe; then they disappeared altogether and with them the pains I had been complaining of. I began to take more interest in the affairs of the house, and was able to send the children to school again. My neighbours noticed the difference, and by the time I had taken five boxes I was as well as ever in my life. I had been very thin, but gradually regained flesh and strength again, and felt altogether like a new woman. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my friends and neighbours, and know of several cases where they have done much good. There are many women suffering as I did, and I earnestly recommend them to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a thorough trial."

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after physicians had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus's dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

Money does all things—for it gives and it takes away; it makes honest men and knaves, fools and philosophers; and so forward, mutatis mutandis, to the end of the chapter.—*L'Estrange*.

Every want not of a low kind, physical as well as moral, which the human breast feels, and which brutes do not feel, and cannot feel, raises man by so much in the scale of existence, and is a clear proof and a direct instance of the favour of God toward His so much favoured human offspring.—Daniel Webster.

SIGNOR LEONARDO VEGARA.

Lovers of music in Toronto are to be congratulated upon the settlement in the midst of an eminent musical star, late of the Italian Opera, London, England, who has distinguished himself both in Europe and the United States as a solo vocalist and professor of music of remarkable ability. He is now busy preparing his pupils for a grand popular concert, which, it is anticipated, will prove a great treat to those who can appreciate choice music. The signor is an adept in voice-producing, and teaches all kinds of singing—Solfeggio, Operas, Oratorios and Songs. He is also an accomplished linguist, and his pupils have the option of singing in a variety of languages, including English, Italian, French, German and Spanish. Any person wishing to study for the profession especially, could not wish for a better opportunity, as the professor has excellent facilities for introducing pupils to grand opera, opera comique and concert stage in the United States and Europe, where many ex-pupils of his now occupy lucrative positions. Signor Vegara is a gentleman of attractive presence and suave manners. His eminent abilities and excellent reputation have been already recognized in Toronto by his appointments in Toronto College of Music and Loretto Abbey. We trust, in the interests of the art, that his career amongst us will prove a brilliant success.

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1. Withdraw the total cash value of the policy;

OR,

2. Purchase a paid-up policy, payable at death;

OR,

3. Withdraw the surplus in cash, and continue the original policy in force (without payment of any further premiums thereon), such policy participating in future surplus;

OR,

4. Use the surplus to purchase an annuity for life, and continue policy in force without payment of any further premiums;

OR,

5. Use the surplus towards cancelling any loan or debt on the policy, and continue the original policy in force without payment of any further premiums thereon.

This advantageous form of Investment Policy is issued only by the North American Life Assurance Company.

Head Office, Toronto.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Physicians, travellers, pioneers, settlers, invalids, and all classes of people of every degree, testify to the medicinal and tonic virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, the most popular and effective medicine extant. It cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Hallfax Chronicle: As Principal Grant says, we have found out that "Canada cannot isolate herself." The United States have found that out also; hence the movement for tariff reform. We have blindly followed in the wake of the United States, in copying their protection system. We must abandon that folly and copy, as closely as circumstances will permit, the free trade policy of the mother country.

Ottawa Free Press: If Alonzo Wright will accept the seat in the Senate vacated by the death of Sir John Abbott, it ought to be given to him. Mr. Wright is respected by Conservatives and Reformers, and he is a gentleman of mature judgment who would prove useful as well as ornamental in the Senate. Sir John Abbott represented the Inkerman division, which embraces the counties of Argenteuil, Ottawa and Pontiac.

London Free Press: Let the electors of this Province bestir themselves at once; let them realize that they are the fountain of municipal honour and the masters of the situation; let them not wait for the application of the office-seeker; but let them find out and induce to come out, and let them confer their honours upon men of the highest standing and best abilities, and they will at the same time dignify the positions, protect their own interests and reflect credit upon themselves.

Montreal Gazette: When Canadians, who ought to know better, are using what intelligence and influence they have to create disloyal and unpatriotic discontent, it is time that those who love their country should unite to shield her from the foes who menace her life. These foes may not be very formidable, but when they pose as representatives of Canadian sentiment, it is the duty of every true Canadian, whatever be his party allegiance, to protest against such audacious usurpation.

Hamilton Herald: What the real strength of the McCarthy movement is will never be known until the next general elections are held. At his meetings held here, there and everywhere throughout the country he is greeted by large and apparently sympathetic audiences. This may not mean that his cause is growing in popular favour, because, as everybody knows, it is one thing to hold successful public meetings and quite another to win elections, but there is good reason for the belief that the apparent approval is something more than a mere surface indication of feeling.

St. John Telegraph: Having established the proposition to his own satisfaction, that the policy of the people of Canada should be to preserve their freedom by encouraging independence in the press and in parliament, Dr. Grant asks the question, What immediate uses should we make of our freedom? He answers it by saying that there is hardly a department in which there is not work for us to do, whether social, politic, or economic. He instances the question of cheap transportation as one which requires to be better settled, especially in connection with rates on railways. The liquor question is another which he regards as demanding immediate attention. . . . Dr. Grant's views, whether the reader can agree with them fully or not, are worthy the attention of the people of Canada, as those of an able, well informed and patriotic Canadian.

Love, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope and charity for another being, perhaps but the creation of his imagination; still, it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving, even in his imagination.—Arthur Helps.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, causing distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of

Distress the bowels. Dyspepsia does

After not get well of itself. It

Eating requires careful attention,

and a remedy like Hood's

Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently.

It tones the stomach, regulates the diges-

tion, creates a good **Sick**

appetite, banishes headache, **Headache**

and refreshes the mind. **Headache**

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I

had but little appetite, and what I did eat

distressed me, or did me

little good. After eating I

would have a faint or tired,

all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten

anything. My trouble was aggravated by

my business, painting. Last

spring I took Hood's Sar-

saparilla, which did me an

immense amount of good. It gave me an

appetite, and my food relished and satisfied

the craving I had previously experienced."

GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only

by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1893

The undersigned will receive tenders for supplies up to noon on

MONDAY, NOV. 27th, 1893.

—FOR THE SUPPLY OF—

Butchers' Meat, Butter, Flour, Oatmeal, Potatoes, Cordwood, etc.

For the following institutions during the year 1894, viz:—At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, and Orillia; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; The Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene, the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind at Brantford.

Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract. Specifications and forms of tender can only be had on making application to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

N.B.—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Mimico, nor to the Central Prison and Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. CHRISTIE,
T. F. CHAMBERLAIN,
JAMES NOXON,

Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities.
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, November 13, 93.

Life is before you: not earthly life alone, but life—a thread running interminably through the warp of eternity.—J. G. Holland.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean; tears from the depth of some divine despair rise in the heart and gather in the eyes in looking on the happy autumn fields, and thinking of the days that are no more.—Tennyson.

FOR BOILS AND SKIN DISEASES.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using B.B.B. for boils and skin diseases, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have also found it unequalled.

MRS. SARAH HAMILTON, Montreal, Que.

What a chimera is man! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and the scandal of the universe.—Pascal.

THE JUDGES Of the
WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION
 Have made the
HIGHEST AWARDS

(Medals and Diplomas) to

WALTER BAKER & CO.

On each of the following named articles:

- BREAKFAST COCOA,
- Premium No. 1, Chocolate, . . .
- Vanilla Chocolate,
- German Sweet Chocolate, . . .
- Cocoa Butter,

For "purity of material," "excellent flavor," and "uniform even composition."

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations, RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA, Frost-bites, Chilblains, Headache, Toothache, Asthma,

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

It was the First and is the Only

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

ALL INTERNAL PAINS, Cramps in the Bowels or Stomach, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency, Fainting Spells, are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking internally as directed.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S RELIEF.

25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY & CO.,

419 St. James Street, Montreal.

RADWAY'S
PILLS,

Always Reliable.

Purely Vegetable.

Possess properties the most extraordinary in restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action the various organs, the natural conditions of which are so necessary for health, grapple with and neutralize the impurities, driving them completely out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Have long been acknowledged as the Best Cure for

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE LIVER.

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The Prussian railway authorities have discovered, they say, that petroleum may be used advantageously in removing the incrustations in boilers.

The largest artesian well in the United States, is said to be at Chamberlain, South Dakota, which is eight inches in diameter and ejects 8,000 gallons a minute.

An ingenious Pennsylvanian has invented a signal clock for railways, by means of which every passing train registers the hour for the benefit of the engineer on the next one.

The development of intense heat by sending an electric current through water by Messrs. Soho and Lagrange has led Krupp to consider whether or not he can utilize that plan for hardening the skin of steel plates; and it may also be applied to tempering tools.

Shops for retail traffic in electricity—in other words, electric charging stations—for the supply of power to storage batteries used in running launches, bicycles, carriages and telephones, are being established in large cities abroad. There are two or three in New York also.

A device has been invented in Austria, to be used on the army rifle, which allows that weapon to be fired only when pointed at a certain angle with the horizon. Hungarian and North German inventions of the same kind have also attracted attention. None of these is a great success, though.

Paper is now to be used for belting, it is said. An assistant superintendent of motive power at Lowell proposes it. He says that a paper surface under constant pressure and friction from pulleys grows harder and works well. He believes it is equally serviceable with leather, rubber or cotton, perhaps better, besides being cheaper.

The great diamond recently found in Africa, will weigh, it is thought, when cut, about 500 carats. If it is true that there is a speck at the centre, it will probably be cut in two; but even then the portions will be much heavier than the Koh-i-noor, weighing 186 1-16 carats when cut the first time and only 103 1-2 the second, or the famous brilliant among the Russian crown jewels, weighing 194 carats. Before cutting, a diamond said to have been in the possession of the Great Mogul weighed 900.

A bold scheme for navigation in California has been proposed. It contemplates improving the channel of the San Joaquin from Suisun Bay into which it empties beside the Sacramento, south-eastward to Tulare Lake, a distance of 175 miles. Here and there it may be necessary to cut bits of canal and construct locks; and then Buena Vista and Kern lakes and Kern River will be similarly utilized, so that heavy ships can go up to Bakersfield. At last accounts the \$10,000,000 required for this purpose had not been subscribed.

Germany is said to give more practical encouragement to chemists than any other country. Many factories there employ this class of talent for private research, and are equipped with fine laboratories. For instance, in a new establishment for producing dyes out of coal-tar, at Elberfeld, there are twenty-six skilled chemists in the research department, and over sixty in all departments. Each research chemist is provided with an elaborately fitted up working place, which is practically a complete laboratory of itself. Another German colour factory employs even a greater number of competent chemists—not less than seventy-eight, of whom fifty-six have the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Educational.

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL
 FOR
YOUNG LADIES

Full English Course
 Language, Music
 Drawing, Painting
 etc. For Prospectus
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MISS GRIER,
 LADY PRINCIPAL,
 WYKHAM HALL, TORONTO

Re-opens on Wednesday, Sept. 6th.

MONSARRAT HOUSE

1, CLASSIC AVE., TORONTO.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

MISS VENNOR, PRINCIPAL

(Late Trebovir House, London, Eng.)

A thorough course of instruction will be given in English, Mathematics and Modern Languages. Pupils prepared for University examinations. Classes in Swedish Carving will also be held twice a week.

MISS VEALS'

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
 FOR YOUNG LADIES.

50 and 52 Peter Street, Toronto.

English, Mathematics, Classics, Modern Languages, Art and Music. Pupils prepared for entrance to the Universities, and for the Government examinations in Art. Home care combined with discipline, and high mental training.

Resident, Native, German and French Governesses. A large staff of experienced Professors and Teachers.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
 (FOUNDED 1829.)

A fully equipped residential Boys' School. Besides the Classical and Science Courses, for which the College has long been famous, a thorough Business similar to the one adopted by the London (England) Chamber of Commerce is now taught—eight exhibitions entitling the winners to free tuition are annually open for competition. Winter Term begins January 8th.

For Prospectus apply to
 The PRINCIPAL, U. C. COLLEGE,
 DEER PARK, TORONTO.

MISS DALLAS, Mus. Bac.
 Fellow of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Organist Central Presbyterian Church. PIANO, ORGAN and THEORY. Toronto Conservatory of Music and 90 Bloor Street West.

The ordinances of Newburg, Ore., forbid any person under the age of eighteen to be on the streets alone after 7 o'clock in winter and 8 in summer.

FOR FRIENDS AWAY OVER THE SEA.

The Christmas number of the Montreal STAR is coming out in a few days. The bare announcement was sufficient to create widespread rejoicing, for it is safe to say there never was in any country a Christmas paper that was received with such applause as the Christmas number of the Montreal STAR in past years. To this day letters are received from Great Britain expressive of the admiration of the Christmas STAR, called forth throughout England, Scotland and Ireland. The Christmas STAR is a thing to be proud of, and in sending it away to friends one is conscious that it is sure to give immense pleasure to those who receive it. Lucky will they be who can secure a Christmas STAR when there is such a clamor for them.

From dirt comes dirt, from good comes good, from dirty books comes influences which can never be eradicated, the tendencies of which will last forever, and it should be a very serious question in the mind of every parent, guardian and instructor: "What books shall I allow my young charge to read?"—New York Recorder.

No other sarsaparilla has equalled Hood's in the relief it gives in severest cases of dyspepsia, sick headache, biliousness, etc.

IT COVERS A GOOD DEAL OF GROUND



—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And when you hear that it cures so many diseases, perhaps you think "it's too good to be true."

But it's only reasonable. As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing like the "Discovery" is known to medical science.

The diseases that it cures come from a torpid liver, or from impure blood. For everything of this nature, it is the only guaranteed remedy. In Dyspepsia, Biliousness; all Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, and in the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases —if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The worse your Catarrh, the more you need Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer \$500 cash for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

Wedding Invitations, "At Home" and Visiting Cards,

ENGRAVED OR PRINTED.

* *Correct in Style, and at Fair Prices.*

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Write for particulars to.....

"The Week"

Printing Department,

5 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

AGENTS WANTED for our marvellous picture, The Illustrated Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments, which is a creation of genius, a master-piece of art and an attractive household picture, beautifully executed in eight handsome colors; printed on heavy plate paper 16x22 inches. Sample copies sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Special terms.

C. R. PARISH & CO.,
59 Queen Street East,
TORONTO, ONT

KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE
DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.

A safeguard against infectious diseases. Sold by chemists throughout the world. W. G. DUNN & CO. Works—Croydon, England.

* An important point of merit. *

MILK GRANULES

is absolutely free from starchy matter, which is present in barley, flour, and other infant foods, and contains no Glucose and no Cane Sugar.

It is a scientific fact that infants under seven months of age cannot digest starchy foods.

A good many women of wealth and fashion who have much correspondence, are getting into the way of employing private secretaries more and more; and this is opening a most desirable avenue for young gentlewomen of small means to earn a living in a congenial manner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In the reign of Louis XVI. the hats of the ladies were two feet high and four wide.

"My Optician," of 159 Yonge St., has no doubt as fine a set of testing instruments for the eyes as are anywhere to be found and they should be tried by every one with defective sight. Examination free.

China makes a poor show in the journalistic world. For all its 402,000,000 inhabitants, it has only 24 newspapers, of which 10 are daily ones, and 14 appear at longer intervals.

BEYOND DISPUTE.

There is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cures hoarseness, sore throat, coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

John S. Reed, of Goler mining district, recently found a gold nugget weighing fifty-six and a half ounces, valued at \$10,000. Reed says this nugget is the largest found in California in twenty years.

DEAFNESS CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—For a number of years I suffered from deafness, and last winter I could scarcely hear at all. I applied Hagyard's Yellow Oil and I can hear as well as any one now. MRS. TUTTLE COOK, Weymouth, N. S.

The booty promised the British soldiers in their war against Lobengula, was, for each soldier, a farm of 3,000 acres and twenty gold claims in Matabeleland. The gold claims entitle the holders to prospect a strip 8,000 feet in length and 150 in breadth.

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.

The King of Assam has 200 wives, who are divided into nine classes. When one of these ladies dies her body is let down over the palace walls to be buried; it is against the law for a dead body to be carried through the doors.

THE MOST EXCELLENT REMEDY.

DEAR SIRS,—I have suffered greatly from constipation and indigestion, but by the use of B.B.B. I am now restored to health. I cannot praise Burdock Blood Bitters too highly; it is the most excellent remedy I ever used.

MISS AGNES J. LAFONN, Hagersville, Ont.

At twenty years of age a temperate person is supposed to have a chance of living for forty-four years. Should the same person, still living a temperate life, reach the age of sixty, the chances are that he will live fourteen years longer.

THE CHILDREN'S ENEMY.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip diseases, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of disease Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

Three hundred "Urania pillars" are being erected in the streets of Berlin. They are eighteen feet high, of cast iron, and each contains a clock, meteorological instruments, weather charts, astronomical and geographical announcements, and a plan of the neighbouring streets for the benefit of strangers.

HOOD'S AND ONLY HOOD'S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper berries and other well known remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative powers not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures when other preparations fail.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness.

Professional.

D. R. C. J. RODGERS,
DENTIST
Suite 5, Oddfellows' Building, Corner Yonge and College Sts.
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Office Hours, 9 to 6. Telephone 3904.

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CONCERT PIANIST and TEACHER,
Only Canadian pupil of the great composer and pianist, MOSYKOWSKI. Concert engagements and pupils accepted.
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M. R. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.C.O., ENG.
ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, TORONTO.
Teacher of Organ, Piano and Theory
Exceptional facilities for Organ students. Pupils prepared for musical examinations. Harmony and counterpoint taught by correspondence.
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W. O. FORSYTH,
Lessons in Piano Playing and Theory. Private pupil of the great and eminent teachers, Prof. Martin Krause, Dr. S. Jadassohn, of Leipzig, and Prof. Julius Epstein of Vienna.
Applications can be made by letter or in person to Address, 112 College Street, - TORONTO.

W. KUCHENMEISTER,
VIOLIN SOLOIST AND TEACHER,
Late a pupil of the Raff Conservatory at Frankfurt-on-Main, and of Professors H. E. Kayser, Hugo Hermann and C. Berghoefer, formerly a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Hamburg, (Dr. Hans von Bulow, conductor.)
Studio, Odd Fellows' Building, cor. Yonge and College Streets, Room 13, or College of Music
Residence, Corner Gerrard and Victoria Sts.
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Grand Opera, Opera Comique, Oratorios. Songs taught in English, Italian, French, German, Spanish. Public introduction to Operatic and Concert Stage in United States and Europe.

VOICES TRIED FREE.

Apply to residence, 556 Spadina avenue mornings and evenings.

City Office.—Williams & Son, 149 Yonge Street and Toronto College of Music.

An important discovery has been made in Hamburg of forged seals and deeds of various kinds. The discovery was made in the course of the trial of three persons charged with falsifying legal documents. From the papers seized it appears that a regular manufactory of forged seals and deeds has been in existence since 1885, and that its activity has been extended to all parts of Germany, Italy, France, Austria and Turkey.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

My son George has suffered with neuralgia round the heart since 1882, but by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT in 1889 it completely disappeared and has not troubled him since.

JAS. MCKEE.

Linwood, Ont.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

A triumph in cookery—When the cook makes a hash of the marrow-bones.

The recent illuminations in Paris, it is said, were a very costly matter. Naturally, as an "affaire de Lux (e)."

New Descriptive Title of the G. O. M. suggested by Lord Salisbury's Latest Speech. —"The Autocrat of the Round Table."

In High Feather.—It would not be fair, even for Mr. Hudson, to define all ladies wearing feathers as "a Feather-headed Lot."

He: I wonder why it's said to be a man and not a woman we see in the moon? She (with emphasis): Because he stays out all night.

Uncalled-for Revelations.—Tommy (to caller)—Oh, we've been having such fun. Papa has been putting on mamma's hair and frightening baby.

"Yes sir," said Jenkins, "Smithers is a man who keeps his word; but then he has to." "How is that?" asked Jones. "Because no one will take it."

By our own crammer—In unsuccessful candidates for Army and Navy Exams. England may have lost some of her best "pluck'd" soldiers and sailors.

Rescuer: Hurry! Quick! Throw her a life preserver. Drowning girl: Haven't—you—a white—one? That—dirty—drab—don't match—my—blue—suit.

A facetious dandy who danced with a couple of country girls at a party recently remarked that although he liked rings on his fingers he couldn't stand belles on his toes.

Mrs. R. wants to know what was the classic story about Ajax and Telephone? "So," says she, "as that was hundreds of years ago, it isn't such a very new invention."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent Queen's Counsel, "remember that my client is hard of hearing, and that therefore the voice of conscience appeals to him in vain."

The solidification of whisky is a new invention. If the spirit is taken in the form of cakes hereafter, the phrase "solid comfort" will, in the minds of some people, have received a fresh significance.

"I wouldn't be a ladies' hairdresser for anything," said a loquacious barber. "Why not?" the customer ventured to ask. "Because I might some time dye an old maid!" answered the barber.

Reckless.—Moderate Swell: Going to take a cab? Immoderate Swell: Er, no. M.S.: No umbrella, I see. Imm. S.: Er, no, dear boy. See, if you—er—carry 'brella, looks as if you'd only one suit of clothes.

Madame Finishem (at young ladies' academy): Miss Pretty, that was the sixteenth' young man who has called here as your brother, and I know you have been deceiving us. Miss Pretty: No, madame, I refused them, and have promised to be a sister to them all.

THE BEAUTY STANDARD.

The standard of female loveliness varies greatly in different countries and with individual tastes. Some prefer the plump and buxom type; some admire the slender and sylph-like, and some the tall and queenly maiden. But among all people of the Caucasian race, one point of beauty is always admired—a pure, clear and spotless complexion—whether the female be of the blonde, brunette, or hazel-eyed type. This first great requisite of loveliness can be assured only by a pure state of the blood, active liver, good appetite and digestion, all of which are secured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is guaranteed to accomplish all that is claimed for it, or money refunded. If you would have a clear, lovely complexion, free from eruptions, moth patches, spots and blemishes, use the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

THE CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE
PRESTON, ONT.
 FINE OFFICE, SCHOOL, CHURCH & LODGE FURNITURE
 BANK, OFFICE, COURT HOUSE & DRUG STORE FITTINGS
 SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

The New English Perfume
CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS
 FROM THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO. OF LONDON.
 Ask YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT

Sold by Lyman, Knox & Co., Toronto, and all leading druggists.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

— FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, —

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at

THOS. HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St, London

And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

ESTERBROOK PENS **ESTERBROOK**
 26 JOHN ST., N.Y. THE BEST MADE.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY.
 ZOECA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
 CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
 25 CTS.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Don't accept a substitute.
Johnston's Fluid Beef
 is unequalled
 In Flavor,
 . . . Nutrition,
 . . . and Digestibility.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

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EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.

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BECAUSE

the moment the tonic does its good work it carries with it a food to answer to the effect of the tonic.

Can any combination be more happy?

FREEHOLD LOAN AND SAVINGS CO'Y.

DIVIDEND NO. 68.

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 1st DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at the offices of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive.

By order of the Board.

S. G. WOOD, Managing Director.

Toronto, 26th October, 1893.

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Persons afflicted with these or any throat or lung troubles should resort to that

Most Excellent Remedy,

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