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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.

Mayor Kennedy's inaugural address on Monday was an able and comprehensive review of the situation, and shows the results of much close study of the past history and present condition of civic affairs. The keynote of the whole proceedings of the initial meeting was struck on the word "economy." We see no reason to doubt that most of the members of the Council, from the Mayor downward, are honestly purposed to decrease the expenditures wherever practicable. So far as the Mayor's address is concerned, we are glad to see that this purpose is not likely to be thwarted with a blind disregard of distinctions and consequences. He sees clearly that reduction is not necessarily synonymous with economy. His apprehension of the absolute necessity of providing at the earliest

moment for a certain and adequate supply of pure water, by tunnel or otherwise; his judicious remarks in reference to the great question of a trunk sewer; and his wise demand for the immediate erection of school-houses of the best modern construction for the accommodation of the 1,700 children who are huddled into crowded and unsanitary rented rooms, give evidence that he recognizes the fact that there is economy in a wise liberality as well as in a wise retrenchment. We are glad to observe, too, that while anxious to afford all legitimate encouragement to manufacturing enterprise, he regards it as unnecessary and unwise to offer bonuses or otherwise incur large expenditure for that purpose. It is to be hoped that the Committee of Council which has been appointed to look after this business will prove equally wise and frown on every proposal to enter upon a policy of bribing industries to remove from one part of the country to another—a policy which is as short-sighted as it is unpatriotic and selfish.

The new Council of the City has entered upon its work with the characteristic vigour of youth. It is difficult to know just what to say in regard to the startling resolution with which the Council signalized its first meeting. We refer, of course, to the ruthless resolution to cut down the salaries of all civic employees now in receipt of more than \$600 per annum, in accordance with a scale graduated from five up to twenty per cent. There is, it must be admitted, a certain force in the contention that at a time of great business depression, those who are in the receipt of regular and comfortable salaries derived from the taxes of their fellow-citizens should not object to share the burden in some way. But, on the other hand, the City is not bankrupt, and it is at least questionable whether it is in any respect in a position which can justify heroic treatment in violation of what may be regarded as virtual contracts with its employees. Like any other employer of labour, the City has a right to give any one in its service the option of accepting a reduction of salary, or leaving its employ, but it is in honour bound to give a reasonable notice of its intention. We do not see how it is possible to justify on moral grounds a resolution which not only proposes to make such reductions without notice, but even to make them retrospective, taking effect a fortnight before the resolution is passed. Many of these employees have been

for years in the service of the City. Some may have entered into actual or virtual engagements, on the strength of their accustomed salaries, as one would think himself safe in doing, and may be seriously embarrassed by the change. On the whole, we cannot see that the Councillors are to be congratulated on the mode of their first stroke of economy. We do not believe that they can, without serious disregard of right, carry out the policy proposed. It was hinted, for instance, that the School Trustees are prepared to carry out the principle in regard to the salaries of teachers. But these salaries are fixed and graded, if we mistake not, by by-law, and so are in the nature of contracts which cannot be thus hastily set aside. No doubt there may be some useless and some over-paid officials, in the City, whose salaries afford a fair field for the economists. But the better way would surely have been to appoint a reliable committee to examine into the whole matter, and take action only after due notice. We prophesy that the retrenchment will still have to be effected in some such way, if effected at all.

So far as appears the two chief issues on which the approaching political contest in Ontario is to be fought are decentralization and the fee system. In contending that all local officials should be elected or otherwise appointed by those whom they serve and who are compelled to pay for their services, the Patrons of Industry are enunciating a principle which if it be not theoretically unassailable has certainly very much to be said in its favor. The strong democratic instincts of our people revolt from being compelled to provide for the support of public servants in whose appointment they have no voice and over whose official conduct they have no control. Practically it may be said with a good deal of truth that better men are as a rule chosen and better service rendered when the appointing power is in the hands of those who are independent of the petty rivalries and sectional jealousies which are often so strong in small communities. The inefficiency of officials locally chosen is frequently glaring, as is sometimes seen, for instance, when some crime of unusual turpitude has been committed. How often is it the case that the arm of justice is paralyzed by the irresolution and timidity of local officers, until its vigour is restored by calling in the aid of those who have developed the necessary qualities in a larger sphere. So, too, those

who know anything of the facts will scarcely doubt that whatever defects there may be in the administration of the license laws under the present system, the state of things is vastly better than it would be were the administration wholly in the hands of the local authorities, subject as they are to influences which are often too strong for their powers of resistance. Yet, while admitting, as we are in candour bound to do, the force and truthfulness of this reasoning, we agree with the Patrons that it is not conclusive. It is the kind of argument which proves too much, since, pushed to its logical results, it would be equally effective against self-government on a larger scale, and so against all popular and representative institutions. We should rather take the ground that where a thing is right in principle, the only proper course for a free and intelligent people is to put it in practice and let the people learn in the best of all schools how to do it properly and effectively. This is in reality the process which is going on in larger and smaller municipalities all over this continent. Though the results are still deplorable enough in many cases, there can be little doubt that on the whole substantial progress is being made. The educative work is being done, slowly, it may be, but effectively. The good citizens are coming more and more to the front, and there is every reason to hope that at no distant day the Anglo-Saxon will have shown his genius for self-government on a small scale, as he has already so wonderfully demonstrated it on a large scale.

With regard to the system of payment by fees, the theoretical case of the Patrons is equally strong, though practically the matter is of far less importance. On the face of it, there is evidently something wrong when one man in a large community can be placed by the grace of the Government in a position in which, without severe labour, perhaps with scarcely any personal labour, he comes into receipt of an income larger than the salary of the Prime Minister of Canada, or a judge of the Supreme Court. It is said, with obvious force, that the money is not taken from the public funds, and that it is just and proper that those who require the services of a registrar or a sheriff should pay for them. This must be admitted. We do not suppose that it is the charging of fees that is objected to. Nor are we aware that the fees now charged are thought to be exorbitant, save perhaps by some of those who have had to pay them. The point is that the office is a public office; that the fees are charged for a service which can be performed properly only under Government inspection and control; that the income, therefore, belongs to the Government, that is, the people whose agent the Government is, just as much as that from mines, or crown-lands, or any other source. This being the case there is

no justification for the bestowment of so large a portion of them upon any one Government favourite. Emphasis is given to the outcry against this system by the parading of the fact that Sir Oliver Mowat's own son, on the one hand, and certain strong partisan supporters of the Government, on the other, have been suddenly made comparatively rich by appointment to such positions. We regretted at the time of its occurrence, that Sir Oliver had permitted himself to be persuaded into appointing his son to the most lucrative position in the gift of his Government. The bitterest political enemies of the veteran Premier never did him a worse turn than did those influential friends and supporters when they persuaded him, against what we feel sure must have been his better judgment, into committing this bold act of nepotism. The Government will evidently have to give way on both the decentralization and the fee systems. But, after all, as Canadian governments go, these are but minor issues to offset a score of years of such service as Sir Oliver has rendered the Province. It is greatly to his credit and to that of his colleagues that their long term of office has been almost absolutely free even from serious charges of corruption, or gross political wrong-doing, save perhaps in the matter of the alleged gerrymander. Whether the people of Ontario are ready for a change remains to be seen. The spirit of change seems to be in the air. How it will work in Ontario will depend largely, we fancy, on the *personnel* of the rival claimants who may come forward to take their stand on the platform of the organization which is suddenly showing itself so powerful and on the whole so enlightened. If Mr. Meredith is to continue leader of the Opposition, his long and inscrutable silence must be doing great injury to his party.

By summoning the Legislature to meet for the transaction of business on the 14th of February, Sir Oliver Mowat has set at rest the fears and hopes of an immediate dissolution that were gaining ground. The announcement that the Legislature is thus to be permitted to live out its full term seems generally acceptable to both parties. Those may be wrong who think that Parliament or Legislature should in no case be dissolved in advance of the time-limit fixed by the constitution, but all must admit that strong reasons are required to justify a government in anticipating that limit. To make it a cast-iron rule that each Parliament should live out in every case its full term of years, would be to impose upon ourselves in another form one of the evils which we are accustomed to speak of as a blemish in the American system. Under that system the President becomes practically an autocrat during the four years of his administration, irremovable, save by death or impeachment, and hence practically irresponsible. Our system, under which the

Ministry of the day is the real executive, and may be displaced at any time by an adverse vote in the Commons, is, as is often pointed out, really much more democratic. But, as a matter of fact, a change of Government rarely occurs except as the result of a general election. Should a Ministry have strong reasons to believe that a great change of public opinion, in regard to some vital part of its policy, had taken place at a time when the existing Parliament had still several years of constitutional life before it, it would be clearly its duty to take some means of giving the people an opportunity to express and carry out their wishes. Perhaps the simplest and most direct way of reaching this end would be by means of the initiation and referendum, a method which seems to be growing in favour, even the *London Times* strongly advocating it. In addition to other serious objections to an appeal to the electors by a general election, such as the fact that the crucial question is sure to be mixed up with other issues, political and personal, the consideration that the power to order such an appeal rests under our system with a party government, that such government is pretty sure to choose its time with reference to its own interests rather than with a simple desire to ascertain the wishes of the electorate, and that its success on partisan grounds, or on some side issue, may result in postponing the desired reform for years, make it but too clear that premature dissolution is much more likely to be used to thwart than to ascertain the wishes of the people.

After the remarks in other paragraphs in regard to the question of the best modes of appointing and of paying public officials were written and sent to the printer, Tuesday's papers came to hand with reports of the speech of Premier Mowat before the Young Men's Liberal Club of this city. In that speech Sir Oliver deals fully with these two questions. After reading his speech we do not feel called upon to modify the views expressed. Certain corrections of the Patrons' position in regard to one or two matters of fact are of some importance. The Premier points out that it is a mistake to assume, as the Patrons of Industry do, that the sheriffs, Division Court clerks, bailiffs, etc., are paid by the localities. They are paid by the Province and not by the counties or municipalities. Of course, where this is the case and when the duties discharged are of a provincial rather than of a local character, the principles which seemed to us sound do not apply. In regard to the question of payment by fees, the Premier seems ready to admit that if the income derived by the officials thus paid are in any case too high, they may be reduced, either by exacting a larger percentage for public uses or by the payment of fixed salaries. This is, we presume, all that is contended for.

THE ONTARIO EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

A curious and vexatious question has been raised with reference to the Public School Readers. These, it will be remembered, have hitherto been published under a contract with three leading Toronto firms. The peculiarities of the conditions under which this contract was made will be fresh in the minds of many readers. As its term will shortly expire, it has been announced that the publication of the Readers will henceforth be open to the publishing trade. But now comes the statement that many of the poems and extracts which are given in these books are used without the consent of the holders of the British copyrights covering those selections, and that at least one of the firms whose copyright was, it is alleged, thus infringed upon, has filed, or is about to file, a claim for damages. It is very unlikely that anything more than nominal damages would be awarded by any court, for it could not be difficult to show that the advantages the owners of the copyrights derive from the indirect advertisement their books receive through the publication of extracts or selections in the School Readers, and through the creation of a taste for such works by the study of such selections in the schools, must far outweigh any loss that could possibly accrue from the effect of such publication in reducing the sales of their books. Nevertheless, should it prove that the Minister, or the Committee which made the selections, neglected to secure the permission of the holders of copyrights of the works of authors thus quoted, it is not unlikely that the latter may be able to prevent the further sale of the books until some settlement is reached. The raising of the question after so many years, and only when the contract is about to run out, gives rise to the suspicion that the two things may be in some way connected. No indirect pressure of the kind indicated should avail to secure the continuance of a monopoly injurious to the public, however much the singular short-sightedness which created the difficulty is to blame, or however costly the blunder may prove. It may indeed prove very costly should it appear that the High School Readers and Patriotic Recitations—the latter not being an authorized book, the loss would fall, we suppose, on the publishers—have been compiled with the same disregard of both copyright requirements and common courtesy.

This incident may have a good effect in directing attention afresh to the evils of the monopolistic system adopted by the Education Department in the publication of school text-books. Mr. Gage, the head of one of the firms which have profited, it is believed very largely, by the contract for the publication of the School Readers, asks very pertinently, in a letter to the *Globe*, why the Readers should be selected as the only authorized school-books whose publication is

unblushing a manner as just now by a certain firm of manufacturers of chemicals in a Pennsylvania town. The firm in question, the Kesbey & Mattison Company, of Ambler, has posted in its works a public notice to its employees, requesting those of them who are in sympathy with the Wilson Bill to hand in their resignations to the Superintendent. The justification attempted for this outrageous attack upon the political rights and liberties of those who are supposed to be in the power of the Company, is that "it is only fair to their fellow-employees that, as the work grows less, it shall be done by those men who are not responsible for the present deplorable condition of economic affairs." Even were it admitted or provable that the proposed tariff-reform is to a greater or less extent the cause of the "deplorable condition of economic affairs," no more forcible proof of the unwisdom and injustice of the protective system could be needed than would be supplied in the two cognate facts, first, that that system has resulted in making the industries of the country so dependent upon the fluctuations of Congressional legislation that the probability of a change in the tariff laws can throw the whole business of the country into confusion and bring millions to poverty and destitution; and second, that it can give to powerful firms so strong a selfish interest in the retention of high protection as to make the less scrupulous ready to resort to such tactics to deprive large numbers of their fellow-citizens of political freedom. Happily, short-sighted measures of this kind are pretty sure to help the cause they are intended to injure. The freedom-loving instincts of the masses will resent such intimidation, and recoil from the political system which prompts employers to attempt it. But, as in other cases, there will be great danger that in the recoil many may be carried to the other extreme. The pendulum will not stop when it has returned to the perpendicular. As the "Outlook" says, "such a public notice as the Kesbey & Mattison Company has posted in its works will do more to make socialists than a score of socialistic newspapers could do in a score of years. If the working-people of this country should once be persuaded that the Government must own the manufactories or that working-people must surrender their political franchise, the day of State Socialism would not be far off.

When thy brother has lost all that he ever had, and lies languishing, and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think to lick him whole again only with thy tongue?—South.

The shores of Lake Michigan, once dotted with towns and with natural features bearing beautiful old French names bestowed by the early settlers, are now distinguished for a heterogeneous nomenclature. Scores of the French names survive in varying conditions of corruption, but with them are associated old Indian names, dozens of English names, and others taken from the Spanish, Dutch, Irish, German, Italian and even the Russian.

If the sensational reports cabled from England by the correspondents of certain American papers, notably the New York *Sun*, were to be accepted as reliable, we should be forced to believe that the Mother Country is on the eve of a terrible war. Happily there seems to be no sufficient reason for regarding these telegrams as other than sensational. True, the correspondents are able to quote the London *Telegraph* in support of their alarming statements. But a more reliable criterion of well-informed public opinion than any newspaper is afforded by the state of the money market, and this the correspondents are obliged to admit shows no sign of serious disturbance. Another strange fact about the alarming announcement is that they fail to make clear what is the ground of quarrel, or even what nation or nations are to make the attack. So far as appears, England's only possible foes at present are France and Russia, and neither has given any indication of hostile intentions. There is, it is true, evidence of no little popular dislike for England on the part of the French, but no French statesman worthy of the name would be guilty of the suicidal folly of forcing a war upon England, with the members of the Triple Alliance, armed to the teeth, as interested on-lookers. The very fact that Great Britain is holding herself aloof from alliances, and maintaining a position of independence, is her best safeguard. Neither of the two great divisions of the European Powers, which are now straining their resources to the verge of bankruptcy in the equipment of rival armies and fleets, would be rash enough to do anything which might have the effect of pushing Great Britain into the arms of its foes, seeing that the weight of her sword, thrown into either scale, would send the other to the beam in an instant. As for the British themselves, to their honour be it spoken, not even their bitterest enemies can suspect them of cherishing any belligerent designs, or not being honestly and ardently desirous of lasting peace. It has long been taken for granted that the enormous armaments of the hostile European Powers must sooner or later compel a trial of strength, but it seems sometimes as if there may be a dawning possibility that the very vastness of the preparations on both sides, and the terrible consequence of an uncertain conflict, may cause both parties to hesitate until internal forces in one nation or another may compel a settlement, or precipitate a catastrophe, in some other way. At any rate, now that the newspapers and sensation-mongers are on the alert, we may safely deduct a very large percentage from the cablegrams of excited correspondence for some time to come.

There is often too good evidence of effective interference by employers of labour with the political freedom of their employees, but rarely is this attempted in so bold and

to be thrown open to the public. In the case of no other of these books has publication yet been permitted by any publisher other than the one who may have been fortunate enough to secure the monopoly from the Minister of Education in the first instance, notwithstanding that Mr. Gage himself, as he very suggestively states, has offered to publish some of them at from twenty to fifty per cent. less than the prices fixed under present arrangements. It is surely time that an end were put to a system which places the school-book trade under the control of a partisan Minister and puts it in his power to make the fortune of any publisher who may be fortunate enough to gain the good-will of the Department. That this is not too strong a statement will be evident to anyone who remembers that the authorization of a text-book for use in the public schools assures the sale, in many cases, of hundreds of thousands of copies of that book. Even a very moderate profit on each volume, under so safe an arrangement, means a great deal for the happy possessor of the monopoly. Before the approach of the Provincial election, it is to be hoped that the leader of the Opposition may see his way to announce clearly the policy of his party with regard, first, to the continuance or otherwise of a party Minister at the head of the educational system of the Province, and second, to the continuance or otherwise of the monopolistic system in the publication of text-books.

The most vulnerable side of the defences of the Ontario Government is, probably, its Education Department. We have referred to the glaring oversight in the matter of the Readers, and to the objectionable features in the text-book system. Another of those administrative blunders which are, in the eyes of shrewd politicians, worse than crimes, has recently come to light. We refer to the matter of the omission of British History from the list of subjects for the examination for entrance to the High Schools. The facts are, we suppose, that, especially in view of the unsatisfactory text-book authorized, British History has been found in practice too difficult to be made the subject of a written examination for pupils at the tender age at which most of the candidates for entrance present themselves. This being the case, the Minister, very wisely we believe—and we do not doubt that most of the teachers concerned would be found of that opinion—resolved to drop it from the list of prescribed subjects, a list which is always too heavy. By retaining Canadian History alone, he no doubt thought himself to be making an acceptable concession to the opinions of those who are always dwelling on the necessity of paying more attention to Canadian history and institutions, as a means of cultivating patriotism. As a matter of fact, no one who gives unprejudiced thought to the matter can fail to see that, owing to the close relations which

have always existed between the colonies and the Mother Country, there can be no more effective means for promoting loyalty to British institutions and British connection than the study of the history of Canada. Whether the Minister was equally judicious in retaining British History as a subject to be taught orally in the public schools, under the supervision of the inspector, is open to question. No doubt that is the way in which the subject should be taught, if taught at all, to pupils in the public schools. But it is unfortunately the fact that, under the examination system which now prevails, it is well-nigh useless for the teacher to attempt to create interest in any subject which is not on the programme for examination. Nor is he very likely himself to give much time or energy to such a subject, at the risk of his own reputation and position, which often depend very much upon the results of the Entrance examination. Be all this as it may, the shrewd enemies of the political head of the Education Department could not have asked a better "cry" than that afforded them by the fact of the dropping of British History from the programme for the entrance examination. The great majority of our people are peculiarly strong in their loyalty to the Mother Country. Hence the disloyalty cry, for which this change afforded so good a pretext, and which was most lustily used, proved so effective that the Minister has actually yielded to it—another sign of weakness—and hastened to replace British History on the list, much to the disgust, we cannot doubt, of the hard-worked teachers all over the country, who had their hands more than full without it. It will be strange if this vacillation and pliant yielding to what was clearly an election cry, pure and simple, does not do more harm to the Minister and Government than could have resulted from pluckily standing to his position. If it should lead to the severance of our educational system from party politics it might be a good thing for the country.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS AGAIN :

QUEEN CHARLOTTE, AND SOME CANADIAN LOCAL NAMES; A SUPPLEMENTAL NOTE.

A few years ago I printed in pamphlet form a letter addressed to Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society of Great Britain from 1777 to 1820, by Lieut.-Gov. Simcoe, prior to his leaving England for the as yet non-existent Province of Upper Canada; in which letter the Governor lays before the learned President, confidentially, his views of the principles and practices which should give character to the new territory about to be organized by him. As detailed in my preliminary remarks, I obtained possession of a manuscript copy of this letter, made by the hand of a member of the Simcoe family, and it seemed all the more important in consequence of the fact that it is not to be found in the manuscript series of the Simcoe papers, preserved in the Parlia-

mentary library at Ottawa. Many persons, as I have reason to know, have been interested in this reprint, which bears the date of 1890. When the papers of Sir Joseph Banks were offered for sale by the eminent London dealer, Mr. John Waller, the original of this identical letter was in the collection, and I did my best to get possession of it, but failed. I secured, however, from among Sir Joseph's papers, an original manuscript document, which is curious, as showing the friendly and even intimate relations subsisting between Sir Joseph and the royal family of the day, and which I should certainly have given somewhere or other in the pamphlet of 1890, had I at that time been in possession of it; especially as the name of its writer is to some extent associated with the local nomenclature of Ontario. The manuscript document in question is an autograph letter from no less a personage than Queen Charlotte, consort of George III., and written throughout by her own hand. It would appear that it had been the Queen's custom to present to Sir Joseph, through Lady Banks, at the close of the year, the homely gift of a Christmas cake. In 1813, as Sir Joseph had been suffering from a severe attack of gout, the Queen forwards to him along with the cake a recipe for the malady which she affirms had been effectual in the case of a certain gentleman whom she names. This recipe consisted, strange to say, of a charm, supplied from Golconda, in the East, and procured thence at the special request of the Queen. The whole document reads as follows. It is addressed to Lady Banks and is dated at Windsor, Dec. 19, 1813 :

"The Queen sends Lady Banks a Christmas cake, which she hopes Sr. Joseph will find as much to his taste as the one of last year.

"She also accompanies it with a Charm for the Gout, the Effect of which, if report speaks Truth, is wonderfull. Colonel Strangways, uncle to Lord Ilchester, has been free from that Tormenting Complaint ever since he wore it, which is about nine Months ago, it is to be worn round the Neck, as it is now prepared. It comes from Golconda, and was procured for the Queen by a Lady, who by her Desire wrote for it, and the Queen wishes most Sincerely that it may prove as Beneficial to Sr. Joseph as it has given her pleasure to obtain it."

"CHARLOTTE."

It would be curious to speculate as to what the scientific President of the Royal Society thought of such a fanciful remedy for the gout, but out of deference to the wish of the benevolent donor Sir Joseph may have placed it around his neck, and may possibly, through the power of the imagination, have enjoyed some of the happy effects experienced by Colonel Strangways. The note was enclosed in a very informal cover, addressed "To Sir Joseph Banks, Spring Grove, near Hounslow." The impression of a seal bearing the royal arms, in red wax, appears on the envelope in the usual position. It will be of some interest to add that the name of Queen Charlotte, consort of George III., is associated with local nomenclature employed in Canada. The names given to streets in the first plan of York, now Toronto, were, as is well known, tributes of loyalty to the reigning family, on the part of the founder of Upper Canada, Governor Simcoe, in 1793. King street was an allusion to the King, George street referred to his eldest son, afterwards the regent; Caroline

street was so named from Caroline, wife of the regent; Frederic street preserved the name of the regent's brother, Frederic, Duke of York, after whom Duke street was so named; Duchess street was a compliment to his wife; while Queen street, early applied to a leading thoroughfare of the place, must be taken to commemorate Queen Charlotte herself—a street extending, at the present day, almost in a right line, all the way from the Humber Bay in the west, to Victoria Park in the east, a mile or two beyond Ashbridge's Bay. Princess street was originally Princess street, having reference to the other brothers of the Duke. The example thus early set has been followed. Two additional queenly names, Adelaide street and Victoria street have become familiar expressions, whilst Albert street, Edward street, Louisa street, Alice street, also derive their names from members of the Royal family.

Moreover, Queenston, so familiar to the tourist up the Niagara River, is another memorial of George III.'s Queen Charlotte. The name of this place was at the outset Queenstown, as we learn from D. W. Smith's First Gazetteer of Upper Canada, 1796, wherein, p. 129, we have the information that "Queenston is situated upon the Niagara River, about seven miles above Newark; it is at the head of the navigation for ships, and the portage occasioned by the falls of Niagara commences here."

Charlottenburgh, an early township name now disused, was also intended to be a memorial of the good Queen. The authoritative work just quoted informs us, p. 62, that "Charlottenburgh, the township of, is on the River St. Lawrence, and in the County of Glengarry, being the second township in ascending." This Germanized name having reference to the Queen fell early into disuse, along with several other names of the same class which once figured on our maps.

Off the coast of British Columbia, now become a portion of Canada, the Queen Charlotte Islands still retain the name of the old queen without any change or ambiguity.

The canvas house which figures so largely in the history of York and Governor Simcoe may once have given shelter to Sir Joseph Banks within its textile walls, but not in Canada. This moveable residence was, we are assured, originally constructed for the use of Captain Cook and his party, while circumnavigating the globe, when engaged in making scientific observations in various parts thereof. Sir Joseph was, as we know, a companion of Captain Cook in some of these expeditions.

HENRY SCADDING.

PARIS LETTER.

Christmas Eve was very bright and cold, so there was a general outing to assist in or witness the midnight masses, after which came the inevitable supper. When the streets resound with song and laughter, be assured the joy is complete. As to the midnight mass, that at Saint Roch, as usual, carried off the palm. The knowing foreign element flock to this church; next, in point of music, is Saint Eustache, and then the Madeleine. The latter has a more famous name, but its musical mass is not so brilliantly executed as that of its rivals. Adam's music continues to be the favorite. The members of the congregation can participate of the sacrament, but this rite, more especially in the rural districts, is more popular at Easter tide.

The favorable character of the weather on Christmas Eve—a special exception after hurricanes and deluges—induced many who declined to go to mass to have a stroll along the Boulevards to notice the exhibits at the toy fair, and, then, to wind up with a supper, costly as the purse could buy, at a restaurant or a wine shop, all of which establishments were blazing with light, and as they have permission to remain open for that night only, Paris realized Victor Hugo's saw of being the "City of Light." Every one of these places was full of clients supping off oysters, black pudding, ham, or some variety of sausage; 360 tons of oysters had arrived that morning from all the beds in France. After good eating and drinking, followed smoking and singing till daylight. In the meantime mammas had been looking after the great expectations of the little ones at home, seeing that their shoes were properly ranged before the chimney, and sufficiently capacious to contain the gifts deposited by Saint Nicholas.

The beautiful weather held up on Christmas Day. The oldest inhabitants never could recall such crowded streets. You did not so much walk, as you were propelled. There was revolution in the air; people seemed instinctively to feel that the light (of prosperity) of other days had returned. The toys had the air of being robustly new, and the majority of them novel. People were in a spending mood, so the Fair can have no reason to complain. The shops were exceedingly showy and stocked, as if preparing against seven years of famine; but the most agreeable feature was the active sales and the ceaseless packing up of purchases. For 48 hours Paris has had no naughty children. The *bon-bon* shops were never so much patronized before, and the bags, boxes, and cases to contain the sweetmeats, were really things of beauty, got up regardless of expense; the patterns of these *sachets* and boxes were pleasingly ingenious and humorous without being ridiculous. What miles of ribbon of every color must have been employed, for twine, no matter how fanciful, is tabooed. The shops were as much filled with extra assistants as with purchasers. There was no diminution in the matter of prices. I do not think the demand for books was as brisk as in former seasons; there was a run on flowers, roses especially; chrysanthemums were neglected. Stacks of holly with red berries and piles of mistletoe sold like hot cakes. Firs for Christmas trees were not in such popular request; the loading them with fruit is often costly, and is an outlay, apart from the usual gifts to be made. Every restaurant had plum-pudding on its menu, and it was served with all blue-light honors; it is wonderful the glee of the French when the waiter serves the p. p. in full blaze. The French cooks commence to know how to make the pudding, though it is a central establishment that supplies taverns, etc., with the favorite, and of all sizes. The "Plum Pudding Supply Co." is an attractive title, its puddings do not run into liquid, to necessitate serving with a ladle, nor do they fall into crumbs, like a 2,000 years' old mummy.

In Italy, Premier Crispi demands all politicians to observe "a truce of God"; in France the truce *des confiseurs*, or sugar bakers, is all that is demanded or acted upon; and it is expected to run from Christmas to New Year's Day. The partial elections for the renewal of one-third of the Senate will not consent to any truce, hence a kind of twilight agitation in the political atmos-

phere. The public does not give much attention to the matter, save to the candidature of M. Floquet, who, after his extraordinary decadence in public life, now wishes to re-enter on the scene with "bated breath and whispering humbleness." Years ago, when in full pride of place, he refused to become Senator unless the voters unanimously invited him to do them the honor of representing them. And now he has to sue: what a fall is there, my countrymen; what a strange thing is popularity. The Chamber of Deputies has its deputy who always dresses in a blue frock to typify the working, the *proletaire* classes. His name is Thivrier. Electors solicit him to become a candidate for the Senate, and so King Demas can have a patrician in a blue blouse sitting amongst the fathers in broadcloth. But Thivrier has now an opponent who offers not only to wear a blouse if elected to the Senate, but to wear also wooden shoes.

People somehow do not like the situation at Siam, and conclude that China is destined to play an important part therein. Why, says a neutral observer, ought not John Chinamen seize one-third of Siam, and let England appropriate the rest! Others assert that if France raises any new difficulties about the execution of the treaty, that Siam will demand to be taken over as a "protectorate," under English guidance. That might not be the worst solution; it would be as difficult then to get the British out of Bangkok as out of Cairo, or say, as the French out of Tunisia.

The French conclude that the agitation in England for the increase of war-ships, men, artillery, and extra docking accommodation has been successful, in the sense that public attention has been awakened to keep its eyes on these matters and will henceforth keenly follow the outputs from the Russian and French dockyards. To keep ahead every year of the united strength of the Franco-Russian squadrons is deemed to amount to the same thing and to arrive at the same end as if to set all the dockyards at work in the United Kingdom immediately. England is now on the *qui vive* so that it will be no easy matter to steal a march upon her. She is viewed as being decidedly in earnest, and that alone is an important fact which weighs with the intelligent foreigner.

Perhaps some Russians presume too much on the sentiment of the Franco-Russian alliance. A troupe of Russian wandering minstrels and dancers arrived a few days ago in Paris to exhibit their accomplishments; they hired one of the secondary theatres for 1,000 fr. per night. The usual trumpet of fame was blown to invite citizens to walk in. Nobody, it may be truly said, came. It was a complete smash. The owner of the theatre, not having been paid his evening rent of 1,000 fr., banged the whole troupe into the street, for philo-Russian though he may be, he wants his rent. A journal relates that the unfortunates have had to sleep on the seats along the Boulevards and are starving; they have only "two boxes of sardines in their commissariat." The impresario complains of the exorbitant price asked to put his advertisement in one paper—for ten lines, one insertion, he was to be charged 500 fr. Call you that backing your friends? A whip is being made to obtain 7,000 fr. to send the Tartars back to Moscow. Parisians states they do not understand Russian. To this the troupe replies, "In our own land, we are not understood either when we sing—a common difficulty when words are wedded to music.

M. Frederic Passy is the high priest of the Peace Society in France. He has, along with other men of "light and leading," been interviewed on the subject of disarmament, and turns out to be as great an advocate for soldiers as the late Comte de Moltke could desire. He indulged in endless hems and haws, but driven into a corner, along with his common-place yarns and hypocrisies, he had to admit this was not a prudent time to disband troops; the safety of the nation required soldiers to protect it, and repeating rifles, smokeless powder, etc., were also peace-makers; he was an apostle of peace, but above all a French patriot. Then clearing his throat, he expatiated on the weather and bade the interviewer good-bye. Will the advocates of Quaker cannons bless him? That "state of soul" in a peace apostle is droll. M. Passy is also an out-and-out political economist, yet neither he nor yet his party ever handle the "living wage" question.

As is well known, the members of the French Academy are "immortals." Occasionally they die. As a counterblast to this disgrace, when a member becomes defunct his bust is executed in marble. The Academy has now on its hands three hundred of these figure-heads, and having no space to range all the glories in the Valhalla, a selection of the stars is to be made, and those not coming up to the standard of glory will be relegated to a lumber room. Alas! poor Yoricks, if in your lifetimes you did not set the table in a roar, you do so now.

Young people are turning their thoughts to love of their fellow-beings. They organize "surprise parties;" secure a good boilerful of specially prepared, nourishing soup; next a supply of coffee and buns; then invite the indigent to partake of that Benjamin's mess while singing songs, playing some musical instrument or indulging in racy recitations pending the repast. It is light in darkness.

Now that England is astutely enrolling China as a Western power to act as a brake on Asiatic Russia, etc., the moment has come to study Chinese institutions more closely. A writer draws attention to the working of loan funds in China. Bear in mind that the Celestials are amongst the cleverest traders and bankers in the world. The following is how their people's or popular banks work, and have been working since 1,200 B.C. A locality is in want of a bank, some man proposes to start one, and makes himself the president and manager. He induces a dozen others to join, and they agree, say, to subscribe each 20 fr. a month. The first instalment paid in, say 240 fr., the president is at once loaned that sum and charged no interest. That's all the "promotion" advantage conferred. The second month another 240 fr. is paid in, along with the first repaid monthly instalment by the president. Which of the twelve is to receive the money? It is simply put up at auction, and he who offers the highest interest—and is so presumed to need the cash most—has the loan knocked down to him, and so with the remaining eleven. Those who have been aided are not eligible to bid till their advance be refunded. The common interest offered is 40 per cent. for a year, but that high rate is considered the most natural thing in the world. There is no bad security, as in case of not being able to repay, the defaulter's family will make it a point of religion to wipe out the debt. It would be well that the latter virtue were adopted by Christians from the "heathen Chinese."

Sailors' caps for small boys are the rage. They have the name of some celebrated war-ship in gold letters on the ribbon ornamenting the hat. The good ship "Victory" is a popular name and to be everywhere met with. A patriot has made the discovery that "Victory" was the name of Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar, and so should be avoided. An historian rushes in and explains that the victory won at Trafalgar was a small affair, and due to an accident.

A sorcerer has been condemned to six months' imprisonment, 500 fr. fine, for swindling a poor farmer. A few of the items in the bill: prohibiting the devil from rattling chains in the house, and rendering hen eggs unmarketable, 200 fr.; employing the Bishop of Moulins to celebrate a midnight mass, 500 fr.; preventing a calf's eyes from watering, 13 fr.; etc., etc., etc.

DAWN.

At sunset's witching hour I oft have learned
Deep lessons in thy mysteries, Nature fair;
Of all thy beauties I have culled my share,
When gazing where day's dying glories
burned.

But sweeter still, and dearer to my sight,
Is daylight breaking o'er the hills afar
Faint streak on streak of colour, bar on bar
Of pearly, amber, roseate, golden light!

'Twas thus this early morn I sought to please
My soul, by grasping all that sweet time
yields

Of true delight. Not vainly I essayed
To catch some echoes of the harmonies
Of choiring birds, and wind-swept trees and
fields,

The faint, pure music by the morning
made.

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

Dartmouth, N.S.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—NO. XLVII.

WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.

The poets are the true historians. The ancient kings were right who gave the bards the places of honor at their feasts. It is true we must have our "hard facts" done up in prose "for the use of schools" and for authoritative reference in the matter of examinations, but to what point turns the memory unbiassed by outside pressure—is it not to the poets?—to Miriam for the overthrow of Pharaoh, to Deborah for the defeat of Sisera, to David for the field of Gilboa, to Shakespeare for Cressy, Agincourt, and St. Crispin's Day; to Aytoun for Flodden Field, to Macaulay for the Defence of the Bridge and to Tennyson for the Charge of the Light Brigade.

The Divine breathing that made man a living soul put him for ever at one with those celestial harmonies that reverberate through the universe. Thus it is that the poet is lord; that the country that has its bard need never fear extinction; its memory will always be green in some age; its history will never die.

Happy, then, is this our own country, for her poets are not few, nor their wreaths scanty. Her Shakespeare is yet to come, but she has her Heavysege; no Wordsworth or Tennyson has yet had time to develop, but she has her Reade and Sangster; and no blind Homer has ever walked her streets declaiming his wonderful epics, but an epic poet, whose laurels will grow greener with the years, has sung her praises in golden numbers, and Canada will yet come

to recognize as she ought that she has a poet of high rank, one to be more than proud of, in William Kirby.

Of native Canadian poets we have not here to speak. Shorn of some advantages that their non-native yet, nevertheless, true Canadian, predecessors enjoyed, and endowed with others that these earlier poets their forerunners, had not, a large and golden future is before them, but to those great souls whose music is our happy heritage they, the poets, and we the people of Canada, will for ever owe a debt that naught can repay but a copying of their bright example in doing our best for the country to which we belong.

None of the poets whose names are the honour and will yet be the boast of Canada, has chosen his themes so entirely Canadian as has William Kirby. And, indeed, a further limit must yet be applied, for his Muse has almost altogether contented herself with hovering above the single province we now call Ontario, whose loyal and heroic people, having lost all but honour in the country they were forced to leave, and entering upon travails perhaps never before encountered in the world's history, formed a burning inspiration for the music of her lyre.

Mr. Kirby is not Canadian born. Like John Reade, D'Arcy McGee, and many another, whose best of life has been spent in and for Canada, he came from the Great Britain on the other side of the Atlantic, to what he and they have helped to make the Greater Britain, while in youth. The ancient and important town of Kingston-upon-Hull, commonly called Hull, made a "free borough" by Edward I, and now a town of 200,000 inhabitants, was Mr. Kirby's birthplace. His family were county people, of Kirby-Wiske in Yorkshire, from which seat one of his most beautiful idylls is entitled. A branch of this family were Virginia Loyalists, and returned to England at the American Revolution.

On his mother's side Mr. Kirby belongs to an ancient and literary family which gave to Lincoln, under Queen Mary, its last Roman Catholic bishop, Dr. Thomas Watson. This prelate was distinguished not only for his learning and piety, but also for his moderation: he resolutely opposed all manner of religious persecution, and never allowed a single trial for heresy in his large diocese. Nevertheless, he died a prisoner in the Tower, under Elizabeth, for refusing to acknowledge her right and title to the Crown. Bishop Watson was not only a scholar, poet and theologian, but had been Professor of St. John's College, Cambridge, and while there was the patron and friend of the celebrated Roger Ascham,* the tutor of Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth.

Another Thomas Watson of the same family, was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and of some celebrity as a poet. In 1583 he published a poem of a hundred sonnets, "Hecatopathia, or the Passionate Century of Love," and a contemporary and friend of both calls Shakespeare "Wanton Adonis, Watson's Heir," no doubt in allusion to the "Venus and Adonis" and "Passionate Pilgrim" of the latter poet, which resembled both in form and spirit Watson's.

* A note appended by Mr. Kirby to his beautiful idyll "The Bells of Kirby Wiske and the Lord's Supper in the Wilderness," says "The learned and famous Roger Ascham was a native of Kirby Wiske. A fine memorial window was, a few years ago, placed in the church to commemorate that distinguished scholar."

verse. Other poems, in Latin, Italian and English by this writer are much admired by students of Elizabethan literature.

Still another Thomas Watson among Mr. Kirby's progenitors, was a sturdy opponent of Andrew Marvel, the Puritan poet and member for Hull in the Long Parliament.

Always a loyal family, it is not to be wondered at that the Watson estates were confiscated by the Parliamentary Commission sent down to try Sir John Hotham, the loyalist governor of Hull, and his supporters, for their adherence to the cause of the king, Charles I.

Several among the ancient and valuable charities of Hull owe their foundation to the Watson family.

Referring to the literary gifts for which this ancient family has always been remarkable, Mr. Le Moine says in a note on "Le Chien d'Or," "Mr. Kirby takes pleasure in recalling for me these memories of the past in support of a favorite theory of his, that literary tastes in families are transmitted from one generation to another."

He also further remarks, writing in 1886, "William Kirby, F.R.S.C., is no longer young: a mere lad in 1832, when he left his native town, he is to-day a tall, handsome man, of courteous bearing, somewhat reserved, and one would call him fifty years of age, but he is more."

"A poet in his leisure moments, he inclines to idealism, but he is strongly imbued with very positive opinions on certain subjects; to him patriotism, duty, work, are almost a religion."

"A friend of present progress, he does not overlook the past; he is proud of all that relates to the Loyalists of 1783, to whom Canada West owes so much of her progress and civilization."

To this may be added that Mr. Kirby is a man of the tenderest sensibilities and benevolence. His home is the centre of his affections, and until two years ago was blessed by the presence of a wife in every way worthy of him. Since his wife's death, he has also been called upon to bear the loss of his eldest son, of whom he says, "He was a good man and a true loyal Canadian—my beau-ideal of one—and as such is a loss to his country as well as to me."

A life-long member of the Church of England, her liturgy is dear to Mr. Kirby, and its suitable and touching prayers his continual consolation in company with his Bible. It is impossible to read Mr. Kirby's works without feeling that his piety is of the highest order, a matter of daily life and work and his admiration and love for the Established church is almost a passion.

Mr. Kirby, though the best known figure in the old town of Niagara and its affairs, has always shrunk from public life.

As chairman of the Mechanics' Institute, he has filled its shelves with the best works, many of them such as are not to be found except in the most select libraries. As Justice of the Peace, his decisions have always been marked by an even-handed, cool judgment characteristic of the man.

For some years Mr. Kirby has been Collector of Customs at the port of Niagara. Previously he was for twenty years editor and publisher of "The Niagara Mail," the leading and for some time the only newspaper except the "Niagara Chronicle" in the district, embracing the counties of Lincoln, Welland, and Haldimand.

Subsequently Mr. Kirby engaged more fully in purely literary work, dealing not

only with present questions, but also with archaeological and historical subjects. His famous novel "Le Chien d'Or" "has been complimented by several American pirates," says a writer in the Cyclopaedia of Canadian Biography, "extending the reputation of the author but profiting him nothing."

"It is much read in the United States," says Mr. Le Moine in the note previously quoted, "and yearly draws tourists to Quebec, who are curious to examine in detail the remains of the old city." He further remarks: "This romance among other advantages, commended itself to the taste of Our Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria; I happened to be present in 1883, at Rideau Hall when Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise took occasion to tell Mr. Kirby of the pleasure that her royal mother had enjoyed in reading this romance of Canadian manners and customs, and of thanking him in her name."

In recognition of his services to Canadian history and literature, and his valuable contributions thereto, Mr. Kirby was selected by the Marquis of Lorne one of the original twenty members of the English Literature Section of the Royal Society of Canada, an honour that Mr. Kirby's loyal spirit highly appreciated.

It is on his literary work that Mr. Kirby's fame stands, and it will always stand high. The romance of "Le Chien d'Or" must ever impress the reader with the genius that produced it, and give rise to the most profound regret that it is the only work of its kind that opportunity has permitted its author to write. Whether it falls short of, or rises superior to the canons of ordinary criticism, its power and beauty are beyond question. As a delineation of early French-Canadian life and character it is warmly accepted by the descendants of the personages therein depicted, and French readers generally ascribe it to a countryman of their own, and will scarcely be persuaded that "William Kirby" is not a *nom-de-plume*.

The romance of the story is its great charm, but the work has strong claims to a reputation in the wonderful truthfulness to nature that marks the numerous characters. From the amusing and wily notary to the Mephistophelean Bigot, from the "charming Josephine de Beauport" to the beautiful but wicked Angélique des Meloises, from the wretched De Pean to the noble Bourgeois Phillibert and his son Pierre, there is not a character in the book that is not a type of its class in human nature.

Nevertheless the story is sketched with a free hand, and abounds with graphic touches of much strength and beauty. The death of Caroline de St. Castin is a wonderful piece of tragedy, and scarcely less wonderful is the refusal of Le Gardeur de Repentigny by Angélique des Meloises, and her remorse afterwards.

Beauty and pathos touch the heart to very tender notes at many points. The lovely love of Amélie Repentigny and Pierre Phillibert, the sad story of Heloise de Lotbinière, the parting scene between Pierre and Amélie in the convent as she dies in Pierre's arms, are full of purity and grace.

But it would be indexing the whole book to mention its claims upon the cultivated reader. Throughout, the demands of duty, of piety and of domestic life are brought out with a power that shows how deeply their finest motives are embedded in

the heart of the author, rendering the book at once a delight to the intellect and a tonic to the moral sense. From an historical point of view "Le Chien d'Or" is also valuable; the causes that led to the loss of New France to the mother land, the condition and daily life of the promising colony ruined by the rascality of Bigot, despite the good government of La Gallisonnière, even the very appearance of Quebec, are all so graphically given as to impress themselves insensibly but indelibly on the intellect, and as seals to the whole is the historic use of noble names to which we are not strangers to-day—La Corne St. Luc, de Lotbinière, Abbé Piquet, Beauharnois, De Léry, De Boucherville, and Mother Mary of the Incarnation. The hand that could manage all these and a score more of equally important characters has been no weak hand, and should have been better known in romance.

Leaving unnoticed innumerable monographs, speeches and other notable additions to Canadian literature by Mr. Kirby, his poems claim our chief regard. A list of them covers various ground, but the United Empire Loyalists and the Province of Upper Canada shine conspicuous throughout them all.

The first and in some senses the greatest, and probably the least known, bears the modest title "The U. E. : A Tale of Upper Canada," and is dedicated "to the Hon. Sir John Beverly Robinson, Baronet; Chief Justice of Upper Canada," in recognition of that gentleman's services to the Province with sword and gown.

Of the intent of the poem the author says in his preface, dated Niagara, 1859: "Its design was mainly to preserve a few peculiar traits of a generation of men now, alas! nearly passed away, the United Empire Loyalists of Canada: those brave and devoted defenders of the British Crown"; and he calls it his "humble tribute to the noble patriarchs of Upper Canada, who, with this goodly land, the fruit of their early toils and almost incredible hardships, have left us the still nobler inheritance of their patriotic and loyal example."

But the poem is much more than a tribute, however noble; it is an epic, and reminds the reader continually of that other epic of a small and struggling people, the *Odyssey* of Homer.

Moreover, Mr. Kirby's style is essentially classic; throughout all his poems there moves a rhythmic cadence, a contained and regulated manner, itself evidence of a refined and cultivated intellect.

The poet himself in an eloquent tribute introduces us to his master, the "glowing Maro" of Courtenay:

"But glorious Maro! unto thee belong
The might and majesty of epic song;
And thine with power and grandeur to rehearse,

In all the pomp of pan-harmonic verse,
Gods and their works, and on the lyre unbar
The mighty symphonies of love and war.
Thee, chief of song! Let circling haloes blaze
Around thy head, and crown immortal bays!"

For himself, with the modesty of true genius, the poet only asks

"For me a wreath of modest cedar still
May haply bloom on some Canadian hill,"
and he cries ardently:

"Then come, my Muse, and fire my tongue,
And let my lips the moving strain prolong
Till warm with life, and radiant from above,
My lay be worthy of my country's love."

The "U. E." is in twelve cantos of varying length and is laid out as the story

three months wed! alas! she said," and in the New France falls under the spell of another love, a beautiful lady by whose hand he dies by a chance shot while hunting in "le Marais Normand," the "Black Swamp" of the old Niagara settlers. This is the motif of "Spina Christi."

The poem opens in fine martial measure which, however, adapts itself wonderfully as the story proceeds to the tragedy at the close.

In "Spina Christi," Mr. Kirby deals with unblest love, but he does it with a master hand, the rebuke of sin is felt throughout; yet the poem is no vehicle of denunciation or wrath, but a parable of teaching, merciful and tender to poor humanity; thus manifesting the true insight of the poet.

"The Bells of Kirby Wiske and the Lord's Supper in the Wilderness" is exquisitely beautiful. Into it, as indeed is most natural, seeing that "this old Danelagh by the Wiske" was the poet's birthplace, Mr. Kirby has thrown all his heart. Its touches of English rural life and scenery remind one in their beauty and feeling of Browning's

"Oh to be in England now that April's here," and are not surpassed in their eloquence and tenderness.

The "story" is chiefly contained in the second part, "The Lord's Supper in the Wilderness." The trance or ecstasy in which Eve Ashby expires while partaking of the holy food is a wonderful piece of imagery. The poem abounds in delicate touches, and the richness of the poet's imagination and the loftiness of his ideals are nowhere more finely exemplified.

In the former part, "The Bells of Kirby Wiske," a legend is embodied that still obtains in the cloistered calm of the English village. Cries Eve Ashby, the day before her death:—

"O listen Hilda! hear you not? cried she,
The Bells of Kirby Wiske are ringing, ring-
ing—

Have in my ears all day been ringing low

* * * * *

Twas always said, you know, my darling
Hilda,

—To hear those bells in dreams or fantasy
Was certain sign that God was calling in
Some weary soul to rest from earthly toil,
As they to-day are calling me."

A beautiful episode in the poem recites the death of Col. Pulleine at Isandula. He was a native of Kirby Wiske, of which parish Col. Pulleine's father was rector, his brother being rector at the present time.

"The Christian soldier on the arid plains
Of Africa had heard the solemn bells
Of Kirby Wiske ring on that fatal day."

The exigencies of space forbid what would be as welcome to the reader as grateful to the writer, exemplary quotations from each and all of these elegant poems, and from certain others of different form. Each has its own style and charm; in none does the poet fall short of himself, and in none does the human interest of the story become overlaid. By some excellent judges the idyll "Bushy Run," is preferred because of the transcendently beautiful narrative of a touching incident therein embodied. But comparison has no meaning in such connection: whether we study "The Queen's Birthday Idylls" or "The Harvest Moon," "The Hungry Year," "Stony Creek," or "Dead Sea Roses," we find each perfect, and each a brilliant, though differing in color from the rest.

A fine poem of some two hundred and fifty lines "On seeing a flock of English sparrows at my door on the shore of Lake Ontario, December, 10th 1876," is a choice piece of work, and will ever be a favorite with English readers for its delicate delineation of emigrant's feelings and the tenderness of the touch which soothes his wounds. To such of us as remember when no English sparrow was to be found in Canada, the poem records an epoch.

In translations, two from Beranger, "Hurons-nous, l'honneur est la-bas" and "At Leipzig." Rien qu'une main Francois, Je suis sauve," are elegant specimens and prove that only a poet can translate a poet. The latter embodies the death of Prince Poniatowski at the Elster after the blowing up of the bridge.

The poems herein dealt with by no means cover Mr. Kirby's work, a quantity of which has never yet been published; but we hear of a forthcoming volume in which it is to be hoped all will appear.

Of sonnets Mr. Kirby has written very few; we select one of them wherewith appropriately to conclude this paper.

THE WAX WING

Found frozen in a snow-drift at Niagara,
27th February, 1886.

A day of vernal sunshine clove in twain
Midwinter's storms, and in its brightness flew
A little wax-wing bright as morning dew,
Seven-sealed and golden tipped, and sang a
strain

Of triumph over winter's vanished reign.
He sought the bush had reared it—found it
too—

And said "together we will now renew—
My mate and I, our little nest again."

But soon the storms returned, and frozen, lo!
The pretty warbler found I in the snow
The fate, alas! of all who dare to sing
Untimely songs, too early, or too sweet.
For birds or poets it is death to bring
Their summer lays into the wintry street.

S. A. CURZON.

CANADIAN AVERSION TO ANNEXATION.

It has often been asked by intelligent Americans why Canada is so persistently averse to becoming a part of the Union. The question is not by any means unnatural or extraordinary. Here are 5,000,000 people living beside 65,000,000, speaking the same language, in a great number of cases related by blood or marriage, having a common ancestry, thrown constantly in contact with one another. That a commercial advantage would accrue to Canada from union with the United States cannot be seriously disputed. For instance, when the McKinley Bill was introduced, there is no denying the fact that it was a telling blow to Canadian commerce. Nor are those advocates of inter-Imperial trade wise who attempt to make us believe that the imposition of a duty on eggs was a blessing in disguise for the Canadian farmer, inasmuch as it opened his eyes to the superiority of the British market. If the British market were better than the American market it would have been found out long ago. No one need hesitate to prophesy that if the present American government removes the duty on eggs and other products, Canadian eggs and products will pour into the cities of the United States. In discussing trade matters it is of no use to prevaricate, and a sensible man will not attempt to make people believe that this Dominion will prosper in just such a degree as it is shut off from

trade with the republic to the south. The loss of a market of a nation can no more be a help to that nation, than the loss of a customer can be a help to the individual trader. As far as we can see at the present day, commercial union with the United States would be of material advantage to Canada. Canadians deserve credit in that they do not allow themselves to be led altogether by the material aspect of the question.

Why is it that Canadians, conceding that it would be a material gain, so heartily oppose a union with the States? Professor Goldwin Smith, a great writer, but often, as Matthew Arnold has justly said, "too much given to acerbity," never tires of telling the English and American people, that the loyalty of Canada to the mother-land is nothing more than lip-loyalty. But better judges of Canadian sentiment than the learned professor, and equally hostile to the present Dominion Government, have again and again conceded that the last general election was lost to the Liberals through the suspicion of disloyalty which rested upon that party. A certain portion of the American people think that they can force Canada into the Union. They are quite convinced that Canada will never voluntarily join in with them. Now, it stands to reason that this conviction must be extremely galling to a people who have long ago decreed that they can "whip creation."

The great bulk of the American people have yet to learn that the true greatness of a nation, is not always to be measured by its commercial prosperity. This is a hard doctrine to preach these days of avowed mammon worship, but if people will take time to consider they will see that it is true. It is not a great many years ago that Sydney Smith asked the question, "Who reads an American book, or who attends an American play?" To-day American books are read, and people do attend American plays. But to what extent? The United States is far beyond its infancy as a nation. It is peopled by an immense population, a large percentage of which is made up of wealthy individuals, an unusually large average is well to do. There is no acknowledged leisured class, as in England, but there are a great number of persons who have nothing to do beyond enjoying themselves. Emerson did his best to impress upon his fellow-countrymen the need and beauty of culture, and of course his influence has not been for naught. But the desire to accumulate wealth is all prevailing, and permeates every class. They affect to scorn an aristocracy, while they are building up at a rapid rate a plutocracy.

The Americans are an exceedingly boastful race. In order to make strangers appreciate the greatness of their country, they think it necessary to proclaim on the housetops that they are a great people. A characteristic Yankee writing about the World's Fair will almost invariably speak of it as the "greatest show of the greatest nation in the world, past, present or to come." Boston, it is true, makes a show of culture, but the odour of pork and baked beans is closely connected with the culture, and affectation is everywhere. True culture and affectation do not go together. When Max O'Rell visited Toronto, he said, "You are very English here. Continue to be English." And is it a wonder that when Canadians see their American cousins aping the customs of the English gentry, they should say: "We don't want to be part of a nation which is ashamed of its

own peculiarities." The fact is that the American people affect to despise that which they in their innermost hearts adore, and the world outside of the United States sees this, and draws its own conclusions. Canadians are amused when Americans, boasting of their Republican simplicity, come to Ottawa, and flock to every available entertainment at Rideau Hall. A provincial governor, with a title, although it be not hereditary, is a big gun at a summer resort where Americans predominate. Every other man in the States is addressed as Colonel or Judge, and a dentist or veterinarian who was not spoken to as "Doctor" would feel mortally offended. This all shows a weakness for titles, which speaks louder than words. Englishmen have faults and plenty of them, but as a general thing an Englishman is content with the belief that his country is the best in the world. He is not forever thrusting the fact upon you as if he expected you to challenge the statement. The average Englishman believes in titles, and is not ashamed to own it. Moreover an Englishman reverences the constitution of his country. He will always speak respectfully of the Queen. An American will refer to the President as "old" Grover, or "old" Ben. This may seem a small thing, but it shows which way the wind blows.

Let us take the two countries of England and America from the commencement of the Revolution to the present day, and see which has made the greater advance towards the attainment of an ideal democracy. A hundred years ago political power in England was almost exclusively in the hands of a privileged class, and Fox was pointing out that few persons, engaged in trade, sat in the British House of Commons. Where do we find a more truly democratic assembly to-day than the same House? Although the Parliament is superior to the law courts, the judges, and every official, no matter how high he be, it is the servant of the people, and must obey the fiat of the people. Not many years ago an injustice done a young woman, in the humbler walks of life, was sufficient to upset a government and cause a general election.

The progress of events in England for the past 100 years has been in the direction of ever-extending power and rights to the masses. Has not the contrary been the record of the American nation? The sturdy founders of the Republic started out with a lovely ideal in view. A first clause of the Declaration of Independence announces that "all men are created equal." No doubt the framers had in view the glorious scene of ancient Athens, where there was indeed a true republic, where worth and culture and art were in the highest regard, and where the poet's laurel was the object of as much veneration as the millionaire's purse to-day. This ideal has most certainly not been attained. Young America of to-day laughs in his sleeve at the simplicity of his ancestors of a hundred years ago. The United States, more than any other nation, has set up the almighty dollar as its god. It scarcely makes a pretence of hiding this opinion. It may be all very well to make fun of those simple people who pretend that they do not value money, but if we are to believe anything of the wisdom of the teachers of old, the pursuit of wealth as the main object in life, and experience has proved it, does not secure happiness. And as nothing is truer than that history repeats itself, a nation which sets up Mam-

mon as its ideal will eventually learn that it must pay the penalty of worshipping a false god.

Is it not to the credit of Canadians and a sign for hope of true greatness, that they decline union with a nation which, to make a quotation, "is so much greater in the imagination than in the performance." As Canadians, we claim that, without going to war with our motherland and causing a fratricidal strife, we have, by peaceful means, secured a constitution superior, on the whole, to the American constitution, purchased by a civil war, which it is not at all certain was unavoidable. We point to our system of government as more quickly responsive to the wishes of the people, than the American system. It is not claimed that our system is by any means faultless, but it is claimed that it is less faulty than that of the United States. Canadians so value their constitution that they would rather put up with some commercial distress than barter it for an inferior.

And when we look for a country where the worthy class of its people rule, our sight rests on Great Britain, with its limited monarchy, rather than on a republic whose god is "boodle," and which has deliberately forsaken the ideals of its founders.

T. C. L. KETCHUM.

WITH THE NORTH WIND.

The snow has disappeared, washed away by the Christmas rains, and the Prince Edward hills are bronzed again and brown; an amber light is on the uplands and the trackless ice-fields of the bay are illumined by the yellow light of the sun whirling in cloudless splendor down the blue-white west. Here, in the heart of this cove, you would aver it was springtime; the steep hill is brown, and the sun on the earth, the stones, the trees and the dead leaves looks warm like the sun of summer. Ah! but then, there round the curve a waterfall complains of the frost; there are icicles and frozen froth, and motionless white cascades like carved white marble; the frost is eating into her heart like leprosy into the heart of its victim, its white death is upon her, her voice has grown sorrowful, soon she will lie silent on the big rocks, and snow will fall in a day or two and hide her from the sun.

Behind us lies the bay. Let us turn, let us go home with the wind; our skates will flash gold-light, we shall follow the sun. There are iceboats racing. Last night they were in the harbor, the three; the wind was light and they crept about from shore to shore, under a dim moon, like spectral things; to-day they fly, and the singing steel echoes, miles on miles, along the great white highway. Let us go out, out into the wind. This way; look not northward, for the breath of the frost king is keen blowing over the gleaming fields. On, on . . . you forget the gold sky above you, the abyss of darkness beneath; the sun-paths on the ice are smooth like satin, and you sweep onward with velvet glidings, now adrift upon the breast of the bay, now dipping into elysian coves where the winds dare not follow, for the sun sleeps there. You care not, you are conscious only of life—life that is dear—and motion, the amber air-wine luring you sunward. The gods are not far off . . . *This is enchantment.*

HELEN M. MERRILL.

January, 1894.

TO KEATS.

Mortality lay heavy on thy soul;
For five and twenty years its girding bars
Stay'd thee from mounting up to roam the
stars
That crown with light the heaven's highest
pole;
Lo, I, a priest, without the priestly stole,
Afraid (and fear the end I aim at, mars,
Come with the Romans home from hucking
wars
To offer unto Peace a simple dole!

The nightingale has won a fuller throat,
The human heart has found a wider sphere,
The altar-smokes of Hellas higher float,
We meet more blooms in ev'ry path to cull,
Beauty more truthful, Truth more beautiful
Have grown, since in thy travail, thou wast
here.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

Plover Mills, Ont.

INFANTS: THEIR CARE AND TRAINING.

An immortal philosopher has written, "That all human beings who inhabit the earth are children of the same Father, and of one family, however exalted the pride of rank; let us then love our fellow-creatures since they are our brothers; fly to their relief; lighten their burdens; strengthen their weakness; spare their faults; be their deliverers and not their executioners. Such have been those great men whose glory will live in history; fathers of the people; delight of mankind; whose cherished names will go down to posterity."

Strictly speaking an infant is a human being that cannot articulate a single word. The term is equivalent to the *pueritia* of the Latins, and designates the most tender period of childhood, not only to the age of seven years, which is generally regarded as indicative of the first glimmer of reasoning powers, but even to fourteen, the period of adolescence.

It must be considered that from the moment of its birth this tender and innocent being attaches itself to us from utter helplessness, and captivates our hearts by its first artless caresses, no less sweet and pure than those of love.

Behold it then, lying on the ground, naked, bound hand and foot, explains Pliny, this simple animal, born to command all others! Other animals do not enter upon their career under such cruel auspices; not one of them has received such a frail existence as man. It is by rigorous experience we purchase reason, and the empire of the world; gifts that are often fatal to our happiness and repose.

But flocks and herds, and ev'ry savage beast, by more indulgent nature are increased; They want no rattles for their froward mood, No nurse to reconcile them to their food.

As a rule, all infants have almost the same physiognomy, girls as well as boys. Nevertheless, we observe that their features and temperament resemble the family to which they belong. Usually, twins resemble each other in complexion, but not always the other brothers and sisters of the same parents. Difference of age, amorous passion, system of living, and time of conception contribute to cause a difference between the children of the same marriage. We find that one is born with propensities entirely different from those of his brother, and however similar their education may have been, they are never exactly alike. Those philosophers who reject the doctrine of innate ideas should not, at least, deny

the existence of those innate propensities which make one child more sprightly than another, or more passionate, or more thoughtful, or more intelligent. It will not be impossible to find in the different circumstances of his organization, the source of these native proclivities.

About the fortieth day the infant begins to smile and recognize its mother. This is the first sign of intelligence, indicating a knowledge of something that pleases him; it is the appanage of the human species only.

Man complains of the long helpless state of his infancy, while quadrupeds promptly acquire all their powers, and are soon full grown. Imagine, however, a man adult at first, and able to leave his parents at the age of one or two years, as quadrupeds do! then human society would be dissolved; for the most durable family ties are those of infancy, necessitating a long stage of instruction. Becoming, in a short time, a man big and strong, the infant would neither have time to learn a language, nor lay up, through a long education, that treasury of knowledge, experience and reason which raises our species so high above all other created beings. It is to the long duration of our helpless condition, of its wants and slow growth, that the perfection of our species is due.

The imitative faculty in man, manifest in the child especially in an eminent degree on account of the flexibility of his organs and the impressionability of his nervous system, is one of the easiest and quickest means of instruction that nature has accorded us. Monkeys are imitators, but are limited to exterior acts of mimicry, lacking the power that man possesses of comprehending intellectual operations. Children commence to instruct themselves in everything by imitation; there is continual sympathy and communication of signs and ideas between the mother and the child. The infant would never know anything if we had first to explain to him everything that was done. He is to this extent a machine before he is a man; and this sort of surface or exterior education habituates and disposes his mind to acts of intelligence.

There are inept and phlegmatic children whose minds expand tardily; others, sprightly and reasonable betimes; but although this difference of sense indicates a difference in constitution, there is no absolute proof that these little geniuses will surpass the former in intellectual ability during the course of a lifetime. Too much food may make a nursing dull, somnolent and inert; deficient nutrition, or a tendency to rickets may, on the other hand, give a precocity and hurtful energy to the nervous system and intellectual faculties; hence the dictum among nurses: "That child will not live, he has too much sense"; which would lead one to suppose that fools succeed better than others in the world. It is necessary, doubtless, to let strength get possession of the body; not to overburden the under-standing with forestalling lessons; to do no violence by unseasonable studies to a feeble innocent, who rather needs to stretch his little limbs by exercise; but we cannot agree with those authors who pretend that we should only think, in the early stages of infancy, of developing the corporeal organs. This method would build a boorish and brutal colossus; the beasts themselves add some instruction to the nourishment they give their young. Man is not all material; the mind also requires exercise for its maintenance. Animal existence, although first

predominating in infancy, is but the half of its life, and the child that has been instructed too late has lost that flexibility, that first aptness for instruction, which can never be found again. Education too long delayed is almost always defective.

Nevertheless, nothing is more indispensable than exercise for the development of muscular energy, as well as the equal distribution of nourishment, heat, blood and life in the animal economy. See these young villagers gleaming with health; hardy, dexterous, whose ruddy complexion beams with contentment and joy; sometimes covered with dust and wet with perspiration; sometimes blue with cold and rolling in the snow, but always happy and free; they devour brown bread; they sleep a deep sleep; they exercise all their functions in full serenity, the comfort of life! They are strong, without care and without constraint; neither the summer's heat, nor the winter's cold stops them; they play, they sing, they laugh, they dance; they are democratic in their games: are they not happy?

Compare this existence with the over-scrupulous methods of our cities. A little boy, warmly enveloped in soft clothing, scarcely ventures to breathe the pure air, when his mother or his nurse fears that the sun will change his complexion, or a cold wind injure his lungs. If he takes a few steps, the slightest stumble is alarming; advice, reprimand, prohibition arrest his most trivial desires; nothing is permitted but babbling or toys. They are restrained by this serious gravity; by sumptuous vestments which they must not soil; or by treating freer children as unequal, or badly brought up.

Liberty and freedom of exercise make a young man frank, open, generous, because they expand the vital forces; despotism acts in a contrary way in every stage of life; it strains, contracts and debases.

We thus see the relation between man's moral condition and the first actions of his physical organization. Free muscular development must be encouraged. The body, after some time, must be familiarized with many things, exposed to both heat and cold, without subjecting it to a greater stimulus than its texture can bear; accustomed to gymnastic exercises, and to live on different kinds of food. What beautiful and robust men the ancients were? What admirable geniuses they developed? Not that corporeal strength is to be our only care, or that we should encourage mainly the formation of athletes, gladiators, runners, leapers, or dancers; nor do we hold that children have no reprehensible and vicious inclinations, like those trees whose luxuriant sap produces suckers that turn the juice from the fruit; nor that ardent youthfulness does not become intoxicated with life's pleasures, ungovernable and unwilling to be bridled when abandoned to the intemperance of its passions. Then must we correct the child, do violence to its desires, and inflict more or less severe physical chastisement? What influence have these means upon the animal and moral economy? That is a very important question in education, and has not, perhaps, been sufficiently examined.

There are two periods in infancy, first, when the individual, still incapable of reason, is guided by natural instinct only; moral correction cannot be understood then, and if the child does wrong, it is without reflection, and solely by natural impulse. It is unquestionable that corporal punishment, or privations are the only penalties that can be indicted up to the age of four

years, or even more, according to the child's intellectual condition. Many philosophers have said that physical correction is then necessary. We confess it should consist less in blows, or painful impressions on the person, than in privations of things which the child can measure and understand. Blows on the head or face are, as everybody knows, more injurious than on the limbs. No one can be the apologist of that barbarous brutality of some parents who maltreat and beat down without pity a poor innocent who has tears only for its defence. Blows, moral philosophers say, debase character, make the child timid, secretly malicious, deceitful, servile, incapable of courage and virtue; he soon begins to despair or loathe himself, does nothing but from fear of the rod, and seeks compensation in all sorts of excesses when he can do so with impunity. Look at the savage, other philosophers add; missionaries and travellers both agree that not one of them strikes his children; that they leave them complete independence; treat them with gentleness; and judge from their little mettle and passion, that they will some day become courageous men. Free to do as they please, they do not attempt to abuse that freedom. Who, on the contrary, are said to be the most slothful and corrupt people? The Chinese, in whose homes, owing to extreme paternal authority, infancy is a long and frightful slavery.

In all this we see either the viciousness of extremes, or the false application of principles. For, besides repelling cruelty to children with horror, we believe there exists a more efficacious way for their government almost without corporal punishment in their second infancy, or when they are susceptible of reason; that is, to teach them emulative self-love, as it is the moral instinct of excellence, of justice, of truth, from which nature lights the torch in our hearts and minds. It is not true, therefore, that paternal authority, the holiest, the most venerable that exists among men, can be an accessory to the degradation and dishonor of mankind.

What nation more proud and magnanimous than the old Romans, those austere republicans who had the right of death over their children and used it? Where are manners purer than where the laws give most authority to parents, strengthening more strongly the family ties? Must not children be instructed from a tender age to bear the salutary yoke of civilization, to restrain the violent inclinations which man frequently uses for domination, to the injustice of his fellow-creatures?

When the lateral branches of a sapling are cut off, the sap darts up straighter and higher; in like manner, by pruning the vicious propensities of youth, his noblest faculties will profit by the operation. Chastisement and privation, so long as they are not excessive, or exercised by caprice or passion, but wisely adapted to the character of the individual, far from debasing him, will increase his integrity and prevent him dissipating and going astray. It is a help to recollection, which, like a cold bath, stimulates the forces and heat of life within us. On the other hand, we see how the spoiled child is prodigal of his corporeal faculties, giving unrestrained freedom to his desires. Experience has proved that idolized children are always ungrateful to their too indulgent parents, whose weakness makes them despicable even in their children's eyes.

Hearken to nature, that builds up and is a garden for the infant. Does she not inspire him with a burning curiosity to see, touch and taste? He lays his delicate hands on everything, and wishes to seize it; he will open a fruit or other object from curiosity, and break and destroy a thousand things; it is certainly not an instinct of cruelty, of innate wickedness, as some suppose, but a desire to see; a love of everything new to him; an exercise of strength. At this age, every sight is instructive; everything in the universe is strange and marvellous to him and makes an agreeable impression; for man is eager to fill up the immense void of ignorance that is in him.

If this instinct is encouraged by more seductive studies than dry grammar or thorny syntax, which are usually put too soon into a school-boy's hands, there is no doubt he would take a very lively interest in the various fields of study, and make remarkable progress in them. As a matter of fact, most children have an admirable memory; they learn a multitude of things with astonishing rapidity, and the impressions are often so deep that they last to old age.

Judgment is not well developed in children because this faculty exacts a great concourse of ideas for comparison and examination of their resemblance or difference; besides, a child is very changeable, very inconsistent, and not susceptible of the long attention and cool reflection which a mature judgment and coherent reasoning require. General maxims and abstract principles are beyond his capacity, and strangers to his simple ideas. He applies himself especially to physical objects, to things that move his senses, and not to philosophical considerations which have no attraction for him. This velocity of his movements is due to the quick action of the heart, and the impetuosity of the circulation, which cause the blood to rush in his veins. The same vehemence impresses a variable and violent character on his affections; anger, love, fear, hope, jealousy, hatred, joy, sorrow, excite these young beings in every way, and subside as quickly as they appear.

The fitness of the mind depends in a great measure upon the equal development of the intellectual organs and the hemispheres of the brain; the latter cannot be made unequal except by imprudent compressions. As great inconvenience results from the habit of giving too much preponderance to one side of the body, the other remaining feeble and incapable, so one eye or ear becoming stronger than the other by vicious habits produces unequal sensations, however simultaneous; and false or incorrect ideas. Strabismus, or squinting frequently results from this cause. As regards the ears, some people are incapable of an accurate perception of harmonious sounds, hence the impossibility of learning music and singing in tune.

Children, accustomed from their cradle to the nurse's song, are soon accustomed to rhythm and cadence. Harmony diverts their attention from suffering, regulates their movements more equally and puts them to sleep more gently. There is some truth in the belief of the Pythagoreans that music largely contributed to good health, to growth, to vigor and harmony of the mind. Without the art of music, we would still be living wild and savage in the woods, if it be true that the harmony of Amphion and Orpheus mollified the first mortals. The laws of Greece bore the

same title as their songs. In their country, education in infancy was a pleasure.

We would insist moreover, if it were necessary, upon the grievous error of neglecting the development of the moral sense during infancy, as it may result in ferocious habits among children badly educated. Frequent examples of cruelty corrupt the heart and stifle kindness, the most essential of the social virtues, and that sense of justice without which the rule of violence and tyranny would prevail.

The most material of the senses, such as taste and touch, are very active in infancy. The first derives its strength from the vivacity of the youthful appetite, causing almost all children to be greedy and dainty eaters. The touch, from its mellow softness, in these tender creatures makes them very attractive, at the same time giving them exact ideas of everything they seize and embrace.

If the natural bent of children's minds was not so frequently thwarted, it is probable they would almost always manifest an inclination, more or less decided, for some special occupation. It is true that, as natural impulses are not all equally praiseworthy and useful, it might happen that a duke's son would consider himself fit to be a good cook, or the son of an artisan might perhaps display the talents of a general.

It has been established by statistics that a certain percentage of infants of one year perish before the age of five, and a certain percentage before the age of ten.

When blooming youth approaches early manhood it is time to be on the alert, and resist and repel the veiled enchantress that crosses the path of the young man, in various forms, before he enters the portals of lawful wedlock.

Be this thy guard, be this thy strong defence,
A virtuous heart, and unstained innocence.

Who then is free?—the wise that can control,
And govern all the passions of the soul.

Of all social institutions, none exercises so much influence on the state as marriage. As the State is composed of families, the prosperity of a nation will always depend on the perfection of its matrimonial laws: they influence the peace of society, and the rights of persons and things; the sceptre and the throne itself are dependent on them. If the multiplication of our species is abandoned to the natural reins of the procreative instinct, society would be dragged into a state of misery and discord far below the present standard. Social institutions, in so far as they protect us from such misfortunes, deserve to be respected; but they must be freed from those shackles which, instead of repressing or regulating abuses, have a contrary effect.

As a consequent of violent and unrestrained passions many children are born whose lives cannot be prolonged. Feeble and ephemeral offspring result from bacchanalian and other excesses, which a natural instinct unceasingly foment.

Children should be trained at home by their mothers, or a governess or infant instructor who has been properly educated at a training school. The incipient man should be taught at the beginning of his career to make a becoming use of his life that is opening before him. His watchful guardian is, therefore, charged with the direction of his first ideas, and development of his first affections. Taking care of his health is only a part of the task imposed on a good nurse; she should prepare her

scholar to be a useful member of society. To whom shall this precious trust be confided, this frail and delicate being on whom so many hopes are placed?

Such a question would have been not only superfluous, but offensive in the ancient days when civilized people preserved in all their purity those simple manners and happy inclinations which nature inspires. Having joyfully entered wedlock, women nursed their own children then. Disquiet and agitations, which are inseparable companions of maternity, were but as pleasures to them. When mothers again deign to nurse their infants, manners will reform themselves; the sentiments of nature will revive in every heart; the country will be properly peopled.

The attractions of domestic life are the best preventive of bad morals. The prattle of children becomes agreeable; it makes the father and mother dearer to one another, and strengthens the conjugal bond between them. When the family is animated cheerful and affectionate, domestic cares are the dearest occupation of the wife, and the sweetest amusement of the husband.

A good physique is indispensable to a good nurse, but there are other qualities no less precious, and still more rare, although equally important to success. She must possess unalterable sweetness, habitual cheerfulness and imperturbable patience. Equanimity of temper is the only means of impressing the moral sense, and is eminently adapted to the early formation of patience, sweetness and resignation, and to produce in the child those qualities which, developing with age, form ultimately the useful citizen. Plato recommends that nurses should not repeat a multitude of ridiculous and absurd stories, for fear, he says, such prepossessions may give a false direction to the mind. What would the philosopher have said had he heard tales too often recounted in our homes, not only to children, but grown-up men and women? Nevertheless, nothing should be neglected when education is in question. Vices and virtues often appear innate, or dependent on individual organization, because we do not perceive the impressions which, from the most tender age have occasioned their development.

Poor and less civilized nations, especially if free, multiply rapidly; and there is daily proof that the indigent and laborious classes of society produce the greatest number of children. We do not see that the mortality of children is greater among the middle classes than in the higher and more opulent ranks—where the most assiduous care is given to the young shoots of illustrious ancestry. In fact, the poor, and not the rich, nurse their children. The excessive dread of the least indisposition of his little highness causes recourse to medicaments and precautions which often help to kill him. The want of liberty and motion, of breathing the pure air, of accustoming himself by degrees to the inclemency of the seasons, the misuse of sweetmeats, taint his constitution, and precocious pleasures enervate his strength. The poor, on the contrary, inure themselves to fatigue, accustom themselves to plain food, and fortify their lives by free and vigorous exercise suitable to age. The imperceptible degeneration of the higher classes of society is the outcome of their modes of life, while the inferior ranks make themselves strong and produce generations more robust and enduring, both in morals and physique.

Woe to those who do not profit by the experience of the past on this important sub-

As you are richest in this world's goods ;
But if my candidate will easemy pain,
To him the opposing man shall yield in votes,
Unless he gives me up two last year's notes "

These verses may leave me open to the
imputation of placing old wine in new bottles
but I frankly acknowledge the source of the
supply.

Yours, etc.,
G. N. BEAUMONT.

FIVE LOVE-LETTERS.*

Is there any one who has not heard of Marianna Alcoforado, of Beja, in the province of Alemtejo, in Portugal? And yet it is wonderful that any one to-day should have heard of her, for she lived three hundred years ago, in a little convent, in an unnoteworthy town, in which she attained no distinction; and her only claim to the attention of posterity lies in the existence of five short letters addressed to a French cavalry officer of the name of Noel Bouton, Comte de Chamilly. But what letters! There is perhaps no more signal proof of the instinct of humanity to recognize the beautiful, the good, and the true than the preservation of this little packet of letters written by this love-lorn nun of twenty-seven to this dashing officer of thirty-one.

"What," was once asked by one who knew nothing of them, "is the secret of their preservation?" "Their genuineness," was the reply; and perhaps to this might have been added the depth of the emotions that were so genuinely expressed and the keenness with which they were so all unconsciously analysed. She spoke out her whole loving heart, did poor Marianna, and few things interest man more than the heart of man.

She was beautiful, she was brave; and both were young. So the old, old story followed. Conventual walls could not separate them, nor did conventual rules prevent them. And the old story had its too frequent ending: he wooed and won, and when he had won, she was left to mourn, and to her mournings she gave vent in these five passionate letters in which she yet once again bared all her feminine charms and weaknesses. "What!" she tells him, "is this the reward you give me for loving you so tenderly? But it matters not; I am resolved to adore you all my life and to care for no one else. . . . Could you ever content yourself with a love colder than mine? You will perhaps find more beauty elsewhere (yet you told me once that I was very beautiful), but you will never find so much love: and all the rest is nothing."

Perhaps the most curious part of the preservation of these letters is that the originals are lost. There actually does not exist a copy of the Portuguese letters as their writer penned them, but only a French translation, which a Portuguese literary expert declares from internal evidence to be a poor translation. Be this as it may, they have been published again and again, and commented on, and studied times without number—as indeed they deserved to be.

The latest translation is that by Mr. Edgar Prestage. From a purely typographical point of view, Mr. Prestage's book leaves nothing to be desired; the type and manner of printing adopted by Messrs. T. and A. Constable, printers to Her Majesty,

* The Letters of a Portuguese Nun (Marianna Alcoforado), translated by Edgar Prestage, Balliol College, Oxford. London: Published by David Nutt, in the Strand; 1893. Cloth 8vo, rough edges, gilt top, pp. xvi, (inc. 2 blank), 209. Price 7s. 6d.

are beautiful: the pages are a delight to the eye. But from a literary point of view, Mr. Prestage's book leaves almost everything to be desired. The page of *Errata* contains no less than eighteen corrections (in some two-hundred small octavo pages amply spaced and leaded), and even this does not include them all; for on page 102, line 2, we find the phrase "what would have become of me" unnoticed. When all these are corrected by the possessor's pencil, the Messrs. Constable's pages are sadly disfigured. Worst of all, sixteen if not seventeen out of the eighteen errors are other than printer's errors. When every aspect of the book—the carefully used old-fashioned long *s*; the red-ink figured initial letters; the punctilious retention of the spelling and abbreviations of the original French translation—such as *u* for *v*, & for *and*, *e* for *en*; and the exceeding care bestowed on the minutest typographical points—show that no effort seems to have been spared to make the book bibliographically perfect, it certainly looks as if the translator had strained at a gnat and swallowed several camels. His translation halts not seldom. His opening sentence is ambiguous, for unless one knows that the thing apostrophised was "*mon amour*" and not *mon amant* (or *mon cher*), one would be apt wrongly to interpret "Do but think, my love, how much thou wert wanting in foresight." Some idea of the slips into which Mr. Prestage falls may be seen from the fact that wherever "*les Religieuses*" occurs in the original, instead of translating it simply by "nuns," he says "religious;" as, for example, "I have exposed myself to the anger of my parents, to all the severity of the laws of this country against religious" (*J'ay perdu ma reputation, je me suis exposée à la fureur de mes parents, à la severité des lois de ce País contre les Religieuses*,—p. 73, 11. 15 et seq.); and "The religious must be as mad as myself," (*Et il faut que les Religieuses soient aussi insensées que moy*,—p. 84, 11. 19 et seq.), and "Some religious who know the deplorable state" (*quelques Religieuses, qui savent l'estat deplorable*,—p. 87, 11. 16 et seq.)

A certain section of the book—heralded by a bastard title on an otherwise blank page of beautiful paper, titled in treble spaced unpunctuated crimson letters, and supplemented by small-capital marginal headings—is a so-called "Bibliography," wherein one finds only three works which had not already been mentioned by Senhor Cordeiro. Surely an exhaustive bibliography, one which even mentioned good articles on the subject—and there have been some notable ones, e.g., Mr. Edmund Gosse's in the *Fortnightly Review* (Vol. XLIX., page 506), and Senhor Emilio Pardo Bazan's in the *España Moderna* of June, 1889, entitled "La Eloísa Portuguesa" (though it is fair to say this latter is referred to in the text)—would not have been too much to ask of the maker of a seven-and-six-penny book in this era of libraries and book-manuals; especially as such bibliography would have been intensely interesting: edition after edition of the letters came out, even in the lifetime of the writer and of the receiver; numerous have been the spurious editions, the replies, and the imitations.

The best thing in Mr. Prestage's little work is the reprint in full of the first French edition of 1669, which he tells us was "copied in Paris purposely for this work," and which certainly, in his own words, "adds much [one might say 'everything'] to its interest and value." If the

translator will fill up the deficiencies pointed out, a second edition of this book would be worth buying.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

EARLY COUNSEL.

(E. A. S. 1883.)

"Of men and things, serenely speak,"
He said, half smiling, "if you seek
An easy life, for you must live
With men and things—who don't forgive."
Unhappy is the poet's lot,
Entangled in cheap tricks of thought;
Earth's goods and baggage chiefly please:
Be a philosopher—with these.
"The soul frets that the body bars
Its feet a pathway to the stars;
Albeit choose some drudgery too,
And sweat, as 'honest people' do.
"Earth's but a trivial item, sec,
Mapped in the spirit's destiny;
This smoke and toil perhaps, designed
As calisthenics for the mind."
EZRA H. STAFFORD.

Toronto.

ART NOTES.

John Sargent and Frank Bramley, painter, and George Crompton, sculptor, have been elected associates of the Royal Academy.

At her studio, 8 North street, Miss Mason has, during the past two weeks, given an exhibition of her work in china painting. Great interest has been shown and the number of visitors was large, a just tribute to the quality of the work exhibited. We regret inability to speak from personal inspection, but from all we have heard of Miss Mason's work we judge it that of a true artist.

The winter exhibition of the Palette Club opens on Saturday, Jan. 20th, at Mr. Robert's art gallery, 79 King street west, which has been much improved of late, especially in the matter of lighting. A larger number of artists than heretofore are contributing, and some work from Montreal is expected. One of the largest canvases, from the brush of an artist who speaks to the hearts of the uninitiated as well as to the more critical tastes of others, is the "Modern Madonna."

The London *Spectator* tells us, that Mr. Burne Jones, who has been recently discovered by French connoisseurs, has already made a decided impression upon Parisian opinion. The interest which his pictures have excited in the French capital is well expressed in the current number of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, which contains an intelligent and eulogistic article on his pictorial treatment of the legend of Perseus. As illustrations to the article, several of Mr. Burne Jones's sketches have been reproduced.

If any reader of Mrs. Burton Harrison's clever story "Sweet Bells out of Tune" has wondered whether reference was made to any particular artist, when one of the characters says of him: "If that man had painted Dr. Jekyll, people would have been sure to see in it the monster Hyde. They say he employs a little somebody with horns to come up through a trap door and paint his eyes for him." The frankness of these is positively brutal. If anyone has wondered, we say, a writer in the *Art Amateur* has solved the riddle. It is John S. Sargent.

The desire of the female students in the Royal Academy Schools, London, to be allowed the same chance of complete study as is given to the male students is made more significant by the results of the recent competition. It appears that both the silver medals for painting the head from life were taken by ladies, and the prize for a cartoon of a draped figure as well. They argue, not unreasonably, that if with the limited opportunities at present open to them they can do so much, greater facilities for study would bring the more substantial rewards which the Academy has to offer well within their reach.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE PRESBYTERIAN YEAR BOOK for the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, 1894. Toronto: Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd. 15c.

This extremely convenient and helpful hand book comes to us again with all the authority of a pocket encyclopedia on matters relating to the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The cover as well as the presswork is extremely neat and attractive. As a *volume mecum* of the strong and progressive branch of the Christian Church which it so well represents, the publication is rapidly nearing the limit of a quarter of a century. For now all but two decades it has in compact and convenient form each year presented the material facts of growth and development, and the essential data, for a ready and reliable reference to the main features of Presbyterian Church life in Canada. To the present editor, the Rev. W. D. Ballantyne, B.A., credit is due for this most creditable issue. There are excellent papers on the present Moderator, Romanism in Canada, Church Missions, Temperance, etc., all by competent writers, and three interesting sketches of the Fort Massey Church, Halifax, Bank St. Church, Ottawa, and First Presbyterian Church, Chatham, Ontario, respectively, with appropriate illustrations. A synopsis of the Home Mission Report and suitable selections from the Minutes of the General Assembly are also provided. So small is the price of this handy little volume and so useful is it for reference and reading, that one cannot imagine a well-ordered Presbyterian household in which the Year Book could not be produced at a moment's notice.

A HISTORY OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, 1829-1892, with contributions by Old Upper Canada College Boys. Compiled and edited by George Dickson, M.A., and G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: Rowell & Hutchinson.

The preparation of this volume has for a long time excited the interest of friends and graduates of the college, and its publication cannot fail to gratify that interest. It is fitting that some enduring monument should be reared to preserve ever fresh the old names and traditions of the past, and it is surely commendable that a permanent and living record should be made not only of matters of purely personal interest, but of such affairs of the weightier and wider importance that attach to the history of our oldest and proudest school. Great credit is due the editors for the manner in which they have compiled the work. There is a delightful ease of narration, and reminiscences of absorbing interest are told in a very engaging manner. As a purely literary production, the work makes no pretensions, yet it possesses what many more aspiring literary efforts often lack, charm and personal flavor. Proceeding as it does from so many hands, there is no monotony, and each article is contributed by the one person most fitted to know his subject. The inception of the College is graphically described, and as a record of the early educational institutions of the Province, the description is invaluable. If mention must be made of particular articles, those devoted to the regimes of successive Principals are deserving of special notice. The "History of Upper Canada College" is in every respect an attractive and interesting volume, and we cannot close our notice without a reference to the good taste of the binding, the excellence of the print, and the interest of the illustrations that adorn it.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXVI. Malthus—Mason. Price, \$3.75. New York: Macmillan; London: Smith, Elder & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1893.

Again we must note the almost wonderful regularity of the appearance of this great work. Nor is it much less surprising to note the intrinsic interest and importance of the con-

accompaniment. The text is in Italian, German and English, and the edition contains a splendid portrait of Mascagni.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, the talented young organist of Carlton St. Methodist Church, gave an organ recital in St. Luke's Church on Saturday afternoon last to a very delighted audience. He played solos by Bach, Salome, Gounod, Lemmens, Guilmant and others. Mrs. Caldwell sang most charmingly two or three well selected songs.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club have transferred their energy from the green lawn of Rosedale to the boards of the Grand Opera House—a more seasonable scene for the display of their ingenuity, skill and enterprise in entertaining their friends and the public. Crowded houses they deserve and crowded houses they are having. Mr. Schuch has rendered a good account of his chorus of forty capital voices, and the fancy march and drill, under the able direction of Messrs. Arthur Armstrong and Harvey Willis, respectively, is novel and taking. Two successive evenings and a Saturday matinee will only make their many patrons long for more. The success of the entertainment was assured from the start, and the music, singing and general features of the performances show what excellent and varied talent this popular organization contains.

"Landon's Piano Method" easily graded for beginners, by Charles W. Landon. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser. This is the best arranged work and the best adapted to meet the above requirements which have come under our notice. Most of the so-called piano methods are either too bulky and expensive, or are filled with "old fashioned ideas, exercises and trashy amusements" which do not give the learner an exalted idea of what should constitute a cultivated player. But in this splendid work of Landon's are to be found exercises and instructions on touch which are based on modern principles, and are moreover so simply and naturally explained as to leave no doubt in the minds of either teacher or pupil as to what is meant. The études and pieces are all interesting and instructive, are fingered and in most cases phrased, and are so nicely selected as to develop each hand equally, both as to technic and touch. The work is in all respects most superior, and is just the thing for beginners, being interesting, instructive, modern and progressive.

We have received the following music for review:—"Thirty selected studies from Stephen Heller's works." Philadelphia: Theo Presser. These admirable studies are selected from the works of Heller by eminent musician among whom are, Albert Ross Parsons, of New York, Arthur Foote, of Boston, and others equally well known. Among these selections are some of Heller's most instructive and beautiful compositions chosen from Op. 45, 46, 47, all graded, phrased and fingered. Besides the care bestowed on the precise expression marks, there is added to each étude, an analysis of its poetic meaning, which further adds to the excellence of this elegant and artistic edition. As is well known, Heller's études contain some of the most lovely music left us by any modern writer, but unfortunately difficult and easy ones alternate with strange inconsistency, but in this volume under review, this fault is entirely removed, for while each étude possesses some difficulty in advance of the preceding, it is quite natural, and being graded, is easy of assimilation. Another feature of merit to be observed, is the beautiful titles given to each number, in accordance with their musical character. In fact, nothing has been left undone which would add to the interest and usefulness of these already widely used and indispensable studies.

He whose life seems fair, if all his errors and follies were article against him, would seem miserable.—Jeremy Taylor.

Mankind's struggle upwards, in which millions are trampled to death, that thousands may mount on their bodies.—Mrs. Balfour.

Their contention seems logical; to withhold from them that knowledge of the human figure which is the foundation of all excellence in the practice of art, is less than just.

The exhibition of paintings in oil and water-colors now being held in Montreal on the occasion of the opening of the new gallery, contains a large number of very valuable works, nearly all the property of Montreal collectors. Among the names of the French painters are Dagnan Bouveret, Decamps, De-la-croix, Isabey, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Cazin, Couture, Ribot, and Jules Breton, whose "Les Communicants" is generally considered one of his masterpieces. There are examples of the old Dutch school in Franz Hals' "Portrait of Johann Van Loo, Colonel of the Archers of St. George," and "Portrait of a Man in Black;" "An Interior," by Pieter De Hooge; a "Portrait of a Lady," by Rembrandt; "A Flemish Kitchen," by Teniers, and two landscapes by Jacob Van Ruysdael. A fine Fortuny has been lent, and among the English masters are Turner's "Mercury and Argus;" a canvas by Wilkie; Romney's "Portrait of Mrs. Wright;" portraits by Gainsborough, Lawrence and Reynolds (the works by these last four as well as that of Turner were exhibited last winter in New York), and examples of many less well known. To Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. E. B. Greenshields, Vice-President of the Art Association, and Mr. A. T. Taylor, who form the Executive Committee, is due mainly the great success of this exhibition.

The Canadian Artists' Association held an exhibition of some ninety two pictures in the Hamilton Art School, under the auspices of the Canadian Club of that city. There was a large gathering of Hamilton's society people on the opening night, Dec. 29th, and the attendance during the whole of the week was very encouraging. On two of the afternoons addresses on art topics were given by the President and Secretary, Mr. Bell-Smith and Mr. Sherwood, which attracted large audiences. The collection was a very choice one, among whom we find the names of L. R. O'Brien, O. R. Jacobi, D. Fowler, Bell-Smith, George Bruenech, Brymner, Homer Watson, Paul Peel, Matthews, Geo. A. Reid, Mrs. Reid, Challener, Atkinson, Verner, Knowles, Manly, Sherwood and Miss Tully. By the courtesy of the President, two Hamilton artists, though not members of the Association, were asked to contribute, and the portrait of his sister by Blair Bruce, and the exquisitely painted china by Miss Galbraith, were greatly admired. Several pictures were sold, among which we notice "London Bridge," by F. M. Bell-Smith, which was bought by Mrs. W. E. Sanford, and presented by her to the Canadian Club. This picture has been noticed before as one of the features of last year's Palette Club exhibition, but the Club is to be congratulated on its acquisition of so good an example of one of Canada's most popular and talented painters.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Tchaikowsky, the late lamented Russian composer, left an estate valued at some \$10,000.

Nikisch, conductor of the Buda-Pesth Opera House, will pay London a visit with his orchestra some time next June or July.

Dr. Hans Richter, of Vienna, has been conducting some orchestral concerts in Leipzig, the orchestra being the Berlin Philharmonic. Great enthusiasm prevailed.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp will play at his forthcoming piano recital, on the 25th inst., among other things, Bach's "Italian Concerto" and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 2. Miss Norah Clench, the violinist, and Mr. Pier De-lasco will assist. The recital will doubtless be highly enjoyable.

The publishing house of Bote & Bock, of Berlin, has issued a Mascagni Album containing some of the most popular numbers of the composer's operas for voice and piano

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

You can't tell what a man may do in a horse trade by the amount of noise he makes in church.

Topper: What shall I take, doctor, to remove the redness of my nose! Doctor: Take nothing—for three months.

George: You would marry the biggest fool in the world, if he asked you, wouldn't you?
Ethel: Oh, George, this is so sudden.

"How did you like your new teacher?"
Tommy: Don't like him; he's delicate. That kind never get sick enough to stay at home.

Teacher: Do you understand the phrase "rapid enunciation?" Boy: Yes'm. It's the way folks say their prayers on cold nights.

"I am positive that my husband went shooting to-day." "What makes you think so?" "Because he didn't bring any game home with him."

"Did you have any knowledge of music before you joined the choir?" "None whatever." "Then you learned by chants, as it were?"

Professor Thomson has allowed an electrical current of a million volts to pass through his body—a case of volting ambition that few would care to rival.

"You don't seem to be able to walk steadily. You are not drunk, are you?" "No; but my shoes are." "Your shoes are! What do you mean?" "Well, they are tight."

Sailor: What is the last word spoken after a tank steamer has taken on her cargo, and is prepared to go to sea? Captain: Why, you land-lubber, "Oil aboard," of course!

Circumstances alter cases—She: You write for the papers don't you? How lovely! But you only do it for fun, of course! He: Oh, no, I do it for bread! She: How horrid!

Keeper (to the captain, who has missed again and again, and is letting off steam in consequence): Oh dear! Oh dear! It's lawful to see yer missing of 'em, sir; but (with admiration) ye're a scholar in' langwidge, sir.

The late Bishop Magee was once taken to church by a lady to hear a preacher whom she adored. "Oh! what a saint in the pulpit!" she said, as they came out of church. "But, oh! what a martyr in the pew!" replied the bishop.

After Deacon Smithers had finished his call on the pastor, the latter's little daughter said: Papa, didn't the deacon say he didn't believe in Santa Claus? "That's what he said, love."
"Then, papa, won't we have to try him for heresy?"

He: I assure you there is no truth in the saying that all Americans are liars. Well, I'm nearly fifty, and I can safely say that no word of untruth has ever passed my lips. She: No? I daresay not; but, then, you always speak through your nose.

Father (on receiving bill for luncheon at one of our very modern London restaurants): Hallo! What! Over two guineas for merely an! Why, hang it—! His son (small Etonian): Oh, well, never mind, father, it's a thing to do once, and we won't do it again!

"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both,"

the great Shakespeare, but he did not have in mind a coated tongue, or torpid liver, with all the symptoms of biliousness, so common in this country. All this, and more, can be cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a purely vegetable compound, which restores the action of the liver, gives tone to the flagging energies of the dyspeptic's stomach, and thus enables "good digestion to wait on appetite, and health on both." By drug-

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ALEX. GILRAY, 91 Bellevue Avenue.
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N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

John Walters, who lives in the suburbs of Baltimore, is 96 years old, but is still an expert shot. He is very fond of gunning, and frequently walks a dozen miles a day while enjoying the sport.

PERFECTLY CURED.
 SIRS,—I have been greatly troubled with headache and bad blood for ten or twelve years. I started to take Burdock Blood Bitters in July, 1892, and now (January, 1893), I am perfectly cured.

HUGH DRAIN, Norwood, Ont.

To a young man asking for his opinion, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes recently enumerated as the best three books "the Bible, Shakespeare's plays, and a good dictionary, say, Worcester or Webster."

LIFE IS MISERY
 To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

Rubinstein is quoted as saying: "The Jews consider me a Christian, the Christians a Jew, the classicists a 'music of the future' man, the 'music of the future' men a classicist, the Russians a German, and the Germans a Russian."

Not that Kind.
 Scott's Emulsion does not debilitate the stomach as other cough medicines do; but on the contrary, it improves digestion and strengthens the stomach. Its effects are immediate and pronounced.

The Illinois Conference of Charities and Correction at a special meeting in Chicago a few days ago, appointed a committee of 100 persons to raise a charity fund of \$1,000,000 for the relief of the worthy poor. The number of unemployed persons in Chicago is estimated at 117,000.

SORE THROAT CURED.
 DEAR SIRS,—I had a very sore throat for over a week and tried several medicines without relief until I heard of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which I tried with great success. I think it a fine medicine for sore throat, pain in the chest, asthma, bronchitis, and throat and lung troubles.

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THE WEEK COMPANY

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