

# THE WEEK

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, APRIL 27th, 1894.

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## THE WEEK:

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

### CURRENT TOPICS.

Among the many philanthropic institutions of the city there are perhaps none which should appeal more powerfully to the sympathy and generosity of the thoughtful than the News-Boys' Lodging and Industrial Home. The object of this institution is to provide a home, not only for the news-boys of the city, but also for the waifs and strays, who have nowhere to lay their heads at night. During January last, the Board of Management informs us, the Home provided no less than 806 beds and 2,418 meals for such lads, and we believe that in February and in March the numbers were but slightly if at all smaller. It is to be borne in mind, too, that the object of the Home is not only to look after the physical wants of these poor friendless boys, but that it strives also to win them from the paths of vice, towards which in many cases they are swiftly tending, to better and higher lives, by means of

right influences and suitable religious instruction. Of course money is indispensable for the carrying on of this good work, and the earnest appeal of the managers will not, we are sure, be made in vain to the readers of THE WEEK. If a few—this is our remark, not theirs—are ready to devote time, energy, and personal effort to the accomplishment of so noble a work, the many ought to be more than willing to supply them with all necessary funds, that that work may be made as efficient and comprehensive as possible. All contributions, however small, will be thankfully received by Mr. William Gillespie, Jr., 13 Toronto Street, the Treasurer of the News-Boys' Home.

We are glad that Dr. Weldon is re-introducing his bill for the curtailment of corrupt practices in elections. Those who earnestly desire the purification of our political methods, will, irrespective of party predilections, watch with a feeling deeper than curiosity to see what is done with this bill. Its provisions are simple and straightforward, and seemingly well adapted to promote the object in view. Its main features are described as follows:

Within sixty days after an election, twenty-five electors may petition the court, stating that they have good reason to believe that bribery has extensively prevailed at the election. On receipt of this petition, a judge will be assigned to hold an enquiry for the purpose of ascertaining by the usual machinery of justice what voters have received bribes. The names of these voters will then be reported to the Secretary of State, who will direct the revising officer of the district affected to strike these names from the voters list for seven years.

Other points are matters of detail. No doubt there is room for amendment, but the character of any amendments proposed should be carefully studied with a view to ascertain whether they are intended to improve, or to weaken and destroy the bill. One hopeful circumstance is the fact that this measure, being introduced by a Conservative, may naturally be expected to gain considerable support from that side of the House, while it is so directly in line with what the Liberals are continually advocating that it is hard to see how it can fail to gain their support. To our own thinking, the penalty prescribed is quite too mild. The act of giving or receiving a bribe is surely a most serious crime against the State. Nothing short of a term of imprisonment can brand it with the infamy it deserves, or educate the public conscience

to regard it in its true light. But perhaps the milder measure is better adapted to succeed in the present weak state of the electoral conscience.

Should the French Treaty be ratified by the Canadian Parliament, it is to be hoped that no misunderstanding will arise out of the failure of the latter to give the proposed subsidy in aid of a direct steamship line to France. It is obvious, of course, that nothing touching the establishment of such a line appears in the Treaty, and that a mere matter of domestic policy could not, with due regard to our national self-respect, be made a matter of treaty engagement with a foreign country. But it is no less true that, the intention of the Government having been distinctly and repeatedly mentioned by the British Ambassador and the Canadian High Commissioner in the course of the preliminary negotiations, it would be only natural should the establishment of such a direct line have been in the minds of the representatives of France as an influential consideration in framing and accepting the Treaty. If this were the case, the failure to carry out the former intention of our Government in regard to the matter might easily and almost necessarily come to be regarded as a virtual breach of faith. After what occurred at Washington in connection with former negotiations, Canada cannot afford to leave the least room for any question of her perfect straightforwardness in international dealings. It is a question, therefore, whether it is not desirable that, before the subject comes up for discussion in the Commons, France should be informally communicated with in regard to the change of intention on the part of this country, in order that she may have an opportunity to say whether the expectation of such a subsidized line had any influence with her representatives in concluding the treaty negotiations. Her distinct disclaimer of any such understanding would settle the question and forestall another undesirable discussion of a matter which ought not to be deemed discussible.

Quite a struggle took place in the Commons the other day on the question of administering the oath to witnesses summoned before the Public Accounts Committee. The Opposition members of the Committee strenuously maintained that the precedent set in 1892, when the House empowered the Committee to administer

the oath to all witnesses, should be adhered to. The members of the Government, on the other hand, no less than eight of whom appeared in the Committee when the question was first discussed there, contended that it was sufficient that the oath should be administered when a *prima facie* case of fraud had been made out or, at least, when some member of the Committee was willing to take the responsibility of saying that he believed something was wrong in the particular case before the Committee which required a solemn investigation. After an animated debate the Government view of course prevailed, but not until the Premier had promised to facilitate the use of the oath, when asked for, to an extent which covered nearly or quite all that the Opposition had asked. This being conceded, it is hard to say why the Government should have placed themselves in a false position and have given the Opposition the advantage of being able to say that their efforts to make the inquiries of the Public Accounts Committee searching and thorough had been obstructed. The public will note further proceedings with sharpened interest. There is force in the plea that it is undesirable to make the use of the oath too common and thus by familiarity endanger its effect upon the minds of witnesses. It is, in fact, a deep reproach to our civilization that any such extraneous influence should be necessary to enhance the sacred obligation which every man should feel to tell the truth under all circumstances. But, on the other hand, it is worthy of consideration whether weak consciences may not be equally endangered by seeing a distinction habitually made between testimony under oath and testimony without its sanction, and be tempted to feel that the exact truth is not rigidly expected in the latter case.

A subject of lively controversy in pedagogical circles for some time past has been that of the utility of written examinations as tests of efficiency. The written examination has been employed perhaps more freely in connection with the educational system of Ontario than in most other countries, though there is at present a somewhat marked tendency to discount if not to deny the value of such examinations. One of the strongest objections, from the teacher's point of view, which has been urged against the system which makes the academic success of the student depend upon the results of an examination conducted by examiners other than his teachers, is that the dread of the coming examination interferes with the proper freedom of the teacher in teaching and of the student in studying. The shadow of the coming ordeal hangs over all the work of the class-room. It compels both teacher and student to devote their time and strength to the preparation of the latter to answer such questions as the examiner may be supposed likely to put, rather

than to true educational work. In order to get material for making the best possible guess much time is often devoted to looking up the examiner's record, studying his idiosyncrasies, and preparing to anticipate his questions. If the papers set by the given examiner for half-a-dozen previous years upon the same subject can be found, teacher and student are happy. It is urged, not without much force, on the other hand, that this objection lies not against the examination *per se*, but against an improper and unskillful mode of examination. Be that as it may, it is rather amusing to observe how unwittingly the Minister of Education, in defending himself the other day in the Legislature against the charge of disloyalty, which has been pressed against him on the paltry ground of his having for a time omitted British history from the subjects of certain examinations, put ammunition into the hands of the opponents of the examination system. He is reported to have said that "the history had not been removed from the schools; it had never been proposed to do more than to remove it from examination and to teach it orally. History could be taught in a more picturesque and more *effective* manner in this way." The italics are ours. The reasoning is very suggestive.

Complaint is often made of the political solidarity supposed to exist between the Ontario Government and its adherents, and the Ottawa Opposition. From certain facts which have recently been published in the *Globe* it is evident that this identity of views and interests cannot extend to the tariff policy. On the contrary the Minister of Education, at least, appears to be a more ardent protectionist than Mr. Foster himself. Consider the following statements:

"In 1883, 34 different text-books used in the Public Schools were of foreign or non-Canadian authorship; now every text-book in the Public Schools is the product of a Canadian author and a Canadian teacher. At the same date, 101 text books were used in High Schools, the product of foreign or non-Canadian authors. Ten years ago six of the text-books used in the Public Schools and 81 of the text-books used in High Schools were imported already manufactured, and two were imported in sheets; now only one High School text-book is imported already manufactured, and one imported in sheets. The Canadian author, the Canadian printer and the Canadian bookbinder have almost entirely displaced the foreigner in the production of school books. Who shall say that such a policy is not in the public interest? What better evidence could be given of a thoroughly Canadian policy in the administration of any department?"

This is surely out-heroding Herod in high protectionism. The Dominion Government contents itself with putting the foreign producer at great disadvantage by a heavy tax, and then allowing him to compete, provided he can overcome that disad-

vantage. The Ontario Government goes further and simply pre-empts the field for the Canadian producer, barring out all foreign productions. It would not require a very brave man to say that such a policy can hardly "be in the public interests" unless it can be safely assumed that among the few teachers in Canada likely to undertake the making of text-books are to be found the peers of any in the English-speaking world, and that the Minister of Education may be relied on to select one of those off-hand, to produce any needed text-book to order. It might be supposed that in the matter of text-books for the use of the schools, when so much depends upon getting the very best, the absurdity of assuming that the best will in every instance be produced by shutting off the competition of the world's best educators, would be sufficiently obvious to give pause to even the most ardent educational protectionist. But even this might not be so bad were some means adopted by which competition could be permitted and stimulated amongst Ontario educators. Minister Ross, however, goes much further. Protection to the point of absolute prohibition against foreign educational works is not sufficient. Without even for such protection to work out its inevitable sequence of monopoly, he establishes the monopoly at once by choosing the individuals who are best fitted to write or compile the books needed, thus escaping any embarrassment which might result from home competition. No only so, but the same policy is extended to the business of printing, binding, etc., the productions of the chosen author. Thus to the literary know-nothingism which arbitrarily rules out English and American productions from competition on their merits, is added a method which really reduces the chance of the schools being supplied with the best that Canadian talent can produce to a question of the infallibility of the Minister in selecting from the eight or nine thousand educators of the Province, not one in a hundred of whom can be known to him personally, the best man for the particular work in hand. We will venture to affirm that no such educational autocracy exists in any other constitutionally governed country in Christendom.

From the latest statistics furnished by the Minister of Education it appears that while the whole number of teachers employed in the public schools of Ontario has increased, during the last twenty five years, from 4,890 to 8,480, the number of male teachers has actually decreased within that period. In 1867 it was 2,849; in 1892, 2,770. The small proportion of men now employed in the schools of Toronto, as compared with the number of women, has given rise to a good deal of discussion. Certain members of the School Board strenuously urge that it is desirable, for the moulding of the coming men of the country, that this

disproportion should be lessened, that more men should be employed. Some influential newspapers take the same view. Granting the premises on which the arguments in support of this view are based, the conclusion is unassailable. If it can be shown that the average man is a much more efficient teacher than the average woman, that his influence is better adapted to produce manly, high-minded boys and men, the conclusion is irresistible that men should be employed as teachers. No economy of money should be placed in the scales for a moment over against the production of the best citizens. But the same premises are, it seems to us, good for much wider and more far-reaching conclusions than they are used to support. It would be easy to show that if, by the employment of men instead of women to train up our boys in the schools, a better, manlier type of men can be produced, a most solemn obligation is devolved upon all concerned to see to it that all the training of boys in the schools is done by men. We are not sure whether those who hold the opinion indicated with respect to the superior efficiency and influence of men as teachers of boys, are prepared to accept the converse proposition that all girls should be trained in the schools by women, in order that they may be made more womanly. If so, we are driven to the logical conclusion that the sexes should be educated apart, and hence that our whole school system should be revolutionized. The right training of the young, so as to make of them the best possible citizens, is of importance so supreme that no consideration of trouble or expense should be allowed to stand in the way of the most effective arrangements.

But is it so very clear, after all, that other things being equal, the man is so superior as a teacher, even for boys? It is true that other things are not always equal. In the past the men have very often, in fact almost as a rule, had very much the advantage in the matter of education, and it goes without saying that a well-educated man should make a much better teacher than a half-educated woman. But with the multiplying opportunities for the thorough education of women this source of inequality is rapidly disappearing. The short term of service of women, interrupted as it so often is by the claims of old and of new homes, is perhaps a still more serious difficulty, because it is one which exists in the nature of things and will be perpetual. But this is in a large measure offset by the frequency with which young men leave the profession to enter upon some other calling, more congenial or more remunerative. We know of no statistics to guide us in this matter, but it would be interesting, and would have an important bearing upon the question, could we ascertain the average length of time during which the two sexes, respectively,

remain in the profession. We seriously doubt whether the advantage in length of tenure would be found to be so much on the side of the sterner sex as many may suppose. The fact that, for the present at least, women are willing to accept much smaller salaries than men—the respective averages in Ontario in 1892 were \$421 and \$297—puts it in the power of districts to keep up schools, when they would at least believe themselves unable to do so were they obliged to pay half as much more in salaries. This is, in itself, a very strong influence in favor of the employment of women. In view of it the fact that any considerable number of men are employed proves pretty conclusively that there are many who regard the man as by fifty per cent. the more efficient teacher, at least for certain classes and ages. And this question of efficiency, using the word in its broadest and highest sense, is the real, the all-important question. All others are dwarfed in its presence. Nor is it by any means clear that the question has only one possible answer. It would not be difficult, we fancy, to find many fathers and mothers who, after years of observation and experience, have a decided preference for the woman over the man teacher, especially in the case of younger children. Probably, were it possible to apply some infallible test of efficiency and usefulness, the honors would be found to be pretty evenly divided. If the preponderance of intellectual strength and logical acumen—this is but a supposition, let us hasten to say, in accordance with a popular masculine prejudice—were found on the one side, that of the scarcely less necessary qualities of tact and sympathy would pretty surely be on the other. If it be true, as so many argue, that courage, strength, and other of what are considered the more manly qualities, are more successfully cultivated in boys by men, how are we to account for the fact that those in whose lives these qualities have been most fully exhibited are so often found ascribing the chief formative influences in their lives to mothers rather than to fathers.

#### INSOLVENCY LAWS.

With the special provisions of the proposed "Insolvency Act of 1894," now before the Dominion Senate, we do not propose at present to deal. These are largely questions for experts in commercial matters, and for students of commercial legislation. Should the bill in question become law, it will probably be only after many changes and modifications have been made during its passage through the two Houses of Parliament.

A broader question, and one upon which thinking men of all classes are more competent to form an opinion, is that of the desirability of enacting such legislation in any shape. We have before us a strongly

worded memorial, addressed by the Belleville Board of Trade to the House of Commons, in which it is strenuously maintained that an insolvency law is wrong in principle and demoralizing in practice. The reasoning of the memorial is not in all respects so clear as one could wish, but the gist of its argument is, we think, contained in the following passage:

The practical effect of an Insolvency Law is to shift the only *just* ground on which credit ought to be dispensed, namely, integrity and ability of the recipient, to the *false* ground furnished by the assurance of getting an equal division of the assets of a debtor in case of insolvency. Who does not recognize the far-reaching evils of such a result? It may safely be asserted that had a provision, such as is now being sought, been on the statute book for any length of time, the trade of Canada to-day would be collapsing everywhere like a house of cards, instead of being, as it is, in a comparatively stable condition. Past experience assures us of this.

No one can deny that the evils attendant on indiscriminate or too easy credit are very great. It is not, perhaps, so clear that a just and reasonable Insolvency Act would have the effect of stimulating the giving of such credit to so great an extent as the memorialists suppose. That it would have that effect to some extent is highly probable. Dispensers of credit will be more ready, no doubt, to give or extend credit in doubtful cases if they know that in the event of failure of the debtor they are sure to receive a fair proportion of the assets. But this assurance will hardly induce a man of ordinary prudence to entrust his property knowingly to the hands of the dishonest or incompetent, seeing clearly as he must, that the chances are against his recovering more than a moiety, or perhaps a mere tithe of his accounts, when the bubble bursts. Prudent and shrewd men—and capitalists in trade and manufacture are usually both prudent and shrewd—may still, we think, be relied on to inquire pretty carefully into the character, the habits, and the business ability and prospects of those who ask credit from them. May it not be that any increase in the readiness to grant credit in doubtful cases caused by this system of partial insurance is more than counterbalanced under the present system, by the facilities afforded to the greedy and dishonorable dispensers of credit to give it freely, relying on their ability to step in at the right moment and seize the lion's share of the assets, thereby saving themselves from loss at the cost of the unsuspecting and fair-minded creditor.

One of the weakest points in the memorialist argument is, it seems to us, that it proves a great deal too much. On precisely the same principle on which an Insolvency Act is condemned, all other Acts now on the statute book to facilitate the collections of just debts and the punishment of dishonest and fraudulent debtors, should be abolished. Nothing would do more to re-



strict the volume of credit and to place it on "the just ground of the integrity and ability of the recipient," than to do away with all provision for the legal collection of debts, thus making the transaction between the dispenser and the asker of credit wholly one of confidence and personal honor. We are aware that there are those who would strongly favour such an arrangement, but we scarcely think that it would commend itself to the members of the Belleville Board of Trade.

Considerable stress seems to be laid on the fact that under the proposed Insolvency Act the creditors may, under certain specified conditions force a debtor into bankruptcy, when, under more merciful conditions he might have struggled through and eventually satisfied the demands against him. But is not the danger of such harsh dealing at least equally great under the present system, under which a greedy and unscrupulous creditor may step suddenly in and seize the lion's share of the assets, thereby forcing his victim into insolvency, and leaving all other honest creditors in the lurch?

### OTTAWA LETTER.

General Herbert's report has again been presented with that candour for which he has earned a just title. Plain speaking never does any harm, and when it comes from a man whose sole anxiety is for the credit and character of a profession of which he is an able representative, the subjects of his criticism would be wiser to take it to heart than to chafe under it. We may all be too apt to resent criticism and plume ourselves on merits we do not possess, and with the knowledge that self-satisfaction is the poorest kind of satisfaction wherewith to raise the standard of excellence, we may take advantage of plain speaking to mend our ways. General Herbert may not always realize to the full the difficulties under which Canada's citizen soldiery attempt to maintain their efficiency, and while there may be much to be said on that score, it is nevertheless General Herbert's duty to expose the weak points he discovers, in the performance of his official routine, to the public.

There has been nothing startling in political matters. Our legislators are engaged with the details of the tariff, and some of the Opposition critics are making calculations as they go along of the cost of protection in minor individual industries, such as rice, starch, etc. It is wonderful to see the ingenuity that is displayed to discover means whereby a privileged few may be permitted in the most open manner to collect the wealth of the people. On such a simple article as rice, two or three hundred thousand dollars are abstracted from the pockets of the public. On starch another exploitation takes place. Nothing is too small to act as a lever to pry open the private coffers of each individual citizen, and before the tariff is got through with we may be able to form some idea of the grand total that the necessaries of life are called upon to bear before they are utilized for the sustenance of the Canadian people.

Reciprocity is still the fore. Mr. Charlton made a big bid to secure reciprocity in a long speech in which he candidly admitted that it meant giving preferential treatment to one another to the exclusion of other nations. Mr. Charlton mistakes the spirit of the Canadian people when he thinks they will purchase a concession from the McKinley Bill by a concession which will naturally limit their freedom of trade.

To be drawn into the vortex of American protection would render Canadians as powerless to get out of it as the unhappy man who finds himself drawn into the whirlpool at the foot of mighty Niagara. Mr. McMullen struck a better key note when he reminded the Government they had turned aside from the reciprocal offer of the United States in free agricultural implements, coal, wheat, flour, etc., which demanded no discrimination. Why? because it was a free-trade move for which the Government were not prepared. If the United States do put the offer on the statute book in their new tariff measure, we will then understand they mean business on a free-trade basis. That is the only reciprocity Canadians could consider, that which leaves them free-handed to deal with the rest of the world.

Mr. James B. Campbell, of Montreal, has written a most sensible letter to the *Globe*, showing how Manitoba wheat is sidetracked at Buffalo, and whipped off to New York, where it is manipulated by mixing—to the great loss and detriment of the Manitoba farmers. The poor transportation facilities to and from Montreal, is the secret. The Lake Marine Transportation Co. has a monopoly and none other need apply; consequently trade will seek the cheapest channels and the bright picture of the magnificent St. Lawrence being crowded with shipping to carry off the produce of the west is fading from sight. Freedom of trade in commerce and shipping will alone mend the matter; that the Montreal press are beginning to realize, if straws show which way the wind blows.

The *Montreal Gazette*, in a leading article, speaks with equanimity of the abolition of the duty on coal, and even suggests that the coal miners of Nova Scotia can hold their own in Quebec without the duty. The *Montreal Star*, on the other hand, is pointing out the extent to which the farmers are mulcted by the duties, and if they are not allowed by the *Halifax Herald* to rank highest amongst the consumers, says it is more because their purchasing power is less rather than that they are fewer in number. As a matter of fact, the farmers number seven hundred and fifty thousand, including farmers' sons and labourers. Add the female side of the farming community, and it will be really seen what an important element in the producing and consuming portion of the population they are.

The Government are beginning to take an extra day of the week for public business. This would indicate that they are anxious to shorten the session, possibly with the idea of proroguing before the intercolonial conference is held, on the 21st of June. On the other hand, Parliament might like to remain to give members an opportunity of being present on such an important gathering and deliberation in Canada.

Some American statesmen are showing a great lack of continental diplomacy in taking the ground, that by discriminating in their tariff against Great Britain and her colonies, they can force Canada into reciprocal trade relations with a view to ultimate annexation. The interests of this continent demand that the United States and Canada should march side by side in developing their civilization, and in preserving their constitutional independence of one another. Although Canada is numerically weak, it should never be forgotten she is part of a mighty Empire whose constitution the people of the United States may yet find it advantageous to revert to. Canada has no

desire to resign the proud position she occupies in that mighty Empire, which has, as yet, shown no signs of heart failure—sustained as it is by the vigorous circulation that flows from the extremities through its main arteries to the seat of empire.

Festivities are to mark this week. The state dinner that was postponed in consequence of Lady Aberdeen being in mourning will be held on Thursday. A ball on Friday is to be given by Mr. St. Jacques, of the Russell House, to his sessional guests, and a reception by His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen will be held in the Senate Chamber on Friday.

The parliamentary rifle club is being marshalled into order by Major Hughes and practice among the members will soon commence.

The Sons of England had a re-union on St. George's day of a very enjoyable character. They attended a service on Sunday afternoon at St. John's church, the Rev. Mr. Bogart preaching, and last night about sixty sat down to a banquet at the Russell.

The grass has put on a beautiful green tinge, but the weather is still keeping cold.

VIVANDIER.

Ottawa, April 24, 1894.

### MOHAWK AND SENECA.\*

The names of a number of Colonial Governors of Provinces prior to the establishment of Independence, are still remembered by American writers and readers on account of administrative capacity, benevolence of disposition and tact; amongst others are those of Oglethorpe, Winthrop, Delancy, Sir W. Phipps, Sir Edmund Andros, Lord Baltimore, etc.; but not one of them is so decidedly recalled on account of literary skill and scholarly pursuits as is that of Thomas Pownall, Governor of Massachusetts from 1756 to 1763. I possess a volume dated London, 1782, containing a collection of papers from Governor Pownall's pen, which fully support a reputation of this kind. He discusses, for example, such subjects as the following: Analysis of the elements of Speech, as applicable to etymology; a Treatise on Picture-writing, Hiero-Glyphic and Elementary Writing; On the Ships of the Ancient Romans, Triremes, Quadriremes, Guinqueremes, etc., and their war chariots. The whole dedicated to the President, Council and Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries of England, a copy of whose seal is prefixed to the dedication. Other writings by Governor Pownall were the following: A Letter to Adam Smith, on his Wealth of Nations; Principals of Polity; Affairs of the East Indies in 1773; Drainage and Navigation; Hydraulic and Nautical Observations on the currents in the Atlantic Ocean; Intellectual Physics, etc. Numerous artistic sketches from nature by his hand have also been engraved. But on the present occasion I desire to direct attention solely or chiefly to that subdivision of the Treatise on the Study of Antiquities already referred to which relates to the Indians of North America, and that of the Tartars of the north-eastern parts of Asia. Governor Pownall was, as has been observed, a man of high culture and one who had indulged in the study of comparative philology. He

\* Mohawk and Seneca Set Right, by the aid of a learned Colonial Governor, T. Pownall. A paper read April 3, 1894, before the Pioneer and Historical Society of the County of York, Ontario, by the Rev. Henry Scadding, D.D.

consequently noted with great interest the dialects of the Indians with whom he found himself surrounded in the Province of Massachusetts, and was enabled to detect such striking coincidences between usages in their language and those of the languages of the Tartars of eastern Asia as to induce him to believe in the identity of the two races. In regard to this latter point, Bancroft, in his history of the United States, vol. 3, p. 318, informs us that the Connecticut explorer, John Ledyard, as he stood in Siberia with men of the Mongolian race before him, and compared them with the Indians who had been his playmates at Dartmouth, declared deliberately that universally and circumstantially they resemble the aborigines of America. On the Connecticut river and the Oby he saw but one race.

Governor Pownall in the course of his observations on the identity of the native races inhabiting North America and the north-east of Asia, throws light on a certain difficulty which must have presented itself incidentally to everyone who may have been engaged in the study of works relating to the aborigines of our country, and in particular of works relating to the famous confederation, commonly known as the six nations of the Iroquois. The difficulty or rather peculiarity is this: In the list of the names of the several cantons or members of the confederation, when we come to the Mohawks and Senecas, we are informed by the authorities that these two nations bore other names, which by some means seem to have dropped out of common use, and to have been superseded by the current names which are so familiar to us, namely, Mohawks and Senecas.

Horatio Hale, in his Iroquois Book of Rites, pp. 9 and 10, Philadelphia edition, 1883, gives the names of the six nations in order thus:—1, Mohawks; 2, Oneidas; 3, Onondagas; 4, Cayugas; 5, Senecas; 6, Tuscaroras. Schoolcraft in his "Notes on the Iroquois," Albany, 1847, coincides with Hale in this enumeration; but then we are assured in Hale's account that the proper appellation of the Mohawks was Caniengas, "people at the head of men," that is to say of the confederacy, and that the Senecas were more correctly styled Sonontouans, "people on or beyond the mountains," and no adequate reason is given for the fact that in practice one name superseded the other, that the Caniengas were universally spoken of as Mohawks, and the Sonontouans as Senecas.

It is precisely at this point that Pownall's observations afford some help; according to him Mohawk is not the name in particular of one of the cantons of the Iroquois League, but a term simply implying the position of the group of aborigines so called, relative to tribes dwelling nearer to the Atlantic seaboard, and the name Seneca, likewise, is to be understood in a similar manner. We must imagine ourselves for the moment standing away down south of the Mohawk valley, in the old Dutch settlements around the modern New York, or in one of the New England States among the aborigines of Massachusetts, near the sea-coast, where the terms Mohawk and Seneca were first heard. Governor Pownall, skilful philologist as he was, gathered from these natives that it was a custom of their language to prefix particles which indicated the nearer or more remote position of an object. Thus, for example, the particle *ma* or *mo* prefixed indicated comparative nearness to the speaker, and some such particle as *se* or *sen* indicated remoteness. Now we are to imagine some

such brief word as *aka* or *aga*, having the signification of people or region; then *Mo-aka* or *Mc-aga* would signify a people or region near to the speaker, and *Sen-aka* or *Sen-aga* a people or region at some distance from him; and these words were usually accompanied, Pownall says, by a motion of the hand or arm towards the speaker if nearness, and away from the speaker if remoteness were implied. Hither and farther would well express what is intended: *Mo-aga* would be the hither tribe, *Sen-aga* the farther tribe; with this usage we may compare our own employment of *Cis* and *tran*, in *Cis-alpine*, *Trans-alpine*, *Cis-atlantic*, *Trans-atlantic*, etc. They were names evidently intended for outsiders and not to be employed by the people themselves. I would say at once that in the terms used, there is the greatest variety of orthography, as was the case with Indian terms generally. *Mo-aga*, *Mc-aka*, *Ma-aka*, for Mohawk, and *Sen-aga*, *Sen-aka*, *Sen-aca*, for Seneca. This irregularity arose from the different ways in which the sounds in the Indian words were expressed by Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Germans and Englishmen. The form *Seneca* suited the English because it was already well known to them as the name of a Latin writer on morals, tutor to the rather infamous Nero, and Mohawk perhaps struck their fancy simply because the syllable hawk was so familiar to them as denoting a bird of prey. Possibly tomahawk, the name by which a well-known Indian weapon is known in English, was similarly evolved.

It is curious to observe from the very beginning what blundering there has been in regard to native Indian nomenclature. The term Indian itself, as we all know, originated in a mistake. Columbus imagined that he had reached the coast of Asia, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Hindostan or India. The people whom he found dwelling on the shore he accordingly styled Indians. Even the name Iroquois is a conventional French expression and not a native Indian one, that was the somewhat formidable appellative *Kanonsionni*, the people of the extended house. *Iro* or *hiro* was heard as a frequent concluding form for speeches in council and *koué* was an utterance of approbation. Accordingly, an epithet with a proper grammatical termination was constructed, glancing at these peculiarities, probably in a humorous mood. Huron in like manner, is nothing more than a French soubriquet or nickname, which has now permanently displaced the native name *Wyandot*. \* *Agniers*, *Lambkins*, for Mohawks, was perhaps a word of the same class. In the days of Good Queen Anne, certain pests of the streets of London, sometimes footpads and sometimes simply practical jokers, styled themselves *Mohocks*, one more deviation from the primitive use and meaning of the word. Another instance of permanent misplacement of names, is that of the *Lenni-Lenappe* Indians, who, inhabiting the shores of the Delaware River and Delaware Bay, came to be known as *Delawares*, just as our own *Missassagas* acquired their name from the river *Missassaga*, on the north shore of Lake Huron; the first bands of these Indians encountered by Europeans on the

\* Formed from *Hure*, which Boyer thus defines:—"Tete d'un sanglier, d'un ours, d'un loup et d'un brochet—the head of a wild boar, or a bear, wolf and of a great pike." But Boyer adds a further meaning of *Hure*, which probably contains the comparison referred to in the French nickname as descriptive of the hair on the head of an unkempt *Wyandot*:—"Tete mal peignee, cheveux rudes et mal en ordre, clotted, matted hair, a nasty head of hair." Possibly Horace's picture of the witch *Sagana* was in the Frenchman's mind.  
"Horret capillis ut marinus asperis  
Echinus aut currens aper."—*Épode* 5, 27, 28.

north shore of Lake Ontario, having strayed down southwards from that quarter. They were really *Ochipways*, the term *Missassaga* signifying nothing more than river with a big outlet—*Michi-saugeen*.

Governor Pownall's studies in comparative philology have thus helped us to a more intelligent understanding of some familiar Indian expressions than we could have derived from the writings of Schoolcraft, Horatio Hale, Stone, Bancroft and even Parkman, who, while full enough on the subject of Mohawks and Senecas, do not happen to have recorded the origin and etymological meaning of the two expressions themselves, and this must be my justification for having ventured to recall on the present occasion, the name and reputation of an old colonial Governor long since passed away. It only remains to add that Governor Pownall, after returning from America in 1761, became a man of considerable note in British society and was returned as member of parliament for Tregony, Cornwall, in 1768. His name in this capacity figures in the debate on Pitt's celebrated Quebec Bill, which gave a constitution to Canada. He died at Bath, in 1805. A portrait of Governor Pownall is preserved in the rooms of the Historical Society at Boston, and a pleasing woodcut of the same personage is to be seen in Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*, attached to a complete and very interesting memoir. Two places in the United States bear the name of Pownall, one in Maine, the other in Vermont.

#### A SONG OF LIFE.

A baby-boy stood by his mother's knee,  
And to walk he timidly tried,  
But the floor seemed to rock like a ship at sea;  
"Be careful!" his mother she cried;  
But "I'll try it for myself," thought that baby-boy.  
"I'll try it for myself," thought he.

A young man sighed for a fair young girl,  
And an angel she seemed to be;  
"Beware," said his mother, "of passion's deep whirl,  
Or grieving t'will bring to thee;"  
But, "I'll try it for myself," thought that gay young man.  
"I'll try it for myself," thought he.

An old man had come to the end of his life,  
He scarcely could hear or see;  
"Have faith," said the priest, "peace will come after strife  
And the shadows away will flee,"  
"I must try it for myself," thought that old, old man,  
"I must try it for myself," thought he.

BERNARD McEVROY.

#### PLEASURES OF GETTING HOME.

A railway train will move off, leaving you standing on the platform of a way-station. It differs in this respect from the carriage you have hired by the hour, the driver of which respects your private inclination. This is a symbol of the modern littleness of the individual and the greatness of the corporate mass. It is a happy convenience for you if you are left at the right place; the company assumes no responsibility.

But this station is more like a private establishment than any we have stopped at yet, there being a singular absence of officials and passengers; indeed, the only occasion for a moment's pause here is that ourselves and our baggage may be deposited

The first eager look we anywhere direct is toward the fence, whereby the family horse should be hitched, and where on former similar occasions, we have been accustomed to find our father standing awaiting our arrival. They are not there; at least hardly recognizable in the unfamiliar rig we do see, and the dark-haired, swarthy young man beside it. "We have no one to meet us," has just been our regretful observation, when the young man aforesaid approaches smilingly and inquires if we recognize him. "Why, Alb—rt!" It is our youngest brother, whom we least expected to see. Memory holds the long-cherished image; imagination supplies no material wherewith to recompose it; but, in the meantime, the plastic years are busy, and the youth we parted with is transformed into the sturdy man we find. There are hurried enquiries, and there is a certain fluttered arrangement of ourselves in the carriage, and then we are riding up through Hantsport village and out into the country.

The streets have not so changed as to alter their general character, since the years when this was part of a romantic youth's roaming ground. Yet among the familiar residences—well embowered, snug and cleanly—there are new ones here and there; and others are so reconstructed as to be identified only by the sites they occupy. We look vainly for a glimpse down its sloping garden-path, to the old B—kw—th home, among its plum and apple trees; with its brook behind and its grassy lawn before it. If it be still there, buildings more recent obscure it from the view of the passer on the street. This was our house of dream in Hantsport.

Where is the sturdy old master of the "Burmah," whom every one respected, the much-ried and long-enduring man, whose physique resembled a stick of well-seasoned oak built into his good ship, and whose life was a careful boy's copy-book, kept clear of blots? And where is the highly-gifted, but less impeccable son, W—; my romancer of the sea, with his hearty ha! ha! followed by a chuckling, purring, long-drawn underlaugh, and his "Foh-kee and Fan-qui," and "Running Down the Trades"? And where the mercurial, delicately-moulded wife, whose tastes were kindred and literary and in whose brief life sorrows were not few? Where are "the snows of yesterday"?

One summer afternoon—it might have been in the week past—we sat in that front room, with the door open into the garden, talking with our host of poetry, criticism, travels, and especially his life in the east, which was always to us a fascinating subject of discourse. He was obese, dressed in a sort of white blouse, in easy East Indian style, and sat with memorials of his voyages about him, and pictures of his vessels on the walls, paintings by oriental artists, as plentiful there as are poets in America. Suddenly we heard the latch of the gate click. Be—kw—th looked out and exclaimed—"Joe Howe!" Sure enough, the old man was coming slowly down the path, cane in hand; and the brightest arm chair was made ready near the door to receive the great man's bulk, which was, in his age, not inconsiderable. After greetings he seated himself, wiped his face, for he was perspiring freely, and laid his hat upon the floor beside his chair. We have little memory of the subject matter of the conversation, save that it ran somewhat upon old political times and the worthies who

bore a part in colonial struggles; men who were in Howe's opinion, as compared to to-day's figures, of a heroic stature.\* We have in our memory a very vivid picture of the old man as he leaned forward in his chair, resting both hands on the top of his staff, and shifted his position occasionally, while he talked. A little later in the afternoon we listened to a brief address at the railway station, the last we were ever to hear from his lips.

When last we passed through this village, we came face to face with Dr. Silas Rand, the missionary, and collector of Micmac lore, then a venerable presence. Alas! he, too, is gone from the home we know so well, and where he wrought so worthily, and, for a time, so obscurely. Little we knew, in our commonplace ways, what manner of man he was, and of what extraordinary ability. Some man, of a tithe of his breadth and power, will come, all tricked out in spangles of style, and with the material he has discovered achieve a glittering reputation. But the man who labored to elevate a fading race, and who has preserved their language and literature, cannot be wholly forgotten in the years to come.

As we ascend the gradual slope to our South Mountain home, and the familiar house is almost in sight, our hearts beat a trifle quicker.

"The parted bosom clings to wonted home,  
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome  
hearth."

We have already learned that all the family are at home, having arrived successively during the past week, till we were the latest stragglers in. Now the fold door can be shut, when all the flock are there. We turn to our companion and ask her if this indeed is home. There is an old town by the sea, in a sister province, that for her sake we have felt to be "congenial earth;" for our sake shall not this be home to her—lonely, and remote as it may seem? When we turn aside from the great roaring world to this quiet scene, we recognize the pertinence of Longfellow's "distant, secluded, still." The seclusion is quite complete, and there is a Sabbath stillness the year long. The child of dreams that may hereafter be nourished here is likely to find it as favorable to long musing as did we; for now it seems a deeper solitude than in our period of childhood.

We surmount the home-hill. A prospect this conformable to the largest and most generous expectation, and satisfactory to the most comprehensive eye. Yonder, Blomidon protrudes into the Basin of Minas; and here, below us, Avon (or Piziquid), debouches into it between an escarpment of dark-red banks; while beyond the scissors-like points of Cheverie, the blue shores of Cumberland lift and glow, with the Five Islands, and

"many another delitable sight."

But what wins our eyes like this little hamlet below us, we are in a moment to enter:—

\* An interview with Howe, at Government House, Halifax, shortly before his death, as described at the close of Campbell's History of Nova Scotia, gives some similar conversation: "He seemed delighted in recalling the scenes of former days in the House of Assembly. His eye was clear and his intellect bright." Of S.G.W. Archibald he said: "Yes, he was an able man—a man of commanding presence, and had a voice as clear as a bell." He described John Young Agricola as less ready in debate, but capable of working up his subject, and of power in delivery. "These were the men!" Howe exclaims; but he showing signs of excitement, and in his weak state they being fearful of disquieting him, his visitors withdrew.

"Our father's home, our place of birth  
Where our glad childhood grew;  
and the neighboring habitations. As we enter the village, eyes and faces full of kindly recognition appear at the windows and doors; till, before we have reached the gate of home, our two sisters come hastening to meet us, our father stands waiting to welcome us as we alight, and our mother is standing at the door. Why need we say more?

Surcease from care; let woe and pain depart;  
'Tis joy, when lip meets lip, and heart meets  
heart;

Peace, after turmoil; rest from wand'ring,  
when

We meet at home again.

Say not that they are absent, whom we knew,  
Who loved us well, and who to us were true;  
Talk not of that far distant, silent shore,—  
We all are here once more.

We all are here; their forms we cannot see;  
Yet let us hold, as dear reality,  
That they who other realms than ours may  
room,

Have all, with us, come home.

This is our father's house—this scene so fair;  
Yet Faith hath said—our Father's house is  
there:

Then Heaven and Earth, be ye *one* blissful  
seat,

Till we at home may meet!

O gracious and congenial souls! to-day  
Let us put care and sorrow far away;  
Let this content, and fill us with delight—  
We all are home to-night.

As we sit at supper, another brother makes his smiling appearance, who has been absent all day, coasting about Cornwallis, Canning and the North Mountain on his wheel. He is full of the day's adventures, and of meetings and greetings and hailings of old friends; he is also redolent of ozone and woody odors; and his fluent and pointed speech is the outcome of a more wholesome stimulant than wine. Our rider congratulates himself upon having no need of a hostler; upon being able to leave his unsweated and unwearied steed at the door, and find it in an hour, as free and serviceable as when he mounted it in the morning.

With the next morning, being unable to ride the wheel, we climb to the summit of the hill, that we may see the familiar scene in its first glow and freshness, as we have seen it so many times. We cross the pasture where laurel once abounded more than now, and sweet-smelling mints, and where mulley swung her bell when we came home behind her in the summer evenings. An indication of the changes that occur in a landscape within a single life-time, is found in the partial obliteration of the wood we were once accustomed to visit and the drying up of a swamp that intervened between our father's house and the hill-top. The prospect from this place I have attempted in some earlier descriptive verses:

Back to the scenes, the friends I knew,  
In that sweet season of delight  
When skies put on a holier hue,  
And suns arise with gladder light;—  
Back to the grove that crown'd the hill,  
Where Music dwelt the livelong day.

Fair spot! where Fancy first awoke,  
And touch'd with hand divinely bold,  
Transforming all by magic stroke  
My infant eyes did first behold!  
Ah, in that glow, what joy was mine,  
Neath morn or midnight's splendid sky!



Heaven was a temple, earth a shrine,  
And wave and wind their melody.

Spot, where I framed my earliest lays,  
And breathed them on thine autumn gales !  
My feet are longing for thy braes,  
And solitude requires thy vales ;  
How memory doth each scene restore  
On which mine eyes were wont to look  
And bids me climb thy hills once more.  
And gather pebbles from thy brook !

Again I traverse hill and heath,  
I tread familiar solitudes ;  
I wander, rapt in dreams, beneath  
The glory of thine autumn woods ;  
Alone by brook or river-side,  
I linger out the sultry ray,  
Then 'neath the shelt'ring roof abide  
Where I was blest in childhood's day.

Ye haunted shores, and charmed glades,  
Ye silvery lakes and skies so blue,  
Where lived and loved the Indian maids,  
And warriors of the dusky hue !—  
Where Miernac hunter chased the deer  
That 'neath your hoary branches flew ;  
Or paddled o'er the glittering mere,  
At sunset hour, his birch canoe.

My play-ground green ! where Fancy sees  
Amid the gloam a peopled shade ;  
The fire-light flickering on the trees,  
The lodge in leafy covert made :  
Thy bowers are twined and reared anew,  
Where many a warbler flits and sings,  
Where evening comes, with fall of dew  
And heavenly healing on her wings.

Again a summer hour I spend,  
Throned on our grassy sunset hill,  
And see the golden orb descend,  
While balmy earth and air are still :  
O lov'd resort ! once ours, when free  
We hold the time to rest or rove,—  
The hours most sweet to memory,  
The scenes most sacred unto lovè.

Pleasant to sit, and look below,  
O'er twilight pastures stretching bare,  
O'er dark'ning woods, upon the glow  
Of sunset on the Basin fair,—  
To Blomidon, with silken veil  
Of fog white-brooding o'er his form,  
Where oft the slow, incautious sail  
Meets the swift angel of the storm.

To see the purpling isles and blue,  
Crouching along the further shore ;  
And the red bar, disclosed to view  
By the retiring tide, once more ;  
The silvery sails that come and go  
Upon the placid inland sea ;  
The banks where Avon's waters flow ;  
The sheltering coves of Cheverie.

Then, just below, the wheat unshorn ;  
The smooth-mown field ; the larches tall ;  
And the loved cot where I was born,  
With dusky roof and whiten'd wall ;  
The neighboring homesteads, the wild vines  
That clamber o'er the open door ;  
The orchard trees ; the sombre pines ;  
The bluffs that overlook the shore.

The "bluffs" are visible only to the eye  
of fancy, being too far beneath the hills  
that descend beneath us, slope on slope, to  
be discerned by the visual orbs. The  
"larches," which were planted by our  
father many years before, were just below  
the house, on either side of the gateway.  
One of them attaining a stouter growth  
than the other, seemed to stand for the per-  
son of the planter ; while the slenderer tree  
represented our mother. It seemed omi-  
nous on our coming at this time, to miss  
the larger tree, which was overthrown by  
the then recent storm, and the branches of  
which were piled up just outside the pales  
of the fence. The other still remained  
standing solitary. Behold the emblems fit  
to represent the present state of our family  
circle, and the perpetual absence of him  
who was the patriarch of the group.

We have tried also, a winter picture of  
this scene in the lines on "Snow in Octo-  
ber :

O scarlet-vested Queen ! 'twas yesterday  
I saw thee glorious 'mong thy woods and hills,  
And heard the rustle of autumnal leaves ;—  
When, lo ! from Cumberland's blue hills and  
shores,  
And you bright Islets, set as if to guard  
The coast beyond them from the tumbling  
bay,  
And where swol'n Avon lifts his turbid wave  
Upon the sunny beach of Summerville,  
The snow gleams through the chilly morning  
air :  
New fall'n it is, as angel's plumage white ;  
Or like that throne of spotless majesty  
Reared in the heavens.

Soft speaks the wooing sun,  
And earth makes answer with a smiling light,  
Glad that the armies of contending clouds  
Have been dispersed by his triumphant beams,  
That have more power to dazzle than to warm.  
He reigns all radiant through his welkin-home,  
Levels his spears at crouching Blomidon,  
And levels all his golden arrows there ;  
And lights the five fair forms that slumbering  
lie,  
Charm'd mid the waters.

Darkens and withdraws  
The beamy god whose race was well begun.  
Eclipsed and shadowy, I behold them still  
Afar in Minas, rising from the tide  
All bridal-tired—daughters of the sea.  
Not as erst, drest in purple-mellowing light  
That flash'd from flowery summer as she  
passed,  
Nor garmented in spring's reviving green ;  
But in the brede of silvery-woven snow,  
Brought by the sprite that skims the Norland  
hills  
Out of the greyness of a sober cloud.

Ah, soon the glistening glory shall appear  
In billowy ridges by the fenced fields ;  
And the dark firs like Parian pyramids,  
Shall shoulder their white masses thro' the  
woods ;  
The pines and larches wail amid the cold ;  
The birch emboss her silver coat with ice ;  
The gaunt elms shout 'and wrestle with the  
wind ;  
For where the Indian Summer linger'd long,  
With the clear essence of distilled light  
And sweet'ning breath that sighing nature  
gives  
Where falling leaves are scattered, lying hid  
In wither'd heaps beneath the fleecy drifts :  
Of forest spoils the beechen shrub alone  
Holds fast its rustling leaves of paly gold.

Now on our reach of Avon's murky tide  
The snow descends from clouds against the  
sun  
Tumultuous piled ; the sparkling shreds of  
down  
Are glimmering fast, and far as eye can reach :  
While I stand gazing, do the Isles beyond  
And the dark-rolling waters of the bay,  
Become obscure ; while dim, the whitening  
fields,  
The near-hand farmhouse, and the orchard  
trees,  
Show indistinctly through the falling veil.

But this delightful morning has scarcely  
an autumnal much less a wintry aspect ;  
and all the features of the landscape, and  
the placid sea that lie beneath, seem trying  
to express the love that is unutterable, and  
to redeem the promises that were spoken to  
youth and hope, that are yet unfulfilled.

PASTOR FELIX.

Nature forever puts a premium on reality.  
What is done for effect is seen to be done for  
effect ; what is done for love is felt to be done  
for love.—Emerson.

The history of human opinion is scarcely  
anything more than the history of human  
errors.—Voltaire.

## PARIS LETTER.

The area of the city proper to-day is 20,000 acres. In the thirteenth century the greater portion of this superficies was under cultivation for vines, meadows and kitchen gardens. A square yard of land then cost three farthings, to-day the freehold average price is 130 fr. In 1627, Louis XIII. issued Draconian decrees, prohibiting citizens from erecting villas outside the city ramparts or boulevards, under a penalty of 1,500 fr. for the artizans who worked at them, and the horsewhip for those who employed their labor. Later, the Privy Council drew attention to the injury the suburban buildings inflicted on the capital, by hindering the circulation of air, preventing the emptying of the city refuse, inducing people from the provinces to there reside, and affording a refuge for thieves and assassins. Further, that occupying of the suburbs with building sites deprived the city of its natural gardens for raising fruits and vegetables, and so aimed at the starvation of the capital. As the buildings were not desired to be increased either inside or outside the city, a fine of 3,000 fr. would be inflicted on the builders, and the right to demolish the structures accorded to any person. Only an enemy would seek to enlarge the capital. In 1234, an English shoemaker and his wife purchased six acres of land, now occupied between the Faubourg Montmartre and the Conservatoire de la Musique, for 245 fr. annually, during their natural lives ; to-day that area sells at 1,000 fr. per square yard. Had the cobbler and his spouse retained that landed property in their family, it would be worth to-day twenty-seven million francs. But they made a gift of the land to the Hotel Dieu, on condition that they would be boarded and lodged for the rest of their lives in that hospice, and prayers recited for the repose of their souls till the Day of Judgment. The only landed property that pays nowadays, either in France or any other country, is that cropped with dwelling houses, hotels, workshops or warehouses. Ask some English dukes, or Astor of New York, if it is not so !

The principal occupation for every one at present is to enjoy the lovely weather and visit the budding trees. Professor de Rosny, who is the Buddhist lecturer at the Sorbonne, has resumed his philosophic picnics in the woods around Paris, where only the feast of reason and the flow of soul form the menu. The professor holds forth from under a tree on the theosophies, as Saint Louis administered justice, or wends his way in the pathless wood with disciples and pupils as a peripatetic on a vaster stage. He is to be envied—save when the forest guards make an error and arrest the band as Anarchists on the loose. Every one hopes the weather is not going to play any tricks. The supply of flowers is prodigious, and so cheap that it does not pay to sell second-hand bouquets, those rejected by *invites* to soirees. The beautiful season too, enables invalids to cast off the dregs of their maladies and throw physic to the dogs. The time is so genial that almost wooden legs might be expected to sprout. It has had a wonderful effect on the taxpayers, who never before settled their annual burdens in advance so largely, and these taxes as usual have been increased. But having become mad for Wagner's music, when a dozen years ago the name of the composer acted like the red rag on the bull for French nerves, everything may be expected from the Gauls in the way of contraries. It

would not be surprising if Verdi, who is bringing out his score of "Falstaff" for the Opera Comique, brought away with him the project of a treaty of commerce between Italy and France. The "new spirit" is abroad everywhere, and the union of the Latin race requires to be cracked up after that between the Slav and the Teuton has been cemented. M. Boulanger is working away, hammer and tongs, at his scheme of colonial organization. It is to be hoped he may succeed; if so, he will merit a statue, provided room can be found in the country for the pedestal. There are fifty-three statues now awaiting erection and inauguration. What hero worship! And the French are accused of not being worshippers.

Parisians have a long account outstanding to settle with the Omnibus Company; they can now feed fat their revenge. By paying six, instead of three sous, the passenger buys the right for a seat inside the bus, plus a ticket called a *correspondance*, entitling him to ride in another bus, following a route different from that taken by a vehicle just quitted. But the traveller must not budge from the bus office, where he waits till the other bus he needs arrives, under pain of forfeiting his ticket, and of course making a fresh payment necessary, if he wishes to complete the journey. The tickets are of three colours, and changed as many times per day, to check passengers from transacting any business in the vicinity of the office, before resuming the journey. Often the passenger may have to wait for several busses before obtaining a seat, and in the interim, the colored ticket may be changed, and so he forfeits the right to complete his ride, though a fixture at the bus office. Several citizens have resisted such sacrifice of their privilege by the company, and enter the bus, declining to pay a second fare, unless under protest and in presence of a policeman, and then sue the company for the six sous unlawfully levied. A police magistrate—a very Daniel come to judgment—has just decided that while the company has the right to issue *correspondance* tickets, nothing in their monopoly bond authorizes them to fix any time when during the day of issue the validity of the ticket lapses. Every citizen who now wishes to be up-to-date, and if not in the omnibus, at least to be *dans le train*, manages to take an action against the company to recover six sous, and one shilling damages, to be paid to the Drivers' Orphan Fund, that the shareholders will not aid.

The Pasteur Institute may be regarded as having a clean bill of health this year; upon 1,648 individuals bitten, but 4 died, and these were cases beyond the power of the anti-rabic means to save; the patients were too far gone; two actually went mad, when the first inoculation had hardly commenced. The most delicate cases to cure are bites about the head. Among the foreigners treated were 23 English, and 18 Egyptians; that explains why Egypt is now as dull as ditch water.

Some anti-Republican journals are raising a cry against the living in a Dutch cheese manner of the French civil servants, and of the iniquity of not making them pay an income tax. Were that iniquity consummated, nothing would be left the unfortunate officials to live upon. As a rule, they are worked like mules in a mill, and paid for their un-merry-go-round starvation wages. The crying evil is, that there are too many officials, and these nibble away

the revenue which ought to be paid to the working bees. Happily, the drones are not overpaid. In the financial department, which counts an army of 106,000 clerks and tax collectors, only 250 have salaries of 10,000 fr. and above. A French bishop has only an income of 5,000 fr. a year, about the total budget of the Twelve Apostles or the moiety of what his Grace of Canterbury or the Archbishop of Vienna pays to his cook. In the customs, only ten officials receive a salary of 10,000 fr. and above, and these two administrations are the "financial workshops" of the country. As a rule, French government officials are a body of intelligent, well educated, and studiously polite men: out of their pittance, the state deducts 5 per cent. for the pension fund, and these deductions amount to 24,000,000 fr. annually; it is on that data that the total expenditure of the civil estimates can be gauged, as the various departments frequently do not give details. It may be asked, why is the starvation situation so much sought after by patriots? Simply I believe for the pension it secures old age. One of the most accomplished scholars in France, the director of the National Library, has only a salary of 15,000 fr. a year. If he had a claim on the American Pension Fund, or was a noted man of letters in the London Post Office, he would be a comparative millionaire.

Amidst general indifference M. Emile Weyl continues his sober analysis of the French navy. His pictures are not bright and he deplors the slowness and want of method in the French dockyards, as compared with the rapidity and energetic organization existing in those of England. But since the latter is to keep her navy more than up to date, and Russia and Germany have become fast friends, rumors of war are no longer heard.

Of all the harlequin shows that come and go yearly in Paris, the Hippic Exhibition is the most amusing. It is intended to be an association for the improvement of the breed of horses, and that is where the fun commences. It is a kind of equine kermesse, held in the Palace of Industry, where many attractive circus performances come off, and that ought to make M. Mollier's, the amateur Franconi's, mouth water. Gentlemen riders compete in flat and hurdle races, and this year ladies have been allowed also to compete in the bandbox steeplechases. It is a capital spot to have a glimpse at the fashions and to meet missing or parted friends. The Governmental breeding studs and regional horse shows take charge of the serious aims which the Hippic Exhibition overlooks.

Business is not brisk in Paris; forty per cent. of the guild of cooks are out of work, and many have nothing to cook for themselves; sixty-four per cent. of bakers are idle, due to the influx of provincials coming to Paris to make their fortune; thirty per cent. of the cabmen have no work to do, that is, it will not pay to hire a vehicle and a horse and trust to fares. Besides the tendency to cheese-paring incomes, many citizens, in consequence of the succession of recent cab strikes, had been forced to adopt "Irish tandem"—one leg before the other—and with the greatest benefit to their health. Another layer of citizens was compelled by the strikers to patronize the poor man's mail coach, the omnibus, and the habit has since become a second nature with them.

In the death of the eminent physiologist Dr. Brown-Sequard, France and Eng-

land—his father was British—loses another of their science sons. He was appointed successor to Claude Bernard in the College of France, and to Paul Bert as President of the Biological Society. He and Pasteur were professional chums. He was born in the Mauritius in 1817, but could not bear the idea that he was a British subject—he was "a colonial Frenchman." When twenty-one he came to Paris to complete his medical studies and had a hard struggle with poverty. Unable to purchase instruments and animals to experiment upon, he experimented upon himself. It is thus that he dropped, tied to the end of a string, a morsel of sponge into his stomach to discover the secrets of digestion. He borrowed guinea pigs to dissect alive, but returned the remains to the poulterer. He was left a small sum of money, sufficient to buy a dog and a dress suit; in a fit of hunger the dog destroyed the suit, and so Sequard could not call on the Minister, for whom he had an introduction. He was a specialist on nervous diseases, but his sub-cutaneous injections "of animal juices to reinvigorate man," caused him to be the butt of merciless sarcasms. His life was simplicity itself, but he never recovered from the loss of his wife about two years ago.

Good news for vegetarians: Dr. Verneuil, of Lausanne, concludes that the immediate cause of cancer is the consumption of pork. *A bas* Chicago and Cincinnati; the Jews never suffer from cancer; do the Mussulmans, who also decline Yorkshire ham and streaky bacon, suffer from the disease? The ancients held that pork caused leprosy. Where nothing is settled conjecture is unlimited.

Z.

## HEADS OR TAILS.

### CHAPTER I.

Murphy was a man of talent, of noble thought and disinterested purpose, with whom the world went contrary. He had passed through many calamities, and various vicissitudes; and, although he was often made a fool of, he never regretted that it had so happened, for it led to great things. A fool oftentimes, in the long run, proves to be the wisest of men, and so it was in Murphy's case.

But to begin at the very beginning—Murphy was born on the first of April. He was placed upon his feet and spoke on the first of the following April. He cut his front tooth on that day and fell down a flight of stairs, while his mother stood in the hall below screaming with fright, and, as she said afterwards, "so petrified with fear that she could not move from the spot upon which she stood to stop poor Murphy's downfall."

Upon the first of April he was made a fool of, because he was an Irishman; and the man who played the practical joke had a grudge against Irishmen.

Upon the first of April, a year from this coming April, Murphy is to be married to a woman he never intended to marry. But then, his life had always gone in contrary ways. Murphy had filled various positions of importance, and, two or three of trust; since he had come out from the old country; but at this time he was without money, position or friends; he was one of the unemployed.

A man who pretended to be his friend, gave him a note of recommendation, and sealed the envelope in case Murphy should

be tempted to look inside. All that April Fool's day he was on the tramp from one office to another; but times were hard, and the city was so full of people that there seemed no room for Murphy, not even "at the top." The last office that he went to was Lace, Torpy Brother, architects. The letter was addressed to Joseph Lace, and he was away; which was a very fortunate thing for Murphy, or he might have still been unemployed. He then went to Joseph Lace's house in hope of finding him there, and was admitted into a room where Joseph's sisters, Anna and Rebecca, sat at their needlework. Anna told him that her brother had left town for a couple of days; and Rebecca thought that she had better read the letter addressed to him, in case it was something of importance. Her eyes had barely time to glance over the writing when she gave a little gasp and dropped the note upon the ground as though it were a hot cinder. Murphy thought she was going to be taken with hysterics or a faint; and held out his arms in readiness to catch her.

She stared at Murphy with wide open eyes and mouth; and when she had begun to regain a little composure, she said: "I did not know you were that; you do not look like it."

Murphy glanced from her to her sister, and then back at her again to try and ascertain the meaning of her words. Then he stooped and picked up the note. The words, "Send the fool further," caught his eye. His face turned red, his blue eyes gleamed, and his hand shook with fury. Rushing from the house without waiting to say farewell to Anna and Rebecca, he ran down the street and up the next until he came to Racy's house. Allie Racy, who pretended to be his friend but really had a spite against him, was playing the flute in the front drawing-room. The tune he played was "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," which softened Murphy's heart to such a degree that he let Allie Racy live: he only thrashed him until his shillalah broke in two. He felt better after that, and, picking up the broken stick, he went home. The next afternoon Joseph Lace called upon him; and this led to a prominent position in the firm of Lace, Torpy Bro., and a comfortable home in Lace's house.

Lace's sister Anna was the house-keeper, for Mrs. Lace, being advanced in age and rather feeble, could do little. Rebecca washed the tea dishes, and did the mending; at least it was always said to be her work; but she was never known to do it to my knowledge. Anna did it; she was so clever that she seemed to get ahead of everybody, and did things while other people were thinking about them; not that it was her fault, nor was anyone else to blame. On the whole, the Laces were a very happy family. Joseph polished the boots (Anna had already cleaned them), and poked the fires (for Anna had lighted them a couple of hours before). In the evenings he read Anna corrected his pronunciation; and when he had reached the end of the book he would begin at the beginning again, "for a good book will stand reading over many times," Joseph said; and his mother said, "Pickwick Papers was a book that could be swallowed with safety." Murphy listened to the reading sometimes out of sheer politeness towards the Lace family; "but the book was not in his line," he said, so sometimes he fell asleep, and other times

he sat and watched the faces of the four Laces as they were bent over their several duties.

Anna was handsome. She had a strong sensible face, sharp eyes, and plenty of good judgment and wit about her. Around Anna the whole household and work seemed to centre, and she managed everybody in the house. Rebecca was not handsome, neither was she plain. Her eyes were soft and mild, her voice low and sweet, her face bright and kind. Anna was always doing, and Rebecca was always undoing. They were very different these sisters; some liked one, and some liked the other, Murphy liked both. He was in love with Rebecca and had been from the very first time he saw her; but he intended to marry Anna. He did not know exactly why himself, except that Anna was somebody. She was of all people the most important in the house; the one that they would be loath to lose, and that was the reason, perhaps, why Murphy wanted her. And so it came to be quite an understood thing with himself, with Anna, and with the whole household, that he was going to marry her, although nothing as yet had been said by him to that effect. The night that he took her to the theatre to see "The Tin Soldier," he was going to ask her to be his wife; but somehow the play put it out of his head. The scenes were not those of a comfortable home, or happy married life, which may have had something to do with it; for Murphy was sensitive and impressionable and felt with the times. Towards the end of the play he fell asleep, and dreamt that he was sitting on his three-legged stool at home, in front of a table, tossing dice with Anna, Rebecca and Lace; and Rebecca won the game—which surprised them all not a little, and put him out a great deal. He and Anna got home from the theatre late and the house was in darkness. Anna went very quietly to her room that she might not disturb the rest, who had been sleeping for some hours.

Murphy ate some bread and cheese and cold potato, and then read the newspaper. When he went up stairs in the dark he saw the door of the empty store-room at the top of the landing quietly open and then shut again.

"Burglars!" he whispered to himself, for he had been reading about them in the newspaper down stairs, and the ways they had of concealing themselves. He walked on his toes to his room and took down his revolver; and then, as he passed Lace's room, he called to him in a low voice to bring his gun; for Lace, being an architect, had a good eye and had won many cigars and gold-headed canes at exhibitions. He and Murphy stood at the head of the stairs, back to back, which strengthened them. Lace aimed his gun down the front stairs, Murphy pointed his revolver at the door of the empty store-room; in this way he protected Lace's back and Lace protected his. The door of the empty store-room softly opened.

"Shut that door," called Murphy. The door closed, and all was silent again. Murphy could feel Lace shaking with fright behind him, and Lace could feel Murphy shivering with fear.

Lace drew in his right foot a little to support himself the better; he raised his gun on a level with his eye in order to be in readiness to pull the trigger, for he heard the stairs creaking as if some one was approaching; but how he was going to hit a man straight in the heart in the dark he

could not tell. He thought of the cigars and gold-headed canes and this gave him confidence. Murphy glued his feet more firmly to the ground and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Hark'ee, there they are again! Shut that door or I'll shoot you!"

Again all was still. Murphy could hear his heart beating tremendously, and he was beginning to get tired of the situation.

"I think I'll shoot him through the door," he whispered to Lace.

"No, no, not yet," said Lace; "give the fellow time to repent."

"Shut that door, or faith an' I'll shoot you."

"No," said Lace, who was getting braver as he got more used to it; "tell him to open the stoor and step out like a man and let us see what he looks like."

"But maybe there are three or four or perhaps six. No, no, faith I would rather they stayed in there," whispered Murphy.

"Shut that door, or I'll shoot you dead on the spot," called Murphy in a louder, steadier voice. Then all was silent, only the heavy breathing of Murphy, the ticking of Lace's watch, and the clock striking twelve.

They counted the strokes to themselves, and wondered if they would ever cease to clang; they rang out so loud and clear in the still darkness that it made both, brave men though they were, tremble.

Then someone came gliding quietly down the long hall.

"Ghosts and evil spirits," whispered Murphy; for, as his back was turned, he could not see, he could only hear—and then think.

"Shoot 'em, Lace; shoot 'em dead. Protect my back, man, as I'm protecting yours."

"It's Anna," whispered Lace.

"Go to the front window, girl; throw it up and call police."

Away went Anna and did as she was bid; and the shrill sound of a woman's voice rang through the midnight air, calling "Police, police." Two arrived at the front door almost at the same time; a third soon followed. Then there was some discussion as to who should go down the stairs to let them in. Murphy had to guard the store-room door; Lace had to protect his back, and Anna refused to go for she felt nervous. At length Lace went and took the gun with him. The three policemen entered the house and called for a light for they could do nothing in the dark.

"Hurry there, hurry there," called Murphy. "Faith an' I'll be killed on the spot I'm standing on, while you are all talkin' below."

A policeman mounted the stairs, lamp in hand, Lace followed with his gun, the other policeman came after him. Slowly, step by step, the procession ascended. When they reached the landing Murphy resigned his position with a deep-drawn sigh and stretched his limbs.

The first policeman with his baton pushed the door of the store-room open and entered; the others followed. In the centre of the empty store-room stood Rebecca with a mouse-trap and a bit of cheese in her hand.

"Did you find them?" she asked quite calmly.

"Find what?" roared Murphy; he was thinking of mice.

"The burglars you were talking about out there in the dark," said Rebecca. Then Murphy fainted away from sheer exhaus-

tion mingled with disappointment. Anna bathed his head, and Joseph fanned him with the handle of his gun. The policemen winked their eyes and laughed at one another, while Rebecca, who was the cause of the commotion, went on quietly taking the cheese out of the mouse-trap, and when she had finished, she told them Anna had set the trap in there to catch mice, saying that the place was overrun with them; and now she, on hearing them squeal, was in the habit of letting the poor things loose again. And that night she had come there for that purpose, when she heard the burglars outside the store-room door and Murphy threatening to shoot them.

## CHAPTER II.

Murphy was making money. He had been saving ever since last April in order to marry Anna.

He had bought a little property in the country, consisting of a house and lot which he rented for a term to John Haslit; but, after he was married, he and Anna would spend their summers there. He went to the country once a week partly to have an eye on his property, and partly because he liked the place. The country roads winding in and out, and leading on, on, to no one knew where, seemed a mystery to Murphy, and they were hedged in on either side by trees, bushes and flowers; beyond were the green fields, and above the broad sky that Murphy had such difficulty in seeing when he was in the city, for as sure as he looked into it, just so sure was he of tripping over somebody who got in his way. This part of the country had a charm for Murphy; it reminded him of County Limerick wherein he was born and bred. The house that he had bought was situated near the top of a hill in a lonely spot far in from the road; on one side was a group of trees, which leaned towards the south, for the rough north wind had blown through them for so many years that they were bent that way. There were flower beds full of flowers, and behind the house were fields where cattle grazed. The house was a low, long, white stone house, with a wide verandah and wide steps leading to it; there were three large chimneys that warmed Murphy's heart whenever he looked at them, and these chimneys went a long way in influencing Murphy to give double the price that the property was worth. This house reminded him of his own home in Limerick, and when he drove upon the road where it stood, as he invariably did, he would stop his horse that he might take a long look, for the place to him seemed full of memories; he saw faces in the windows, familiar figures upon the verandah and he heard voices that he recognized in every breath of wind that passed him by. Of these strange feelings he spoke to no one but Rebecca, for she so seldom talked that he knew his confidence would be safe with her. During the summer months he got up many picnics to Warburton. He named the place after his own homestead in Limerick, for he found that it helped his imagination.

Joseph and Mrs. Lace, Anna, Rebecca and Murphy would go out to Warburton for the day and take sandwiches, cake and cold tea with them. Murphy never tired of picnics; for, as he told Anna, he would like to live a life like Robinson Crusoe in the open air night and day. It would be so pleasant to ramble about forever, regardless of time, or place, or food, with the sky for a roof and the soft grass for a bed, for it was all so genuine, so real and true, year

after year the same. Anna looked so disgusted that Murphy, having a kind heart and thinking he had offended her by his hint at bachelor life, added, "No, not Robinson Crusoe; I mean Paul;" and the very next time he spoke to Anna, by mistake he called her Virginia.

In thinking it over, he said to himself, "that it was just as well he had made the mistake, for it sort of paved the way to matrimony, and when the time came to ask Anna to become his wife, the proposal of marriage would not be such a shock to her nerves." And Anna, in talking it all over afterwards to Rebecca, said: "Persons who would like an open-air enjoyment, such as Murphy spoke of, had a very degraded taste; they must have savage blood in them, and would sooner or later return to their wild and native habits." Rebecca did not agree with her, but Rebecca always did take Murphy's part when Anna found fault with him. And then again, Anna was a clever housekeeper, and must have a house, for in an open-air existence she would have nothing to do. While Rebecca did not like housework, she spent her time in the garden sitting among the weeds. She pretended to pull them up by the roots, but she really did not touch them, for she admired them as much as the flowers among which they grew and would not lift a finger to hurt them. Mrs. Lace, Joseph Lace and Anna wondered that the weeds increased in spite of poor Rebecca's days of hard work; but then it was a way Rebecca had of doing everything. So when they grew tired they stopped wondering.

The cold winds began to blow; then winter came.

With the beginning of the new year Murphy became interested in politics. He knew all the country people living around Warburton, and he stirred them up to such a pitch with his enthusiasm that when the day of the elections came, they decided to go into the city and vote; so Murphy hired a large waggonette and two horses and at the public-house it was filled with men. They had to sit double file, and even then there was not room enough for them all. They were going off with Murphy to vote for Mulqueene. Such a waggonful of men was never seen before in the village, nor such a crowd collected to see them off, nor a happier man than Murphy as he drove them away. The horses he had hired were tired and thin, and old; they were like the horses that rag men use when they want to go slowly from house to house. But Murphy called out so loud, shouted their names and waved the whip through the air in such a way that everyone thought they were running away, and Murphy pretended they were.

When they had reached the city limits Murphy's interest in the horses ceased, for every one of the eight feet was lame. He then listened to the conversation, for there was a hot argument going on; all against one and that one was a Mulqueene; and he was in the under file so had little chance to distinguish himself.

Murphy, in his astonishment allowed the eight lame feet to stand still upon the road.

"Faith and do you mean to tell me that you're all, except one man, going down at my expense to vote for Davies?"

There was silence until the one man in a muffled voice called out from beneath Lawson,

"Mulqueene, Mulqueene forever." And then a laugh went round which became

louler and heartier until Murphy jumped out of the waggonette and danced an Irish jig, raging in the middle of the hard frozen road; and he beat his shillaah upon the waggon wheel, flourishing his whip in the air in a manner which frightened the poor Davies' men, who walked the remainder of the road to the polls.

Murphy drove with one man and voted for Mulqueene. And Mulqueene got in; "because he was an Irishman," Murphy said afterwards.

One evening in the early spring Murphy was seated on his three-legged stool in front of a table, drawing; some pencils, a rubber, pen and ink, a pipe and four coppers lay upon the table. The table-cloth was rumpled and half off the table, one of the four corners was entangled in Murphy's foot, and as he moved he pulled the cloth further from the table.

Rebecca's cat lay curled upon a soft cushion in the corner of the sofa. It was the cat and one of the four coppers that did the mischief and changed Murphy's plans all about in such a way that he hardly recognized them; and he never got over it in all the days of his life.

He was drawing the outline of a bank that was to be erected, and was so interested in his work that in spite of the deepening twilight he went on with it until he drew a crooked line, and then he stopped. Lighting his pipe he began to smoke and think. There was a movement in the corner of the sofa; Murphy turned his head and looked at Rebecca's cat; and then he thought of Rebecca as the woman he loved and was about to discard for the woman that he was going to marry. He gave a sigh, laid down his pipe and picked up his pencil to resume work. Then he remembered that it was too dark he could not see to make a straight line; so he began to think again.

"Faith," said Murphy aloud, for there was no one in the room to hear him and he was fond of talking to himself—like the other Irishman who did it because he liked to talk to a sensible person, and he liked to hear a sensible person talk.

"Faith, and love matches always end unhappily; one expects too much from the other; they look for perfection and do not get it. They see one ideal fall flat down on the ground and become human, which is a terrible misfortune to happen to a man. And then comes fault-finding, and lastly indifference, which is the worst of all. Marriage should be a sort of platonic friendship and then everything would go smoothly. A marriage of reason, of mind, would bring no misgivings, no disappointments, for neither expected much in the beginning and they would gradually find in each other more than they expected. There would be spirit and imagination in one case, which is a bad thing for happiness; good common sense in the other—and that was why he was going to marry Anna."

Murphy had argued it out. He felt satisfied and fell asleep; but when he awoke he was not so well satisfied, and he thought it all over again aloud, and then grew still more dissatisfied.

"Faith, and I'll just toss up," said Murphy, "that will settle it." He stood up and taking one of the four coppers from the table, threw it into the air.

"Heads, Rebecca; tails, Anna." There was a light, rapid step in the hall; the door opened and he and Rebecca stood face to face; he felt happier than he had felt all the evening.

"Well?" said Murphy rather gruffly.



"Well?" said Rebecca in her mildest, gentlest voice.

She was looking around the room in search of Anna.

"A pleasant evening," said Murphy.

"Yes, but it is growing dark, I must light the candles," said Rebecca.

This was the very room that Murphy had been shown into a stranger just a year ago this very day, "All Fools' Day." And the same woman stood before him to-day in exactly the same spot in the window where she had stood a year ago reading the words, "Send the fool further." Neither he nor the woman had changed much in the twelve months; he had grown wiser perhaps, and so had the woman.

She was about to leave the room again when, stooping down, she picked something from the ground. "See what I have found," she said; "I shall keep it for good luck."

"Heads or tails?" said Murphy, stretching out his arm to prevent her leaving the room.

He took her hand in his, and lying in the palm was the brown copper, heads up. That settled it.

A robin was chirruping near the window and then it began to sing a song so simple, so sweet and mysterious that Murphy looked into Rebecca's face for the meaning; and he found it there.

E. YATES FARMER.

### JOHN GRANGER'S POMES.

#### GRANDFATHER'S GUN OF EIGHTEEN-TWELVE.

Some blowin'-adder paper men,  
Out over there in Yankeedom,  
Says we're to them as one to ten,  
And woe betide us if they come,  
I've said afore, 'twixt Christian lands,  
It's time hard feelin's for to shelve:  
But, Broek my boy, put in my hands  
Grandfather's gun of eighteen-twelve.

She's not a beauty, but she did  
Her duty in that ugly scrap;  
That bay'net on her nozzle rid  
Our Canada of many a chap,  
As thought we Canucks in the snow  
Were only fit to chop and delve,  
But here's what taught 'em 'twasn't so,  
Grandfather's gun of eighteen-twelve.

Oh, she careered a bit around,  
From Newfunlan' to Mackinac,  
She makes a boomin' grand old sound,  
And must ha' given many a crack  
To ribs we'd sooner not have left,  
To tie round like an old axe-helve,  
Here, Brant my little feller, heft  
Grandfather's gun of eighteen-twelve.

And, Yeo, mind your powder's dry,  
See that you ram your wads down tight;  
And off the river's bank let fly,  
To give them editors a fright.  
They'll larn, what all Canadians knows,  
That God helps them as helps theirselves:  
I'm ready, so are you, and so's  
Grandfather's gun of eighteen-twelve.

J. CAWDOR BELL.

Be charitable before wealth makes thee covetous.—*Sir T. Browne.*

When a man's countenance falls it naturally lowers his face value.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Sculptors contend that the height of the Venus de Medici, 5 feet 5 inches, is the perfect stature for women.

The intellectual faculty is a goodly field, capable of great improvement; and it is the worst husbandry in the world to sow it with trifles and impertinence.—*Sir M. Hale.*

### SERIES OF HISTORICAL REVIEWS.\*

#### I. A PROTEST AGAINST HISTORICAL HYSTERICS AND PLAGIARISM.

Though the form of this book, which recalls an old fashioned photographic album, is most inconvenient for a reader, the printers have certainly done their work well and produced a creditable example of typographical skill. The illustrations are also an interesting feature, though they are neither so numerous nor always so excellent as to make the work specially noteworthy and give it the title it bears. Some of them are not much better done than those we see in the ordinary guide books sent forth by the railway companies at the summer season to attract the tourist seeking "fresh woods and pastures new." The illustrations too are defective inasmuch as they do not contain what should be given in a book of this character, some sketches of the settlements of the old French and Acadian population, and of the Micmac tribes, who have still many representatives in the island. The plans of the once formidable fortress of Louisburg are wretchedly done on too small a scale to give an accurate idea of the historic scenes that made the locality so famous in the middle of the last century. It would have been quite easy for the author and printer to have at least furnished us with much better sketches of old and new Louisburg from the many sources available to them.

But the writer does not propose to dwell on either the typographical excellence of the book, or the interesting illustrations; which, on the whole, gave a fair idea of the characteristics of the beautiful scenery of one of the most picturesque islands in America. One would have willingly submitted to inferior mechanical skill and made every allowance for the difficulties of the process by which the illustrations have been produced, were the style and substance of the four hundred and twenty pages in any way worthy of the attractive subject which the author has ventured to treat. His name is unknown and his efforts should therefore be reviewed with a charitable desire to treat his faults gently and give every prominence to any ability he may show. Especially must this spirit prevail when the reviewer has no more sincere desire than to encourage every book, pamphlet or essay which has for its animating objects a deep love for Cape Breton, its scenery and its history and an earnest wish to make it better known to the world at large.

It is quite probable that the author of this work has been animated by such noble impulses, as he intimates in his prefatory remarks; but one would also wish that, in his zeal for his subject, he had not forgotten those well understood literary canons of historical composition which forbid him reproducing without credit, in a remarkably wholesale fashion, the labours of other writers, and which, in these days of thorough research, require him to make himself acquainted with original authorities, instead of considering he is writing history when he plagiarises so unblushingly and ignorantly as even to copy the errors of his authors. Of course, if he were simply writing a hasty sketch for a New York or Boston Sunday newspaper, or for a tourist's

\* "Cape Breton Illustrated; Historic, Picturesque and Descriptive." By John M. Gow. Illustrated by James A. Stubbert. Toronto: William Briggs, Wesley Buildings, 1893. Oblong quarto, pp. 423.

guide, one would not be surprised at the examples of historical gush, or audacious plagiarism we find throughout the pages of a book so deceptive in its typographical appearance.

Of course the author must have studied Parkman's last work—the reader will clearly see that in a few moments—in which that great historian tells us that, like the rest of the series, "it is founded on original documents." The statements "of secondary writers have been accepted only when found to conform to the evidence of contemporaries, whose writings have been sifted and collated with the greatest care." This new author, however, is governed by a very different principle. He should have written—to cite Parkman with a change of a few words,—“This book is in no respect founded on original documents. The statements of secondary writers have been accepted and copied ungrudgingly without any reference to the evidence of contemporaries whose writings consequently have never been sifted, or collated with the least care whatever.”

One cannot possibly understand how any writer, even one who has no literary reputation at stake, and has assuredly no ambition for the future, could presume to ask for a favourable opinion of this book from any one at all conversant with the epoch of which he treats; and one must assume that, entirely ignorant of the whole subject except so far as he has read a few "secondary authorities," named in the preface, he naturally fell into the errors he commits, and at the same time hoped that no one would take the pains of detecting his plagiarism.

Every author has more or less suffered from bad proof-reading or careless printers, and consequently one would hardly direct attention to isolated, incorrect spellings of historic names and places. But when on page after page these errors are reproduced with consistent fidelity one soon becomes convinced that it is the ignorance of a writer who has never studied an original authority that is responsible and not the carelessness of the poor printer.

No historic writer of note, now-a-days, would write "Louisburg," which is an English rendering of the correct French name "Louisbourg," and which should be "Lewisburg" to make the translation logically correct; but we do not dwell on this point since other careless writers have fallen into a similar error. But at least when he writes of William Pepperrell, the leader of the New England forces of 1745, he should not have dropped an "r." So careless is he, however, that he makes the same mistake even in citing Parson's Life, one of those "secondary authorities" on which he relies for his knowledge of the subject. But it is when we come to the names of persons and places, notable in the stirring historic incidents of a century and a half ago, that we find the indisputable evidence of a crass ignorance for which there is no excuse whatever in these times when any author who ventures to deal with the history of that momentous period which ended in the conquest of Canada by England, should take some pains of consulting the libraries at Ottawa, Quebec and Harvard. For instance we have the following inaccuracies page after page:—

"Beaubasin" for "Beau Bassin" (Chignecto).

"La Loutre" for that dangerous priest "Le Loutre" who played so prominent a part in old Acadian days.

"La Carne" for the brave partisan French Canadian leader St. Luc de la Corne, who was sent in 1749 to Acadia to watch the frontier.

"Roude Denys" instead of Ronde Denys, grandson of the first French proprietor of Cape Breton.

"Colonel Merickton," and sometimes "Moncton" for Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton, who was leader of the English expedition against Acadia in 1755 and was the captor of Beausejour.

"Denfield" for "Deerfield," the scene of a massacre which New England can never forget.

"Colonel Laurence" for Brigadier Lawrence, a Governor of Nova Scotia, who played so prominent a part in early Nova Scotia history.

"Muscarene" for "Mascarene," once English commandant of Annapolis.

"Argot" instead of Captain Samuel Argall, the English adventurer, who destroyed the French settlement on Mount Desert in 1713.

General "de Levi" for the historic Chevalier de Levis, so conspicuous in the closing days of French dominion.

"Vergar" for Duchambon de Vergor, the son of the incompetent governor who gave up Louisbourg in 1745, who himself commanded at Fort Beausejour in 1755, when taken by the English; and at a later day earned the execrations of the French by giving too easy an entrance to the English troops led by Wolfe on the 13th September, 1759, on the Plains of Abraham.

"Bouladire" for Boularderie, the well known proprietor of the beautiful island at the entrance of the Bras d'Or.

"Tynell" and sometimes "Tyrell," instead of Tyrrell, better known as the M. Pichen, who wrote the well known "Lettres et Memoires pour servir a l'histoire du Cape Breton." (a la Haye, 1760.)

"Baie des Espangnols" for Baie des Espagnols (Sydney.)

"Ulva" for the distinguished Spanish savant, Don Antonio de Ulloa, who was captured in the silver ship *Delivrance*—here incorrectly given "*Delivrance*"—and taken into Louisbourg after its fall in 1745.

This list might be continued indefinitely. But I shall not dwell on such spellings as Abercrombie, now more correctly given Abercromby by Parkman and latest writers of repute, since there are some trustworthy authors who give that rendering. Nor do I dwell on the ignorance of the French language shown in such words as "Vive Notre Générale," though one would assume he must be a presumptuous author who would undertake a history of those times, without having sufficient knowledge to read the original French documents accessible to ordinary students. Nor is it necessary to dwell on the incorrect citation of the inscription of the chapel bell found many years ago at Inganiche—"j'ai nominée" for "nommée," for example—since an author who makes "a general" a female could hardly be expected to know old French. But at least we might expect an author to take some pains to give accurately the Latin inscription on the cross which Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker raised at the entrance of Sydney Harbour in 1711; when we have "profectus" for "praefectus" and "monte" for "mense," we have another specimen of the ignorance that everywhere prevails. We might at least expect in these things the not very high excellence of an accurate copyist. A writer who could make errors like these would not earn a great deal even

at type-writing, leaving the compilation of history from secondary sources out of the question.

But in all probability an author who could devote one-seventh part of the book to an exhaustive account of the Puritans by way of introduction to Cape Breton—where, by the way, the bulk of the people are Roman Catholics—soared naturally above such very ordinary historical requirements as those I have briefly reviewed. The influence of the Puritans in the history of England and her old colonies cannot be overated; and despite their narrowness of vision, and their unpleasant austerity, they had often a nobility of purpose and a tenacity of aim that made them necessarily dominant factors in the new world's history. But it has not been often that this memorable class has met with so rhetorical a reviewer of their character as has now appeared. At times he becomes perfectly hysterical, and rushes off in a torrent of words that is bewildering in these days of sober criticism and analytical research. Of the Puritanic age we read, for instance—"Enough for us that at that time the hidden fire" (just before this we are told of an "extinct volcano" and of mighty primeval forces "having torn and shattered and heaved hither and thither the ribs of the solid earth") "could no longer be restrained, but that it broke forth and cast the fragments of unworthy authority in a lurid shower towards an offended heaven, and that henceforth the dwellers about the mount of liberty could dwell in safety."

The extinct volcano, the primeval forces and lurid fires are well-known phrases of the rhetorical imagery of the school essays of our grandfathers. It is also refreshing in these times of original thought to hear again of Cornelia and her jewels (see p. 49), and of the Athenian Minerva (see p. 50), "fresh sprung from the brow of Jove, equipped with helm and aegis," of England, "whose jewels are the mighty rocks which tower along the deep, as if flung into the sea by some primeval hand [here it is again] to be the guardians of her future night; and from these giant warders the voice of her power thunders from sea to sea in an endless and sublime concert." Then we have references naturally to the "tree of liberty," more beneficent than "the banyan tree of the East"—by no means a new imagery. But were the author obliged to give up such images and descend to sober prose, these sixty pages on Puritanism would have dwindled to a very moderate compass. In justice to our author we must frankly admit at times he descends from the "extinct volcano" to a very ordinary level and indulges in great familiarity when talking of historic personages. For instance, "King James I. was not, taken all in all, a bad sort of man. . . . There was nothing about King James which was positively not nice, as there was about many of the Stuarts. In a way he was respectable." A little later we are told that "for a clear understanding of the osteology (*sic*) of things the Englishman need not go anywhere." Then comes this enigmatic sentence, "The atmospheric vibrations (*sic*) caused by the American are more offensive to the Englishman than to any one else." Next he becomes pathetic: "Comrades, before advancing upon the enemy, would bid each other, 'So long, Jim,' 'So long, Tom.'" To give the comment of a distinguished Canadian *litterateur* in my hearing, "It's all very funny."

We submit these sixty pages of comment on the Puritan—where everything and everybody, from trees of liberty to extinct volcanos, from Cromwell to Josh Billings, are lugged in with a versatility that is very refreshing, though confusing at times—to the careful consideration of the Ontario Education Department, in case it is proposed to issue a new compilation from Canadian prose and poetic writers. No English publisher will certainly claim a copyright on the extracts that are here open to the learned officials of that branch of the public service. For one, the writer asks himself, why is it necessary to give us so exhaustive a history of the Puritans in a work of this character? So bewildering a sketch of this class was hardly necessary, because Louisbourg was taken by a New England expedition in 1745, with the assistance of Commodore Warren's fleet. These land forces were hardy frontiersmen, farmers, sailors, and other classes, mustered from every possible quarter, who were not all Puritans in their habits or objects. Neither Shirley nor Pepperrell sprung from this class. No doubt the hope of destroying a stronghold of the Roman Catholics in America had its animating purpose when the expedition was determined upon. Stern old pastors like Father Moody, who took a hatchet to cut down the images in the churches—and who, it is said, was actually caught in the act—were assuredly Puritans in their hatred of Rome. But it does not say a great deal for the Puritanism of Massachusetts when a vote to attack Louisbourg was lost once, and only carried on a subsequent occasion by the casting voice of the Speaker, and through the influence of Shirley and his friends. The fact is, the dominant influence was the danger to which the New England trade was subject while Louisbourg was a rendezvous for French privateers; and consequently an ever-present menace to the English colonies. As long as New England found it convenient to carry on an illicit trade with Louisbourg—to exchange bricks, lumber and fish for French brandy, rum and other commodities—Louisbourg was a Puritan blessing in disguise. Puritan and Profit were often synonymous. But that ceased to be so when New England trade was in danger. It is not necessary to say nowadays that the siege of 1745 was a notable exploit in the history of New England—the precursor of Bunker Hill, some thirty years later. Those rough frontiersmen and farmers and sailors of New England fought bravely and determinately, rude as were their methods and appliances. But it did not surely require sixty and more pages of closely-printed matter on Puritanism to tell us all this. If we should come down to the realms of common sense and true history, one would think that, instead of dissertations on Cromwell, Bunyan, the Ironsides, Milton, and on the noteworthy features of the Puritans of old, it would be more to the purpose if we were told how these "Puritan" forces of 1745—for of course they were all Puritan in our author's eyes—behaved themselves when the fortress fell into their hands. Parkman tells us in his last book that even "Nathaniel Sparhawk, Pepperrell's thrifty son-in-law, begged the general to get for him a handsome service of silver plate." General Wolcott records that "while Moody was preaching on a Sunday (!!) in the garrison chapel there was excessive stealing (!!) in every part of the town." One of the disgusted victors (a Puritan, of course) writes, "A

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great Noys and hubbub a mongst ye Solders about ye Plunder ; Som Cursing, som a Swarein !” Comment on such Puritanism is unnecessary.

But it is curious enough that so devoted a student of such Puritanism as the author has no compunction whatever in appropriating himself the labours of others without a word of acknowledgment. For instance, compare these passages, taken at random as illustrating our author's method of writing his history.

ILLUSTRATED CAPE BRETON, P. 187. PARKMAN'S HALF CENTURY OF CONFLICT, P. 123.

“Pepperell was much gratified with the behaviour of his men under almost incredible hardships. They wore out their shoes and clothing till many went in tatters and barefooted, yet they worked on with unquerable spirit. Within four days they broke ground and planted a battery of six guns on one of the green hills about a mile from the King's Bastion. A week after (and so on to the end of paragraph).”

P. 189.

P. 125.

“Several writers say that the English engineer, tried to improve their manners in this respect. But this could not have been; Bastide was not here. His post was at Annapolis, and he did not reach Louisbourg until the siege was nearly finished and the batteries completed,” and so on.

P. 189.

P. 125.

“This ignorant and self-satisfied recklessness might have cost the besiegers dear if the French had taken advantage of it instead of being perplexed and startled at the novelty of their proceedings. He had taken advantage of it; but Duchambon and some of his officers were remembering the past winter, and fearing to make sorties lest the soldiers might desert or take part with the enemy. The danger of this appears to have been small. A bolder commander,” and so on.

P. 191.

P. 129.

“It is said, in proof of the orderly conduct of the men, that not one of them was punished during the siege; but this shows the mild and ciliating character of the general, quite as much as any peculiar merit of the soldiers,” and so on.

See also pp. 194-169.

p. 132-134.

It is not necessary to fill up some columns of THE WEEK with similar evidences of that kind of wholesale borrowing “which,” to quote Milton's Eikonoklastes, “if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted Plagiarism.” So far from “bettering” Parkman's clear narrative or that of the “secondary authors” he uses so freely, he even repeats their inaccuracies, great and small, which, in the latest books, have been corrected. For instance, a little matter, but *ex uno disce omnia*; it was not Colonel Wald but General Roger Wolcott, Colonial Governor and Chief Justice in later times, who was second in command of the New England forces; and he came not from New Hampshire but from Connecticut—his son Oliver was one of the signers of the

Declaration of Independence. We are also told that Rear-Admiral Warren was made a baronet for his conduct off Cape Finist'erre, when the French fleet was defeated. The fact is, as the historian Murdoch says, he was given the Bath, a more notable dignity in those days, as the inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey shows. Major Titcomb did not fall “afterwards in Braddock's defeat while fighting behind a tree like a common soldier,” but in the memorable battle at Lake George where Baron Dieskau sustained a defeat in 1755. He is in this case actually using Parkman's “Montcalm and Wolfe” (I. 307) where we are told “Titcomb was shot dead, a rod in front of the barricade, firing from behind a tree like a common soldier.” Such errors which abound the historic valuelessness of the book. show plagiarism is not even correct.

Mr. Richard Brown, long a resident of Cape Breton, wrote an excellent history of Cape Breton, though it is necessarily out of date at times, because historic investigation, since his day, has brought to light new maps and facts. As a letter recently cited from Parkman in THE WEEK shows, Mr. Brown was not allowed access to the French archives, which now are open to every one. But the author of “Illustrated Cape Breton” uses Brown without discrimination or thought of original authorities. Errors and truth are freely used with blissful simplicity and ignorance of the whole subject. We have sometimes a wholesale borrowing, or a careful condensation. As an example of these practices, refer to the following pages:—

Illustrated Cape Breton, p. 211.

Brown, p. 234.

“The general tone of Duchambon's report is, however, that of a man who is endeavouring to palliate his own weakness. His deliberate inaccuracies are those of weakness. His principal errors, as has been pointed out, were the following: 1. “He refused succors offered by the viceroy in the autumn of 1744.”

2. “He took no steps to ascertain the character of the vessels that were seen off the coast early in the spring.” 3. “He took no measures to gain information from Canso.”

4. “No vigorous attempt was made to resist the landing of the English.” 5. “The Grand Battery was given up without firing a shot in its defence.” 6. “No vigorous sorties were made upon the English.” And so on.

“Duchambon committed many errors during the siege. The following in my humble opinion, were the principal: 1. “He took no steps for ascertaining the character of the suspicious vessels that passed and repassd the harbour so frequently during the month of April.”

2. “He did not send spies to Canceau to gain information.” 3. “When the English did arrive, he only sent 100 men instead of all the disposable force at his command, to oppose their landing.”

4. “He gave up the Grand Battery without destroying or removing the guns.” 5. “He made no vigorous sorties upon the English.” 6. “In addition to these, his gravest error was the refusal of the succors offered by the viceroy in 1744.” And so on.

Such borrowing is not even ingenious—any one can see the mere transposition of paragraphs—but shows the poverty of the language that could not better conceal the ideas of another. But it is in the short history of Cape Breton that appears from page 314 to page 367 we see the author's subsidiary plan of writing history, when he does not borrow in a wholesale fashion. This part of the book should have appeared first, but there is no system in the ar-

rangement of matter. It would seem as if the author or authors had read a few well known books and secondary authorities, and then compiled several essays which have been distributed in the book without any logical or historical sequence. This historic summary is chiefly made up from Brown, and the author has obviously never read a line of Rafn's Antiquitates Americane, Harris's, or Winsor's or Deane's commentaries on the Cabots, or the latest books on the Cartier, Champlain, and other voyages. If he had done so he would have never displayed such astounding ignorance as to confuse Eric the Red with his son Leif Ericsson, the adventurer who actually discovered Vinland. Brown was not responsible for this mistake; it shows when the author leaves even his “secondary authorities,” he lands himself in a slough of dense ignorance. It is Brown, however, who is responsible for the following passages which show our author's methods:

Illustrated Cape Breton, p. 317.

Brown, p. 19.

“But Henry VIII was not behind his brother of France;” and read to end of paragraph.

“Henry VIII was not behind his brother of France in sending out an expedition;” and read to end of paragraph.

For Verrazano's expedition see p. 317.

See p. 19, of Brown.

Again p. 317.

Again p. 23.

“The next English voyage of discovery to America was made in 1536. It was undertaken by lawyers and private gentlemen and had a consistent result. It gives little information respecting Cape Breton.”

“The next English voyage to Newfoundland and Cape Breton was undertaken in 1536 by a party of lawyers and private gentlemen, which, as might have been expected, ended most disastrously. It does not furnish us with much information respecting Cape Breton.”

Our author's account of Cartier's second voyage, pp. 317, 318, shows how he copies from Brown without looking into later authorities:

“Cartier on his second voyage, instead of returning through the Straits of Belle Isle, sailed eastward, until he made Brion Island, which he had previously discovered and named, and found a promontory on his left hand which he named Cape Loreine (Cape Ray) and another on the starboard which he named St. Paul's (Cape North in Cape Breton). Cartier was the first to make known the existence of a passage between Cape North and Cape Ray into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. See also pp. 334, 335.

“Instead of returning through the Straits of Belle Isle, after reaching Brion's Island he shaped his course to the eastward and discovered a promontory in 47½ degrees which he named Cape Loreine (Cape Ray) and another on the starboard which he named St. Paul's (Cape North in Cape Breton). Cartier was the first. . . .” (Copy last sentence opposite as usual).

Pp. 144, 145.

The latest writers on this subject show that Brown had not the advantage of studying the maps and authorities now accessible to historians (see “Cape Breton and Its Memorials”: Trans. Roy. Soc. Can. sec. 2. app. VII), or he would not have made the mistake of supposing that Cartier first made Cape Ray (Loreine, according to him, and then sailed for Cape Breton and named St. Paul's Cape (Cape North, according to him), when the correct versions of Cartier's voyage show quite clearly that he first made the northern capes of the island, after leaving the Magdalen, and then sailed to the Newfoundland coast. The best authorities now agree that Loreine was Cape North, or St. Lawrence, but be that as it may, our author is ignorant of all such facts, and slavishly plagiarises Brown. Again we are told that the “oldest map upon which the Strait of Canso is laid down is that of Mercator,

published in 1569" (see, as usual, Brown, p. 48), but the numerous maps discovered and delineated in Winsor's Critical History of America, since Brown's days, show that in Rotz's map of 1542, Cape Breton is a large island, off the eastern mainland with the strait well defined. In Allefonce's sketches of 1544-5 (see Trans. Roy. Soc. Can.) the island is also well defined; but all this is Arabic or French to the copyist before us. Not only does this writer reproduce Brown's statements in every particular, but he copies his imperfect and doubtful statistics of the Louisbourg trade, in complete ignorance of the latest official documents which have been recently printed from the French archives. (See Trans. Roy. Soc. Can. as before cited).

But it is useless to continue the enumeration of plagiarism and errors as we might do indefinitely. One part of the book has some interest, however defective it may be in correctness or ease of style, and that is, the conclusion which points out the picturesque features of the island. Nowhere on this broad continent is there a greater variety of charming scenery, containing lake and mountain, sea and land. From the placid valley of the Mabou to the rugged hills of Whycoconagh; from the low sylvan islets of St. Peter's inlet to the white plaster cliffs that gleam among the foliage of the great lake that divides the island; from the sentinel capes that guard the north to the noble harbour of Sydney, with its meadows ever green in the summer solstice, and its picturesque glimpses of the ocean from many points of vantage; from the cheery hospitable Sydneys to gloomy historic Louisbourg, we have a series of views ever full of interest for student and tourist. Here the painter has much to inspire his pencil, while the historian recalls scenes that ally the New World with the Old, in one of the most momentous eras of England's history, when the genius of Pitt made her dominant in the East and West and gave her the empire she now owns.

It is pleasant also to agree with the writer when he says we shall find in Cape Breton "traces of primitive hospitality; people will treat you with old-fashioned courtesy." If he had left out his hysterics on Puritanism and not ventured into a historic domain of which he was profoundly ignorant, and of which he has obviously taken no pains to make himself conversant he would be excusable, and in a natural enthusiasm for the subject of which he treats, a native of the island might forgive him much. But what avail the conscientious labours of historical writers like Parkman, Ferland, Kingsford, Casgrain, Sulte, Dionne, and many others who have spent years of their lives in studying the sources of our history, if mere pretenders are to use good type and paper, and palm themselves off as historians. Let our Canadian writers in this, the infancy of our literature, be always honest, and if they have no graces of style, at least tell their story with simplicity and fidelity. It is Cervantes who says there are "many who think that books may be written and tossed into the world like fritters." But fritters are a delicacy beyond the taste of our cook. The writer in question is obviously one of those who think that all that is necessary, even in this critical century, is to take a number of well-known writers like Brown, Parkman, Neal, Parsons and Belknap, toss them for a while in a slovenly frying pan over the dull simmering fire of his mind, and then

throw them before the public as a sort of historic "flapjacks," smoky, doughy and decidedly indigestible.

### ART NOTES.

Mr. E. Wylie Grier left last week for New York, where he expects to be at work on a portrait for which he has a commission.

In the studio of Mr. G. A. Reid may be seen an unfinished but charming group of the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Hughson, of Ottawa. The arrangement, which is without accessories, is very graceful and natural, the modelling strong and the little faces look out on you with all the freshness of happy, healthy childhood.

The *Farmer's Advocate* has issued a capital engraving entitled "Canada's Columbian Victors." It is fitting that the signal success of our country at the World's Fair should be emphasized in the popular and pictorial way. The victors are a group of Ayrshire cattle, and Mr. F. Bridgen has added to his reputation as an animal painter in this excellent picture.

The Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colors at their annual meeting decided that woman members shall in the future be allowed to attend the meetings of the Society, and be eligible for election as office-bearers. This is the first attempt of any art body in the Kingdom to place the woman members on an equal footing with those of the other sex.

The *Art Amateur* calls attention to the curious fact that while three brewers have been raised to the peerage in England during the present generation, no title higher than that of baronet has ever been conferred upon an English painter, and only three (Burne-Jones, John Millais and Frederick Leighton) have received that rank, though a number of others have been made knights.

An art gallery is being erected in Sackville, N.B., at a cost of \$54,000, to hold a private collection of four hundred pictures and one hundred pieces of statuary, a recent gift to the Mount Allison College in that city, on condition that suitable accommodation should be provided. The building is to contain one large and two small galleries, with sky-lights, and studios for drawing and painting classes. The facing of the walls will be of olive local stone and the decorative panels of terra cotta with medallions bearing the names of noted painters and sculptors. Mr. Edmund Burke, of Toronto, is the architect.

The Royal Canadian Academy has this year two very valuable additions to its membership in Mr. Cruikshanks and Mr. Grier both thoroughly trained men who yet differ widely in style and taste, partly the result of methods of study totally dissimilar. Mr. Cruikshanks is best known among us an artist whose work, whether in illustration or painting, is always true to life, and as a draughtsman of more than ordinary skill. At intervals his contributions to the various exhibitions have shown what he can do with color; one lately exhibited, "On The Field of Waterloo," is a good example. The picture in the present exhibition speaks for itself, and his studio holds promise of two strong works, one of every day life of our country and the other a tragic story of too frequent occurrence on our own lakeside. But painting is this artist's play, his recreation, while the illustrating is the solid work, the work in which there is no making up for careless drawing by brilliant coloring. One of the first periodicals for which Mr. Cruikshanks worked was *St. Nicholas*, and for years his illustrations have appeared in this as well as other American magazines and in the *London Graphic*. His career as a student was begun in the Edinboro, School of Art, continued in the Royal Academy, London, where he won a seven years' studentship; then in Paris, where he worked in the studio of Yvon, who was then director of the Beaux Arts. Much time was spent in the galleries of Paris, Munich, Belgium and among the works of the Dutch artists. Frequent visits to London and constant work have lent their aid

to natural ability in the formation of a style belonging to none of these schools, at once strong and individual. Mr. Cruikshank's residence here has been broken by frequent and long visits to England and the continent, yet he may be well counted as one of our artists.

Leaving further detail for another issue, we will try to give the impressions received during a short visit to the present exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. If ever there was a hanging committee that pleased all concerned that organization should have been immortalized in verse, but probably there never was. The one concerned in this display is no exception to the general rule, but they seem to have done a good work in keeping up the standard, though a work of small merit once-in-a-while might answer a good purpose, serve as a sort of foil to better work and prevent bare wall space. But, however, on looking about, one is apt to be drawn away to the larger canvases or to those in which the color is noticeable. One wall is given up to water-colors whose more delicate beauties need closer study than the larger works. There is a baby, rather an unusual model, lying well tied up in its long clothes in a foreign fashion; there is a cold winter scene that makes you shiver; in another direction a dark canvas, the mysterious duskiness of early twilight, tells a tender story of parting; another smaller canvas makes one blink after looking steadily at the candle that almost flickers. Then you are drawn towards a calmly painted bit of every-day life, a cottage with its surroundings; then an effective, bright stretch of beach and sky; then again a dark canvas in which the bright light in the foreground almost obscures the face, intent on a book, which is behind. Having no catalogue, preferring to gain impressions first without one and without looking for any signature, one can yet seldom fail to recognize a well-known contributor, but fortunately there are many whose style we fail to recognize, either new or old-new, and that is good. Here is a mother and child, broadly done, with something in the position suggestive of one of Raphael's Madonnas, but these two are of our own time. Several portraits are of interest, one from the low tones in which it is painted, another from peculiarities in brush work, a smaller one with accessories is very speaking, and another is of animal life. Of smaller canvases there is a large number, flowers, landscape, studies of heads, groups of animals, sometimes a story told, sometimes a phase of nature given—all worthy of the more careful study we hope to give them at another time. The time-worn comment of "an advance on any previous exhibition" may be used again with truth; on comparison with last spring it will be felt there are many more canvases of real worth, good in technique, ambitious and vigorous; and also that there is new blood—so giving a greater variety in subject and manner of treatment.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Galt Philharmonic Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Walter H. Robinson, were to have performed "Samson" last evening, with full chorus and orchestra.

A most excellent programme has been arranged by the Toronto Ladies' Choral Club for their forthcoming concert on Tuesday evening, May 1st, in Association Hall. The soloists will be Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Pringle, Miss Beach, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Blight (organ), and Mary Grassick (violin). Probably the most important number will be Pergolesi's beautiful hymn, "Stabat Mater," given by the club, as intimated a few weeks ago, and which will have its first performance in Toronto. Miss Hillary will be the conductor. We hope a large audience will be present, as the sum received after paying expenses will be for the Aged Women's Home—a worthy object.

The annual concert by pupils of Loretto Abbey was given on Wednesday evening, April 18th, before a crowded audience of pleased hearers. The piano playing was un-



usually good and attractive, the young ladies playing with especially good rhythmical precision and clearness. The choruses and vocal solos, of which there were several, including the beautiful "Ode to St. Cecilia," with orchestral accompaniment, were most praiseworthy, for Loretto has many talented pupils within her gates. Two or three building elocutionists gave several recitations remarkably well, displaying much ability. The whole entertainment was one of merit, and was especially enjoyable, but, unfortunately, lack of space prevents an extended notice. The programme was well chosen, and well presented, consequently reflecting the highest credit on all concerned.

And now we have some good news for our readers. The Musical Festival Committee have engaged the distinguished pianist Friedheim, as soloist for the musical festival in June. We have frequently commented on Friedheim's marvellous playing in these columns, his wonderful memory, his gigantic tone prodigious technic, and superb, passionate interpretations which at times thrill one through and through. Well do we remember many of his stupendous programmes performed in Germany, when the greatest brilliancy would blaze forth astoundingly and dazzle one with its glow, and again murmuring softly in sunny ripples of crystalline splendour. Speaking of his phenomenal memory, it was during the late summer of 1837, Friedheim conducted a series nightly of orchestral concerts in the Crystal Palace, in Leipzig, when he performed many new works, and many standard orchestral creations, besides playing solos and concertos himself, and all, remember, without notes!! Those were golden days, sitting under the trees in the garden, or in the beautiful amphitheater, and listening to the orchestra throbbing under Friedheim's direction, or the piano eloquently singing under his fingers. And now we are to hear him once more in our own city.

The choir of Elm St. Methodist Church gave an excellent concert on Tuesday evening, April 17th, assisted by Mrs. Fred Cox, soprano; Mrs. Otter, contralto; Miss Agnes Dunlop, formerly of Hamilton, but now of Detroit, contralto; Mr. J. Humphrey Auger, Mus. Bach, solo organist; Mr. Kuchenmeister, violinist; Mr. and Mrs. Blight, the choir-master and organist, and the Sunday School orchestra, supplemented by additional players. The choir sang on this occasion with splendid tone, and with a good deal of expression, although the orchestra was too large for the number of voices which, in a measure, overpowered them. Their most ambitious selections were "Let Their Celestial Concerts" (Handel) and with "Sheathed Sword," which were well received. The part song, "The Way is Long and Dreary," by Sullivan, was given an impressive and artistic interpretation. Miss Agnes Dunlop is quite a young Miss yet, in her teens, but has a remarkable voice for one of her years; in fact, it is more like a voice of a woman fully developed than of a comparatively young girl. The tone is what one would call large, roomy, not compact, rich or warm, but confined within a very narrow compass, as she cannot sing very high nor still very low for a contralto. Her first number was Handel's ever beautiful, "He was Despised," and she sang it truthfully, phrased it carefully and with considerable expression; more than this we cannot say. It has, however, great possibilities, and when she has it under control and fully cultivated, when it mellows and thoroughly develops, Miss Dunlop should make an artistic success, for she has evidently talent. She was enthusiastically received, and sang an encore number with considerable feeling. Mrs. Otter sang Watson's, "Only the Sound of a Voice," in a painstaking manner, and was likewise well received. Mrs. Cox sang Haydn's ever refreshing "With Verdure Clad," carefully, and with due attention to expression. Her voice is of pleasant quality and she uses it well. Mr. Blight gave an admirable interpretation of "Honor and Arms" (Sampson), by Handel. He evidently was particularly happy, for he sang with much spirit and clearness. Mr. Auger gave a "Toccatto" by Bach and a "Rondo" by Morandi,

exhibiting splendid technical skill and musicianship, and was obliged to respond with another number. We had not heard Mr. Auger before, and was delighted with his freedom, breadth of phrasing, and technical facility. Mr. Kuchenmeister played Handel's well-known Largo and Ralf's "Cavatina" as an encore number. These were performed in an interesting and musicianly manner. The orchestra played several selections under the baton of Mr. Thos. Aikenhead, the most successful being "The Bridal Rose" overture, which was pretty and effective. The other numbers call for no special mention. Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments carefully and artistically.

The concert given on Monday evening last by the Toronto Ladies' String Orchestra, under the direction of the conductress, Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, was in all respects very successful. A large and musical audience was present. The young ladies composing the orchestra were in good form, and played with a dash and spirit quite surprising when one considers that it was their debut on this occasion, and that they have only been playing together during this season. Their playing also speaks plainer than any words of ours of the musicianship of their talented leader, Mrs. Adamson. The programme opened with "Ases Death," and "Anitra's Dance" from Peer Gynt, Suite No. 1, by Grieg, which was given a very satisfactory rendition, if we except a slight tendency to faulty intonation in No. 1 and a marked indistinctness in the pizzicato passages in Anitra's Dance. But this, indeed, can be willingly overlooked when we consider that the young ladies are still students, and are apparently imbued with ambition and a certain enthusiasm which speaks well for future appearances. Their next number, and perhaps the most successful, was two movements from Richard Wuerst's "Russian Suite," and a "Rondo" of Boccherini's. These were played with precision and warmth. The Toronto Ladies' String Quartette, composed of Miss Mary Grassick, 1st violin; Miss Adamson, 2nd violin; Miss Kate Archer, viola, and Miss Massey, cello, played a movement from Mendelssohn's quartette, op. 44, and made it very effective and thoroughly enjoyable. Miss Lina Adamson received a merited recall on playing as a solo Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen," her tone, bowing, phrasing, and intonation being exceedingly good. She will develop, undoubtedly, into an excellent artist. The assisting artists were, Mrs. d'Auria, soprano, Miss Hillary, soprano, Mr. H. M. Field, and Mr. Dinelli, the latter acting as accompanist. Mrs. d'Auria was in excellent voice and sang with her usual success Delibes' lovely song, "The Maids of Cadiz," to which she had an enthusiastic recall, to which she responded. She afterwards sang in a delightful manner a charming song by Nevin, "Twas April." Miss Hillary gave most expressive and artistic interpretations of Boehm's "Calm as the Night" and "Come Dance Romaika," and also was recalled. Mr. Field performed with poetic grace Chopin's "Berceuse" and gave a bold and vigorous rendering of Liszt's 14th Rhapsody, afterwards playing as encore the same master's study in D flat, with beautiful expression. What fire, brilliancy and sentiment, are infused into Liszt's effective compositions! Where can we hear such spontaneous bursts of passion, such strange, weird harmonies, such bewildering climaxes, and such amazing showers of pearly, sparkling tones which remind one of sky rockets bursting against a darkened sky, and floating earthward with all their dazzling gorgeousness of color! Liszt will be more understood as the years go by, for we believe he was one of the very greatest composers. Think of his symphonic poems, his wonderful "Faust" and "Dante" symphonies, his grand oratorio "St. Elizabeth," his beautiful songs, his great B minor sonata and other stupendous piano works, and imagine his genius if you can. Mrs. Adamson, for her solo number, played De Beriot's 7th Concerto with much skilfulness, and with beautiful tone and finish. Mr. Dinelli proved himself, as he always does, an excellent accompanist. The concert was much appreciated.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

RATIONAL MEMORY TRAINING. By B. F. Austin, M.A., B.D. The Journal Office St. Thomas, Ont. 1891.

We confess to a certain suspicion of certain artificial methods of improving the memory; but we have nothing of this kind in Principal Austin's excellent little volume, which may be recommended cordially, and without the least reserve. On the importance of the subject the author says excellently all that need be said; and his hints for the improvement of memory are based upon sound psychological principles and the teachings of experience.

TORONTO ILLUSTRATED, 1893. Consolidated Illustrating Co., Toronto. 1893.

This is one of a now somewhat numerous family, and no doubt it will answer its purpose very well. It is well printed and profusely illustrated. The greater part of the volume is taken up with an account of the principal firms and businesses of the city, and their name is legion. There is an introductory sketch giving "a brief history of the city from its foundation to the present time," setting forth "its growth, resources, commerce, manufacturing interests, financial institutions, educational advantages and prospects; also sketches of the leading business concerns which contribute to the city's progress and prosperity." We quote from the title page, which is quite correct. The latter department, as we have already noted, is the fullest. The historical portion is embellished with a number of very respectable and accurate representations of the principal buildings in the city, not quite complete, of course, but on the whole well chosen.

## PERIODICALS.

April has brought us a capital number of *Macmillan's*. Apart from the instalment of Mr. Blackmore's serial story *Perlycross* the articles are all good reading and are well diversified. Mr. A. G. Bradley writes of Francis Parkman and his work; Rolf Boldrewood of Australian Rough-riders; Mrs. Ritchie continues her most interesting chapters from unwritten memoirs, and Mrs. Steel has a short story entitled "Glory of Woman," and we shall leave our readers to consult the remaining articles at their leisure.

The *Westminster* has for its opening article "The Riddle of the Sphinx" by Arthur Withy. This is a fanciful title for a present-day trade article. In considering "The Costa Rica Packet Case" Mr. J. F. Hogan forcefully shows how a British subject was hardly dealt with by a foreign power. This number has a variety of articles on matters political, industrial, philosophical, etc.; the one which will prove most interesting to Canadians is that in advocacy of a customs union of the British Empire, by W. Peaxt Robinson, B.A.

*Blackwood's* for April is as usual excellent reading. Beatrice Harraden has the place of honour with a most enjoyable story entitled "A Bird of Passage." P. L. writes a delightful reminiscence of Emerson's meeting with De Quincey, "R. E. P." has a pleasant description of "Rabelais at Home." C. J. Cornish contributes in "Mechmet the Wrestler," a Brigand of Turkey," a graphic story with a diplomatic moral. C. Stein has a tale of the Ashanti war. Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Trouting Tattle" is another of his clever articles. Other good matter will be found in this number.

*Littell's Living Age* continues to sustain its excellent reputation as perhaps the best, certainly the best available of popular eclectics. The publishers are making extraordinary efforts to extend its circulation and make the following inviting offer to intending subscribers as a special inducement, to any who desire to make a trial subscription, the twenty-six numbers, forming the first half of the year 1894 (January to June inclusive), will be sent for \$3 00. To any one remitting six dollars in payment for the nine months, April to Decem-

ber inclusive, the thirteen numbers forming the first quarterly volume of 1894 will be sent free.

In spite of the forecast of some wayside critics of this continent, Jerome K. Jerome still lives, and, as far as his readers are concerned, lives very happily. Although *The Idler* for this month contains nothing from his own pen, he and Mr. Barr have as usual turned out a most readable number. The opening paper, "The Doctors of Hoyland," by Conan Doyle, offers an additional proof in favor of the contention just now urged by the truly womanly, strong-minded woman. "Topsy-Turvydom" is an amusing comparison between the customs and manners of England and Japan, and we also get in this number the somewhat Samantha Allen-like experiences of Miss Lavinia Moffat depicted by our own Sara Jeannette Duncan.

From *The Bookman* we learn this month that Mr. Barrie has written about two-thirds of his new book, and that George MacDonald's next novel is soon to appear; also, that Mr. Edmund Gosse will issue a new volume of poems. A paragraph of some length is devoted to the regretted death of "The Danbury News Man;" and, further on, the letter which has previously elsewhere appeared, "Scott's First Love," is noted for correction. The life of the late W. F. Poole, most famous of American librarians, is commented upon. In this number we get a review on the much talked of author, so long unknown, of "Margrédél;" and in addition to the usual amount of generally useful information there are some good book-notes. We cannot say that we anticipate much pleasure or profit from the book shortly promised from Mrs. Langtry. The two illustrations in this number are given to Mr. S. R. Crockett, and Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square.

### LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, LL.D., has been elected President of The Canadian Club of Cornell University.

Dr. Daniel Clark's graphic paper read before the Canadian Institute entitled "The Pioneer Gold Hunters of California" was most vivid and interesting and it was founded on personal experience.

The strong literary movement in Philadelphia will be illustrated in the May *Harper's*, three out of six short stories in that number having been written by these Philadelphians: Mr. R. C. V. Myers, Mr. Owen Wister, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis.

Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt has written a letter on "The Common Sense of Civil Service Reform," which will appear in the May number of *The Century*. The words "and common honesty" might well have formed part of the title of this excellent letter.

Edwin Lord Weeks, the artist, is an enthusiastic mountain climber. He has written "Some Episodes of Mountaineering by a Casual Amateur" for the May *Scribner*. The striking illustrations are from sketches made by Mr. Weeks actually at the time of some of his most interesting adventures.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins has opened an office as Broker and Estate Agent at 9 Toronto Street. Mr. Hopkins represents the popular and long established English Fire Insurance Company "The Queen." We are sure that energy, business ability and force of character will win success for Mr. Hopkins.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the following publications: "In Varying Moods" (Am. ed.), by Miss Harraden; "Red Cap and Blue Jacket," by George Dunn; "The Upper Berth," by F. Marion Crawford—being the first volume of the *Antonym Series*; "Peak and Prairie," by Anna Fuller and Mr. Post's Harvard Stories.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce the following books: "Samuel Longfellow, Memoir and Letters," edited by Joseph May; "Samuel Longfellow, Essays and Sermons,"

edited by Joseph May: "The White Crown and other stories," by Herbert D. Ward; "Folk Tales of Angola," by Heli Chatelain; "Poems," by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell; "Jones on Mortgages," by Leonard A. Jones; "Money, Trade and Banking," by Joseph H. Walker; "The Mistress of Beech Knoll," by Clara Louise Burnham, and "The War of Independence," by John Fiske.

Messrs. Allen & Sachtleben, two young graduates of an American University, have written a graphic account of their remarkable journey from Constantinople to Peking, and this will be published in the *Century*, beginning with the May number. They met with many curious and startling adventures, and these they tell with a simplicity and modesty as if they were not unusual episodes in the rounding out of a college education. They took more than 2,500 photographs of scenery and phases of life that curious European eyes had never looked upon before, and many of these will be reproduced.

The *Boston Home Journal* has this bright picture of a well-known English novelist's home:—An admirer of George Meredith searching for the novelist will find him, a sturdy, broad-shouldered, vigorous man, at Box Hill, one of the dullest and quietest of the many dull and quiet towns lying just outside the noise and smoke of London. His home in the outskirts of Box Hill is a plain and unpretentious one, a small house of half a dozen rooms. The furnishings are modest, almost to the point of bareness, but the contentment and breezy spirits of the owner, and the sweet presence of its mistress, the novelist's daughter, make it a home in the true sense of the word. A low hedge surrounds the cottage from the front windows of which one can look for miles across sloping meadows, and a few hundred yards back of it commences a small wood, in the edge of which the novelist has built a tiny, one-story study and sleeping-room, where he does all his writing, and where only the most valued of his visitors ever gain admittance.

A new book by a Toronto scholar is announced entitled "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments," and is by Prof. McCurdy, of the University of Toronto. The book is practically an historical guide to the Old Testament, but at the same time it gives an accurate picture of the early condition of Western Asia, and of the rise and fall of those nationalities that laid the foundations of the ruling civilization and religion of the world. With the aid of the monumental discoveries of recent years, the author succeeds in making a connected story of the whole, and in showing the great motives which determined the mission and the achievements of the ruling peoples of the East from 4000 B.C., till the new era under Cyrus and the Persians. The material is drawn directly from the original sources; but the work is written in a popular style, and is so arranged as to be easily used as a text-book by college students or general readers. The first volume brings the story down to the fall of Samaria, 721 B.C. A second volume, to appear in about a year, will complete the work.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Richard A. Proctor. *Other Worlds Than Ours*. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Jeannette A. Grant. *Through Evangeline's Country*. Boston: Jos. Knight & Co.

Edward Eggleston. *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*. New York: Orange Judd Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 90 cts.

Mrs. Humphry Ward. *Marcella*, Vols. I. and II. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.

Th. Ribot. *The Psychology of Attention*. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

Goldwin Smith. *Oxford and Her Colleges*. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

## DIAMONDS ARE OUR STRONGHOLD

Because we understand them thoroughly and select every stone personally from those who cut them in Amsterdam; hence value that cannot otherwise be touched.

RYRIE BROS.,

COR. YONGE AND ADELAIDE STS.

Our Mr. Jas. Ryrie is now in Amsterdam selecting and purchasing.

Edited by Sidney Lee. *Dictionary of Natural Biography*, Vols. XXXVII. and XXXVIII. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

J. W. Lanard. *History for Ready Reference*, Vol. I. Springfield, Mass.: The C. A. Nichols Co. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchinson.

J. G. Bourinot. *A Canadian Manual on the Procedure at the Meeting of Municipal Councils, etc.* Toronto: The Carswell Co., Ltd.

Edited by Dr. Jas. A. H. Murray. *A New England Dictionary on Historical Principles*. Oxford: Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

Walter Jerrold. *Bon-Mots*. London: J. M. Dent & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

S. B. Crockett. *The Raiders*. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

George I. Putman. *On the Offensive*. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.

Mrs. Wm. Starr Dana. *According to the Season*. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 75 cts.

The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquiere. *A History of My Time*, Vol. II. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.50.

Mrs. H. M. Plunkett. *Josiah Gilbert Holland*. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.

Charles Augustus Stoddard. *Beyond the Rockies*. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.

Anthony Hope. *The Prisoner of Zenda*. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN ROMNEY MARSH.

As I went down to Dymchurch Wall,  
I heard the South sing o'er the land;  
I saw the yellow sunlight fall  
On knolls where Norman churches stand.

And ringing shrilly, taut and lithe,  
Within the wind a core of sound,  
The wire from Romney town to Hythe  
Alone its airy journey wound.

A veil of purple vapour flowed  
And trailed its fringe along the Straits;  
The upper air like sapphire glowed;  
And roses filled heaven's central gates.

Masts in the offing wagged their tops;  
The swinging waves peeled on the shore;

The saffron beach, all diamond drops  
 And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.  
 As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,  
 I saw above the Down's low crest  
 The crimson brands of sunset fall,  
 Flicker, and fade from out the west.  
 Night sank: like flakes of silver fire  
 The stars in one great shower came down;  
 Shrill blew the wind; and shrill the wire  
 Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.  
 The darkly shining salt sea-drops  
 Streamed as the waves clashed on the  
 shore;  
 The beach, with all its organ stops  
 Pealing again, prolonged the roar.  
 —John Davidson, in *The Speaker*.

**CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.**

The twenty-second annual meeting of this association was held at its head office, Richmond street, Toronto, on Tuesday, April 3rd, 1894, at 3 o'clock p.m.

The following gentlemen were present:—  
 Sir W. P. Howland, president; Edward Hooper, first vice-president; W. H. Beatty, second vice-president; J. K. Macdonald, managing director; Walter S. Lee, W. H. Gibbs, Alfred Gooderham, A. McLean Howard, Hon. James Young, E. T. Malone, William Adamson, D. B. Dick, Major Hiscott, M.P.P., O. A. Howland, Alfred Myers, Henry Swan, W. Macdonald, Thomas McCracken, Frederick Wyld, J. C. Hamilton, C. E. Hooper, A. A. Allan, C. M. Gripton, J. Tower Boyd, J. Russell Snow, C. Blackett Robinson, I. Diamond, R. S. Baird, J. P. Donald, George D. Lewis, and Israel Taylor, William Taylor and John Jenkins, of Clinton, Ont., and others.

The president, Sir W. P. Howland, was called to the chair, and Mr. J. K. Macdonald, managing director, acted as secretary.

The chairman first called upon the secretary to read the official notice calling the meeting, which was done.

The minutes of last meeting were accepted as read, and were adopted.

Mr. Macdonald stated that he had a letter from his Worship Mayor Kennedy, who is a very old policy-holder, in which he expressed regret at not being able to be present.

The following report and statements were then submitted to the meeting:—

**REPORT.**

In submitting the twenty-second annual report of the association, it affords your directors much pleasure to draw the attention of the policyholders and shareholders to the evidences of continued popularity and success afforded by the statements now submitted. As heretofore, the business has been obtained from purely Canadian sources, and, considering the severe depression in business generally, the volume of new insurances secured is very satisfactory.

We had before us 2,535 applications for a total insurance of \$4,131,000. Of these, 135 for \$243,500 not being desirable risks, were declined; 11 for \$19,000 were deferred for a time, and the balance were accepted and policies issued. Adding the revived policies of previous years and the bonus additions, the total new business for the year was 2,408 policies for \$3,917,543 of insurance.

The total insurance in force at the close of the year was \$24,430,731, under 15,872 policies on 13,961 lives.

The new business for 1893 is the largest ever obtained by the association in any year.

The death claims for the year aggregate the sum of \$209,108, under 123 policies on 109 lives. By re-assurances on two lives the claims were reduced by the sum of \$5,375, making the net loss \$203,733. This sum, while larger than in any previous year, is still very favorable, considering the number of lives and the amount of risk. The value of life insurance is strikingly illustrated by the payment of the large sum of \$209,108 by this association last year, on an average of less than six hours after the receipt of completed proofs.

The financial statement submitted with this report exhibit the true position of the association at the close of the year.

The audit, which is made monthly, has been thorough and prompt.

The delay in finishing the western part of the new head office building has been a cause of great regret to your directors. However, it was completed shortly before the close of the year, and it will be a source of satisfaction to know that a considerable portion has already been rented, with a fair prospect that more will soon be under lease. It is not too much to anticipate that, with a revival of business, there is the certainty that the excellence of the accommodations which the entire building affords and its advantageous position in the centre of the city, every room will be rented at good prices.

As provided by the Act of incorporation, all the directors retire, but are eligible for re-election.

W. P. HOWLAND,  
 President.

J. K. MACDONALD,  
 Managing Director.

**FINANCIAL STATEMENT.**

*Receipts.*

|                                 |              |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| Premiums.....                   | \$793,000 37 |
| Annuities.....                  | 7,883 75     |
|                                 | \$800,884 12 |
| Less re-assurance premiums..... | 4,379 08     |
|                                 | \$796,505 04 |
| Interest and rents (net).....   | 185,894 86   |
|                                 | \$982,399 90 |

*Disbursements.*

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Expenses, salaries and commissions, agents, doctors, solicitors, etc..... | \$187,986 77 |
| Annuities (life, \$5,541 75; temporary, \$25,000).....                    | 30,541 75    |
| To policy-holders—  |              |
| Death claims (net).....   | \$194,034 78 |
| Endowment claims.....   | 62,663 00    |
| Surrendered policies.....   | 29,616 74    |
| Dividends (cash and T. R.'s).....   | 63,859 51    |
|   | 350,174 03   |
| Dividends to stockholders and civic tax.....                              | 15,256 82    |
| Balance.....  | 398,440 53   |
|   | \$982,399 90 |

**BALANCE SHEET.**

*Assets.*

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| Mortgages.....  | \$2,166,298 86 |
| Debentures and Government stock.....  | 459,198 31     |
| Real estate, including company's buildings in Toronto and Winnipeg.....           | 997,156 82     |
| Loans on stock and debentures.....  | 124,754 13     |
| Loans on company's policies.....  | 405,253 72     |
| Fire premiums due from mortgagors.....  | 5,733 62       |
| Furniture.....  | 6,873 87       |
| Advance to agents, etc., on security of salaries and for travelling expenses..... | 3,508 46       |
| Sunday current accounts.....  | 1,838 60       |
| Cash in banks, \$87,134 74; at H. O., \$798 55.....                               | 87,933 29      |
| Outstanding premiums.....   | \$137,858 06   |
| Deferred premiums.....  | 37,530 22      |
|   | \$175,388 28   |
| Less 10 per cent. for collection.....   | 17,538 82      |
| (Reserve thereon, included in liabilities).....                                   | 157,849 46     |
| Interest and rents due and accrued.....   | 103,733 90     |
|   | \$4,520,133 04 |

*Liabilities.*

|  |                |
|--|----------------|
| Assurance and annuity funds.....                                       | \$4,001,198 00 |
| Losses by death accrued (not adjusted).....                            | 33,051 85      |
| Fees, doctors, directors, etc.....                                     | 9,906 94       |
| Capital stock paid up.....   | 100,000 00     |
| Dividend due January 1, 1894.....                                      | 7,500 00       |
| To policy-holders for balance declared profits (cash and T. R.'s)..... | 73,996 93      |
| Cash surplus above all liabilities.....                                | 294,469 32     |
|  | \$4,520,133 04 |
| Cash surplus above all liabilities.....                                | \$294,469 32   |
| Capital stock paid up as above.....                                    | 100,000 00     |
| Capital stock subscribed not called in.....                            | 900,000 00     |
| Total surplus security for policy-holders.....                         | \$1,294,469 32 |

J. K. MACDONALD,  
 Managing Director.

**AUDITORS' REPORT.**

We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the association for the year ending December 31st, 1893, and have examined the vouchers connected therewith, and certify that the financial statements agree with the books and are correct.

The securities represented in the assets (with the exception of those lodged with the Dominion Government, amounting to \$84,500) have been examined and compared with the books of the association, and are correct, and correspond with the schedules and ledgers.

The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS,  
 WM. E. WATSON, C.F.A., } Auditors  
 Toronto, Feb. 28th, 1894.

**PROCEEDINGS.**

The president, Sir William Howland, moved the adoption of the reports and statements submitted to the meeting, and, in doing so, briefly referred to the commercial stringency which had existed during the past year over the larger portion of the civilized world, and the responsibility and anxiety which is imposed upon those having charge of the management of institutions of this kind and on all others connected with the monetary affairs of the country, but stated that it was satisfactory to know that the stringency which existed in financial matters had not been so great in Canada as had been the case in other countries. In view of these circumstances it was particularly gratifying to report the large volume of business which had been secured by the association during the past year, and for the general measure of prosperity which had attended the operations of the company.

He referred to the loss which the board had sustained in the death of their dear friend and colleague, the late Mr. William Elliot, vice-president, who had been associated with the company, and had given constant and unremitting attention to its affairs during a long period of time.

Mr. E. Hooper, vice-president, seconded the resolution, and said: "I have great pleasure in seconding this resolution. I certainly must express myself as well pleased with the result of the year's business, which is the largest done by the company any year since its organization. We have reason to be proud of it, for it has, to my own knowledge, been done on business principles, and not forced by resorting to the too common practice of allowing exorbitant commissions varying from 75 per cent. to 100 per cent. of the first premiums on new business." The resolution was carried unanimously.

During the proceedings of the meeting several of the prominent policyholders and others who were present referred in complimentary terms to the business of the association for the past year, the manner in which it had been conducted, and to the strong financial and prominent position which this company occupies amongst the life insurance companies of Canada.

Reference was also made to the new "Unconditional Policy" which had recently been adopted by the company, with its absolutely and automatically non-forfeitable provision known as the "Extended Insurance" feature. The adoption of such a policy in conjunction with the other forms of policy contract would, without doubt, tend to popularize in a very large measure the plans of the company and result in a largely increased measure of public confidence in the future.

The following were elected as directors for the association for the current year:—Sir W. P. Howland, Messrs. E. Hooper, W. H. Beatty, Hon. James Young, S. Nordheimer, W. H. Gibbs, A. McLean Howard, J. D. Edgar, M.P.P., Walter S. Lee, A. L. Gooderham, W. D. Matthews, George Mitchell, of Halifax, Frederick Wyld, J. K. Macdonald.

The meeting then adjourned, immediately after which a meeting of the new board of directors was held, at which Sir W. P. Howland was re-elected president, and Messrs. Edward Hooper and W. H. Beatty, vice-presidents.

## THE REV. W. J. WALKER'S PRAYER.



Vancouver, Jackson Co., Miss.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:  
Dear Sir—I wish to inform you of the benefit my wife has received from the use of your medicines. I must say that your "Favorite Prescription" is the best female regulator on earth; my wife has been cured by the timely use of it.

I have been using the "Golden Medical Discovery," and "Pleasant Pellets," and I am fully satisfied they are all you claim them to be; so, wishing you abundant success, and hoping that the Almighty God will continue His blessings toward you in your noble work, I am,  
Respectfully,  
W. J. WALKER.

REV. W. J. WALKER.  
I have been using the "Golden Medical Discovery," and "Pleasant Pellets," and I am fully satisfied they are all you claim them to be; so, wishing you abundant success, and hoping that the Almighty God will continue His blessings toward you in your noble work, I am,  
Respectfully,  
W. J. WALKER.

**PIERCE GUAR- ANTEES A CURE**  
OR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

## ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), tooth-ache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

**Strong Testimony of Emigrant Commissioner, the Hon. George Starr, as to the power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatic Rheumatism.**

VAN NESS PLACE, NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY—With me your Relief has wondrous. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and at times to both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulation, outward application of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limbs in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away. Although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather, I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise.

Yours truly, GEO. STARR.

**INTERNALLY**—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

## Malaria Cured and Prevented.

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

5 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY &amp; CO.,

419 St. James Street, Montreal.

Conjecture as to things useful is good; but conjecture as to what it would be useless to know, such as whether men went upon all-four, is very idle.—Dr. Johnson.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

**Vancouver World**: With the fast Atlantic service, under Mr. Huddart's management, assured by the liberal assistance of the Federal authorities, a fast train run across the continent from one Canadian point to another, and greyhounds of the ocean leaving Burrard Inlet for Hawaii, Fiji and Australia the Dominion would undergo such a change in its commercial relations as to give confidence that it is on the threshold of a splendid career. Hostile tariff walls must, however, be broken down and freedom of trade established if we are to reap any benefits from the new order of things.

**Montreal Gazette**: Looking at the general commercial situation as indicated by the bank returns, it is manifest that trade has lapsed into a state of quietude, that the volume of every day business has been somewhat reduced, and that the applications to the banks for credit have been increased. The traffic returns of the railways confirm this conclusion. So do the monthly returns of imports and exports, and the statements of deposits in the post office and government savings banks, and in the chartered savings banks. But the position is by no means a subject of apprehension and with the opening of navigation new activity is likely to be infused into many departments of trade.

**St. John Telegraph**: After all the bragging that the press of the United States has been indulging in with regard to their fast cruiser the *New York* it is rather surprising to learn that her commander reports her to be full of defects. Her turrets will not move, her ammunition hoists are defective, and her magazine is rendered useless by being placed so close to the fireholes of the ship that the cruiser is in constant danger of being blown up. This is a singular condition of affairs to exist in a warship that was thought to be superior to the *Blake*, a veritable terror of the seas. The *New York* appears to be only terrible to those who have to sail in her.

**Ottawa Citizen**: The Insolvency Bill introduced into the Senate by the Hon. Mr. Bowell is a well drawn measure, embodying the results of years of study and much discussion. The provisions with respect to what shall constitute acts of insolvency, the transfer of estates to official receivers, distribution of assets and discharge of the insolvent, have been already stated in these columns. The need of an Insolvency Act has been frequently expressed by Boards of Trade and by commercial papers, and there is no doubt that it must be an advantage to have a general law for the whole Dominion rather than a number of provincial enactments containing conflicting and doubtful provisions and limited in their scope.

**Quebec Chronicle**: We are promised good crops this year, the outlook being better than it has been for many years. Prof. Saunders, F.R.S.C., Director of the Experimental Farm, says that the early and dry spring had left the ground in the best possible condition. Sowing at the Experimental Farm was fifteen or twenty days earlier than last year, and the conditions were far better. On being asked if wet and cold weather during May would alter this forecast, he said "hardly, grain would not be sufficiently above ground to be affected, although corn and potatoes might suffer somewhat. But there was no meteorological reason to anticipate unusual weather in May, and altogether, the prospects at this season were the most favourable for an excellent harvest of any in the last six or eight years."

Flowers never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beauteous soul! when a storm approaches thee, be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower.—Richter.

If I have done any honorable exploit, that is my monument; but if I have done none, all your statues will signify nothing.—Agesilaus.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

## FREEHOLD LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY

DIVIDEND No. 69

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, inclusive.

Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m. Tuesday, June the 5th, at the office of the company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.

By the order of the board.

S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.  
Toronto, 19th April, 1894.

## WHY SHOULD YOU INSURE YOUR LIFE?

Because, in case of your early death, life insurance makes absolute provision for those dependent upon you, enables you to leave an estate that can at once be realized upon, and that cannot be taken from them; secures to your family freedom from privation and those distressing experiences which come to the destitute; provides the means to keep your family together, to educate your children and prepare them for the responsibilities of life; and to save your property or business perhaps from being sacrificed to meet the demands that come in the process of forced liquidation of an estate by strangers.

Life Assurance gives to a man a consciousness of safety in regard to the interests of his family which eliminates a large part of the wearying worry and carking care of life, and thus fits him for the free, energetic and successful prosecution of business.

It promotes thrift, cultivates habits of economy, and in the form of an investment policy enables a man, during the producing period of life, to provide a goodly competence for old age.

During your life you surround your family with reasonable comforts and even luxuries.

Are you willing, in the event of your untimely death, that your wife and children should experience a double bereavement in the loss, not only of a husband and father, but also of suitable means of protecting them from the privation, distress, and humiliating economies necessitated by poverty?

After perusing the above you should act at once, by communicating with the agents of some responsible life insurance company, and endeavour, if it lies in your power, to place some insurance on your life. A life company that has a record for the prompt payment of death claims, and for liberal treatment to its members, is the one in which you should insure your life. The North American Life Assurance Company, of this city, has justly earned for itself a splendid reputation for the promptness with which it has paid its losses, and for the unexcelled success that has attended its financial operations. To-day the Company has assets of \$1,703,453.39, and a net surplus for its policy-holders of \$297,062.26.

You cannot make a success of your religion unless you have enough of it to make a success of you.

One reason that some preachers do not reach the masses is because they get up in the church steeple to write their sermons.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.  
Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair.  
Stanley, P.E.I. MRS. CHARLES ANDERSON.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.  
Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY.



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CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING,  
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CONCERT PIANIST and TEACHER,  
Only Canadian pupil of the great composer and  
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TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC  
AND 20 SEATON ST.

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ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER ALL SAINTS'  
CHURCH, TORONTO.  
Teacher of Organ, Piano and Theory  
Exceptional facilities for Organ students. Pupils  
prepared for musical examinations. Harmony and  
counterpoint taught by correspondence.  
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**M**R. W. O. FORSYTH,  
Teacher of piano playing and composition. Pupil  
of Prof. Martin Krause, Prof. Julius Epstein, and Dr.  
S. Jadaasohn. Modern Principles—Hand Cultivation  
(technic) and musical intelligence developed simultane-  
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with seriousness.  
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ing, 15 King St. E.

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Late a pupil of the Raff Conservatory at Frankfort-  
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mann and C. Bergher, formerly a member of the  
Philharmonic Orchestra at Hamburg, (Dr. Hans von  
Balow, conductor.)  
Studio, 15 King St. W., Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer.  
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**J** LEWIS BROWNE,  
(Organist and Choirmaster Bond St. Cong. Church)  
CONCERT ORGANIST  
Pupils received in Organ, Piano, Harmony and  
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**M**R. H. KLINGENFELD,  
CONCERT VIOLINIST AND TEACHER.  
Open for Concert engagements and a limited num-  
ber of pupils.  
505 Sherbourne Street,  
or Toronto College of Music.

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Pupil of Dr. Carl Reinecke, Herr Bruno Zwint-  
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**SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.**

Says a recent authority, "Were half the energy which is being spent in the almost hopeless task of searching for a specific cure for tuberculosis devoted to its extermination, the accomplishment would be secured."

Cocain may be tested for thus: Add to the solution to be examined a drop of a solution of potassium bichromate. If cocain be present a precipitate will form which vanishes rapidly, and on warming, the liquid turns green and gives off fumes having a peculiar odor—that of benzoic acid.

M. Gustave Hermite, who conducted meteorological explorations with small balloons up to a height of ten miles last year, reports that the rate of temperature decrease with ascent is much more rapid in free air than when observations are taken from mountain-tops at various elevations.

A large and powerful light has been invented by Herr Ludwig Durr, of Bremen, which is produced by evaporating and gasifying petroleum. The light is white and has a candle-power of from 3,500 to 12,000, with an hourly consumption of less than a quart of oil to each thousand candle-power per hour.

A late theory of catching cold is that when one enters a cold room, after being heated, the bacteria in the room flock to the warm body and enter it through the open pores of the skin. The author of the theory asserts that he has proved by experiment that bacteria in the neighborhood of a warm body move toward it.

The bayonets of marines on board British ships-of-war having frequently become highly magnetized through proximity to dynamos, and thus affected the ships' compasses when the wearers passed them, sentries have been ordered not to wear side arms when on duty in the dynamo flats. This is expected to overcome the difficulty.

Two boats of aluminum have lately been built in France. One is a ten ton yacht which is being fitted for service next season. The other is a ferry-boat thirty-three feet long, to run in Central Africa. The latter is made in twenty-four pieces, which can be bolted together, india-rubber being inserted in all joints so as to make the vessel watertight.

The purification of sewage at Havre, France, by electrolyzed sea-water, is reported to be so successful that when the refuse is drained into the street gutters, not only is there complete absence of a disagreeable odor, but the gutters, which formerly were black and soiled, have been beautifully bleached, even the curbs and the flagstones becoming nearly white.

According to the London *Telegraph*, recent experiments at Woolwich show that cordite is superior to gunpowder for naval guns. A six-inch gun that with 29 pounds 12 ounces of powder gave a velocity of 1,890 feet per second with a strain of 15 tons per square inch, gave with 14 pounds 3 ounces of cordite 2,274 feet per second with a pressure of 15.2 tons, and after 250 rounds had been fired there were no signs of erosion.

One of the most noteworthy and striking facts of animal life is its adaptation to the conditions of its environment. Study any animals or group of animals, and it will be seen that its leading physical characteristics are in exact adaptation to its habits and conditions. A very interesting illustration is afforded by the torch-fish (*Linophryne Lucifer*). The torch-fish is a deep-sea fish carrying on his nose an organ which he can illuminate with a phosphorescent light or extinguish at pleasure. *L. Lucifer* does not use his lantern to guide him on his pathless course in the dark depths of ocean, or to enable him to look around him; but, when meal-time comes, he lights up to attract smaller fishes, which, mistaking the lantern for a phosphorescent insect, dart straight for it, only to find their way into the capacious jaws of *L. Lucifer*. The mode in which the lantern is lighted and extinguished is not yet clearly understood.

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In all the affairs of life, social as well as political, courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciative heart.—Henry Clay.

"If all the gold in mint or bank,  
All earthly things that men call wealth  
Were mine, with every titled rank,  
I'd give them all for precious health."

Thus in anguish wrote a lady teacher to a near friend, telling of pitiless headache, of smarting pain, of pain in back and loins, of dejection, weakness and nervous, feverish unrest. The friend knew both causes and cure and flashed back the answer, "Take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription." The distressed teacher obeyed, was restored to perfect health, and her daily duties once more became a daily pleasure. For lady teachers, sales-ladies and others kept long standing, or broken down by exhausting work, the "Prescription" is a most potent restorative tonic, and a certain cure for all female weakness. Guaranteed to cure in every case or money returned. See printed guarantee around each bottle.

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Your manners will depend very much upon the quality of what you frequently think on; for the soul is tinged and colored with the complexion of thought.—Marcus Aurelius.

It is a notable circumstance that mothers who are themselves open to severe comments as to their moral character, are generally most solicitous as to the virtuous behavior of their daughters.—Rivarol.

JAMES E. LESLIE, Richmond street, Toronto, writes:—"It affords me great pleasure to attest to the benefit I derived from your Guaranteed Acetic Cure in a case of Pleurisy. It was decidedly effectual; nothing more need be said. I have also recommended the Acid Cure system of treatment to many of my friends, and in no case has it failed. You are at liberty to give this certificate publication."

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

Two persons playing dominoes ten hours a day and making four moves a minute could continue 118,000 years without exhausting all the combinations of the game, the total of which is 248,528,211,840.

An order of knighthood has been established in the Transvaal, and it is reported from Pretoria that "applications for the new title are pouring in." 'Twas ever thus, either one way or the other.—*Colonies and India.*

Electricity has been successfully used to drive a parcels delivery van through the streets of London. We should not be surprised at anything nowadays. The time will come when horses will no longer be used to draw conveyances of any kind, and the electric force have universal sway.

Lord Crewe once, on the occasion of some charitable entertainment, leaned up against a corridor wall, fast asleep, with his hat in his hand. Some wild young men started dropping coppers and half-crowns into the hat, until the chinking awakened him, when, with gay humour, he pocketed all the silver, and pelted his impertinent benefactors with the pence.—*London Tit-Bits.*

A correspondent to *The Watchman* says the condition of Japan in a religious sense today is a reflection of the mixed and changing political complexion of the country. The older religious beliefs are undoubtedly passing away, but the new faith is yet mingled with the old beliefs in a confusing and chaotic and changing mass, out of which will be involved the future religion of Japan.

Aesthetics is the science which treats of our beauty-loving faculty. Its object is beauty; its product is art. Beauty is the formal manifestation of a meritorious idea; it is a fusion which is delightful to our whole being, without any previous conception, consideration of end or personal interest. Beauty is beauty only when both its expressive harmonic form and its true and good contents are in accordance with the eternal laws of our mind.

The French Ecole d'Athens has discovered some music at Delphos. It consists of hymns or fragments of hymns composed for the use of the local sanctuary. One of the hymns is complete and reveals some new sides of the Apollo legend. It is prefaced by a Delphian decree by which the citizens confer honourable distinctions on the poet-author. But more important is the music itself, which accompanies the hymns. The date of the fragments is about 278 B.C.

## CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

In another column of this number of THE WEEK will be found the twenty-second annual report of the Confederation Life Association. It must be a matter of great gratification to the able and energetic managing director, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, that the report is of such a satisfactory character. To his skilful management, no doubt, it is due that the new business for 1893 is the largest obtained by the Association in any year. The total new business for 1893 was 2,408 policies for \$3,917,543 of insurance. If the Association can make so good a showing for a year of such severe depression in the business world, the possibilities of future enlargement in the coming better times are many and great. The Association is as strong, financially, as its position is prominent amongst the life insurance companies of Canada. At the close of the year the total insurance in force was \$24,430,731, under 15,872 policies on 13,961 lives. The company has recently adopted the new "Unconditional Policy," with its absolutely and automatically non-forfeitable provision known as the "Extended Insurance" feature. This new policy has met with general acceptance, and has tended to popularize the company. Sir W. P. Howland, the president, and Messrs. Edward Hooper and W. H. Beatty, the vice-presidents, were all unanimously re-elected to their respective offices.

## FROM SUFFERING TO HEALTH.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A WELL-KNOWN BRUCE COUNTY FARMER.

He tells the Story of the Disease that Afflicted Him, the Sufferings he Endured and How he Found Release—Other Sufferers May Take Hope From His Release.

From the Teeswater News.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to perhaps none causes the sufferer keener anguish, and few are more persistent and more difficult to eradicate from the system than that nervous disease known as sciatica. The victim of an aggravated form of this malady suffers beyond the power of words to express, and it is with the utmost reluctance that the disorder yields to any course of treatment intended for its cure. Hearing that a rather remarkable cure had been effected in the case of Mr. William Baptist, a respected resident of the township of Culross, a News reporter called upon that gentleman to ascertain the facts. Mr. Baptist is an intelligent and well-to-do farmer. He is well known in the section in which he resides and is looked upon as a man of unimpeachable integrity. He is in the prime of life, and his present appearance does not indicate that he had at one time been a great sufferer. He received the News representative with the utmost cordiality, and cheerfully told the story of his restoration to health, remarking that he felt it a duty to do so in order that others afflicted as he had been might find relief.

Up to the fall of 1892 he had been a healthy man, but at that time while harvesting the turnip crop during a spell of wet, cold and disagreeable weather, he was attacked by sciatica. Only those who have passed through a similar experience can tell what he suffered. He says it was something terrible. The pain was almost unendurable and would at times cause the perspiration to ooze from every pore. Sleep forsook his eyelids. His days were days of anguish and night brought no relief. Reputable physicians were consulted without any appreciable benefit. Remedies of various kinds were resorted to and his condition was worse than before. The limb affected began to decrease in size, the flesh appeared to be parting from the bone, and the leg assumed a withered aspect. Its power of sensation grew less and less. It appeared as a dead thing and as it grew more and more helpless it is little wonder that the hope of recovery began to fade away. All through the long winter he continued to suffer, and towards spring was prevailed upon to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He commenced using them and soon felt that they were doing him good, and hope began to revive. By the time he had taken three boxes the pain was eased and the diseased limb began to assume a natural condition. He continued the use of the remedy until he had taken twelve boxes. In course of time he was able to resume work and to-day feels that he is completely cured. He has since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to others with good results.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or

from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, &c. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses.

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

The opera is just three hundred years old. Italy is its home. The first opera was "Daphne," text by Rinuccini and music by Peri. It was first produced in 1594 in Florence under the title, "Opera in Musica in Style Representative." Thence the opera was carried to France and thence to Germany, where, in 1630, "Daphne" was given before the Saxon King in Dresden.—*New York Sun.*

The Kamehameha training school at Honolulu has received from Charles Reed Bishop, a banker, and probably the wealthiest man in that city, the gift of a well stocked ranch of 85,000 acres on the island of Molokai, valued at about \$200,000. Mr. Bishop is a native American, and was born in New York State. He went to Hawaii in the early days, and became a banker after a residence there of some years. He married a famous princess, the last of the Kamehamehas.



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**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

"Long idleness has made Shirkley desperate. What does he propose to do?" "Go to work."

Son: Pa, what political party did Washington belong to? Father: Neither; he couldn't tell a lie.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"What! You a literary man and have not read the 'Heavenly Twins'?" "I haven't," "Gemini!"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Life is full of narrow escapes," said the life insurance agent to his victim; "even the Turkish bath is a close rub."—*Boston Herald.*

"And so, Mrs. De Gollyer, your poor boy was killed by savages. 'Ah, yes!'" "South Africa?"—"No—college."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

Lady: Do you know how to look after bric-a-brac? New Servant: Yessum; I always put the broken pieces in the fire, so the poor rag-pickers won't cut their fingers.—*Boston Gazette.*

Nurse: Alfred was very naughty to-day ma'am. Mother (who saw the nurse walking with a policeman): Was my child so bad that you were forced to have him arrested?—*Die Bombe, Vienna.*

Critic: I tell you what it is, Mr. M'Daub, these ostriches are simply superb. You shouldn't paint anything but birds. Artist (disgusted): Those are not ostriches. They are angels.

A few days ago a bill was stuck on the shop window of a tradesman in the Friedrichstrasse, Berlin, setting forth that "these premises are temporarily closed owing to the marriage of the proprietor. To be re-opened in 20 minutes."—*Verkehrszeitung.*

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him: "Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?" "I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student. Go up! young man, go up! was the reply.

Author (to his wife): Rejoice, oh! wife of my bosom; I have gained a prize of 500 marks for my latest effort. Wife: Which article was it. Author: Oh! that essay of mine: The Defects of a Wife: A Study from Nature.—*Wiener Figaro.*

Old Lady (devoted to Rector): Tell your father that it is my earnest wish that he should bury me when I die. Rector's Daughter: I'm sure he'll be de—He'll be pl—I mean he—he—~~it—it—would be so—it—Really I must now bid you good-by.~~

Bishop Potter, of New York, in a recent interview advocated the founding of a Westminster Abbey in the United States. Hearing of the Bishop's views on the subject, Mr. E. C. Stedman sent word that he should be most happy to kill off the first ten poets for the Poets' Corner.

Tramp: Can you help a poor man on the road? Lady promptly: Yes; I saw you looking at the wood-pile; you can— Tramp: You saw me see that wood, did you; well, you won't see me saw it. Then he turned on his heel and pattered down the dim vista of the future, and left the gate of the present open after him.

Who says that things do not take on a new glory under a new title? Sammy came home from an afternoon at the Natural History Museum. "Where have you been?" said his grandpa, who saw that he was in uncommonly good spirits. "Oh, we've had a splendid time. We've been to a dead circus."—*Harper's Young People.*

Northern Traveller; Why don't you put up time tables in the station? Southern Station Agent: What fo? Northern Traveller: To show what time the trains arrive. Southern Station Agent (scornfully): Howse we goin' to make out a table showin' what time the trains get hyah, till we see what time they does get hyah?—*Puck.*

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Good luck and bad luck is but a synonym in the great majority of instances, for good and bad judgment.—*Chatfield.*

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to heaven, and how they might have borne more welcome news.—*Young.*

Beauty has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. The philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly that almost every one of them has left some saying or other which intimates that he knew too well the power of it.—*Steele.*

MR. JOHN HENDERSON, 335 Bathurst street, Toronto, was cured many years ago of a complication of diseases at the Saltcoats Sanitarium, Ayrshire, Scotland, where our remedy is largely used. At home his people were never without it.

Many a man is mad in certain instances, and goes through life without having it perceived. For example, a madness has seized a person of supposing himself obliged literally to pray continually; had the madness turned the opposite way, and the person thought it a crime ever to pray, it might not improbably have continued unobserved.—*Dr. Johnson.*

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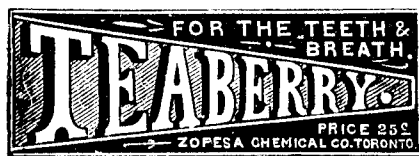
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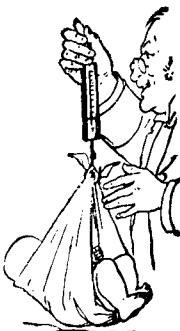
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