

# THE WEEK

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

Thirsting for the golden fountain of the  
fable, from how many streams have we  
turned away, weary and in disgust!—  
*Bulwer Lytton.*

'Tis sad work to be at that pass that the  
best trial of truth must be the multitude of  
believers in a crowd where the number of  
fools so much exceeds that of the wise.  
As if anything were so common as ignorance!  
—*Montaigne.*

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with such large discourse, looking before  
and after, gave us not that capability and  
godlike reason to rust in us unused.—*Shake-  
speare.*

Nature is often hidden, sometimes over-  
come, seldom extinguished. Force maketh  
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tune ; but custom only doth alter and sub-  
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sion on some occasions, it will rise of itself  
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rule of our actions, there can be no har-  
mony in our being except where our happi-  
ness coincides with our duty.—*Whewell.*

Our natural and happiest life is when we  
lose ourselves in the exquisite absorption of  
home, the delicious retirement of dependent  
love.—*Miss Mulock.*

As the sun breaks through the darkest  
clouds, so honour peereth in the meanest  
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 24th, 1894.

No. 39.

## 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.

The fundamental cause of the quarrel between capital and labour is the alleged unjust distribution of the products of labour. It has always seemed to us that the most satisfactory settlement of the question must one day be found in a more or less universal system of profit-sharing. We, therefore, always turn with great interest to the record of successful experiments in this direction by liberal-minded individuals and firms. The following, which we take from the *Christian World*, is the latest instance of successful profit-sharing which has come to our notice. It is certainly, as the Duke of Devonshire said in a speech on the occasion of the recent annual announcement, a most admirable and ingenious way of combining the interests of labour and capital, and also of consumers.

"Profit-sharing" was adopted in June, 1889, by the South Metropolitan Gas Company. In five years £51,778 has been distributed amongst the workmen in bonuses. Of this £44,845 has been invested, mostly in the company itself, by the men. The men receive a bonus of 1 per cent. for every penny reduction in the price of the gas. Under a sliding scale fixed by Parliament, the company is empowered to increase its dividend in proportion as it lowers its prices. So satisfied are the directors with the profit-sharing scheme, that they now propose to increase the bonus to 1½ per cent., on condition that one-half of it is left by way of investment in their hands.

A vigorous discussion and one which may bear practical fruit is now being carried on in the Ontario press touching the law's delays, uncertainties, and unfathomable costs, and the possibility of simplifying its processes. There seems to be a very general agreement that there are at present altogether too many doors open for appeal, and that a great saving of time and expense might be effected by lessening the number of these, without any sacrifice of the rights of litigants or their prospects of obtaining justice in the end. Common sense certainly seems to favour this view. Of course any change of this kind would lessen the chances that a defeated litigant, in a given case, might obtain a reversal of judgment; for it is the fact probably—we have no statistics before us and are subject to correction—that the chances of obtaining such reversal in the next court are usually about even in appealed cases. But the same remark holds good with respect to the prospects of the litigant thus defeated on appeal. There is usually room for another appeal to a still higher court, with the same uncertainty as to the result. Cases are by no means uncommon, as we all know, in which the first court of appeal has reversed the judgment of the lower court only to have its own finding in like manner reversed by a still higher tribunal. By what logic can any one assure himself that there is any guarantee of absolute justice being done at the last? So long as there is a still higher court, is it not reasonable to infer that the otherwise final decision would be just as likely to be reversed once more as to be sustained.

The preparation of a satisfactory list of citizens entitled to vote in Dominion elections is undoubtedly a very difficult matter, but its difficulty cannot justify the Government in continuing to use the present cumbersome and expensive system. In view of

the well-known disapproval of this method by many of their own supporters, as well as by the Opposition, the Government put the loyalty of their party friends to a pretty severe test when they decided to drop the measure which they had introduced for the utilization of the Provincial lists, and to fall back upon a revision of the lists on the old plan. When to all the strong objections to the principle of the present Act are added its enormous cost, in time and money, the wonder is how, in these hard times, the Government could impose upon the people the burden of even one more revision, unless they have in view at least a serious possibility of a dissolution before another meeting of Parliament takes place. We have never felt sure of the correctness of the view, in which both parties, we believe, concur, that it is the obvious prerogative of the central Parliament to determine the qualifications of its members. A strong argument might, we think, be framed in favour of the view that under a federal system the federating provinces should have the right to determine, each for itself, the qualifications of those who shall elect its representatives in the Federal Parliament. But accepting what seems to be the general opinion, that it is the prerogative of the Federal House to select its own electorate, it is still impossible to justify the course of the Government and their supporters in continuing to impose this enormously costly system upon the country in a time of depression, when, either by adopting, as it at one time proposed to do, the Provincial lists, or, perhaps, better by a simple method of registration, it might have spared the electorate the greater part of all the labour and expense of the pending revision.

When, a year or two since, an inoffensive French Protestant was fined, and on refusing to pay the fine, imprisoned, in a Quebec town, as the cause of a disturbance which he had done nothing to provoke, but which was stirred up, wholly, as shown by evidence in court, by compatriots who resented his change of views in religious matters, the people of other parts of the Dominion looked on with wonder, not unmixed with indignation, at this strange reversal of the usual maxims of a court of justice. It was, they perceived, the old fable of the wolf and the lamb illustrated. When, two or three weeks since, in the old city of Quebec, the places of worship of two or three assemblies of Protestants were

violently assaulted, and windows and doors broken in with stones by a mob, and the police, instead of resolutely protecting the worshippers and dispersing the mob, hustled the parties thus attacked without shadow of provocation off to the protection of private houses, and failed to arrest any ring-leader of the attacking crowd, the natural inference was that we were to be treated to another exhibition of good justice. We are glad to know that better counsels have prevailed. Though, so far as we are aware, no attempt has been made to punish any of the guilty parties, other steps have been taken to vindicate the good name of the historic city of Canada. The press of the city has vigorously denounced the outrage. The Mayor has, we believe, had the damaged places of worship repaired at the city's expense. By order of the Bishop the priests have condemned the outrage from their pulpits, and it is reassuring to observe that in doing so several of them expounded the principle of religious liberty and free speech in sound and emphatic terms. Prominent public men have done the same with good effect, among them Hon. Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Israel Tarte, M.P. On the principle of giving honour to whom it is due, we may add that, while Mr. Laurier contented himself, after a single reference to the affair as "a violation of the most sacred rights of conscience," with a strong condemnation of intolerance on the ground of expediency, Mr. Tarte denounced it in the clearest and most emphatic terms, as a violation of the liberty of the subject, and his inalienable right to freedom of thought and speech in every part of Canada.

Of course such differences of opinion in the courts are usually the outcome of different interpretations of statutes which are found to be more or less obscure or ambiguous. This suggests an important question in regard to which, judging from the correspondence in the papers—much of it, no doubt, from the pens of members of the bar—there would be broad differences of opinion among the members of the legal profession. Is the needed reform to be found in improved legislation, or in improved interpretation and administration of the laws? In other words, is want of perspicuity in the laws themselves, or want of acumen in the interpreters, the main cause of this uncertainty in the judgments of the courts? According to the opinion which one may reach upon this point will depend, probably, his view with regard to the related question. Would uniformity in legal decisions be better promoted by stricter adherence to the letter of the law, or by greater liberty in interpreting it according to its supposed spirit, rather than according to the *ipsissima verba*? Some, we observe, seem to look in one direction, some in the other. This is a most important distinction. It makes the issue, as some one—the

*Globe*, we think—has suggested, as between the infallibility of legislators and that of judges. Not believing in the infallibility of the latter we should shrink from giving them too wide a liberty in applying supposed broad principles instead of printed clauses, and in giving judgment according to their notions of equity, rather than according to the words of the law. On the other hand, cases such as one which came under our notice the other day, in which the employee of a certain firm, being absent without notice in consequence of sickness, was unable to collect money fairly earned because of having signed an agreement to give ten days' notice of leaving or forfeit wages due to a certain amount, give us pause. No one could read the evidence in such a case without sympathizing strongly with the judge in his strong expression of regret that the law obliged him to give a decision which was unrighteous. We repeat the question as one which it might be profitable to have discussed in this connection. Would the ends of justice be better promoted by the closest possible adherence on the part of the courts to the strict letter of the law, or by a wider liberty to be guided by the principles of equity in the individual case?

The session of the British Parliament which is just closing has been a remarkable and bids fair to become a historical one, albeit very little legislation has been put on the statute book. Its importance arises very largely from the radical character of the measures that have been either brought forward or foreshadowed by the Government. Not merely one but several of these measures are of such a kind that their enactment into law would amount almost to a revolution, in each case. The budget which was passed introduces, or at least carries to an extent hitherto scarcely dreamed of, the new principle of gradation of taxation according to the ability of the individual to bear it. The Home-Rule Bill, the Evicted Tenants Bill, and the Miners Eight-Hours Bill, among the measures actually attempted and defeated, and the bills for the payment of members of Parliament, the disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales, and the introduction of simultaneous elections and the one-man, one-vote principle in the use of the franchise, among those promised at an early session, may be mentioned by way of illustration. Then the new precedent which has been twice created, of mediation by a member of the Government in labour difficulties, is pretty sure to broaden down into a kind of constitutional usage, which may yet have an important bearing upon the settlement of the relations between capital and labour. The prominence these and other bold innovations have now received indicates the presence of a popular demand which will probably prevent any of them from being quietly dropped, while past history leads us to believe that most of

them will sooner or later, by one party or the other, be incorporated, in substance, into the legislative code.

Speaking of measures past and prospective leads our thoughts naturally to the men upon whom the leadership of the radical forces was devolved by the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, in itself an event of sufficient importance to make the session in which it occurred historical. Newspaper and cable reports with reference to the alleged antagonism between the Premier and the Leader of the Liberals in the Commons, must, of course, be accepted with much reserve. They are often the fabrication of an enemy, and oftener the forecasts of those in whose minds the wish is father to the thought. Nevertheless, it is impossible to doubt that there is a foundation in fact for the popular rumours. Even at this distance one cannot read the speeches of Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt without perceiving that their modes of thinking, not to say their principles of action, are wide as the poles asunder, and that the possibilities of harmonious co-operation between them for any length of time are few and small. That they will retain their present relations even during another session is extremely unlikely. What will be the upshot it is impossible to predict. The retirement of either would almost surely shatter the Government, or break the feeble hold it now has upon Parliament. Whether from choice or necessity it is pretty certain that the Government must go to the country before the next session is many months old. To do this with rival leaders and divided counsels would be to court defeat. At the same time, Tory rule under present conditions is an almost manifest impossibility. Without venturing upon the bold role of the prophet, one finds it hard to resist the conclusion that a coalition of some sort, or at least a re-union of the less radical with the dissentient Liberals is among the possibilities of the not distant future.

*Exceptio probat regulam.* The appearance in the current number of the *Canadian Magazine* of a well-written and thoughtful article on a philosophical subject by the Hon. David Mills, M.P., serves to accentuate the contrast which one is sometimes tempted to make between our Canadian statesmen and those of the Mother Country, in respect to range of studies and interests. While our ablest public men as a rule are politicians, or if we may apply to some of them the term which usage has made more dignified, statesmen, and nothing more, unless it be in a few instances, lawyers and jurists, the magazines and reviews, and the transactions of the literary, scientific, and philosophical societies of Great Britain, are continually reminding us that a considerable percentage of the Parliamentary leaders in the Old Country are devoted to liberal studies, and able to take their part on occasion in learned discussions.

Comparison with young Canada is, it is true, unfair, as the term "Old Country" we have just unwittingly used reminds us. British statesmen are generally not only men of the highest university culture, but men who have also the command of resources which make it comparatively easy for them to keep up their interest in those great questions of history, science and philosophy which are absorbing the attention of the profoundest thinkers and investigators of the day. But despite the tendency to specialization, on the one hand, and to the measurement of everything by the tests of the so-called "practical," on the other, one can hardly help feeling his confidence in a Cabinet Minister, or even an ordinary member of Parliament, increased, when he is reminded that he is also a man given to pondering the great mysteries of life, in its origin and destiny, and is thus keeping himself in touch with the great thinkers and writers of the day.

The latest instance of this characteristic of so many of the foremost British statesmen is given us in the recent address of Lord Salisbury from the Chair of the British Association. The subject upon which he touched with much suggestiveness and felicity of thought—the controversy between the doctrine of Natural Selection and that of design—though it is familiar, is as far as possible from being threadbare. The irrepressible conflict between the two hypotheses must go on so long as thinkers approach the tremendous question from points of view almost diametrically opposite to each other. Large and tempting as is the theme which, in some one of its many branches, usually supplies the text for these orations—the advance of knowledge, that to which Lord Salisbury directed for a short time the attention of his hearers, the extent of our ignorance, is still vastly more comprehensive and prolific. The student of science may well speak with modest reserve of our knowledge, when he realizes that it is still but an oasis, surrounded on every hand by a vast unexplored region of impenetrable mystery. It avails little to conjure with "that comfortable word evolution" so long as life itself continues to defy imitation and scrutiny. We must await fuller reports of Lord Salisbury's address than are yet to hand before we can speak with confidence with regard to the trend of his thought, but he seems at least to have thrust a keen rapier between some of the loose joints in the armour of Darwinism, as, for instance, when, referring to the statements of some of its defenders that they accept the doctrine of Natural Selection, not because they can demonstrate or even imagine the process in detail, but because all other explanations fail them unless they assume the help of a principle of design, he said that time had brought its revenge when a philosopher prefers to believe that which

can neither be demonstrated nor imagined, rather than run the risk of such a heresy as belief in creative design.

Two or three weeks since, referring to the energetic protests of the Liberal press against the alleged attempts of the Dominion Government and its adherents to purchase constituencies by wholesale, by means of votes for railways, public buildings, etc., on the approach of a general election, we remarked, "The Opposition papers in Ontario retort, with effect, by pointing to the similarly large use of indirect wholesale bribes by the local Government for similar purposes, within the limits of its jurisdiction. Both charges have, there is reason to fear, a great deal too much truth in them." Our attention is now called to a short article in the *Globe* of the 10th inst., in which, after quoting our words, with the exception of the last sentence, which it will be observed, is of a modifying character, the *Globe* says:

"We cannot recall an instance in which the Ontario Government has offered public works in return for votes. We doubt if THE WEEK can specify one such case. We remember that in the contest in Brockville four years ago Mr. Fraser would not announce and would not allow his supporters to announce that a new asylum was to be erected in that constituency. The announcement was not made until after the election. We know that a proposed grant for a bridge in another constituency was withdrawn because it was said the object of the grant was to influence an election. We know that a bridge issue was raised against Mr. Bronson, but the bridge was not promised. We know that more than once the *Globe* has told Ontario constituencies looking for expenditures of public money that the election of the Opposition candidate would not alter the intention of the Government as to any contemplated expenditure. THE WEEK has adopted a charge from the columns of the Tory press for which there is not and never was any justification."

We give the *Globe's* words in full because we like a straightforward denial and are glad to give our readers the full benefit of it. We may say, in passing, that the *Globe* has, for some time past, adopted a manly and not uncourteous way of dealing with such matters which does it honour and entitles its strictures to attention. With respect to our own part, we might, were we disposed to put it in that way, point out that the charges specified by the *Globe* only to be denied, of themselves go far to justify our statement, as modified by the sentence which should have been, we think, included in the *Globe's* quotation. But we do not wish to shield ourselves in that way. We admit frankly that THE WEEK cannot specify, with such proof as would be accepted by the *Globe*, a single case in which the Ontario Government has offered public works in return for votes. We have not sought for such proof. Perhaps it could not be found. Moreover, had

we sought and found it, it would not have altered the fact that at the time we quoted the familiar charge, we had not the evidence in a specific case before us. Perhaps it was wrong to repeat such a charge without such evidence. But then, we doubt if the *Globe* can specify a case in which the Dominion Government, as such, "has offered public works in return for votes." That is not exactly the way in which such things are done.

This, however, may seem a little too much like beating about the bush. THE WEEK is independent and aims at being impartial, but does not believe that either independence or impartiality consists in asserting or assuming that one government and one party are just as bad as the other. It believes in discrimination, and a just discrimination requires that full credit should be given to either government and either party for whatever of special merit belongs to it. Though our words may have seemed to imply it, we do not believe that, in the particular matter of trying to influence the votes of constituencies by a skilful placing of public appropriations where they will do most towards keeping the party in power, the Ontario Government has sinned as has the Ottawa Government. Nor has its management of the public funds given rise to any scandals to be compared with those which have been the subject of special investigation at Ottawa during the last two or three sessions. We give Mr. Mowat's administration full credit for its cleaner record in this respect. At the same time, we are not sure that in the skilful use of Government patronage for the promotion of party ends, the Local Government could not give points even to that of the Dominion. We are unable to see any clear distinction in principle between a partisan use of public patronage and a partisan appropriation of public funds. Whatever difference there may be is in degree rather than kind. The one is a trust for the benefit of the whole people as much as the other.

#### TIPPING AND BRIBING.

Just now it is Montreal's turn to have on hand an investigation touching the honesty of civic officials. Like New York and Brooklyn and many other places of less note, the integrity of her police and detectives is in doubt. Evidence published in the *Star* seems to put it almost beyond question that there has been gross inefficiency in the administration of the Police Department, and especially that the detectives in that department have been, at times, singularly unable to discover clues to crime, or to find suspected criminals, until their eyes were first opened by the application of a magic salve, in the shape of a bank note or a golden coin.

We do not refer to the matter, however, to pronounce a verdict upon the cases of



the Montreal police, which are as yet, *sub judice*, but to call attention to the prevalence of an evil of great and growing magnitude, whose rootlets seem to permeate every department of social and public life.

Those among our readers who can recall their first experiences in travelling will no doubt remember how, for a time, it was a mystery to them that, in the crowded dining-hall of steamboat or hotel, for instance, though all were charged the same prices, some invariably secured the best places and the most assiduous attentions. If these favored ones were not at hand when the gong sounded, they came in late only to find eligible seats reserved for them and obsequious waiters ready to take their orders, while less fortunate fellow-travellers, though they might have been in such places as they could secure much earlier, were obliged to bide their time and content themselves with less efficient service rendered, very often, with scantier courtesy. The same mysterious preferences and gradations in the attentions of servants were probably observed in the handling of baggage and in other little matters in which the comfort of the boarder or the passenger depended upon the willing service of those who, he fondly supposed, were employed and paid to perform such services for all alike. Under the tutelage of some more experienced friend the mystery has finally resolved itself into the simple but expensive process denoted by the little word "tipping."

Is there really any difference in kind between the act of the waiter who, being employed and paid, or supposed to be, to wait upon all who are under his care without partiality or distinction, accepts a small gratuity with the tacit understanding that he will give special attention to the giver and his friends, and that of the detective who, employed and paid by the city to do his best for all who require his services, reserves his zeal and best professional skill for the benefit of clients able and willing to cross his palm with a gold coin, or stay its itching with a bank note, and who treats with cool neglect those unable or unwilling to do so? And is not the act of the legislator who tacitly binds himself, by the acceptance of a pass on the railway, or the gift of a hundred or five hundred dollars worth of salable stock, or bonds, or bank notes, to promote the interests of his benefactor at the expense of those of the public, in any case that may come up for legislation, a transaction of a very similar kind?

We are often strangely blind to the consequences of our own actions. For the sake of a trifling convenience, obtained usually at the expense of others equally entitled to it, but not equally able or disposed to pay a second price for it, we, without compunction, bribe an official to betray his trust in what we deem a small matter, while we would, without hesitation, condemn to dismissal or to prison another official for doing a thing precisely the same in principle

on a broader scale and for a larger bribe. In the first case, no less than in the second, the acceptance of the gift tends not only to undermine the self-respect, but to blunt or destroy the sense of duty, of the individual who yields to the temptation. In each case the public servant suffers himself to be placed under obligation to the individual to whom he stands, or may at any moment be required to stand, in the relation of an impartial arbiter.

Of the many moral evils which are rampant in the state to-day and which threaten its highest well-being, there is probably none greater or more dangerous than that which arises from the ever-recurring betrayals of trust for personal gain. The waiter is bribed in the hotel, the conductor on the train, the policeman on his "beat," the juror in court, even the representative in Parliament. The bribery is not always, perhaps not often, direct and gross. It is not generally admitted to be such by either the giver or the taker, even to his own conscience. Nevertheless the truth remains that the gift, whether subtle and under plausible disguise, or open and direct, is given and taken. The fountains of private and public honor are corrupted. The moral tone of society is lowered. The integrity of the state is impaired. The money of the taxpayer is misappropriated, and the treasury of the nation defrauded in a thousand ways, some of which are from time to time brought to light, while many others, it is reasonable to infer, may never be detected.

While it is wise and necessary to guard in every proper way, by stringent legislation and by lynx-eyed scrutiny, against such practices in civic and national life, it is evident that these methods of reform do not go deep enough to touch the root of the evil. The radical cure, if one is ever found, must reach the national conscience, and through it elevate the national sense of honor. To the thoughtful it must often seem strange that a man, be he a public servant of lower rank accepting a "tip," or a member of Parliament pocketing a railway pass, who as a private individual would scorn to accept a free gift from the hand of the charitable, can allow his sense of what is proper and right to be so easily befogged by specious excuses when the gift comes to him in a public or quasi-public capacity. And yet what can we expect from those in lower positions, when it is stated in the public press, without contradiction, that the members of the Dominion Parliament who do not travel on free passes given by the railway companies can be counted on one's fingers without using all the digits, and when a Cabinet Minister can stand up in Parliament and declare that he sees nothing wrong in the giving and receiving for the benefit of his political party, of large sums of money from a Governmental contractor? The giving and taking of gifts were, ages ago, denounced as the chief

agencies in perverting justice and destroying morality in Oriental monarchies. Is there not great danger that the same vicious practices are no less undermining the foundations of stability in Western democracies?

## A JAPANESE SYSTEM OF BUDDHIST ETHICS.

The following paper on Japanese ethics has been almost entirely taken from modern Japanese sources, and will, I trust, be found useful to all those that are interested in the development of religious thought. To such persons, whatever their religious or sectarian prejudices may be, the present revival of Buddhism cannot fail to be of the greatest interest. There can be no doubt of the fact that Buddhism is rousing itself to a conflict with her great and aggressive rival; that she is bringing forth from her armoury and furbishing up all her ancient weapons that have lain dormant for so long in the treasure houses of her temples; that she is strengthening her forces by all the new armoury with which an age of scientific investigation, historical research, and higher criticism can furnish her; and that the coming conflict promises to be one of the most deeply interesting conflicts that the Church of Christ has experienced.

Having said so much I need make no further apology, but may, I think, plunge straight into my subject.

All moral duties are based upon the *Four Favours* (*Shi On*), i.e., the benefits which we have received from four different quarters, and the duties which we consequently owe to those from whom we have received them.

Our life, character, social position, development, etc., are determined by our relationships (i.) to our parents, (ii.) to mankind at large, (iii.) to our sovereign, (iv.) to our religion. From these four sources we have received all that we have and are still daily receiving innumerable favours; and our moral conduct, therefore, is conditioned by our duties towards these four.

I. *Our parents* (*fubo no on*). It is to our parents that we owe our very existence. Without them we should never have come into the world. Our mothers have given to us the tedious months of pregnancy, the pains and dangers of childbirth, often accompanied with the sacrifice of life itself; the years of loving care during which they have fed us, watched over us, tended us, until our independent life has been able to stand by itself and our need of constant personal supervision and assistance has died away. It is from our mothers that we have learned our first lessons and our first prayers.

Nor has the part played by the father been a less important one. If our mothers have borne the pain, our fathers have had the anxiety. They have worked for us, and by their work have provided the means for our maintenance and education. Whatever rank in life they have had, has been ours by inheritance, to improve or to deteriorate. Whatever good there may be in a father's name it has been ours as a *locus a quo* in the making or marring of our own fortunes.

It requires, therefore, no elaborate proof to show that we owe to our parents duties of a very substantial nature in return for what we have received from them. These are defined as follows:

Aug. 24th, 1894.]

1. Care for our own bodies, which belong not to ourselves but to our parents. The man who by profligate living or reckless conduct injures his own health, thereby deprives his parents of the "love, honour and succour" which they have a right to expect from him.

2. To preserve intact whatever we inherit from them (*fubo no isan wo tamatsu*). This duty is not merely confined to the material part of our heritage. It is our privilege to preserve, as far as we can, the name, rank and prestige derived from them.

3. To pay them all reverence and respect while living and duly to celebrate their funeral obsequies when dead.

These duties, when put into practice, sometimes have strange results. I have known a boy decline going down the rapids of the Fujigawa river in a canoe, on the ground that his body belonged to his parents. It was in reality a very solid reason to give, but an English schoolboy would have attributed the refusal to another cause. The duty of preserving intact the family heritage leads to the custom of adoption which is so commonly practised, not only in Japan, but throughout the East. From the respect paid to the memory of departed parents comes the worship of ancestors which forms so large a part of religious life in Japan. It is, however, only fair to say that here Buddhism has been considerably modified by the surrounding Confucian and Shinto beliefs and practices, and that memorial services in behalf of the dead can scarcely be called a non-Christian custom.

II. If these be the duties that we owe to our parents in return for the benefits received from them, our duties to all mankind are equally clear. I have here used the word "all mankind," but the Japanese word (*shugo no on*) is far more comprehensive. It includes all creation in which there is life, not man only, therefore, but creatures higher and lower than man in the scale of life.

In considering our relations to mankind we must remember that we are dealing not merely with the present life and a possible future, but with life past, present and future. Each man amongst us has, according to the well-known doctrine of re-birth, had innumerable, or at any rate, numerous lives in the past; his present sphere of life being determined by his merit or demerit in previous existences. In each different life he has had different relationships, though these previous ties have long since been dissolved and forgotten. Every man, therefore, whilst preserving his individuality untouched during the present life, stands intimately connected with the whole of sentient life. The whole of sentient life, therefore, stands to him in the relationship of "my mother and my sister and my brother." (*Is-sai no danshi wa kore waga chichi nari. Issai no nyoshin wa kore waga baha nari. Issai no shujo wa kore waga oya nari shikun nari.* "All males are my father, all females my mother. All creatures my parents and my masters.")

There is a further relationship depending on the conditions of the present life. Mankind is so constituted that we are all inextricably dependent on one another. The commonest article of food, the coarsest material which forms the simple clothes of a Japanese coolie involves the labour of hundreds of men. Life is inconceivable without intercourse, and intercourse means commerce, and commerce at once involves the whole industrial fabric of society. We

are, therefore, inextricably bound up with our fellowmen, and as we cannot pass an hour without receiving something from them, so we cannot for one hour escape the obligations imposed on us by the conditions of our existence.

These obligations are fourfold:

(a) *fuse*. The obligation to abstain from selfishness or covetousness.

(b) *aigo*. The duty of giving kind words.

(c) *rigyo*. The obligation of rendering practical aid.

(d) *doji*. The obligation of equitable dealing.

An analysis of these four obligations will show that it comprises the whole of a man's duty towards his neighbour, as laid down by the highest of all codes—the Christian. Moreover, I think that no one who has had intimate personal dealings with the Japanese will deny that the Japanese act up to the standard thus put before them. We foreigners, who have lived amongst the Japanese, and have on so many occasions been witnesses of the unselfish lives lived by so many of them, and the invariable politeness that characterizes them in their transactions, not only with us, but amongst themselves, the practical way in which they come to one another's assistance, and the substantial justice that is meted to everyone (perhaps more conspicuously so in a village community) should be the last to withhold from them this tribute of commendation.

It is true that one of the foundations on which the duty our neighbour is based is the doctrine of re-birth as involving the substantial unity of mankind. It is a doctrine to which we are not much accustomed in the West. But let us remember that it is a doctrine which does not, in any sense, militate with the great truths which we believe as Christians. It does not militate with our belief in God the Creator to suppose that when God created the world He gave to His sentient creatures "a law which shall not be broken" of birth and re-birth. It does not militate against our belief in Christ as the Saviour of the world, for that salvation does not depend upon re-birth at all. Nay, in some ways it may be said to vindicate the ways of God to man. If we assume previous existences and previously accumulated merit and demerit, then the justice of God is vindicated. The inequalities of this life are the logical consequences of previous states of existence. If we assume the possibility of future states of existence, then again we can see the justice of God more clearly. If we have but one life and one chance, what of the myriads who have perished without Christ? If we have many chances then are we all brought within the reach of the eternal life; and those visitations of God, the flood with its immense destruction of innocent life—children and others; the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the annihilation of the Canaanites, the gradual extinction of lower races, which we have seen in our own generation, stand before us in a very different light when viewed in the light of a possible future re-birth.

III. Our obligations as subjects to the sovereign (*Kokeo ho on*). We are all members of families, of communities, of provinces, of states. In each of these capacities we have an obligation that we owe to those who govern us. As servants we owe a duty to the head of the house, as members of cities to the municipal authorities, as citizens to the authorities of the state, and

above and beyond all these to that one person in whom is centred and from whom is derived the sum total of national authority—the sovereign.

It is to the sovereign's initiative that we owe the protection of our country from enemies without, from conspiracy and crime within, the development of the country's resources, commerce, communications and agriculture and the consequent prosperity of her people, the propagation and fostering of education and the care for the institutions of religion.

It is not every country which possesses the advantage which Japan possesses of being ruled by a dynasty coeval with the nation itself. Confucius had not yet commenced to teach in China, the reforms of Sakya Muni had not yet been heard of in India, the Son of God had not yet become the son of Mary "for us men and for our salvation" when the present dynasty was firmly seated on the throne of Japan. It is the peculiar privilege, as well as the special responsibility of the Japanese nation to possess so ancient an Imperial House, and all history has shown that patriotism, a devoted attachment to king and country is one of the most potent factors in the moral well-being of a country.

IV. The last of the four foundations of morality is what is called in Buddhist language *sambo ho on*, the obligations resulting from the benefits conferred upon us by our religion. By the *sambo* are meant the three treasures, Buddha's person, Buddha's law, Buddha's community. Man's heart in his original state of innocence, was like the cloudless sky (*Hitsu ni kokoro wa neotogori kosmori naki aozora no gotoshi*). When deceit and consequently falsity (*mumyo*) entered into it there arose a confusion between the *ego* and the *non-ego* (*muga*) (according to our Christian version between the *meum* and the *non-meum* also), and that initial falsity has brought with it the whole train of human misery and involved the whole human race in the apparently endless chain of birth, death and re-birth.

To the nations of the far East it has been the merit of Sakya Muni, and of other persons, such as Anida Nyorai, who have attained to the same enlightenment (*butsu to wa gaku wo ini suru nari*), to instruct men in the causes of their misery, which are the confusion between the *ego* and the *non-ego* and the consequent introduction of *ingwa*—(i. e., Karma, with its endless succession of birth and re-birth). Such is the definition given of a Buddha, or enlightened being (*nudzakara nuga no shinri wo satori hito ni ingwa no dori wo satorashimuru wo butso to in*).

In order to enable men to escape from the miseries of sinful existence the Buddhas have given us a three-fold law of ceremony, meditation and precept, which are to be our guides, and in order to perpetuate the teaching of these truths Sakya Muni instituted the order of Monks—men devoted to the working out of their own salvation, according to the law and in thankful remembrance of the persons of the Buddhas.

On such foundations rests one of the systems of Japanese ethics. I say one of the systems because there is another system much in vogue amongst the educated classes, which would practically make morality to stand on three legs rather than four, and would cut out religion from the concerns of daily life. It is possible to sit on a three-legged stool, but to do so you must keep your body very quiet. So it is possible, when the body of the nation is

very tranquil, for it to practice a morality which is based on patriotism, love of mankind and parental affection only. But, when the storm of unrest breaks out and the nation is disturbed from its very base, no three-legged system of ethics can support its morality.

I believe therefore, nay, I am absolutely convinced that this system of ethics that I have been describing is better, far better and safer for the Japanese nation than any system of ethics, whether it come from the East or West, which ignores the claim of religion. Religion is an essential to man, and no system of ethics can endure without it.

I have already compared the system of ethics to a stool and have pointed out the advantages of a four-legged stool over a three-legged one. If my readers will forgive my once more introducing this homely simile, I should like to point out that a chair to be thoroughly safe should have not only four legs, but four *strong* legs. Now let us examine the legs one by one. We have first the leg called filial affection—that is a good leg. Then we have love for mankind and all created beings—that's a good strong leg too. Then we have patriotism—a very strong leg, especially in Japan. Then we come to the fourth leg, the *sambo no on*, Buddha's person, law and community, and something seems to be wrong about it. It is not firm, or is too short, or it is cracked or something.

Now, when we have a bad leg in a chair we can mend it. A little glue, a piece of string and a few nails and it will be all right. Yes, and if you put a little varnish over the mended place the chair will look as good as new, and you can put it into your drawing-room, it will pass muster there until some day a stout visitor puts his weight on the chair—and then.

No you had much better put a new leg into that chair. It will cost a little more money and a little more trouble, but it will prove more lasting as a support to the throne of morality. And if you would allow me to recommend a piece of wood, I would recommend some that grows in the Christian forest and is called the wood of the Cross.

This is the true *sambo no on*, Christ's person, Christ's law, Christ's Church. It is a firmer support to morality than Buddhism can be. Firmer, because more logical, in that it acknowledges God the Creator, self-existent, as the first cause of the universe, instead of a blindly working law of cause and effect which could not come into existence without a law-giver. Firmer, because more historical, in that it rests not on philosophical theories, but on well-proved facts of history. Firmer, because more fruitful in noble actions and heroic lives. Firmer, finally, because more suited to the wants of individual men and individual nations.

If Buddhist ethics are based on the *shi on* (the four favours) which I have just explained, they find their fuller development in the *ju zen* (the ten righteousnesses) which may very fitly be described as the Decalogue of Buddhism.

A. LLOYD.

(To be continued.)

A woman's heart is like a lithographer's stone; what is once written upon it cannot be rubbed out.—*Thackeray*.

From mad dogs and grumbling professors may we all be delivered; and may we never take the complaint from either of them!—*Spurgeon*.

### MONTREAL LETTER.

The management—or more properly, the mismanagement—of our civic affairs by committees of aldermen, has been of late a matter of deep thought for the ordinary citizen, especially the stock-broker, private banker, commission-man and Chinese laundryman, to whom the empty treasury looks to for the supplying of \$200,000 over and above their ordinary taxes. The more money that is raised the more there is spent and the larger the deficit. Just now everything is at sixes and sevens in regard to civic finances and the citizen who pays is disgusted. The aldermanic mismanagement is so painfully apparent that already there is talk among leading citizens of asking the Legislature to place the city under commissioners instead of committee rule. A few of the aldermen themselves favor the scheme and there is considerable talk of public meetings and monster petitions to bring about the desired end. The City Council would, under the scheme, retain its legislative functions, the commissioners administering the funds and being personally responsible for their disbursement. Of course the boodle contractor does not like the scheme and a strong opposition from him is to be expected. It is also likely that certain aldermen would not consider it worth while to hold on to their seats in the civic tribunal. So much the better for the citizen and the treasury.

A curious scene was enacted in Mount Royal cemetery last Sunday afternoon. Two Chinamen have recently been buried there and on the day mentioned six of their countrymen went to their graves and performed a religious rite due to the dead according to the customs of the people of the Rising Sun. The Chinamen in the flesh brought a whole hog roasted, several baked fowls, large pans of cakes, dishes of cooked rice and cups and saucers and candles. The latter were lighted and stuck in the ground by the graves and burned throughout the ceremony. The cakes and rice were placed around the graves. A liquor, unknown to the onlookers assembled, was poured into saucers and sprinkled upon the mounds, some also was poured into the hog which was cut open to receive it. A pile of papers some two or three feet high was burned. Each paper was little over a foot square; in the middle was a square seal inscribed with Chinese characters. While they were burning the Chinamen swayed their bodies, looked upward and raised their hands towards heaven. This lasted some minutes and then the ceremony was over. The little band of exiles departed in a cab, taking the hog and most of the eatables with them, leaving behind on the graves a little rice and some of the cakes. The onlookers remained still, held to the spot by the curious scene.

During the past twelve months the Superintendent of Police reports the numbers of males and females arrested in this city were 5,364 of the former and 849 of the latter. Of these 4,583 were residents of the Province of Quebec, 135 of Ontario, 407 of England, 664 of Ireland, 277 of Scotland and 194 of the United States. The balance were of various nationalities throughout the world. Between the ages of twenty-one and thirty there were 2,598 and between thirty-one and forty 1,644. One was between ninety-one and one hundred years of age and under ten there were 21 offenders. Able to read and write, 5,444; otherwise, 1,039; temperate, 749; intem-

perate, 5,689; single, 3,892; married, 2,272; widows or widowers, 318. The detectives recovered property to the amount of \$47,204. There are 415 licensed taverns in the city and the amount received from carters' licenses was \$66,747. The Superintendent points out the need of mounted police and considers that at least there should be a force of fifteen or twenty of this class.

The Firemen's Convention was the leading feature of the past week and some four hundred delegates arrived from all parts of the continent to discuss the best methods of preventing and fighting fires. The fire laddies brought their wives and sweethearts with them and while they stayed they were the pets of the city. The convention was held at the Windsor Hotel, but the city was at their disposal and between sessions there were drives and excursions and concerts, and a general good time. Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau received the visitors formally, but did not forget to speak to them in words of praise and encouragement and with eloquent tongue. The president of the Association, James Foley, of Milwaukee, presided at the meetings and a good deal of practical work was done. The fire chiefs of London, Glasgow, Brighton and Belfast wrote regretting their inability to attend, but the chiefs of all the fire brigades of the leading cities and towns of America were present. In the Victoria Rink were a great many models of fire apparatus in the shape of ladders, life-saving nets, supplies, hose, coats, extinguishers, lamps, alarms, nozzels, etc. These proved of interest to the ordinary public and great crowds went to inspect. Papers on all subjects relating to fires were read and to be sure they were interesting. Chief Lindsay, of St. Louis, said that incandescent lamps are the frequent cause of fire, a matter to be noted by users of this class of light. Buildings should be so built that fires can be easily located, air passages should be cut off, and the character of the material should be such as to retard conflagration. The convention should be able to do much to form public opinion in these matters and should have the full and united support of the insurance companies.

The condition of trade may be pretty well gauged by the fact that there has been a considerable falling off in the shipping of this port from the opening of navigation to the present time as compared with the corresponding period of last year. The number of sea-going vessels that arrived in port up to August 1, is 344 as against 401 in 1893, with a comparative tonnage of 525,363 against 570,861. The inland arrivals also fell from 2,505 to 2,360. The revenue receipts amount to \$106,105 as against \$118,655 for the corresponding period of 1893. This is due in a great measure to the low price of grain and cattle. Freights have been very low and there has been very little to induce tramp vessels to trade in this port this season. The regular liners find it hard enough to keep the pot boiling. There has been a falling off in ocean passenger travel, also in face of the cheap rates. It is to be hoped that a change for the better will come soon and that our harbor will be black with iron hulks and smoking funnels.

A. J. F.

Coleridge cried, "O God, how glorious it is to live!" Renan asks, "O God, when will it be worth while to live?" In nature we echo the poet; in the world we echo the thinker.—*Ouida*.



Aug. 24th, 1894.]

## GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

A lady who occupies rooms at Hampton Court by the Queen's grace has been advertising board for a lady "in a splendid mansion" and the companionship of "a lady of high social position" for 200 guineas a year. Happily the prejudices against legitimate trade are well-nigh obsolete; but all trade is not legitimate. There are a few things which it is a shame either to sell or buy, and there are more things which it is a shame to sell. And this combined sale of a gift and of social prestige is a little startling even in this extremely venal age. Gentlemen used to present to their friends the surplus produce of their conservatories and the surplus game shot in their preserves; they sell them now. Presentations at court and introductions into society are to be bought; so are introductions to heiresses; so are (or were a few years ago) day-tickets to some exclusive English out-door clubs. Whether full membership in any leading club has actually been purchased with cold cash, I can only guess. I know that the kisses of well-born maidens have been sold not long ago, "for sweet charity's sake"; and I have no doubt that, if the common law ceased to forbid the sale of wives, we should witness a brisk revival of trade.

In this growing venality (as well as in her growing self-indulgence) England shows an ominous likeness to Rome at the fulness of her power and the beginning of her decline. It struck Jugurtha, it will be remembered, that everything at Rome could be bought piecemeal, and that the imperial city would promptly sell itself *en bloc* if only a purchaser could be found. To notice similar moral phenomena at the centre of our own grander Empire is not encouraging, and increases my desire for a federative union in which the mother of nations, reinforced by her offspring, may haply outlive all smaller empires through the growing strength of her sons and in virtue of her good deeds to humanity.

In his article in the August *Review* of *Reviews* Hon. J. W. Longley expresses an opinion that "if no difficulties or dangers confronted the step nearly every bright young Canadian would declare for independence to-morrow. \* \* \* And yet the probabilities are rather more with either Imperial Federation or Political Union with the United States at this moment than Independence, for the reason that the overweening power of the United States would be a perpetual menace, while North America has not the family of nations out of which to form alliances and maintain balances of power." I am glad that Mr. Longley does not pooch-pooch the possibility of our cousins becoming aggressive, though to speak of their "overweening power" seems slightly unkind. And I am glad that he again tells the Americans that Canada is not to be cowed or captured by abuse or bullying: "The statesmen of the United States, who wonder at Canada's preference for Great Britain forget that nothing has been said or done at the national capital, nor indeed by any man of national reputation, that would tend to evoke Canadian regard or flatter Canadian vanity. Nearly every reference to Canada made on public occasions by American statesmen is either contemptuous, hostile or complaining. \* \* \* While this has been the condition of mind of the United States towards Canada, the

public men and peers of Great Britain have, on the other hand, in the main been covering Canada with praise, and thus appealing in every way to the sympathy and admiration of the Canadian people."

Americans do not enjoy being corrected by outsiders. That is a very significant tale of the small German-American boy who was crying after being chastized by his father and who explained his emotion to a pitying friend: "It's not the pain I mind, but to be beaten by a blasted foreigner!"

Mr. W. D. Howells has been doing his countrymen a service by his criticisms on their customs and institutions in his "Letters from an Altrurian Traveller," now nearing their close. Coming from one of themselves, Americans may weigh, or even accept strictures which they would only resent from a foreign critic, at all events from one who, like Mr. Rudyard Kipling or Sir Lepel Griffen, is unpleasantly aggressive. Mr. Howells' Altrurian points out American defects with a sad or kindly surprise and with no suspicion of scorn, triumph or unfriendliness. More such criticism from inside—fair and friendly, but fearless—is needed in Canada also.

The Altrurian in one of his latest letters deprecates the common exposure of large hotel dining-rooms, with their sumptuous fare and fittings, to the gaze of hungry passers-by. This location of dining-saloons on the street level and the public exhibition of their feeding customers are not peculiar to the United States, though certainly more common there than in most countries. The design of such dining-rooms is, of course, to attract hungry people who can pay, not to tantalize hungry people who cannot pay. Possibly the designers also aim at securing the custom of a few cads who like advertising the fact that they feed luxuriously. It would be sad to suppose that these are more numerous than the people who would shrink from parading their comfort before the public and possibly before some persons actually suffering from hunger. Expediency, as well as taste, commends the criticism of the Altrurian; for nothing inflames the socialistic or the anarchic spirit more than the flaunting of luxury in the face of want.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

## THE OLD THREE-DECKER.

And the three-volume novel is doomed.—Daily Paper.

Full thirty foot she towered from water-line to rail—  
It cost a watch to steer her and a week to shorten sail;

But, spite all modern notions, I found her first and best—

The only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest.

Fair held the Trade behind us, 'twas warm with lovers' prayers;  
We'd stolen wills for ballast and a crew of missing heirs.

They shipped as Able Bastards till the Wick-ed Nurse confessed,  
And they worked the old Three-Decker to the Islands of the Blest.

Carambas and serapes we waved to every wind,

We smoked good Corpo Bacco when our sweet-hearts proved unkind;

We'd maids of matchless beauty and parent-age unguessed,

And a Church of England parson, for the Islands of the Blest.

We asked no social questions, we pumped no hidden shame;  
We never talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger came;  
We left the Lord in Heaven; we left the fiends in Hell;  
We weren't exactly Yusufs but—Zuleika didn't tell!

And through the maddest welter and 'neath the wildest skies,  
We'd pipe all hands to listen to the skipper's homilies;  
For oft he'd back his topsle or moor in open sea  
To draw a just reflection from a pirate on the lee.

No moral doubt assailed us, so when the port we neared  
The Villian took his flogging at the gangway, and we cheered.  
'Twas fiddle on the foc'sle—'twas garlands at the mast,  
For every one got married, and I went ashore at last.

I left 'em all in couples a-kissing on the decks;  
I left the lovers loving and the parents signing cheques—  
In endless English comfort, by county-folk caressed,  
I left the old Three-Decker at the Islands of the Blest.

That route is barred to steamers—you'll never lift again  
Our purple, pictured headlands or the lordly keeps o' Spain.  
They're just below the sky-line however so far you cruise  
In a ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of kicking screws.

Swing round your aching search-light; 'twill show no haven's peace.  
Ay, blow your shrieking sirens to the deaf, grey-bearded seas:  
Boom out the dripping oil-bags and still the deep's unrest,  
But you aren't one knot the nearer to the Islands of the Blest!

And when you're threshing crippled, with shattered bridge and rail,  
At a drogue of dead convictions to hold you head to gale—  
Calm as the *Flying Dutchman*, from trace to taffrail dressed,  
You'll see the old Three-Decker for the Islands of the Blest.

You'll see her tiering canvas in sheeted silver spread,  
You'll hear the long drawn thunder 'neath her leaping figure-head;  
While far, so far, above you her tall poop-lanterns shine,  
Unvexed of wind or weather, like the candles round a shrine.

Hull down, hull down and under, she dwindles to a speck,  
With noise of pleasant music and dancing on her deck.  
All's well—all's well aboard her! She dropped you far behind,  
With an old-world scent of roses through the fog that ties you blind.

Her crew are babes and madmen? Her port is still to make!  
You're manned by Truth and Science, and you steam for steaming's sake?  
Well; tinker up your engines. You know your business best.  
*She's* taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest.

—Saturday Review.

Some men are, in regard to ridicule, like two-roofed buildings in regard to hail; all that hits them bound rattling off; not a stone goes through.—*Beecher*.

## PARIS LETTER.

The Turpin affair in a nut-shell is a "much ado about nothing." The report of the technical Commission of Inquiry has thrown more than a wet blanket upon what looks very much like a whale. It is an important victory for the Minister of War, General Mercier, who from the commencement took the right view of the alleged wonderful invention. The affair will serve, it is to be hoped, as a salutary lesson to certain journals that run such men as Turpin, and stage the patriotism of their country in the interests of national glory and commercialism. However, "In the name of the prophet, Figs!" is far older Barnumism than what the late Yankee immortalized. M. Turpin did not put his finger in the eye, either of General Mercier, of the hereditary enemy, Germany, or Belgian capitalists, nor those of his own country either, since they offer him no sinews of war on account. The commission sees nothing that is positively new in the Turpin invention; it is an *olla po drida* of well-known ideas, while what little which may be classed as original is all deduced from theory, and that may not be borne out in practice. If Mr. Turpin will construct his machine, surely patriotic financiers will back him, the Government will allow him the opportunities for testing the bullet pump, and if of death-mowing utility, may give an order for a few. Exit Turpin. There is a chance still for *corps d'armee* not being extinguished *en bloc*.

The terribly sultry weather takes all the strength out of citizens as completely as was Samson's when his locks were clipped off for the first time. "Nips" are declared incapable to "pick up" any nervous system. Then cyclonic showers take advantage of the vital depression, so as to raise the important question to all sufferers, "Is life worth living?" Happily, as in the case of sea-sickness, even the unfitted survive. If you go into the suburbs you are certain to be caught in the rain: if you hire a phaeton or a landau for a drive, hood up or separating roof closed, suggests the lethal chamber for wandering dogs and the painful sufferings of collective asphyxiation. If these torments be desired to be still more intensified, lead conversation, if gasping people can converse, up to the subject of Anarchy. If a foreigner, your friends will vote your immediate expulsion from France; if to the manner born, that decree will be changed into a "The Philistines be upon you!" The public is so weary of politics that it does not care a straw whether the Anarchists be tried singly or in groups of thirty; whether in open court or behind closed doors, nor whether the accused be executed first and then tried. More interest is felt in the new postage stamp, in our supply of August shooting stars, or in the opening of the shooting season.

But the public takes a deep interest in the organization of the police force, and insists that it be as solidly and as uniquely centralized as the army. Of late years it has drifted into sixes and sevens, has not one but several heads, as a rule rivals, and for result inevitable antagonism. That "system" has had much to do with the sad fate of poor and harmless M. Carnot, who would not hurt a fly. The reorganization of the police force will require exceptional courage on the part of the Government. Except in the case of Paris and Lyons all the other municipal councils in France pay and direct

their own police, and as there are 36,000 municipalities in France, the local police have as many *chefs*, for the mayor commands them and the town council pays them. And the commune police will reflect the political colors of the locality. At Roubaix, Socialist; at St. Denis, Anarchist; at Lille, Moderate Republican; in Bretagne, Clerical; in the Vendee, Royalist; at Marseilles, Radical, etc. The police of one commune must not cross the frontier of another, even to collar a fugitive member of the dangerous classes, till first authorized to cross the border. In the case of Paris and Lyons the ordinary and plain clothes police will cease to be separate sections; they will be unified and directly controlled by the Home Minister; the State contributes to the endowment of the police of both these cities, though the municipal councils demand to control their own police. In the case of the provinces the nut will not be so easy to crack, since the State pays nothing towards the support of the police, but will claim to direct it if the reorganization contemplated is to be effective in all that refers to crime and political safety only. There will be no infringing upon sanitary, market, etc., duties. The prefect, who is a Home Office official, will have under his orders the commissaries of police of each commune in his department, so that there will be no difficulty in securing the Republic's writ running. French rural municipal councils are very jealous of their rights as conferred by the law of 1884. But unless the whole police force, the constabulary in a word, be in the hands of the Home Office, it is useless attempting any patch-work reforms.

A little more light is being shed on the Sino-Japanese war—*excusez de peu*. "Sino" is the Latin for China, and as a noun prefix is preferred with French writers. Japan keeps ahead, but will she be able to hold out for a tedious struggle with her octopus foe? So long as neither belligerent will touch Shanghai, and that Russia and England will remain neutral, European powers will not be drawn into the quarrel. If Russia seizes Lazareff and England Port Hamilton, she is the residuary legatee, by signed treaty with China for Port Arthur, either power will demand a bone to pick. Rather than show, by caving in, that she has been knocked into a cocked hat by the Japs, whom she not so much hates as despises, China will spend her last tael and the queue of her last soldier. But can she command pigtailed and coins indefinitely? Her fleet blocked like Russia's during the Crimean War, and her undisciplined levies sent overland into the Corea, crushed back, will no rebellions break out in the unwieldy Chinese empire? In their heart of hearts, Westerns could not be expected to put on crape were China to collapse like a house of cards? And how long will Westerns allow the fight to continue? Six weeks rolled up Austria at Sadowa, and six months reduced France at Paris. It will be an anxious moment for all "foreign devils" in China; they may include nuns, monks and Protestants, as synonymous with Japs; if Christians are slaughtered France will not remain a passive looker-on. It is the interest of Japan to hurry up with the defeat of China and the dislocation of her provinces. One could make a score of respectable kingdoms out of the Chinese empire, and the *vilets* could dance, play and fatten till "wanted" in due course by the European Brobdignags.

Ba-La-Klan is the name of a well

known cafe concert, not far from the Bastille, and whose present owner is said to be Paulus, the comic singer, who claims to have made Boulanger in his day. The history of the cafe is bizarre. During the Second Empire a Chinaman had ordered two immense idols, a Gog and Magog and paid for them in cash. The sculptor shipped them to Shanghai, but at the address given no such person was known; the statues were re-shipped to Paris; the sculptor declined to receive them; the customs held them over for a certain time and then sold them off to cover expenses. An impresario, then building a music hall, bid for the marble Chinese and worked them into the architecture of his hall where they still are. Two days ago this cafe concert was the scene, of a change at least, in the annual routine of distributing prizes to pupils entitled to them for brain progress, assiduous attendance, even if having learned nothing, and for good conduct, which consists in remaining in a state of Buddhist tranquillity. From a suburban district arrived the pupils of the Free Thinkers' Academy, their parents and friends; the company wore every kind of coloured sash. The proceedings opened by the appearance of a pupil in a gaudy feather costume—a Greek wit defined man to be a biped without feathers—he or she—was aged 13, announced he was king of the island and where all the inhabitants were free, happy and long lived; they had no taxes to pay, no police, no soldiers to support; they had no newspapers, no capitalists, no proletaires, no clergy. And how was this "Island of the Blest" made? By simply eschewing every shred of religion. During the prologue, a cannon shot is heard! "Oh," exclaims his majesty, "here come Europeans to seize our isle and to ruin our civilization by introducing religion." He summons his army, all the pupils; predicts the possible danger and points to the coming ship. "Braves"—some were six years old—"which will you prefer, the yoke of religion or the freedom of nothingness?" The latter, vociferated the feather decorated children, who then, recalling Iroquois Indians, were told to prepare to resist and to die. The pupils then went through pencil drill, well executed, and gymnastic exercises. They must have beaten off the cruiser as she never was heard of again. It or a lady—woman claims to have been "last at the cross and earliest at the grave," directs the strange school, where household duties, making and repairing clothing, cooking, painting, a useful trade, etc., are taught. To have religious ideas, is a disqualification for admission. The mistress does accept pupils with sparks of religion, caught on their mothers' knees, or at their grandparents' sides; she admits it is difficult to cleanse a mind wholly of religion, hence the valuable prize offered to the pupil who, in the course of the year, becomes divested of the last trace of belief. As an assistant master close by observed: "We make the pupils disgorge their religion, as the cook forces the snail to part with its liquids." That's imagery with a vengeance. In the matter of *fin de siecle* novelties, the alumni of the Free Thinkers' Academy cannot be surpassed. And the teachers? "Father forgive them for they know not what they do!"

The male telegraph and post office clerks hate the lady clerks; will never associate with them and as to think of marrying such a bread winner, perish the postal system first. Since society will not support women when unemployed, it ought not to

oppose their laudable efforts to make their own livelihood. The postal authorities have not the slightest intention to *defeminize* the post offices; the lady clerks are far more expert, sharp, quick and even obliging—though both sexes are nearly equally so, than the Messieurs. Recently there was an examination to fill up 400 vacancies for ladies in the post and telegraph offices. There were no less than 6,000 applicants; 50 per cent. held diplomas as national school teachers and 15 per cent. held their certificate of having graduated in their secondary education studies. The commencing salary is 1,000 francs, the maximum 1,800 francs; for the men 1,500 and 3,100 francs, yet both do the same kind and amount of work. Ladies grumble at the irregularities, but they forget the men have to marry, and generally have to aid their parents also; a lady clerk may be at once appointed to a rural post office, where her salary is 1,800 francs, plus free residence, coal, gas and cheaper living than at Paris. Very soon every country post office will be directed by a lady. They rarely wed. Frenchwomen when thus provided for dislike "supporting some man's son." To allow the post office letter-carriers on the last 14th July, to enjoy a full holiday, to supply their places for twenty-four hours cost a few hundred thousand francs.

Here are sad statistics: There are 280 race courses in France, or eight more than last year; the number of races run was 3,657, and the total value of the prizes nearly ten million francs. Gambling is legally tolerated on the race courses and the State levies two per cent. on the stakes, but this side of the betting demoralization is not given. The best selling papers in France are those devoted to racing matters, whether horses, bicycles, horseless carriages, yachts, or walking contests.

Modern Abyssinia is concentrated at Choa: The Emperor administers justice, not beneath an oak, like St. Louis, but under a clock timer. There is no register of births, deaths or marriages, the dead are placed outside the city to be picked by tigers, hyenas, etc. The money consists of slabs of salt, 10 x 2 x 2 inches; nine are given for a thaler; all the family is called to test the soundness of the coin by jingling. Measure is the purchaser's arm, elbow to tip of central finger. The Emperor occasionally acts as a custom house officer.

### JAPAN TO-DAY.

As all eyes are turned to the East watching the development of the struggle between China and Japan, a slight sketch of the chief points in a bright article on "New Japan" which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* not long ago, may now be of special interest.

The writer touches on many questions, social and political, questions often of change of vital importance to the nation, but at which the Western critic is too apt to smile as an amusing if rather childish imitation of European ways, a view of matters exceedingly irritating to the Japanese. One has to bear in mind that never before has a people, with a high civilization of its own, sought to change it, or rather, perhaps, to graft portions of another upon it, with the same rapidity that this nation is doing.

Changes here are not the slow growth of years, the children accepting what their fathers found impossible, but straight from

one condition of things to another men find themselves plunged; small wonder if at times confusion more than aught else seems the result.

In contrast to the better-known artistic and poetic side of Japanese life, we are introduced to the not less important "broad-cloth life," meaning thereby a certain class of Government clerks and others, whose work, well-done or ill-done, is of some moment to the nation. The partial adoption of Western dress by these men is no merely imitative fad, but arises from the necessities of the case; the national dress being quite unsuited to the routine of office work, and the purchase of a very inferior European suit straining to the utmost some of the more limited income, leaving no margin for the garb so much better adapted for home comfort.

The defects of the Government service are very glaring, and yet the foreigners who have entered it declare its merits to be equally conspicuous, the transition state being responsible for many apparent contradictions.

In illustration of this: As a nation, none are more courteous than the Japanese; nevertheless, the young native official who is the usual medium of communication between the minister and the foreigner is the rudest of mortals, a phase of human nature not very difficult to understand, perhaps. Two exceptions to this are noted: those officials who have been trained in Europe, and the young nobles of the Household Department; the kindness and courtesy to foreigners of both these classes are gratefully recorded.

Then, again, the national spirit of Japan, admirable in itself, and one of the strongest hopes for the future, is yet often responsible with the young and hot-headed for much that is far from admirable. With a newly-instituted parliament, and the more important political offices mainly filled by young men, not merely inexperienced, but without the traditions, one might almost say the hereditary instincts, of generations of statesmen to guide them, it could not fail that this same national spirit—this *yamato damashi*—should lead at times to strange conclusions and ill-advised actions.

A curious example of this is the translation of the constitution, which was intrusted by Count Ito to a secretary who believed his knowledge of English quite equal to the task, with the result that some of the language is such "as the White King's advisers in Looking-glass Kingdom might be proud of." To any criticism the answer is, "Our constitution is for ourselves, not for foreigners. . . . Japan is for the Japanese."

The educational problem, too, is a difficult one. Many of the old professions are ceasing to furnish a livelihood to young men, for whom there is not yet room in the ranks of the new ones, or who may not be sufficiently well-educated to enter them, though they have reached the point of despising the ways of their ancestors; are in fact discontented and out of touch with both past and present.

From this uncomfortable class springs the shoshi or redresser of wrongs; wrongs of every kind, national or international, political and social, of Japanese and foreigners alike.

All sorts of people are interviewed by the shoshi; members of foreign legations; Japanese ministers; members of Parliament; in all departments of public life this

curious individual takes an unbidden share, the whole band being at the same time under the perfect control of a very efficient police system. Within certain limits they may be as active as they please, but if at any time their agitations are likely to endanger public tranquillity, a law known as the "Peace Preservation Regulations" is at once enforced. Without warning, all shoshi are commanded to leave Tokyo and remain at a certain distance for a given time. Within a few hours the disturbing element is completely banished from the city. Neither Socialist, Democrat nor Nihilist, the shoshi is a sort of compound of the three; and rumour says that some of the leaders of the many political parties of Japan do not hesitate to make quiet use of him.

Reference is made to some of the older Japanese statesmen; to their capacity, their energy and their patriotism, judged even by English standards; though in so momentous a task as constitution-making, it could not be otherwise than that their work should show some weak points. In law matters, New Japan seems to have availed herself widely of the codes of Europe and America, and her students in both countries have won high commendation from their examiners. Of the judges the writer, himself a lawyer, says that he found them distinguished for "uprightness and integrity, together with legal knowledge and acumen;" no slight praise surely.

In the art world as everywhere is to be found the struggle between the old and the new; the one clinging tenaciously, if not very successfully, to the traditions which the demands of Western commerce have done so much to weaken; the other comprising eager spirits, who, casting aside all old methods, have studied art in various European centres to the production of pictures "in oil," "framed and glazed," surprisingly good, we are told, all things considered: but for which there is no room in the small houses, and no money to spare from the small incomes and therefore as yet no demand.

Between these two extremes is a little band of modern artists, whose work, with an added fulness of detail gained from the study of Western models, has retained the living grace and charm of the birds and flowers of old Japan and is beautiful indeed.

Their love of novelty is suggested as a possible advantage to the Japanese in scientific matters, especially the more practical ones, as they eagerly seek for the latest improvements, while more conservative nations are waiting to see how they will work before adopting them.

In the translated literature of this curious people we find not only that Huxley, Darwin and kindred writers are in favour, but that Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver are well-known, one probable cause of the popularity of the latter being their length of detail, as that is also a characteristic of native fiction, the least attractive, it would seem to the foreigner, of things Japanese.

Still, with railways has appeared the Oriental "yellow back" suited to the travelling taste, together with oddly translated European novels; curious reading sometimes, one would fancy for their authors.

Theatrical entertainments of all kinds flourish side by side, from the primitive dance down to the modern sensational drama given in most realistic fashion.

We are told that with the one exception

mentioned, the politeness of Old Japan has not yet been forgotten by the New; significant yet—does it mean that the chances are, among such sweeping changes, that the more thoughtful Japanese will have to regret the loss of things it were well to keep, losses which will make gaps, as it were, in the coveted civilization which time alone can fill.

But withal they are brave experiments that are being tried among this unique people, and with the history of one island race graven deep in our hearts, what may we not hope from the future of this other nation, islanders too, in the far East.

M. J. KIRBY.

Toronto, August 20th, 1894.

## BONES' CRUISE.

A British Columbian sketch.

Bones was a terribly wicked man. He was never known to act in any way that could possibly be called generous or good hearted.

He was a mean looking man, dark and brawny of limb, his shoulders held high up into his ears and an unpleasant scowl forever rested upon his features. When he was angry, which was often, his lips rolled back from his teeth, and his voice and words sounded like an articulate snarl from a dog.

Bones did not care what people thought of him, but if anyone made a disparaging remark about his person or character he had a very unpleasant habit of placing his fist in close proximity to the nose of his defamer and he did not usually limit the expression of his indignation merely to an offensive gesture, but with a swift straight thrust of his arm and a curse, bitter and strong, he would lay the unfortunate man on the ground. If it was the first time he had met Bones, the man would arise in his wrath and there would be a battle, glorious or not as the case might be, for Bones had lots of practice in the noble art, and could generally knock a man out in a couple of rounds, and it was a rare sight for his opponent to be a match for him.

No one liked him. Some disliked him more when he was pleasant and trying to be agreeable than when he stood, trailing his greatcoat for them to step on.

Bones would tell tales of his own smartness and make nasty jokes at other people's expense when he was in a pleasant mood. If no one joined in his mirth, he would find cause for offence in the first words spoken by another of the company and then there would be trouble. Some men said, behind his back of course, that he did not resent insult when the other man was bigger than himself, but men over six feet are not so plentiful and when there was a row, betting was five to one on Bones.

He was not at a loss to find congenial employment. His favorite occupation was selling liquor to Indians and to the scattered white population of those regions as yet uninvaded by license commissioners and brass-buttoned police.

He owned a sloop which he found of great use to him in his trading voyages. A trim, tidy little vessel with a black hull and dark red cabin, the *Mary Ann* seemed just the kind of craft for a flitting in the gloaming, slipping along by rocky shores under cover of night with a cargo of Chinamen, opium or whiskey, eluding the watchful eye of the law.

For some unknown reason, Bones never went into the Chinese or opium shipping business. He was not enterprising enough perhaps.

Though the most extensive dealers in those lines seem to be fairly successful, yet there is not the same security about them as there is in illicit whiskey dealing amongst the Indian villages and logging camps scattered along the northern coast and islands, so far from the headquarters of British Columbian justice that a man may be dead by violence and his bones turned to dust before ever a coroner knows there is need of him or a sheriff that there is a case for hanging.

Last July Bones was prepared for a voyage. His sloop lay near a swarm of steamers and everything was ready to start on the ebb-tide. He had stored his goods securely in the hold and seen that every cask marked ostentatiously BEEF was safely stowed in and that some boxes of "glass-ware" were secure from breakage.

He was glad to get away from the city to the quiet straits and bays where men were free to live as their primeval ancestors would have liked.

But one thing bothered Bones. He had a passenger. And the passenger was Bill Ames. Bones, at one time, had not been friendly with Bill and the final result of the little unpleasantness was that Ames was pointed out as Bones' vanquisher.

Bones did not like Bill and Bill despised Bones. He would never have travelled with him only it had been intimated to him very clearly that he must leave Vancouver inside of twenty-four hours.

Bill had been arrested as a "vag."

He came down from the camp in April and he had quite a sum of money saved from the wages of his winter's work, but he was not at all provident. He spent his nights in gambling, drinking and going from one drunken revel to another and his days in getting sober again, and when he was broke, lived with some friends who happened to be in luck at the time. When every bunk in every shack was occupied, no one to lend him "four-bits," he went to work.

But when he came across Bones, he could find no work.

He had wandered idly about the wharfs of Vancouver. He never went up into the city proper except when occasion called him to the court house to give evidence in the courts on behalf of a friend, or when, under charge of one of the city police, he was marched into the police court and obliged to answer to the charge of being "drunk and disorderly," or as on this last occasion, plain "vag."

The affairs of the Province were not always conducted in this law-enforcing manner. Ames often sighed for the things, the times, and the friends that were. He scorned all the so-called improvements; the parks, the very idea of which seemed absurd to him, "a bit of woods fenced in," the police in their blue coats and brass buttons, the paved streets, the west end villas and the swells who dwelt therein, he looked upon as discordant innovations breaking in upon the mountain stillness and following that terrible evil, the C. P. R.

He was disgusted with the great city of Vancouver. The only peaceful place he could find was on Water Street, for all the others were full of men and women, baby-carriages and go-carts, cabs and express-waggons rushing to and fro with an energy distasteful to a thoroughbred British Columbian.

Bill gazed idly over the waters of that land-locked inlet and his eyes fell on the *Mary Ann*. Here, perhaps was a chance for him to escape once more to the wilds

where he would be unmolested by the appointed upholders of other men's morals.

He hailed the sloop and Bones poked his head out of the cabin. When he discovered what Bill wanted he was mad. Bill was very popular among the loggers, and if they came to know that Bones refused him a helping hand when he was in trouble, they might make trouble for Bones. So, with extreme reluctance, he gave Bill to understand that he would be glad of his company.

Two days' sailing brought them to Sam Ramsay's camp. Sam was a friend of Bill's and he was sure of a welcome and a job.

So was Bones. The men were a jolly lot.

Bones remained in the bay for a few days and Ames and he settled several differences in their calculation of how much Ames owed him for the passage.

It had been a long time since such a fight had been witnessed in any of the northern camps. Ames sustained his reputation and Bones departed, owing him a grudge.

Not very far away from the camp, was the Indian village of Weewacken, inhabited by a tribe of Eucletaws, which Indians rank next to the Fort Rubert in vileness.

Bones anchored his sloop off the shore until the tide turned, and needless to say, his arrival and proximity had a marked effect upon their morals and subsequent behaviour. Indeed so injurious was the effect of Bones' whiskey that one night Dog-fish Jim took down his gun and walked, uninvited, into the house of Scar-faced Charley, who was living in domestic bliss with a former sweetheart of Jim's; the gun went off and there was desolation in that household.

After the effects of the shock had passed away and Scar-faced Charley decently buried, according to Eucletaw ideas, on a rocky islet in the middle of the bay, the woman left desolate found consolation and protection in the bosom of Jim and for a time all seemed well.

But fate had not so decreed that the name and memory of Scar-faced Charley should be thus effaced.

He proceeded to walk in the spirit where he had formerly been seen in the flesh, and though he had not been noted for joviality during his earthly career, his spirit manifested traits of character that were almost apish. He would overturn the canoes just as they came in laden with winter spoils, he would perch himself in a high spruce tree, only a spirit could have climbed it, and howl and moan in a peculiarly distressing manner; he would run up and down the water's edge in the darkness, uttering horrid cries, seemingly trying to find his canoe, yet, when they prepared it for his departure, loaded it with choice Siwash delicacies such as smoked salmon and dried cranberries, he would not go.

He conducted himself in this unseemly manner for some time and then to crown his iniquities and complete his revenge, he set fire to Jim's house and burnt down half Weewacken.

The villagers did not attempt to rebuild their homes. They packed up as fast as they could, left Weewacken to the troublesome ghost and scattered themselves over divers reservations in search of a site for a new village.

Some of the more pious ones moved down the Eucletaw Rapids and built their homes in the valley of an ancient river and to secure themselves more securely from such diabolic visitations built a church in



their midst. Some went to Frederick's Arm and founded a settlement there, but each and all told as they went, the awful reason of the desertion of Weewacken. The news went down to Police Headquarters and after due time a man named Harvey came up to investigate the murder. He was very anxious about the case. The newspapers had been talking about the idiocy of the constables and the fearful, appalling state of lawlessness prevailing along the northern coast. A man had been killed on Hernando Island and they couldn't find out who did it. Another man had been murdered at White Stone Bay and they failed to bring the murderer to justice and there was talk that a Swede at Topaz Harbor and a Salvation Army man at Loughborough Inlet had disappeared under strong suspicion of foul play and also that several Indians were "mamaloused," so no wonder he felt that he must investigate this affair very thoroughly.

He questioned the Indians, and they all hid. Jim took to the woods and Harvey could not catch him, but he had learned that Bones with a sloop laden with whiskey had been the primary cause of all this woe. He determined to arrest him for selling liquor to Indians, and return to Vancouver with one prisoner at least. He traced him to Sam Ramsay's camp whither Bones had returned, and one evening the little steamer which had been chartered in the interests of justice, or rather the law, steamed into the bay.

The loggers came down to the beach to see what the strange boat wanted. They did not have to wait long. A small boat was lowered and as it neared the shore they recognized the man sitting in the stern. They all knew him personally. He nodded to all he knew, casting a suspicious eye on Bill whose face seemed familiar, but Bones vanished.

Bones knew a thing or two. He sneaked down to the sloop and prepared her for the reception of one of Her Majesty's policemen.

It made him sick to see good whiskey thrown over the side that way; but what was to be done? He comforted himself with a strong hope that he might recover it at low tide the next morning.

Harvey, the argus-eyed, spied the sloop.

"Whose sloop is that?" he asked.

"Mine," one of the men answered.

"Yours?" Harvey inquired. "Where did you get the money to buy a sloop? I ain't got time to talk to you though. Got more important business than the like of you. There's a Siwash killed."

The man felt the sarcasm of his remarks. "Damn old smart Aleck," he said, under his breath.

Harvey walked off and called on Sam Ramsay. "See here," he said to him, "I want to talk to you. Your men have liquor. Bones is round these parts up to his old trade, and for all that fellow's lying, Bones aint sold him the *Mary Ann*. What I want you to tell me, is Bones here?"

"Yes, he's been here off and on for about a month," Sam answered.

"That's all right," the policeman said.

"You see that he's here in the morning, lumtra?" And he tapped him on the shoulder.

Sam sighed.

"Why don't you take him now and be done with it?" he asked.

Harvey laughed.

"That's not my plan," he said.

He was still searching for Jim and heard a rumor of his hiding place so he did not want to be bothered with Bones until he returned in the morning.

Sam escorted him down to the beach and then returned to the cook house. He did not mention Harvey's conversation to Bones. Perhaps, in the kindness of his heart, he thought that he would let Bones enjoy a night's rest undisturbed by the certainty of being taken prisoner. Bones glori- ed in the departure of the constable. "I tell you now," he said, "they don't dare to touch me. They knew I was going on this trip. I took no pains to hide it. I'll bet you five dollars that that there fellow on the *Swan* 'll go back and say he seen no sign of me."

"If he did see you," Ames said, "I'll bet agin' you that he'd twenty-five or fifty dollars of yours in his inside pocket."

Bones subsided but first muttered, "There aint a damn constable in British Columbia that I can't settle in two minutes."

The men looked rather sarcastic, but no one spoke. They all drank.

As the night wore on, one by one the men left the room, some going to their own dirty little shacks, but Bones and some kindred spirits remained until sleep and the whiskey overtook them and they dropped off into boozy slumbers.

Sam looked at them and congratulated himself that his task of jailer was such an easy one. He banged the door and tied up the latch with a bit of hay rope. The door had no lock.

The steamer returned in the morning and Bones was rudely awakened by a heavy hand shaking him by the shoulder.

"What's the matter?" he said and looked up. Then he knew and he tried to collect his scattered senses.

The loggers were much surprised to see Harvey back so soon. They had heard of the trouble at Weewacken. Bones said that he didn't believe in having anything to do with Siwashes.

"What was the row about?" someone asked. "Whiskey," was the laconic reply.

Here was Bones' opportunity for an all-round lie.

"That's what beats me," he said. "Here's men like us has to work like a dogoned mule while some fellow sneaks along, 'cruisin',' he says if you tackle him, and makes his pile a 'sellin' stuff he calls whiskey to the Indians. They don't know no better, makes them crazy for to drink and he makes off and no one knows or cares up here."

Bones heaved a maudlin sigh over the cruel fate of the hard working man and reached for the whiskey bottle.

Harvey took it out of his reach and said to him,

"From what I heard, I judged you were doing a little business in that line yourself." And he gave a meaning laugh.

"Now," said Bones, "you've been a pretty long time round these parts and have you ever caught me doing the like of that?"

"That's all right," Harvey answered; "but you're generally round somewhere near when this kind of thing is going on. Whiskey-dealing's getting too common in these parts, so you just get ready to come along with me."

"There's a mistake somewheres," said Bones.

But he went out with the constable.

"I don't ketch onto this at all," he

continued. "You ain't taking a Siwash's word agin a white man's, surely."

Harvey answered him never a word.

"The only thing I can make out is that it's the *Mary Ann* you've tracked," Bones said; "and see here, I don't like informing on a man, but it's Bill that's been up to the game. I seen him selling the stuff to the Indians. Leastways I accused him of it, but he said they was carrying it away to Tom Jones' camp. Like enough he lied."

"That don't work, Bones," Harvey replied. "It's not a likely yarn, though like as not he's in with you. Which way is he?"

Bones pointed it out to him and they turned in the direction of Bill's cabin.

Sam Ramsay was watching them.

They reached Bill's shack and kicked against the door, which the occupant of the house, disturbed at his morning toilet, threw open and demanded what was wanted.

Harvey answered him and there was silence for a moment. Then Sam Ramsay joined them.

"What's up with Bill?" he asked.

"He's in with Bones?" was the reply.

"That's a lie!" Sam remarked.

Sam was mad. Bill was a friend of his, and a fine worker; when whiskey and like temptations were out of his reach a man he could depend on. He needed him, and he wondered if he couldn't settle with the policeman. "Just step outside for a moment," he said. "I want to talk to you."

They went out, the policeman having constituted Bones guard over Bill. He himself watched over them both as he leaned against a wall and talked to Sam.

Bill did not respect Bones' position.

"This is some of your tomfoolery," he said, "but you don't play no fine tricks on me. I ain't the kind of an ass you generally tackle."

"You'd better shut up," Bones replied. "You're the almightyest liar on the coast and you're known as such. You've been in gaol before now, and like as not will be again. If you want to keep my mouth shut, you'll have to put some money into it, that's all."

Bill stood paralyzed for a moment by his brazen audacity.

"Why, Bones!" he said, with a foolish laugh. Bones laughed too, which snigger was his undoing. It roused the devil in Bill by its mocking devilishness. With one quick bound he was before him, and his hand, horny and strong, was on his throat.

The two men struggled together, but in a moment Bones managed to wrench his hand free and reached for his knife. Before he could drive the blow, Bill had seized it and it was quivering in his own bosom. The sharp prick of the steel, a keen, prodding pain, and then the warm blood oozing out over his flesh was all Bones was conscious of. With a curse for his murderer, he dropped at his feet and lay there, a motionless, sodden heap.

Bill was rather confused at first; then he saw what he had done. He turned and ran out of the cabin, down to the shore and jumped on the boom, leaping from log to log until he reached the sloop which had been moored at the furthest end. Bones had intended going on an expedition to Bute Inlet that very day, and she was ready for a voyage. He hustled on board. With eager hands he loosed the lines that held her and hoisted the sails. Then he seized the heavy oars and tried to hasten her progress:



It seemed a foolish attempt, but in the first horror of his crime all reason forsook him. He must escape, he must escape, was his only thought.

When the constable saw the eager rush of the blood-stained man, he instantly understood what had happened. He gave one look into the cabin and then went down to the shore and shouted to the men on the steamer, "Stop that man! stop him!" But they did not hear. He hurriedly rowed out to the steamer, and Bill Ames could hear the engines starting up again, could hear her approach nearer, nearer; the sound of voices reached him. If he could only get out of the bay and down the strait before they caught him he might hope.

The strong breeze rushing down from the mountain snows was carrying him swiftly on, and the tide was with him, but despair came with his returning senses. How could he hope to escape?

He had no time to look about him, but as he was well into the channel he heard the signal to reverse engines. It startled him. Not a moment too soon had the steamer stopped.

The tide, the merciless tide that wedges its way through the narrow passages on either side of Valdez Island, had caught him, and he, with eyes and ears bent backward, was too much occupied to notice whither the boat had drifted.

Too late he realized his danger and just as he was whirled down the passage from the sight of his pursuers he turned and looked back. They shouted to him but he could not hear. As he waved his hat and passed from view, one of the men said, "There's a damn fool gone to hell!"

In a hell of waters he was. The little sloop was dragged in one direction by the tide, and then, as another current rushed against her, she swayed and staggered, almost capsized by the force of the water.

An island blocked the way in one place and the tide tore through the passage on either side. The water seemed to swell in the middle and be depressed at the sides. There was no sound of surge or tumult, no waves; it flowed like molten metal, and Bill expected to be overturned at this point, for it is the most dangerous place in the Eule-taw Rapids. He made no effort to steer but stood in the stern, a scarcely-breathing statue. One current was carrying the sloop to the left of the island, but another caught her and sucked the vessel down until her deck touched the water, but she righted herself, was drawn back and shot through the other passage like an arrow. Then she staggered on again.

The water was now breaking in whirlpools, and drew her hither and thither. She plunged and tugged and twisted in the churning waters that belched up foam from the depths of the sea. The tide seemed determined to overthrow the sloop, but the opening was in view, and a sudden hope sprang in Bill Ames' heart, and giving the rudder a sudden turn he found himself gliding into a bay where the great *Vancouver* once anchored.

The other day, when Bones left his quarters in a big brick building in Westminster whose windows are most securely barred, he came to Vancouver and stood on the corner of Carrall and Walter Streets.

Under the prison doctor's care, the wound from the knife thrust had healed and left no scar, save on Bones' memory.

But he had lost his cheek, lost his reckless daring of manner and his impudence.

He stood slouchingly in a doorway watching the passers-by, when suddenly his attention was arrested by the sight of a strangely familiar figure. As the man approached he recognized Bill Ames and Bill saw him. They both stared at each other in astonishment.

Bill was the first to speak.

"Come on in and have a drink, Bones," he said. "I reckon we're quits."

KIRKE WESTON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### STATE RECOGNITION OF ART.

To the Editor of The Week :

Dear Sir,—I have carefully read the paper on "The Fine Arts and the University" that appeared on August 3rd, over the signature of J. W. L. Forster, and find it coincides with views I have long entertained with regard to the right of the fine arts to a place in national education. And it seems to me his advocacy for professional recognition of our artists is so reasonable and convincing that it is almost strange it should have remained so long overlooked. Art is indeed almost the only profession disregarded or neglected in the calendar of learned or liberal professions.

There is little marvel in some ways that so many eminent Canadian artists seek recognition and reward in countries where the artist sits in the place of honor amongst men of brilliant parts. I have often been led to regard it as almost a self-sacrifice to love of country for an artist of ability to remain in Canada.

It seems plain the profession needs more national encouragement, and one decided and effectual step towards this would be the admission to a place in the curriculum of the Provincial University of the practical and theoretical subjects relating to fine arts.

Such facilities are needed and, I believe, were they provided in the way suggested by Mr. Forster, they would become popular with the more earnest students of art, and others who seek extended culture by means of our great educational institutions. I hope they will be endorsed and accepted.

It would place Toronto University well in the front with such Universities as those of Paris, Brussels and Antwerp and with the best on our continent.

For a beginning, if it were feasible, I should like very much to see a chair of the fine arts similar to the Slade Professorship in Oxford, so ably filled at present by Mr. Hubert Herkomer.

Our local art schools under the present provincial system, are doing important and useful work, but their scattered efforts only tend to bring into view a more urgent need for a state-fostered faculty for the fine arts in, and with the highest educational institution in the Province.

I fully and heartily endorse the main lines of Mr. Forster's plan, and shall be glad to help it forward in any way I can.

Yours truly,

M. MATTHEWS,

President the Ontario Society of Artists.

Wychwood, August 8th, '94

To the Editor of the Week.

### BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

Sir,—The attention of this society having been drawn to the circumstance that there are several societies in Canada that

have recently adopted the title of "Birkbeck," I am desired by my directors to ask you kindly to state in your columns that we have no agencies or branches whatever either in Canada or elsewhere.

We are led to ask this favour in order to prevent misrepresentation on the part of the public in Canada, where we have many members and depositors who may not naturally suppose that the societies to which I refer are in some way connected with ourselves.

Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT,  
Manager.

29 and 30 Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., 30th July, 1894.

## TOLSTOI AS A VISIONARY.

An admirable translation of Count Tolstoi's latest indictment of civilized society has appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*. Perhaps the moment of publication was not happily chosen. Just as the most daring blow of Anarchism is prompting some unreasoning minds to ill-conceived measures of repression, Tolstoi launches, in a tongue infinitely more powerful than his own as a medium of ideas, a declaration of pure Anarchy. It is not, of course, a plea for violence. Tolstoi's mysticism, expounded in that curious book "The Kingdom of God Within You," is the very negation of all force, whether employed to maintain order or to destroy it. He abhors the knife of Caserio; but he abhors no less the avenging guillotine. Standing at the edge of the gulf which divides orthodox Christianity from the literal construction of the Sermon on the Mount, he inveighs against the whole theory of government, against the teaching, secular and ecclesiastical, which authorises the discipline we call law, and, above all, against the distinctions of race and nationality which keep asunder the peoples who ought to be united in the brotherhood of man. The duty of true Christians, according to Tolstoi, is to offer a passive resistance to the rules which mankind has made for the ordering of its affairs. War is the spirit of Antichrist, and therefore the Christian must refuse to bear arms. If he be dragged to the battlefield, he must refuse to fire upon the so-called enemy. He has no enemies, no country, no race. If he be a Russian, why should he hate the Germans, or become specially and exclusively enamored of the French? Against the *entente cordiale* between France and Russia, which he regards as a stimulus to the worst passions, Tolstoi directs his heaviest artillery. His description of the Franco-Russian *festes* is a remarkable piece of mordant satire. The banquets, the speeches, are orgies of drunkenness and senseless verbiage. That civilized beings should express their emotions by drinking patriotic toasts is to Tolstoi a proof of their insanity. He holds them responsible for the lives lost in the pressure of enormous crowds; he fastens on every accident, indeed, as one of their crimes; and he classes them with the delirious girl who, having draped her body with the French and Russian flags, threw herself into the Seine. Mixed with this extravagance are shrewd hints of the incongruity of democratic ideals in France with the inflexible autocracy in Russia; but the chief burden of the strain is that the patriot is either a criminal or a fool, that till his eyes are opened to the absurdity of racial differences and national boundaries he cannot be a Christian; that statesmanship, diplomacy,

all the arts by which men allow themselves to be governed, are the devices of selfishness; that many people are really conscious of all this but are afraid to speak their minds; and that when they muster courage, a real public opinion, embracing the civilized world, will break down the barriers artfully contrived by besotted rulers, and erect the great pillar of human brotherhood on the ruins of all the "ocracies."

That this is pure Anarchy needs no sort of demonstration. It has a literary and psychological interest because Tolstoi is a great writer and because the processes of a highly conscientious mind which imagines that the letting loose of devils will strangle the dogs of war, and establish the reign of pure religion, are of considerable value to the student. In his impetuous desire to clear the world of useless and mischievous conventions, Tolstoi is quite unconscious of his own blindness to essential facts. There is no greater delusion than that you can eliminate physical force by passive resistance. There can be no such thing as passive resistance on the scale which Tolstoi contemplates. By an immutable principle of action the very revolution which is to destroy violence must breed it. Who but a mystic can conceive the dissolution of every semblance of law without a war against its natural guardians? "The hatred and animosity between nations and peoples, fanned by their Governments, would cease; the extolling of military heroism—that is of murder—would be at an end; and what is of most importance,—respect for authorities, abandonment to them of the fruits of one's labour, and subordination to them—would cease, since there is no other reason for them but patriotism." This is the theoretical Anarchist's ideal of a commonwealth in which law, police, and the punishment of anti-social offences are to be made needless by an individual quietism which injures nobody, an altruism which is capable of every sacrifice, a liberty which never trenches upon licence, and a universal genius for doing the right thing. All these blessings of which human experience has given us no inkling, would be ours if we would only get rid of patriotism. That it is not patriotic feeling simply that makes us amenable to taxation, Tolstoi might learn by studying certain proceedings in the House of Commons. The instinct of the citizen for the decent administration of public business, parochial or national, has nothing to do with his attachment to a particular country. Living under a *regime* which is ignorant, arbitrary, and brutal, Tolstoi cannot be persuaded that the ordinary mechanism of life demands the co-operation of the social elements under an authoritative direction. Having no tolerance for the average instincts, seeing in the love of music the prelude to debauchery, and in marriage only the perpetuation of the animal, he is not likely to have a clear comprehension of the vast and complex forces which control the social organism. What does the Russian peasant care, he asks, for the webs of diplomacy? But it is idle to tell us that the Russian peasant was insensible to the racial and religious impulse which sustained the Russian arms against Turkey in 1877. It was to no tradition of bureaucracy that Kossuth appealed in 1848. It was no unwilling conscription which marched the German hosts to the defence of the Rhine in 1870. It was not to oblige hereditary despots that the Sansculottes fought at Valmy. Patriotism, narrow as its horizon may often be, is no mere affair

of skilfully organized routine, such as the enthusiasm of a regiment for the Czar Alexander II. on an occasion described by Tolstoi, when the soldiers were carefully instructed to run after the Imperial carriage crossing themselves all the way. The man who cannot believe that any spontaneous and praiseworthy emotion is generated by the military has himself described war with a vivid insight never surpassed in literature. Who that has read Tolstoi's marvellous description of the defence of Sebastopol can deny to the simple soldier an integrity unmixed with baser metal? Nations are led, no doubt, into strange excesses by the follies of patriotic excitement; but at bottom where is the deception of such sentiments as we transcribe from Francois Coppee, whom no one will excuse of a bias in favor of officialism? "Car malgre tant de rabachages philanthropiques, il y a autre chose dans la guerre que le massacre, le pillage, le viol, et l'incendie. Il y a les plus hautes vertus, l'esprit de sacrifice et le niepris de la mort. Et il n'est pas inutile de rappeler ces verites elementaires dans un temps ou beaucoup d'honnetes gens s'imaginent qu'il suffit pour etre un bon citoyen, de payer ses impots, et de desposer de temps en temps un bulletin de vote dans une tirelire."

The habit of mind which turns every folly of human nature into an unpardonable crime, and at the same time affirms that human nature can be radically regenerated if every citizen will speak his mind freely, and base his resistance to constituted authority, whether elective or absolutist, on the principles of real Christianity, is peculiar to the visionary. He wants a brotherhood without order, a federation of the world pledged to chaos. His theory of evil is, that if left to itself, it will get tired, and turn into virtue. In "The Kingdom of God Within You," Tolstoi admits that the withdrawal of all punitive control from the vicious would expose us to a carnival of horrors. But he gravely contends that after a time would come a satiety of plunder, lust, and murder, and then the millennium would really begin. To call this truth, to deduce it as a religion from the Sermon on the Mount, to expound it with a literary gift of the highest order, and sincerity beyond dispute, is an achievement before which the wildest fantasies of mediæval zealots grow commonplace. "La verite," says Renan, with his piercing irony, "n'est pas faite pour l'homme passionne. Elle se reserve aux esprits qui cherchent sans parti pris." To most of us this is a counsel of perfection; but who save the great Russian mystic could have evolved a "parti pris" so stupendous as this conception of Anarchy?—*From the Speaker.*

#### INDIAN "SUN-DANCING" IN CANADA.

Guided by an intelligent half-breed, who trades with the Indians, a visit was made the other day by a representative of the Pilot Mound (Man.) *Sentinel* to the Swan Lake reserve, where a great sun-dance was in progress. The strange solemnity has been practised by all the Indian tribes of the British and American North-West. The principal object is that of discovering to what extent those who desire to become braves can endure hardship, fatigue, hunger and pain. No doubt indifference to suffering was a useful quality if possessed by Indian warriors in the days when the taking of scalps was a common employment and then those who, at the

sun-dance, showed to the greatest extent the character and ability required for the accomplishment of difficult and laborious undertakings were highly honoured and distinguished. Now, when war has ceased, the ceremonies of the sun-dance have lost their value and significance, but the remnants of the ancient race still cling to the old custom, although now only a shadow of what existed in former days.

After a long drive amongst the wooded hills which partly encircle the lake, a more level district was reached where the trees stood in groves with intervals of prairie between. Hawthorns and other flowering trees were in bloom, and numerous birds made their presence known from the thickets by the songs which floated on the pleasant summer air. On approaching the camping ground of the Indians many horses were noticed enjoying the excellent pasture of the prairies or resting in the shade of the quivering aspens. Carts, waggons and other conveyances stood here and there amongst the tents, for Indians had arrived from Portage la Prairie, Turtle Mountain and Rosseau River. There were 16 lodges, and the number of Indians assembled of both sexes must have been nearly 200. A large structure had been erected of poles, somewhat resembling a circus tent, but without the canvas covering, round the outside there was a wall made of green branches closely placed together. Many red and white flags of a true Indian character waved in the breeze, and from the main centre post, which supported the structure, a number of ropes were suspended which had been used for an exceedingly barbarous purpose. Before our arrival seven persons had submitted to be tortured by having pieces of pointed wood passed through where incisions had been made in the muscles of the breast; to the sticks the ropes were attached and the candidates for this strange honour threw themselves back until their weight was on the cord, and the skin of the breast was drawn out from the body about 12 inches; here the miserable creature swung to and fro for about 20 minutes and were then removed. In addition to this cruel practice some individuals submitted to have their little fingers cut off as a further proof of indifference to suffering. The actors in this strange tragedy had been fasting for two days, and the condition of the body in consequence of lack of food is supposed to lessen danger from inflammation that might, under other circumstances, cause such treatment to prove fatal. A less horrible method of exhibiting power of endurance is the dancing. About a dozen persons stood behind a wall of branches about breast-high that formed a section of a circle inside the outer wall of the enclosure. Each had in his mouth a bone whistle which he continued to blow constantly, keeping time by the sound of a large drum that was beaten by a number of Indians, who squatted on the ground in a circle round the drum. No attempt was made to vary the sound. The action of the dancers was simply an up and down movement caused by the bending of the knee joints. As the whistles were held by the lips only, and were not touched with the hands, the performers were forced to hold their heads back in a steady and stiff attitude. As the dancing had been continued for two days without the actors taking either food or drink or leaving their places, the ceremony must have been exhausting. Chief Yellow Quill acted as master of the ceremonies, and at intervals an enormous pipe was car-

ried round the circle, and each dancer was given a smoke by way of refreshment. Among the dancers were two squaws who seemed to be as eager to distinguish themselves as were the others. All had their faces painted with some red substance, which appeared in spots on the cheeks, the forehead, and sometimes on the chin. Sitting on the ground in one corner was a squaw, said to be at least 90 years of age. This strange specimen of humanity seemed to be taking as much interest in the proceedings as she had experienced in bygone years, when human scalps decorated the wild warriors of the plains, and savage rites had an earnestness and a reality not possessed now. The strange creature looked as if she had been brought from the regions of the dead and reanimated for the occasion. One much-excited savage seemed to be offended by the presence and curiosity of strangers, and leaping into the ring, he made a speech in which he seemed to give expression to his indignation, the appearance of his face at the same time being anything but agreeable. The whole performance was wild, weird, striking and barbarous, something that it was only necessary to see once.

### NEGRO MUSIC AND FOLK LORE.

In the *Telegraph* (Philadelphia) of July 21, is an article in which it is stated that Professor D'vorak had contributed to the *Sun* a paper in which he makes the statement that there are no original negro melodies in the South, and no original stories of folk lore, giving the credit for such to white people.

Whether the publication in the *Telegraph* does the professor justice or not I cannot say, but as it there appears it is certainly not borne out by the facts in one of these departments, "Folk Lore." Not being a gifted musician, I am not able to analyze the weird melodies of the negroes, and tell from what old masters they may have been compiled. It may be true that many of the most popular airs came from such sources, but it is certainly true that in Africa these people often sing and dance half of the night.

For three and one-half years I lived among them, and came in contact with representatives of many tribes, and without exception I found that they all sing and dance a great deal. Moreover the song is ever suited to the occasion. The oarsman at sea has a different note and measure from the canoeman on the river, and the canoeman's song varies its time with the rapidity of the current against which he pulls. One of the most remarkable productions of vocal music I ever heard was sung by eleven stalwart canoemen as they pulled me over the falls of a strong river. The song quickened as we neared the strongest sluice, and the paddles were played with quicker and quicker stroke, until it became a rapid, whizzing sound, blending with the swift whiz of the paddles through air and water, until at the very hardest pull, when the paddles flew with incredible speed that carried us over 4 feet in three minutes, so terrific was the struggle of muscle versus torrent's rush. Then as they got breath enough, the song began just where it was left off, and gradually flowed out into smooth, slower measure, in perfect harmony with the paddling in smoother water.

I have also heard the dirge songs over their dead, and if any civilized composer ever wove these into note I never have been

treated to any sound thereof from string or pipe. So much for music, which I make no attempt to treat, save as a witness of its cruder forms. But to say the negroes have no "folk lore" is certainly wide of the mark. Being a Southern man and accustomed to the stories of "Bre'r Rabbit" from childhood, I experienced no little delight when I found Mr. Harris had made "Uncle Remus" tell them in book form. The first volume of these stories happened to fall into my hands just as I was returning to Africa in 1881, and I determined to investigate this matter of folk lore somewhat among the Africans at home.

The fact that I had some thirty-six different tribes represented in our schools gave me more than ordinary opportunity to do this. I gave it out in all the schools that I wanted the children to write me all stories as they had heard them. The results were beyond my expectation, for I found some of these stories carried in them very deep studies in the emotions and life of the human heart, even grappling the immortality of the soul. I think it can be proved that almost all of Uncle Remus' stories are translations from African environment to that of America. "Bre'r Rabbit," for instance, was the nearest approach to "Nar" the negro could find on this side of the Atlantic. "Nar" is the smallest, smartest, perhaps swiftest of the deer species, is not much larger than a cat, as graceful as an Italian greyhound, watchful as one can conceive and runs like the wind.

He it is that gets into close places, and always gets out, plays pranks on the sober and more clumsy animals, gives wisest advice in general counsel, which is rarely taken; but the animal creation pays severely whenever it neglects "Nar's" counsel. Elephants, lions, bush cows, leopards, eagles, monkeys, deer of larger species and even whales of the deep would have found it to their interest to have heeded "Nar." I suppose when the negro landed in America Bre'r Rabbit was the nearest he could come to matching "Nar," and so we have what "Uncle Remus" tells us.

I do not hesitate to say, and I have now about 100 MSS. written by Africans in their native land, that the native Africans are extremely rich in folk lore, very rare, delicate and discriminating in its wonderful analysis of the nature and passions of the human heart.

When these specimens of African folk lore came into my possession my first impulse was to publish them, but as I began to study them with the primary view of getting at the inside of the African's mode of thought, it began to dawn upon me that these settings carried in them truths much more profound than one at first dreamed, and that to do them or the people who formed and loved them justice required much more intimate knowledge of animal life and deeper, keener penetration into the subtle wisdom oftentimes wrapped in an expression than I possessed, and so these MSS. are still unpublished, for I don't want to add another caricature to the people already cruelly caricatured and misrepresented until it would be hard to get a pure study of the real man of Africa.—C. C. P. Penick, formerly Bishop of Cape Palmas, *W. A. Sun*.

The pictures drawn in our minds are laid on in fading colors, and if not sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear.—Locke.

### ART NOTES.

The monument to be erected at Via Regio to the poet Shelley, near where his body was washed up by the waves and cremated 72 years ago, will consist of a statue by Duchesi, on a fitting pedestal, and it will be unveiled some time in August.

A monument to John Brown on the site of the old fort wherein he took refuge at Harper's Ferry is an early possibility. Capt. Chambers, an old and respected citizen at that place, has set about getting subscriptions and already has secured promises of \$15,000 for the monument.

At last the Louvre has a Turner. The great ideal painting, "Ancient Italy," was bought by the French Government, the other day, for \$40,000. It was painted in 1838, the year before "The Fighting Temeraire," and thus at the height of Turner's magnificent genius.

Mr. Joseph Pennell, who has been spending the summer in Spain, has entirely rewritten his work on "Pen-and-Ink Drawing," and added a number of illustrations to it, making it virtually a new book. It will be published by Macmillan & Co. in the fall—not in the size of the first edition, which was a rather awkward folio, but in the large quarto style, which is much more agreeable for reading.

The seventh number of the new issue of *The Portfolio* contains a monograph on "Fair Women," by William Sharp, the illustrations to which are chosen mainly from the works of English painters, and are, many of them, portraits of women more famous in other ways than for their personal beauty. The list includes, however, Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Snake in the Grass," G. F. Watts's portrait of Mrs. Langtry, George Romney's "Lady Hamilton as Ariadne" and a "Portrait of a Lady," by Bernardino Luini. These are all full-page plates. In the text appear examples of Jan Vermeer of Delft, Rossetti, Piero della Francesca, L. Alma-Tadema and other painters.

A brother of M. Casimir-Perier, the new President of France, once wanted to buy one of Corot's pictures. The painter let him have it on condition that he "pay the butcher and baker bills of my friend Millet." Casimir-Perier accepted the condition; but when he came to pay, he found that Millet had lived on credit for twelve years and the bills amounted to twenty-two thousand and twenty-four thousand francs, respectively. He paid the total—more than nine thousand dollars—and though the picture was worth only about fifteen hundred francs at the time, the bargain was a good one, for the picture—"Biblis" (Nymphs in the Forest at Sundown)—is now worth fully thirty thousand dollars.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Paderewski opens his London season November 22, and begins his next American season at the Metropolitan Opera House December 27, and will play his "Polish Fantasie," for piano and orchestra, for the first time in the United States. Mr. Walter Damrosch and his orchestra will accompany Mr. Paderewski. Paderewski will then leave immediately for the West, play in San Francisco and Western cities, and will not return to New York until the end of March. This is a complete change from the original programme.

It may be that music will become a universal language when the majority will cease to regard that art solely as a means to tickle the ear or to set the foot in motion; when men will study musical science, and thus see analogies between great musicians and other great thinkers—between Dante and Bach, Shakespeare and Beethoven—high-priests whose sublime hymns shook the intellectual world with its medieval lethargy. Then, perhaps, instead of being thought a frivolous amusement, this language will be valued as the highest metaphysical manifestation of mankind.

O Chopin, immortal poet! how few hear thy ecstatic songs! how few soar upon the wings of thy ineffable harmonies into the heavenly spheres born of thy dreams!—Louis Lombard, in the *American Art Journal*.

The Chinese have some extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to their queer notions the Creator of the Universe hid eight sounds in the earth for the express purpose of compelling man to find them out.

According to the Celestial idea the eight primitive sounds are hidden in stones, silks, woods of various kinds, the bamboo plant, pumpkins, in the skins of animals, in certain earths, and in the air itself. Any one who has ever had the pleasure (?) of seeing and listening to a Chinese orchestra, will remember that their musical instruments were made of all these materials except the last, and that the combined efforts of the other seven seemed better calculated to drive the ethereal sound away than to coax it from the air, which is really the object of all Chinese musical efforts. When the band plays, the naive credulity of the people, both old and young, hears in the thuds of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes the tones of the eternal sounds of Nature that were originally deposited in the various animate and inanimate objects by the all-wise Father.

The *London Globe* brings forward, among other musical anecdotes, the following story of a "musical dinner service, the first set of which is said to have been recently presented to a German lady on her marriage. Each of these plates, so we read, has a musical box concealed in its interior, playing tunes suitable to that stage of the repast for which they are used. Thus, the soup plates are furnished with marches, while those for dessert gave forth gay and cheerful melodies attuned to the spirit of exhilaration which by that time is supposed to animate the guests." The music thus provided would be of a quieter type than that of a military band. Douglas Jerrold, who was fond of talking and of being listened to, consequently hardly in a position to offer an unbiased opinion, declared he hated to dine amidst the strains of a military band; he could taste the brass in his soup. The story of the musical dinner does not sound like a novelty, and many curious tricks have been contrived by means of musical boxes. As regards details, the story, for which, says the *Globe*, a Berlin paper is answerable, is obviously at fault. Plates large enough to conceal musical boxes of a size capable of producing such a selection, would be too ponderous for the dinner table. Then, are we to assume all the plates play the same pieces at the same time or alternately? Of course they would be tuned to the same pitch, the French pitch being surely the only one recognized by those who delight in artistic cookery.

The idea of accompanying dinner with music is not new, says the *Musical News*, and a mechanical contrivance such as that suggested above does not justify any artistic pride. We aim at what is luxurious and *recherche*, but in spite of our glory in the advantages of the nineteenth century, it may be doubted if the rich people who lived four or five centuries ago, did not in some respects know how to enjoy life better than the rich of to-day.

From the various pictorial representations which have come down to us, it would appear to have been a common thing in the Middle Ages to accompany a dinner with music. The following passage from the "Cronica del Conde Don Pedro Nino," written in the fourteenth century, gives a delightful view of the contemporary customs:—"As long as the dinner lasted, he who was a good talker, and knew how to be honest and modest, spoke with all his cunning both of love and arms. And he was sure of finding a ready ear and a quick tongue to reply. Nor were there wanting *jongleurs*, who played on pleasing instruments. When the Benedicite had been said and the cloths removed, the minstrels came, and the hostess danced with Pedro Nino, and each of the knights with a lady; this lasted about an hour."

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE UNIVERSAL NAME, or One Hundred Songs to Mary. Selected and arranged by Mrs. E. Vale Blake. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.

Why the songs addressed to, or in which the name "Mary" appears, should be collected and printed in a volume we cannot understand. It is certainly not a literary, nor from any other point of view, a praiseworthy achievement. However, here they are—good, bad and indifferent; and too, we observe, that the text of some of the best are altered from the originals—verses omitted and some lines altered. This is unpardonable.

REPORT ON NORTH-WESTERN MANITOBA. By J. B. Tyrrell, M.A., B.Sc., F.G.S. Ottawa: Printed by S. C. Dawson, Queen's Printer. 1892.

This is not only a valuable, but a most interesting and instructive book, and should have a wide circulation both in Canada and in Great Britain. It is a report to the Geological Survey of Canada by Mr. Tyrrell on Northwestern Manitoba and portions of the adjacent districts of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, accompanied by two copies of a map on the scale of eight miles to one inch, one showing the geology of the region, and the other the distribution and character of the forests. Some excellent photographs adorn the volume.

THE STATISTICAL YEAR-BOOK OF CANADA FOR 1893. Issued by the Department of Agriculture. Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau. 1894.

Mr. George Johnson, F.S.S., the Dominion statistician, is to be congratulated on the many improvements and enlargements noticeable in the Year-book for 1893. It is a much more complete publication this year than formerly, the whole work having been remodelled and a large number of new features added. It is divided into two parts, the Record and the Abstract; the former containing historical matter, the latter a digest of the Blue-books issued by the several departments. There is a statistical summary of Dominion matters from Confederation to date, folded into the front of the volume, that is of great value. The census returns have been made to yield a vast deal of interesting information and it has been put in convenient form for reference. The last pages contain a short report of the sessions of the

Colonial Conference, and even a sketch of the Liberal Convention of June last is given a place. The whole makes a very valuable handbook for the student of Canadian affairs.

PERIODICALS.

The July issue of *The Edinburgh Review* is replete with able and scholarly articles, including "Lives of Dr. Pusey and Dean Stanley"; "Old Dorsey"; "Memoirs of an Internuncio"; "The Verdict of the Monuments"; "Marcella" and half a dozen others.

The August issue of the *Magazine of Poetry* contains possibly some pretty verses as distinct from "poetry," but our appreciation of even these is for the most part modified by the unconscious mockery contained in the introductions. As an example of this we quote: "His family, though not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, was notable for strong intellect and high ideals. . . . As a poet, Mr. O'Connor is destined to enduring fame. There is a loftiness, a truth and a glory in his words that cannot die." In reference to Alexander Macaulay we find the following: "At school he was noted for his scholarly mathematical productions and also excelled in algebra." All this, we need hardly observe, is very interesting, but why is this journal called the *Magazine of Poetry*?

S. C. Griggs opens the August number of *Music* with a paper on the "Metropolitan College of Music." Edward Dickinson discusses "The Problem of Church Music," and concludes with these forcible words: "It is surely worth the care of the churches to search it out and enforce it rigidly and consistently, that they may be no longer deceived and corrupted by those strains which, however good in their proper sphere, enter the sanctuary only for sacrilege." Professor Waldo S. Pratt's address, delivered at Cornell University, appears in this issue under the title of "Music as a University Study." Giovanni Terballdini contributes a second article on "Guonod as an Author of Sacred Music." There is much more of interest in this number than space will permit us to mention.

Robert Louis Stevenson opens the current issue of *The Idler* with an account of "My First Book." Very many readers of all ages and of both sexes will be glad to find out how and why "Treasure Island" was written. Anthony Hope follows with a particularly well written and amusing short story called "Promising"—the irony suggested in this title is apparently perennial. "Killarney's Lakes and Dells" are discussed with some degree of humour by no less a person than The Victim. Justin Amos is the author of a curious contribution on "The Real Treasure Island Mutiny." "Hopkin's Safe" is a good story from the pen of W. L. Alden. Amongst other good things in this issue we would call attention to "The Doctor of the Southern Cross," by Harry Lander and "A Worldly Young Woman," by G. K. S.

The Rev. Walter Walsh opens the August *Westminster* with a paper entitled "Religion and Reform." "The Genius of Christianity," says Mr. Walsh, "is for reform as distinguished from revolution. Without being an Anarchist it is an innovator seeking to accomplish by persuasion and peaceful evolution that which the revolutionary would snatch prematurely and by force of arms." W. L. Stobart is the author of "A Plea for Peace." D. F. Hannigan writes a paper, at once sensible and narrow, on "Mr. Swinburne as a Critic." "Men and Marriage" is the title of a paper by W. J. K. W. J. Corbet writes a thoughtful article on that terrible subject so often blindly and even flippantly discussed, "How Insanity is Propagated." Every reader of this issue should notice the brief sketch by Elizabeth Mercer on "Carlyle and the 'Blumine' of Sartor Resartus." Amongst other papers of interest we must mention that of Thomas Bradfield on "The Romances of Nathaniel Hawthorne."

*The Chap-Book* for August commences with two poems entitled, "The Enchanted City," by George Frederick Munn, and "The Night



Rain," by J. Russell Taylor. We quote a verse from the latter, the sound of which at least is suggestive:

I remembered that I had dreamed  
Of a harvest-field tangled with tares;  
And the drip of the dark rain seemed  
A stealthy foot on the stairs;  
And I thought, it is death steals up,  
To catch me unawares.

Charles T. Copeland contributes a readable paper on "A Shelf of Stevenson." "The Woman of Three Sorrows," by Josephine Preston Peabody, is a curious poem, unquestionably something beyond the ordinary metrical exercise to which we so lightly attach the name, "poem." Percival Pollard is the author of an interesting sketch entitled "The Dream of a Failure." This issue of the semi-monthly is a very fair one.

The *Scottish Review* for July is a particularly good issue. J. Balfour Paul commences with a paper of historical interest entitled, "Edinburgh in 1629." "Mr. Ruskin as a Practical Teacher," is the name of a contribution from the pen of Mr. Kaufmann. Speaking of Mr. Ruskin he says: "For the pursuit of high aims and a noble purpose in life, he has helped as few have done in this practical age, in transforming the common into the Divine, by the force of commanding genius, the rhythmical cadence of his inimitable word music itself becoming symbolical of the chief endeavour of his life and work to resolve the discordant tones of modern life into something approaching to harmonious unity." T. Pilkington White contributes his third article on "Some Aspects of the Modern Scot," while William O'Connor Morris gives us an interesting study of Moltke. Amongst other papers of interest we would call our reader's attention to an article by William Wallace, entitled "A Journalist in Literature."

There are two articles which make the August *Fortnightly Review* a most noteworthy number: "The Gold Standard," by Mr. Brooks Adams, and "Hamlet and Don Quixote," by Ivan Tourgenieff. Though apparently appealing to two very different classes of men, we believe that these papers will be read with great interest and profit by both. Mr. Adams' paper is remarkable, and bound to receive marked attention. He argues strongly against the monopoly of gold, and maintains that though bimetalism may not guarantee the future of the world, it would probably save this generation from disaster. In his fine study of Hamlet and Don Quixote, Tourgenieff shows how Quixote expresses faith first of all, faith in something eternal, immovable, in truth which is outside the individual man. Hamlet expresses, on the other hand, introspection, egotism and consequent unfaith. Mistrusting all, Hamlet necessarily mistrusts himself also. We see in these two great characters the two fundamental tendencies of man's soul. A "Visit to Corea," by A. H. Savage-Landor, is a timely and bright article, whilst that on "Musical Criticism and the Critics," by Mr. Runciman is full of snap and vivacity. The six remaining articles include the already widely-noticed paper on "Bookbinding; its processes and ideal," by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson; a breezy sketch of the American sports-woman by Miss Bamey, and a brilliant trio of writers tell us where we ought to spend a holiday.

The *Contemporary Review* for August has ten articles, and most of them are of decided interest even to readers in Canada. Lord Farrer discusses Sir William Harcourt's Budget. He says it is bold and it is popular, and has raised the credit of the Ministry and the reputation of Sir William. Lord Farrer ventures to think that the Budget will rank with the great efforts of Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone. That great favourite, Mr. Andrew Lang writes of the Witch of Endor and Professor Huxley. The Witch fares well at his hands, and the Professor is discomfited. Mr. Lang considers that the belief in the existence of beings analogous to men in intelligence and will, but more or less devoid of corporeal qualities, has such a lacking of anthropological evidence that it cannot be dismissed without elaborate and patient enquiry—which it has never yet

received. Mr. Robert Donald wants to know why we should not have municipal pawnshops—He thinks he shows that the control of pawnshops in the interest of the community would be a legitimate, sound, safe, and profitable extension of collectivism. The federation of the English-speaking people forms the subject of Mr. James Milne. It is a talk with the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, K.C.B. Sir George has no doubt but that federation will come and that the American Republic will be the crowning stone of the whole edifice. Mr. W. M. Conway's *Alpine Journal* is most interesting, especially to those lucky people who have some knowledge of the Alps. An article on the art of the novelist of the late Amelia B. Edwards, whose name at once suggests Egypt and things Egyptian—is one of the most attractive features of this number of *The Contemporary*. The writer shows that the art of the novelist has been based on the simple creed of striving after ideal good, for that beauty which is truth and that truth which is beauty. The didactic novelist is intolerable, she says; and Thackeray, in her opinion, is the greatest master of fiction the world has ever seen. Mrs. Barnett contributes a practical article on the Home or the Barrack for the children of he state, and R. Wallaschek tells us how we think of tones and music. A vigorous paper is that on the Policy of Labour by Mrs. Clem. Edwards. The American publishers star this contribution, and it will doubtless be widely read both here and in the United States. The policy of labour as indicated by Mr. Edwards is to get lots of labourers into the House of Commons. When this is accomplished everything will be lovely of course. The author of the Policy of the Pope concludes the number by a paper on Intellectual Liberty and Contemporary Catholicism. He means, of course, Roman Catholicism. The paper is of considerable significance and shows how intelligent Roman Catholics are at war with some of the church's pet dogmas, especially those about the Pope and his infallibility.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The war correspondent, Frederick Villiers, and the special correspondent, Julian Ralph, are both hurrying to the Orient to study the Japanese-Chinese war.

Dr. George Stewart, of the *Quebec Chronicle*, and family, have been visiting their many friends down by the sea. The Maritime Provinces have been fortunate this year in their visitors.

Miss Fawcett, the English woman whose brilliant success as a mathematician made a sensation several years ago, has begun work as a civil engineer. No doubt women will soon be building railroads.

An American paper announces the interesting fact that Mr. Goldwin Smith has in hand a criticism of W. T. Stead's book, "If Christ Came to Chicago," which will be issued soon in one of the English reviews.

Rev. Geo. Patterson, D.D., of New Glasgow, returned from Sable Island in the steamer *Newfield* on her last trip, having gone down to the island to take observations and gather materials for use in a paper which he is preparing in connection with that interesting place. Dr. Patterson's name is familiar to all the readers of THE WEEK.

Charles Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," which many of his admirers consider his greatest work, and which Mr. Lang calls "one of the three greatest novels of modern literature," will be published in two volumes by Dodd, Mead & Co., with illustrations by Edmund H. Garret and designs by George Wharton Edwards. The library edition of the book will be a small 16mo.

There will be a large-paper limited edition of 100 copies, with both text and illustrations on Japan paper.

In the way of reprints, Dodd, Mead & Co. have had a happy thought, which is to bring out Mrs. Trollope's famous "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in two small volumes, with twenty-four illustrations from contemporary drawings reproduced from the first edition of 1832, and with an introductory note by Prof. Harry Thurston Peck of Columbia College. Everybody has heard of Mrs. Trollope's famous volume, and it is always quoted as a shining example of malicious representation; but few people have ever read the book in its entirety: they will now have an opportunity. The statements which annoyed our ancestors will only amuse us, and Mrs. Trollope's book is likely to find a large audience among Americans of to-day.

Mr. Beresford-Hope has sold the *Saturday Review*, which has been almost forty years in the Hope family. Walter Pollock retires from the editorship. The purchaser of the *Saturday Review* is L. H. Edmunds, a barrister, who will edit it himself, and who will not change its policy. The *Saturday Review* was founded in November, 1855, and has always maintained a leading position for its fearless criticisms on all political, literary and social topics. Among its contributors in days gone by have been Lord Salisbury, then Lord Robt. Cecil, Prof. Goldwin Smith, and Prof. Clark, of Trinity University. Mr. Pollock, the editor who now retires, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and after being on the staff for some years became editor in 1883. He is noted as a poet and one of the most expert swordsmen in England.

The current number of *Once a Week* (New York) publishes a picture of Wolfe's sword, together with a portrait of its former possessor, Lieut. Col. A. R. Dunn, V.C., who so highly distinguished himself in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. "It seemed likely at first," says the editor, "that the weapon which played so important a part in the history of Canada and Great Britain would pass into the hands of strangers, as a well-known New York collector is said to have made an offer for it to the dealers who had the disposal of it. But thanks to the patriotic efforts of Mr. Henry J. Morgan, a Canadian purchaser was found who secured the historic relic, together with the decorations of Col. Dunn. These interesting objects will be placed in the Library of Parliament of Ottawa, where visitors may see them at any time." The American applicant for Wolfe's sword is said to have been Mr. Walter Romeyn Beaman, the well-known autograph collector of New York.

News of the death at Stamford, on the 27th July, of Miss Louisa Murray, has reached us. As one of our earliest and most valued contributors, THE WEEK mourns the loss of this most estimable lady. She was one of that band of large-hearted and cultivated writers who have laid on such firm foundation the literature of Canada; giving their best, their genius, their high principle, their time and strength, without stint and without return, to the welfare of the country of their adoption. The readers among us will not fail to remember the charming stories and graceful essays Miss Murray contributed throughout the whole of a long life to the periodical literature of Canada. We



may particularly mention among her essays "Basil Plants and Pansies," "Heavysege's 'Saul,'" and "Henrich Young Stilling," and of her stories "Little Dorinn" and "Marguerite Kneller," which were contributed to the earlier volumes of the *Canadian Monthly*. THE WEEK has been enriched several times by her pen, and we hope to give shortly a sketch of her life from the pen of one who knew her well and long.

Mr. Arthur Waugh in the *Critic* says:—Mr William Watson has written a new national anthem, and the *Daily Chronicle* has printed it with the pendant of a laudatory leaderette. It may be that there is need for a new national anthem: the radical in our midst is always discovering some void which he must hasten to fill. Most of us, however, will be satisfied with the old familiar verses, despite their quaint absurdities about "counfounding politics" and "frustrating knavish tricks," which are surely the more congenial for their unfitness. Very few, I think, will take kindly to Mr. Watson's substitute. For one thing he has adopted the old metre, and his achievement in it serves to show that the old ballad is by no means so ineffective after all.

"God save our ancient land,  
God bless our noble land,  
God save our land!  
Yea, from War's pangs and fears,  
Plague's tooth and Famine's tears,  
Ev'n unto latest years,  
God save our land!  
God gives us clearer eyes!  
Power sickens, Glory dies;  
Truth, Wisdom stand.  
These, though their steps be slow,  
Once coming, cannot go.  
God haste their reign below,  
God save our land!"

I do not know what the politician may think of the sentiment, but the critic will perhaps confess that the utterance is scarcely inspiring. "Ev'n unto latest years" is a tolerably poor line, but surely "Once coming, cannot go" is grievous. The old was better.

The seventh annual report of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, which we are sorry not to have been able to notice earlier, shows a very satisfactory state of things. There is no falling off in the earnestness and energy that has characterized the Society ever since its inception under the Presidency, which we are glad to see continued, of Rev. Canon Ball.

Not only are the annual celebrations occasions of lively interest by reason of the notable men and women who yearly contribute valuable speeches or papers to the open-air programme, but the amount of research into Canadian history—particularly that connected with the War of 1812-15—prepared for, and published by this Society, has become a matter for congratulation, not indeed to the Society alone, to which it has been a question of considerable expense, but to Canadians in general.

We notice that a third edition of Capt. Cruikshank's "Battle of Lundy's Lane" has been called for, a sufficient testimony to its high value. The cover of the new edition is graced by a cut of the Lundy's Lane New Observatory, a splendid erection, and we are pleased to learn that the museum of ancient and historical relics gathered from the neighborhood is being added to by gifts from friends of the Society in other parts.

It is satisfactory to learn that the question of a national monument, and also of

one to the memory of Laura Secord, to be erected on the historic field of Lundy's Lane, is still before the Society, and has lately received a new impetus from the visit of Miss Fitzgibbon, the author of the recently published work "A Veteran of 1812," and Mr. Oliver Howland, M.P.P. for South Toronto, both of whom were present at the celebration just past.

The membership of this Society ought to be very large, the fee (\$1.00) being so small and the returns, all its published material, so great.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

NINETY-FOUR.

London *Truth* thinks that the year of grace 1894 is a flat, all-around failure:

Season of Ninety-four, good-bye!  
For you are dead of inanition,  
Nor can you wonder if we cry,  
"Good riddance to you!" in addition.  
For though full many a time we've had  
Poor seasons in the years of yore, O,  
We've never had one quite so bad  
As you of Eighteen Ninety-four, O.

You hipping,  
Nipping,  
Often dripping,  
Dismal Ninety-four, O!

You blighting,  
Spiting,  
Oft affrighting,  
Odious Ninety-four, O!

You moody,  
Broody,  
Labor feud-y,  
Striking Ninety-four, O!

You rainy,  
Pain-y,  
All complain-y,  
Sloppy Ninety-four, O!

You ailing,  
Failing,  
Unavailing,  
Hard-up Ninety-four, O!

You prosy,  
Dozy,  
Far from rosy,  
Listless Ninety-four, O!

You gloomy,  
Tomb-y,  
Dark-as-doom-y,  
Sombre Ninety-four, O!

CHINESE MUSIC.

In turning our attention first of all to the Chinese, we find that the origin of music with them, as with all other nations, is in close affinity with that of their religion. The Chinese builds his world upon the harmonious action of the heavens and earth; regards the animation of all nature, the movement of the stars and the change of seasons, as a grand "world-music," in which everything keeps steadfastly in its appointed course, teaching mankind thereby a wholesome lesson. One of the founders of their religion, Fo-Hi, is believed to have been the inventor of the *Kin*, a stringed instrument still in use in China. The close relationship that originally existed between the constitution of the State and music is also clearly shown in Chinese history. All their music has from time immemorial been under State supervision, in order to guard against the stealthy introduction of any tone contrary to ordinance. Here we already meet with the pernicious influence of a bureaucratic pedantic State, as well as that of the prosaic character of the Chinese,

upon their music. Both features are exemplified in the names of the notes of their oldest musical scale, which consisted only of five tones, from F to D, omitting the B.

We will now endeavour to describe the Chinese music by noticing some of its prominent features. Among the Chinese the art of music has ever remained an object either of diversion or of speculation. It has never revealed to them the language of the heart and intellect. Nevertheless they draw a distinction between sound and noise. The period at which their five-toned scale was enlarged to seven tones has been described by Chinese theorists as the commencement of the decadence of their musical system. They ascribe to their mythical bird "Fung-Hoang," and his mate, the invention of tones and half-tones; the six whole tones to the male, and the half-tones to the female. Such a creed coincides with all their notions of man and woman. The whole tones represented to them things perfect and independent—as heaven, sun and man; the half-tones, things imperfect and dependent—as earth, moon and woman. The enlargement of the scale to seven tones was owing to the insertion of the two half-tones E and B, which were called "leaders" and "mediators." These appellations proceed from a very fine musical instinct, as indeed E and B are "leaders" to F and C, and they possess also, for the modern cultivated ear, the quality of resolving themselves into the half-tone above, acting at the same time as mediators, and filling up the void between D and F—A and C.

The Chinese wind instruments are fewer in number than those of percussion. The oldest of these, the *Hu*, is in the shape of an egg. It is made of earthenware, open on one side, with five ventages, which give the five tones of the oldest Chinese scale. Speaking relatively, the most elaborate of Chinese wind instruments is the *Cheng*. It is the most pleasing of their instruments, and serves as a standard to tune other instruments. It has for its basis a hollowed-out pumpkin, which serves the purpose of a wind receptacle, in which are twelve to twenty-four bamboo reeds, placed closely together in a circle. The performer blows into the curved cylinder, opening and closing the ventages with his fingers. Among their instruments of the flute type, mention should be made of the *Yo*, which is played from the top like the clarinet; and the *Tsche*, played like the modern flute. They also possess the pan-pipes called *Siao*. Their martial instruments include various trumpets with funnel or knob-shaped bells. Their orchestra is but sparsely recruited with stringed instruments of their own invention, for the mandolines and guitars which they use are more probably of Persian or Hindoo than of Chinese origin. The only Chinese stringed instruments are the *Kin* and *Che*—the former a very primitive guitar, of a pear-shape, usually strung with four strings, and having inside it some metallic bells which make a clanging accompaniment to the sound of its strings; while the *Che*, literally translated "the wonderful," is a table-psaltery, nine feet in length, containing twenty-five strings. Both are evidently of great antiquity, and are said to have been invented by Fo-Hi, but musically the *Che* is the more important—*Cassell's History of Music*.

The very gnarliest and hardest of hearts has some musical strings in it; but they are tuned differently in every one of us.—*Lowell*.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

Toronto Mail: When Mr. Laurier explains to the Winnipeg Catholics his policy on the school question they will realize that there are some things in this world much more difficult to understand than a Chinese puzzle.

Toronto Globe: But it cannot be fair to hold Mr. Laurier responsible for the judgment of a Quebec court in a case in which he was not engaged, and it cannot be necessary that the incident should be made an issue in national politics in order to discredit the leader of the Liberal party. The strenuous assertion of civil and religious liberty is a duty that rests upon every citizen, but it is no less the duty of the citizen to seek by calm counsel and wise forbearance to moderate racial feuds and allay religious antagonisms. Our political literature is full of the exaggerated rhetoric of the professional loyalist. The press and the platform ring with cries of treason for sinister purposes. But in a country like this there is no worse treason to the commonwealth than the inflammatory clamor of the politicians who would make party capital out of racial and religious prejudices and hatreds.

Montreal Gazette: Mr. Laurier's visit to the West will be something more than a picnic. The Manitoba Catholics are going to wait on him to ask him his opinion on the separate school question. A non-committal statement such as Mr. Laurier has hitherto contented himself with will hardly satisfy them. When he gets to this part of the business Mr. Laurier may be sorry that he cannot put up Mr. Tarte to speak for him. How would it be to have Mr. Tarte on view, especially "for this occasion only" and leave Mr. Joe Martin behind?

Montreal Witness: Mr. Laurier cannot promise to do anything without in effect bidding for support, which he will abstain from, judging by his exemplary career and high character; but he can, as he has done before, express his views upon the situation and indicate his policy. Mr. Laurier might, we think, if asked, offer his services as a friendly intermediary between the Manitoba Government and the Manitoba Roman Catholics, and it is just possible he might in conference with both suggest a compromise which each could accept without yielding any essential principle. A friendly settlement of the question with the Provincial Government of Manitoba would seem to be the only practicable solution of the problem, and this perhaps Mr. Laurier might bring about in a friendly way.

Toronto Mail: It is because we recognize the great value, dignity and importance of agriculture that we do not wish to see its ranks decimated by a hopeless exodus to the cities of young men who come to further crowd avenues already crowded, and to seek for employment where at present there is not employment enough for the numerous competitors.

Halifax Chronicle: It is one of the almost inexplicable mysteries of modern life, that while thousands of men in the great cities of America (Canada and the United States) are either going idle or dragging out a precarious existence on starvation wages, farmers often find it difficult to secure the necessary help on their farms. Why men would rather face periodical idleness and starvation in the city or manufacturing centre, in preference to steady employment on the farm and at least comfortable exist-

ence, is a question that requires serious attention; for if the tendency of people to abandon farm and rural life and drift into the cities and towns continues at the ratio which has prevailed for some ten or fifteen years past, it will be a most unfortunate thing for our country.

Hamilton Spectator: The English House of Lords must be composed of a lot of bad old men. If Dr. Tanner and his friends are to be believed, they evict their Irish tenants; they have undoubtedly evicted the Irish tenants' William, and now they have evicted the Evicted Tenants Bill.

Halifax Chronicle: A British officer, who appears to know whereof he speaks, says that it "would be as reasonable to charge brave men armed with pitchforks against brave men armed with rifles as to pit, man for man, the Chinese against the Japanese. Of all native and colonial troops I have seen, and I have seen most of them, I would next to Goorkhas, prefer a regiment of Japanese. They are brave, temperate, patient and energetic, and at this moment the Chinese, whatever might be done with them, are 200 years behind." There is a gymnasium in every Japanese barracks.

Winnipeg Free Press: A bill to impose a general tax of half a cent per acre on all lands in the Territories was introduced in the Northwest Assembly by Mr. Oliver, of Edmonton, but it was rejected in committee by a large majority. The object of the bill was to raise a revenue for public works in the Territories which cannot be undertaken with the small subsidy received from the Federal Government. No doubt the majority of the Assembly regarded the measure as a step towards direct taxation, or an adoption of the single tax theory, for both of which they evidently have a horror. The discussion on the measure, however, will awaken public interest in the question, and Mr. Oliver will perhaps bring it up at a future session if the electors of Edmonton give him the opportunity.

Halifax Chronicle: According to the Montreal Star of Monday, Senor Pereira, Spanish consul-general for Canada, has been enquiring into the matter of the treaty between Spain and Scandinavia, which is to give Norwegian fish free entry into Spanish West India markets. On Monday, in reply to his enquiries, the Star says: "He received a despatch from the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs informing him that the Spanish Government was prepared to agree to a reduction in customs duties, and to grant similar privileges to Canada to those enjoyed by Sweden and Norway, if Canada on her part would make concessions equivalent to those made by the Scandinavian kingdom. Senor Pereira will communicate at once with the various commercial bodies interested and with the Dominion Government." Now, here is a chance for the Dominion Government to do something tangible for our West India trade, and if ordinary vigor and promptitude, guided by a reasonable amount of common sense, are brought to bear, a treaty might be negotiated between Spain and Canada in time for ratification at the next session of Parliament. Free trade, or even a measure of freer trade, with the Spanish West Indies, will be of far more value to Canada, and particularly to the Maritime Provinces, than half a dozen treaties with the Antipodes. Here is an opportunity for Messrs. Foster and Bowell to win knight-hoods that may never again present itself.

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Montreal Gazette: Most people have an idea that the use of opium as a stimulant is a degrading vice, which ought to be discountenanced by all right thinking people and prohibited by Christian Governments. Here is "the other side of the question," as presented by no less an authority than the correspondent in India of the London Times: "Well may those who are responsible for the welfare of India dread a policy which would tend to spread the curse of alcoholism from the British soldier to the general population. The most careful European observers of the habits of the people believe that any prohibition of the use of opium would have this result. The Indian press is convinced of it. The natives of India have slowly selected for popular use the form of stimulant least harmful to the Indian peoples; a stimulant which does not act as a cause of crime, insanity, or disease among them. The unwise interference of a number of well meaning people in England would practically substitute alcohol for opium—the fire-water which is the chief cause of crime, misery and disease among the British nation, and which means absolute ruin to tropical races."

Vancouver News-Advertiser: We think that the manner in which this cable scheme has been handled so far by the Conference and the Dominion Government, the latter apparently acting as agent for all the Governments represented at the Ottawa meeting, has been such as to give everyone confidence that the scheme will be carried out in a practical and businesslike manner. Should it be found that the ownership and operation of the cable by a private company appears to be the most favorable method, as regards the cost and liability entailed on the various Governments concerned in the scheme, there will doubtless be ample guarantees taken against the evils which might follow from the amalgamation or pooling of interests with the Eastern Telegraph Company and its subsidiary companies, which under the clever management of Sir John Pender now control telegraphic communication with Australasia. There is also another noteworthy feature in the specifications referred to. The Hawaiian Islands are to be abandoned as a landing place for the direct or main cable. Strategic and political reasons doubtless account for this. It is probable, however, that a branch line to the Islands from a point on the cable will not meet with any objection.

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Mr. T. C. Martin, a New York engineer, suggests that the Paris Exposition shall have all its power generated at coal-mines now supplying Paris and that this power shall be transmitted electrically.

A Frenchman, M. Bersier, has devised a plan by which the compass performs the part of the helmsman. When the vessel gets off the course for which the instrument is set, an electric current starts a motor and moves the rudder until the vessel returns to her proper course. A two months trial of the apparatus is reported to have resulted very successfully. Among the advantages are greater accuracy and no loss of distance in a run of twenty-four hours, as is usually allowed.

In a series of experiments on modern high explosives by Macnab and Ristori (London Royal Society, May 10), the authors found that the largest total volume of gas per gram (901 cubic centimeters) was given by a mixture of 80 per cent. nitro-cellulose and 20 per cent. nitro-glycerin, and the smallest (741 cc.) by pure nitro-glycerin. The experimenters are now endeavouring to measure the actual temperature of explosion, and have already attained some degree of success.

Messrs. Lœwy and Puiseux exhibited at the Paris Academy of Sciences, on July 9, some remarkable lunar photographs made with the aid of the equatorial *coude*, or elbowed equatorial. One of the photographs showed the lunar disk with a diameter of 1.8 meters (about 5½ feet). The enlargement on glass is said to be even superior, as regards the clearness of the details. Such photographs are extremely valuable in the study of changes that have recently been asserted to take place on the moon's surface.

It is a well-known fact that on account of the superficial position of the blood-vessels at ankles and wrists, the blood in cold weather is easily chilled at those points. For the same reason in warm weather one ought to keep these localities as lightly covered as possible. This is the case with regard to the wrists, but ninety-nine men out of a hundred have thick leather coverings high over the ankles, and the shopkeepers say so few low shoes are called for that it is often difficult to fit satisfactorily a customer who does demand them.

A train was recently stopped in France, on the line between Bellegarde and Geneva, under the following curious circumstances: A freight-train had in one of its cars some cod-liver oil, which began to leak away from the containing vessel. By chance, the escaping stream struck exactly in the middle of the rail. The train that bore the oil was not affected, but the track was thus well greased for the passenger train that followed, which came to a standstill when it reached the oily rails. Nearly three-quarters of hour were consumed in running the 2½ miles to the next station, and this rate was only attained by diligent sanding of the track.

One of the greatest living authorities on earthquakes, Prof. John Milne of the Japanese Imperial University, in a recent article in *The Seismological Magazine*, July, says that the results of experiments and investigation on a possible connection between earthquakes and magnetic and electric phenomena do not allow us to admit any such connection. It is not likely that earthquakes ever result from electric disturbances, and

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 PRINCIPAL DYER, M.A., D.D.

it has not yet been proved that they ever give rise to any such, though when large masses of rock are displaced, as in Japan in 1891, slight local changes in magnetic curves have resulted.

It is well known that certain crystals transmit light at different speeds in different directions, and that other physical qualities, such as their power of conducting heat, vary in the same way. It occurred to Mr. A. S. Mackenzie of Johns Hopkins University to experiment on the gravitational attraction of such a crystal for a particle, to see whether it would depend on the position of the particle with reference to the optic axes of the crystal, the latter acting as if its mass were greater in one direction than in another. The results, noticed in *Nature*, July 12, show no such difference. The distances between the attracting bodies in the experiment were from an inch to an inch and a half.

It is well known, says *The Age of Steel*, July 21, that the tar extracted at gas-works contains a large amount of water, in many cases as much as 15 per cent. The separation of this water from the tar is essential for most purposes to which the latter is put, and on that account it is frequently the custom to allow the material to remain in wells for some time, so that the water has an opportunity of rising to the surface. Recently a more rapid process has been introduced to bring about the separation, a process identical with that of skimming milk in a centrifugal separator. The fresh tar is heated to about ninety-two degrees to reduce its viscosity, and then placed in a centrifugal machine revolving at an enormous velocity. The tar being heavier than the water presses against the inside of the vessel, leaving the water nearer the centre where it is skimmed off by projecting tubes

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Intelligence is a luxury, sometimes useless, sometimes fatal. It is a torch or a firebrand, according to the use one makes of it.—*Fernan Caballero.*

Bell Telephone Company,  
Walkerton Agency, May 15th, '94.

Dear Sirs,—I sold your Acid Cure for 20 years, and during that time I never heard of a case that was not relieved and cured by its use. I have recommended it in bad cases of Eczema, Ring-worm, and never knew it to fail (when properly used) to effect a cure.

Yours truly, W. A. GREEN.

COUTTS & SONS.

A despatch from Hong Kong says that an official report issued there gives the number of persons who died from the plague in Canton districts as 120,000.

The phylloxera, or vine pest, is making such ravages in the sherry-wine districts of Spain, according to United States Consul Adams, at Cadiz, that the Government has appropriated \$100,000 for the extermination of the disease.

Toronto, 43 Charles street,  
April 2nd, 1894.

Dear Sirs,—“I have much pleasure in stating that your ‘Acetocura’ remedy has been used for the past fifteen years by our family. We have derived so much benefit from its application that I can heartily testify to its beneficial qualities.

“I have recommended its use to many of my friends, who also speak very highly of it as a very effective and simple remedy.

“Yours truly, WM. PENDER.”

COUTTS & SONS.

An inventor has brought out a rocking chair that is actuated by electricity. The sitter can, at the same time, receive gentle currents by grasping metal handles or by resting the bare feet on metal pedals.

## WHY THE BODY SHOULD BE CULTIVATED.

“Elegance of form in the human figure marks some excellence of structure, and any increase of fitness to its end in any fabric or organ is an increase of beauty,” says Emerson. The important subject of physical culture is not considered as it ought to be by the majority of men and women, and there is almost absolute ignorance of the make-up of the body on the part of even intelligent people, with little desire for such knowledge, although health, beauty, and success depend largely on the treatment given to the body. Mental acquirements are blindly worshipped, while the essential question of health receives little thought, and hence it is almost impossible to find men in the ordinary walks of active life, at middle age, who do not complain of impaired health and want of vital force. Without a sound body one cannot have a sound mind, and, unless proper attention is given to the culture of the body, good health cannot be expected. Plato is said to have called a certain man lame because he exercised the mind while the body was allowed to suffer. This is done to an alarming extent nowadays. Brain-workers, as a rule, exercise no part of the body except the head, and consequently suffer from indigestion, palpitation of the heart, insomnia, and other ills, which if neglected generally prove fatal.

Brilliant and successful men are constantly obliged to give up work through the growing malady of nervous prostration; the number of those who succumb to it has increased to an alarming extent of late years, and that of suicides hardly less. Few will question that this is owing to overworking the brain and the neglect of body-culture. Vitality becomes impaired and strength consumed by mental demands, which are nowadays raised to a perilous height, and it is only by careful attention to physical development and by judicious bodily exercise that the brain-worker can counteract the mental strain. Women rarely consider the importance of physical culture, yet they need physical training almost more than men do. Thousands of our young women are unfit to become wives or mothers, who might be strong and beautiful if they gave a short time daily to physical development.

Physical training is particularly beneficial to the young of both sexes, and educators are becoming alive to the fact. Many of the leading colleges have included this subject in the curriculum and spent large sum in facilities for the purpose. It is to be hoped that the minor seats of learning will speedily follow the example, and a more general interest be awakened in the importance of physical education for the young. This is a duty which parents should not neglect, for they are as strictly responsible for the bodies of their offspring as they are for their souls. It is a mistake to think that the gymnasium is a place only for the young. All who lead sedentary lives, even past when middle age, can improve their bodies by gymnastic exercise. Mr. Gladstone by earnest physical exercise has built up a strong and healthy body, and he is fond of saying that daily exercise keeps him in permanent health and in a condition to resist disease. The use of gymnastics creates conditions which develop the nervous system. There is no time in a man's life when he can afford to dispense with exercise; unless he faithfully and persistently develops his physical resources, vitality becomes impaired. Exercise does for the body what intellectual training does for the mind; yet most men who lead sedentary lives take little or no exercise, with the result that they overwork the brain, making it incapable of recuperation by nutrition; hence irritability, then insomnia, and often the thinking faculty breaks loose from the control of the will, resulting in insanity and possibly suicide.

Physical exercise aids digestion, improves physique, clears the wind, and gives grace and assurance. Man's destiny as regards the body is to a great extent in his own hands, and he should study the needs of the body if desirous of enjoying life. Unless disease is inherited, every mortal born into the world is physically healthy, and if proper attention be given to physical culture there is every chance of a long life; but if neglected, premature death is generally the result, for when disease attacks the frame there is not sufficient physical strength to resist it. Perfect health can exist only when the muscles are perfectly trained, and habitual exercise favours the elimination of effete matters from the system, food is more easily digested, and nerve-power enhanced. It is in the power of anyone to improve his physical condition, and all who desire symmetry of form, grace of action, and permanent health should give attention to the art of developing the body.—*Lippincott's Magazine (U.S.)*

## RELIEF AT LAST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LONDESBORO YOUNG LADY.

A Victim of Severe Pains, Dizziness and Watery Blood—At Times Could Not Go Up a Step—How She Regained Health and Strength.  
From the Clinton New Era.

Miss Kate Longman is a young lady of about 22 years of age, who lives with her mother in the pretty little village of Londesboro, six miles from the town of Clinton. Both are well known and highly esteemed by their many friends. The New Era having learned that Miss Longman had been a great sufferer and had recently been restored to health by the timely use of a well-known popular remedy, despatched a representative to get the particulars of the case. In reply to the reporter's inquiries Miss Longman said that if her experience might be the means of helping some other sufferer, she was quite willing that it should be made public. “For a long time,” she said, “I was very poorly. I was weak and run down, and at times suffered pains in my back that were simply awful. My blood was in a watery condition, and I was subject to spells of weakness to such an extent that I could not step up a door step to save my life. I doctored a great deal for my sickness, but without avail. At last, after having frequently read in the New Era of cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I determined to give them a trial. The result was that my health soon began to return and the pains and weakness left and I was again restored to strength.” At this moment Mrs. Longman entered, and being informed who the visitor was and what was his mission, said: “Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest medicine known. My daughter was so sick that I feared she would die, and she continually grew weaker until she began the use of Pink Pills, and they have cured her, as she has not had a recurrence of the trouble since.” Miss Longman is now the picture of health, and declares that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are entitled to the credit. The New Era knows of many others who have benefited by this remarkable remedy.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, 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 of any nature.

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

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Inglesville. J. W. RUGGLES.



**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

You know all you need to know about a man when you know the company he keeps.

Mrs. Hale (just married): Maria, we will have eels as a second course for dinner. Maria: How much ought I to get, ma'am? "I think twelve yards will be sufficient."

Books, remember, are friends; books affect character; and you can as little neglect your duty in respect to this as you can safely neglect any other moral duty that is cast upon you.

"Do you like this business?" said a lawyer to a barmaid. "No," she said, "not as well as I should yours." "Why mine?" said he. "Well," she replied, "your client-age generally sober up after you present your bill."

Two well-dressed women were examining a statue of Andromeda, labeled "Executed in Terra-cotta." Said one: Where is Terra-cotta? The other replied: I am sure I don't know, but I pity the poor girl, wherever it was.

Countryman (to dentist): I wouldn't pay nothin' extra fer gas. Jest yank her out if it does hurt. Dentist: You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth. Oh, tain't me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute.

"I want you to publish these poems in book form," said a seedy-looking man to a New York publisher. Publisher: I'll look over them, but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well-known name. Poet: That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken. "Ah, indeed! What is your name?" "John Smith."

Mr. McSwat: Lobelia, we shall have to give up that trip to the seaside. We can't get away on account of the strike. Mrs. McSwat: It's a shame! Yes, it's too bad. But we'll save the money the trip would have cost. That's some comfort. Oh, yes! And now I can have those lovely diamond ear-rings you said we couldn't afford on account of the trip to the seaside!

H. Reeves states that a British traveller, walking one day in the suburbs of Boston, saw a woman on a doorstep whipping a screaming child. "Good woman," said he, "why do you whip the boy so severely?" She answered, "Because he is so ugly." The Englishman walked on, and put down in his journal: "Mem. American mothers are so cruel as to whip their children because they are not handsome."

John Randolph, of Virginia, had a very tender ear for good English, and when, one day, a member of Congress used the word *transpire* repeatedly, and always in the sense of occurring or taking place, he bore it for a time, but finally lost all patience. "May I interrupt the gentleman a moment?" he said. "Certainly," said the Speaker. "Well," said Randolph, "if you use the word *transpire* once more, I shall expire."

When a newly-appointed vicar in an English town made his first call upon an eccentric parishioner, a shoemaker named Goff, of whose piety he had heard, he expressed his pleasure that a man of such humble occupation should have such concern for religion. Goff at once resented the application of the term humble to his work. "I

don't know," said he, "that my occupation is more humble than yours. Here is a pair of shoes I have made. Now if these are not the best shoes I could make for the money, God will say to me at the Judgment Day, 'Why didn't you make better shoes?' You preach sermons, but if you preach poorer sermons than I make shoes, God will ask you why you have failed in your duty."

Here is another equally good: I was taught some hymns before. I could read them, with curious results in some cases. For instance, I remember a hymn, beginning "I have a Father in the Promised Land," the refrain of which ran sometimes, "I'll away, I'll away, to the Promised Land," and sometimes, "We'll away, we'll away," etc. Not understanding the elision, I had to put my own meaning to the sound, and this I did as far as I could, being perfectly content with "Wheel away, wheel away, to the Promised Land," for that seemed vaguely intelligible, covering all means of transport, from chariots of fire down to bicycles, though "Isle away, isle away," etc., was not, and much puzzled me.

This, from the *London Spectator*, is rather rich: A friend, whom we will call Mr. Smith, was visiting the wife of a farmer. Mr. Smith: How's your husband now? Mrs. Brown: Worse than ever; he's got a new bolus, which is tearing him to bits. But he's never well. How can a man be well, whose inside is as full of pills as a pease-cod of peas? I often say to him: John, it's just flying in the face of Providence when you've got your lawful regular doctor within a mile of you, and you going off to these impostors (impostors). Mr. Smith: It's certainly very foolish. Mrs. Brown: Foolish! it's all that—but its far worse; it's downright wicked. It beats me how a man can go down on his knees in church and pray against such nastiness, and then go back like a dog to his vomit again. Mr. Smith: And does he pray in church against quacks? Mrs. Brown: Of course he does. Don't we pray against them every Sunday in the Litany? Don't we pray against "all false doctorin (doctrine)?"

Communism possesses a language which every people can understand. Its elements are hunger, envy, death.—*Heinrich Heine.*

No human power can force the intrenchments of the human mind, compulsion never persuades, it only makes hypocrites.—*Fenelon.*

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