

THE WEEK

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Eleventh Year.
Vol. XI, No 45.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1894.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 cents

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.
Paid-up Capital \$6,000,000
Res. 1,200,000

Directors.

GEO. A. COX, Esq., President.
JOHN L. DAVIDSON, Esq., Vice-President.
W. B. Hamilton Esq., Robert Kilgour, Esq.,
Jas. Crathern, Esq., M. Leggat, Esq.,
John Hoskin, Esq., Q.C., LL.D.,
B. F. WALKER, General Manager.
J. H. PLUMMER, Assistant General Mgr.
ALEX. H. IRELAND, Inspector.
G. de C. O'GRADY, Assistant Inspector.

New York.—Alex. Laird and Wm. Gray Agents.

Branches.

MONTREAL: Thorold,
Main Office, Toronto Junction
157 St. James St., Walkerton,
City Branches, Walkerville,
19 Chabouille St., Waterford,
176 St. Lawrence Waterford,
Street, Windsor,
Orangeville, Winnipeg,
Ottawa, Woodstock,
Paris, TORONTO:
Head Office,
19-25 King W.,
City Branches,
St. Catharines, 712 Queen E.,
Sarnia, 450 Yonge St.,
Sault Ste. Marie, 791 Yonge St.,
Seaford, 208 College St.,
Simcoe, 544 Queen W.,
Stratford, 399 Parliament,
Strathroy, 163 King St. E.

Commercial credits issued for use in Europe, the East and West Indies, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and South America. Sterling and American Exchange bought and sold. Travellers Letters of Credit issued for use in all parts of the world. Interest allowed on deposits. Collections made on the most favourable terms.

BANKERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Great Britain. The Bank of Scotland.
India, China and Japan.—The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China.
Germany.—The Deutsche Bank.
France.—Credit Lyonnais; Lazard, Freres & Co.
Australia and New Zealand.—Union Bank of Australia.
Brazil.—Banco de Paranaiba.
Belgium.—J. Matthien & Fils.
New York.—The American Exchange National Bank of New York.
San Francisco.—The Bank of British Columbia.
Chicago.—The American Exchange National Bank of Chicago.
British Columbia.—The Bank of British Columbia.
Hamilton, Bermuda.—The Bank of Bermuda.
Kingston, Jamaica.—The Bank of Nova Scotia.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized \$2,000,000
Capital Paid up 1,954,525
Res. 1,152,252

DIRECTORS.

H. S. HOWLAND, President.
T. R. MERRITT, Vice-President, St. Catharines.
William Ramsay, Robert Jaffray, Hugh Ryan, T. Sutherland Stayner,
Hon. John Ferguson.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.

D. R. WILKIE, B. JENNINGS,
Cashier, Assistant Cashier.
E. HAY, - Inspector.

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO.

Zooz, Niagara Falls, Welland, Fergus, Port Colborne, Sault Ste. Marie, Woodstock, Galt, St. Catharines, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Rat Portage.

BRANCHES IN NORTH-WEST.

Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, Portage la Prairie, Prince Albert, Edmonton.
Drafts on New York and Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed. Prompt attention paid to collections.

BILLIARDS.

Billiard Tables—Highest standard Bowling Alleys and Outfits, English Tables 6 x 12, built on Exact English Lines, a specialty for Residences and Clubs. Send for 94 Catalogue.

REID BROS. & CO.,
102 and 109 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA.

Capital, - - - - - \$6,000,000
Res., - - - - - \$3,000,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

ANDREW ALLAN, Esq., - President.
ROBT. ANDERSON, Esq., - Vice-President.
H. MacKenzie, Esq., Sir Joseph Hickson, Jonathan Hodgson, Esq., H. Mont Allan, Esq., John Cassils, Esq., J. P. Davies, Esq., T. H. Dunn, Esq.
GEORGE HAGUE, General Manager.
JOHN GAULT, Assistant General Manager.

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Belleville, Kingston, Quebec,
Berlin, London, Renfrew,
Brampton, Montreal, Sherbrooke, Q.
Chatham, Mitchell, Stratford,
Galt, Napawa, St. John's, Q.
Gananoque, Ottawa, St. Thomas,
Hamilton, Owen Sound, Toronto,
Ingersoll, Perth, Walkerton,
Kincairdine, Prescott, Windsor,
Preston.

BRANCHES IN MANITOBA.—Winnipeg, Brandon.

Agency in New York, - 52 William Street.

The position of this Bank as to the amount of Paid-up Capital and Surplus is the second in the Dominion.

A general banking business is transacted. Interest is allowed at current rates upon deposits in the Savings Bank Department, where sums of one dollar and upwards are received. Deposit receipts are also issued bearing interest at current rates.

TORONTO BRANCH, 13 WELLINGTON ST. W.

D. MILLER, E. F. HERBEN,
Manager, Assistant Manager

QUEBEC BANK,

ESTABLISHED - 1818.

HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC.

Rest, - - - - - \$550,000.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

R. H. SMITH, Esq., - President.
WM. WITHALL, Esq., - Vice-President.

Sir N. F. Belleau, K.C.M.G., J. R. Young, Esq.,
Geo. R. Renfrew, Esq., Samuel J. Shaw, Esq.,
J. T. Ross, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC.

JAMES STEVENSON, WM. R. DEAN,
General Manager, Inspector.

BRANCHES.

Montreal, Thomas McDougall, Manager;
Toronto, W. P. Sloane, Manager;
Ottawa, H. V. Noel, Manager
Three Rivers, T. C. Coffin, Manager;
Pembroke, T. F. Cox, Manager;
Thorold, D. B. Crombie, Manager.

Collections made in all parts of the country on favourable terms and promptly remitted for.

JAMES STEVENSON,
General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA.

HEAD OFFICE, - MONTREAL

Claims Paid over \$15,000. The Most Popular Company in Canada.

MEDLAND & JONES, - GEN. AGENTS MAIL BUILDING.

TELEPHONE OFFICE - - - - - 1087
" MR. MEDLAND - - - - - 3092
" MR. JONES - - - - - 1610

Agents in every city and town in the Dominion

ATLANTIC LINES

American Line,
Red Star Line,
Dominion Line,
N. Ger. Lloyd Lines,
Beaver Line,
Hamburg Am. Lines,
French Lines,
Atlantic Trans. Co.,
Wilson Line,
Netherlands Line,
Bordeaux Line,
Insular Nav. Co.
Italian Lines.

All Mediterranean Lines,
All Trans-Pacific Lines,
All Southern Lines,
All Foreign and Local Lines,
Cook's Tours throughout the world.

Barlow Cumberland,
72 Yonge St., - Toronto

THE TRUSTS CORPORATION OF ONTARIO.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS,

CORNER KING AND JORDAN STREETS.
TORONTO, - ONT.

Capital, - - - - - \$800,000

President, - HON. J. C. AIRKINS, P.C
Vice Presidents, } SIR R. J. CARTWRIGHT,
HON. S. C. WOOD.
Manager - A. E. PLUMMER.

The Corporation is authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Guardian, Comptroller, &c. Moneys invested. Estates managed. Deposit Safes to rent. Parcels received for safe custody.

Solicitors bringing business to the Company, are employed in the management thereof.

LIGHTHALL & MACDONALD

- Barristers, -
SOLICITORS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Chambers: No. 1, 3rd Flat City and District Savings' Bank Building,
108 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

TELEPHONE No. 382.
W. D. Lighthall, M.A., B.O.L.
De Lery Macdonald, LL.B.

J. F. RUTTAN,

Port Arthur, Ont.

REAL ESTATE AND FIRE INSURANCE

Money loaned at 8% on first mortgage security on Port Arthur and Fort William property. Investments made for non-residents.

1893 - - - - - 1894
Telephone 3089.

G. W. COOLEY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Wine and Spirit Merchant,
567 Yonge St., TORONTO.

A. F. WEBSTER

TICKET AGENT AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
N. E. corner King and Yonge Sts., To-
ronto.

SUN FOUNDED A.D. 1710

INSURANCE FIRE OFFICE.

HEAD OFFICE,
THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, ENG.

Transacts Fire Business only, and is the oldest purely fire office in the world. Surplus over capital and all liabilities exceeds \$7,000,000.

CANADIA BRANCH,
15 Wellington Street East,
TORONTO, ONT.

H. M. BLACKBURN - - Manager
Residence Telephone 3376.

HIGINBOTHAM & REED - Agents
Telephone 488.

BEAVER LINE

PASSENGER STEAMERS

Sailing Weekly Between
MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL

From Liverpool. Steamer. From Montreal.

Sat., July 21.	Lake Winnipeg	Wed., Aug. 8
" 28.	Lake Huron	" 15
" Aug. 4.	Lake Ontario	" 22
" 11.	Lake Nipigon	" 29
" 18.	Lake Superior	" Sept. 2
" 25.	Lake Winnipeg	" 9
" Sept. 1.	Lake Huron	" 15
" 8.	Lake Ontario	" 22

Superior accommodation for all classes of Passengers at following Low Rates:

Rates of passage.—Cabin, *\$40, \$50 and \$60 single; \$80, \$90 and \$110 return. Second Cabin, \$30 single and \$65 return. Steerage, \$24.

* \$40 single and \$80 return cabin rates by Lake Nipigon and Lake Winnipeg only.

Special rates to Clergymen and their families. Passages and berths can be secured on application to the Montreal Office or any local Agent. For further information, plans of cabins, &c., apply to H. E. MURRAY, Gen. Manager, Custom House Square, Montreal.

ORDERED SHOES.

Fine Ordered Shoes. Boots for the lame a specialty. Fred Ivey, 170 Bay St.

THE LEADER IN WESTERN ONTARIO.

“London Advertiser”
Early Morning, and Evening Edition \$4.00 a year by mail.

“Western Advertiser”
Weekly Edition, 16 pages \$1.00 a year.

“Citizens & Home Guard”
Published every Saturday, 8 pages, \$1.00 a year.

For advertising rates, &c., address,
Advertiser Printing Co.,
London, Ont

Wedding

Invitations,

"At Home" and

Visiting Cards,

ENGRAVED OR PRINTED.

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

ORDERS PROMPTLY
FILLED.

Write for particulars to.....

"The Week"

Printing Department,

5 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

St. John

Daily Telegraph

The Leading Daily of the Maritime Provinces.

St. John

Weekly Telegraph

The only Weekly that thoroughly covers the Maritime Provinces.—16 pages illustrated.

Of the total number of women university students in Paris, 155 are on the list of the medical faculty, 164 on the list of the faculty of letters, 7 in the department of science and 3 in that of law. Of the 155 medical students, however, only 16 are French-women, while of the 164 students under the faculty of letters, 141 are of French birth.

A German has invented a means of making artificial whalebone. The material is leather soaked for two or three days in sulphate of potassium, and then stretched on a frame, slowly dried, and exposed to a high temperature. It is afterwards put under heavy pressure, when it becomes hard and elastic.—*New York Post.*

Toronto, 28th November, 1893

Dear Sirs,—

It is with much satisfaction that I learn that you have decided to establish a branch office in Toronto, believing as I do, that the more widely your Acid Cure is made known, the greater will be the gratitude accorded to you for the relief experienced by many sufferers in Canada. We have used your acid for over eighteen years, and are now prepared to state that it is worthy of a place in every family. We have found it thoroughly safe and effective and have commended it to many—for which we have been thanked. We wish you success in your new quarters, as we feel sure your success will bring relief here as it has already done to large numbers in the old land and other countries. Much will depend on the patient and persevering use of the Acid as set forth in your little book.

ALEX. GILRAY, 91 Bellevue Avenue.
COUTTS & SONS.

In course of transit between New York and New Orleans a packet of paper money had been opened and its contents considerably reduced. Two of the seals had been broken and one had been resealed by thumb pressure. Mr. Carvalho, an expert in matters of identification, endeavored to find out the thief, and with this view obtained wax impressions of the thumbs of all the officials of the express company through whose hands, the packet was known to have passed. The impressions were photographed and enlarged, and one of them clearly agreed with an enlarged photograph of the thumb-impressed seal. The thief was thus detected.—*Scientific American.*

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

A Tonic

For Brain-Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

is without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

NIAGARA FALLS LINE STEAMER Empress of India

Daily at 7.40 a.m. and 3.20 p.m., from city wharf, foot of Yonge street (west side), for

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester, New York

and all points east and south. This is the only steamer connecting with railway at Port Dalhousie. Family books for sale, 40 trips for \$8. Low rates to excursion parties. Tickets at all G. T. R. and principal ticket offices, and at office on wharf.

The Great West.

If you desire to learn what is going on in British Columbia; what openings for business and investment; what opportunities to make a new home in that delightful Province, subscribe for the Vancouver "NEWS-ADVERTISER."—Daily, \$8; Weekly, \$2 per annum, free by mail.

If you want to secure new customers or to sell your goods in the West, advertise in the Vancouver "NEWS-ADVERTISER."

The 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.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London. And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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

THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1894.

No. 45.

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics,
Literature, Science and Arts.

TERMS:—One year, \$3; eight months, \$2; four months, \$1. Subscriptions payable in advance.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances by P.O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

No advertisements charged less than five lines.

Address—CARTER TROOP, Manager,
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CURRENT TOPICS	1059
GLADSTONE ON THE ATONEMENT	1061
INDIVIDUALISM VS. SOCIALISM	1061
MONTREAL LETTER	A. J. F. 1063
A LOSS TO CANADIAN LITERATURE	Fidelis. 1063
SAPPHO (POEM)	John A. T. Lloyd. 1064
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH	1064
Dr. George Stewart, F.R.S.C.	
FAREWELL TO SUMMER (POEM)	Bernard McEvoy. 1067
PLUTOCRACY AND THE SOCIAL CRISIS	1067
Robert T. Mullin.	
PARIS LETTER	Z. 1068
GLIMPSES AT THINGS	F. Blake Crofton. 1069
IN MEMORIAM (POEM)	Constance Fairbanks. 1069
SEA-CLIFFS AT SUNRISE	1069
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Canada and Japan	Britannicus. 1070
BIMETALLISM	Vere Brown. 1071
ART NOTES	1072
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	1073
LIBRARY TABLE	1073
PERIODICALS	1074
LITERARY AND PERSONAL	1074
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED	1075
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	1075
PUBLIC OPINION	1076
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY	1077
MISCELLANEOUS	1078
QUIPS AND CRANKS	1079

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.

One good result of athletic games is the bringing together of friends and acquaintances, often from considerable distances, and the revival of old friendships, as well as the forming of new. There are grey-haired men who will travel hundreds of miles to see a favorite game well played—especially is this true of the good old English game Cricket. There are men who came to see the match between Lord Hawke's English eleven, and an eleven of Ontario players, who will recall the batting of Grace on the old Toronto Cricket Ground many years ago, and who will eagerly compare notes of the great match of the week and other famous matches of days long gone by. The friends of cricket are of the staunchest kind; no new game, be it

lacrosse, baseball, or what not, can for a moment challenge their affection for it. This feeling is by no means confined to people of wealth and leisure. The number is by no means small in Canada, of men in humble life, whose great pleasure it is to see a good game of cricket. We refer not merely to those who first trundled a ball, or wielded a bat on a village green in "Merrie England," but to men who acquired their first taste for the game on Canadian soil. Cricket has been called a game for gentlemen. We have seen many a match in our day, but we have yet to see one where an angry word has been spoken, or a blow struck by the players. Cricket deserves the cordial support of our people, as one of the best, if not the best, of athletic games which provide health and recreation for the British race.

The London *Spectator* of the 17th ult., referring to the clamour against the House of Lords, suggests one very mild change which it thinks might remedy some of the admitted evils connected with the operation of that House as at present constituted. The remedy suggested is simply to copy the example of Prussia, France, and several other European states, by allowing Ministers of the Crown to sit and speak, though not to vote, in both Houses. This change might go far, the *Spectator* thinks, by admitting such men as Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, to take a part in the debates in the Lords, to restore the balance of debating power in the Upper House. As things are at present, the few able speakers on the Government side, in the Lords—Lords Rosebery, Herschel, Kimberly, and Spencer—are "borne down by the weight of oratorical ability possessed by the Unionists." To an observer at a distance no reasonable objection suggests itself to such a change, though it seems questionable whether the conduct of business in the Commons would not suffer through the attempt of the ablest members of the Government to do duty in two places at the same time. But this arrangement would do nothing to remedy the enormous disproportion in voting power in the Upper Chamber, and it is the inequality of votes rather than any inequality of oratorical power, which is creating the outcry against the Lords at the present time. There is this, however, to be said in favour of the *Spectator's* proposal: It would give to a Premier who, like Lord Rosebery, has the misfortune to be a peer, a much better chance to

sustain himself at the head of the Government. In fact, as things are now shaping themselves, it is becoming exceedingly doubtful whether any member of the Upper House can long sustain himself in the premiership unless he be permitted to have a seat in the Commons.

The late number of the *Dispatch*, of Woodstock, New Brunswick, contains a practical article on the question of a union of the Maritime Provinces. The writer argues that the saving in expense effected by such union, while worth considering, would not be nearly so great as Westerners are accustomed to assume, measuring by their own higher rates of remuneration for political services. For instance, the combined salaries of the premiers of the three provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, amount to only seven hundred dollars more than the \$7,000 paid Sir Oliver Mowat. But, then, the combined populations of the three would be less than half that of Ontario alone. "Again, while the members of the Ontario Legislature are paid \$600 each, for the session, the members of the New Brunswick Legislature get \$300 each, of Nova Scotia \$500 each, and of Prince Edward Island \$172 apiece. Allowing \$600 each for the legislators of Ontario, the total expense per annum would be \$54,000. Forty members for New Brunswick at \$300, forty for Nova Scotia at \$500, and thirty for Prince Edward Island at \$172, make a total cost of \$37,000. So that the 110 members in the Maritime Provinces are not paid as much as the ninety members in Ontario.' That, however, seems hardly to be the logical way of computing the saving to be effected. It does not follow that, should the three provinces see fit to unite their forces, they would be obliged to adopt the more expensive habits of the Western provinces. That would be a matter of choice, not necessity. Nor is it clear that with less than half the population, the new province would need a larger number of legislators than Ontario. The *Dispatch* thinks that the consolidated province would do very well with fifty or less. Nothing is said by the *Dispatch* about the reduction in the number of Ministers and of subordinate officials. It admits, however, that maritime union, on the grounds of economy and convenience, is a question well worth considering, and that it would result in an increase of influence in the Federal Parliament. It is probably only a question of time.

The commutation of the sentence of McWherrell, under sentence of death for murder, illustrates in a striking manner one of the perplexities which sometimes arise in the execution of criminal law. From a strictly logical point of view, the decision of the Executive is as unsatisfactory as any that could be conceived of. There can be no doubt that the change of sentence was made in consequence of a certain degree of doubt in regard to the guilt of the condemned man. If he really committed the crime, one can hardly conceive of a case in which there could be a more complete absence of extenuating circumstances, to justify Executive clemency. On the other hand, according to a well-known maxim of British law, the man should be held innocent, unless proved guilty, and, if innocent, the injustice of a sentence of life-imprisonment is less only in degree, if less at all, than that of the death-sentence. That is to say, there is exactly the same reason why he should not be imprisoned for life, or for any shorter period, as why he should not suffer the death penalty. The case seems to be one in which the much abused American system of second trial might have been fairly introduced. We say this, not by way of criticising the action of the Executive in the affair. That action will be approved, we have no doubt, by the judgment of the great majority of the people, for there was, we believe, in the minds of most of those who read the reports of the trial, a lingering doubt, more or less strong, of McWherrell's guilt. The life sentence has this advantage, that, should the man's innocence at any time be established, he will not be beyond the reach of a cessation of punishment, though redress would be, in such a case, impossible. It is to be earnestly hoped that such new evidence may be procured at an early day as may fully establish the man's innocence or guilt as the fact may be.

If a reasonable percentage of the political gossip cabled from England from day to day is reliable, the Government of Lord Rosebery is in a very precarious position, and, unless aided by some unexpected turn of events, or by some stroke of political genius of the existence of which no evidence has yet been given, can hardly survive the first few weeks of the coming session. Some doubt is, it is true, cast on the representations of its present weakness by the fact that the ministry seemed to grow perceptibly stronger, up to the end of the session. But the probable withdrawal of Sir William Harcourt from the leadership of the Commons, coupled with the growing distrust of Lord Rosebery, and the outspoken disaffection of the Irish Home Rule leaders, seem very likely to lead up to a shock which will overturn the present rather unstable structure. It can hardly be denied that the Premier has disappointed many of his admirers. It is yet possible that he

may atone for past deficiencies, or apparent deficiencies, by suddenly developing unlooked-for strength and courage at a critical period. But appearances thus far are against him. Whether from want of tact, of courage, or of frankness, he has not only failed to win the confidence of those who were distrustful at the first, but has scarcely retained that of many who at that time expected great things from his leadership. On the other hand, it must be confessed that he has fallen upon a most difficult time. The related questions of Home Rule and the abolition of the veto power of the House of Lords are of such a kind that either of them might well wreck any Government. The party is pretty thoroughly pledged to both these radical changes, but there seems to be some reason for doubting whether Lord Rosebery is in hearty sympathy with either. There is no doubt that certain members of his Cabinet are not ready for the latter. There is no certainty, perhaps not a strong probability, that either would at present command a majority at the polls. Yet refusal, or even hesitancy, with regard to either would, there is little doubt, seal the fate of the Government in the Commons. The dilemma is a trying one. Scylla and Charybdis are on either hand with no certainty that there is a safe channel between.

That the scattered and subordinate parts which make up the British Empire should impose customs duties upon each other's goods, and upon those of the Mother Country, is a strange anomaly. If there is any one condition which might be supposed to be inseparable from the unity of a great empire, one would feel inclined to say that freedom of trade through all its length and breadth would be that condition. A tax on imports must have one of two objects. It must be imposed for the purpose either of raising a revenue, or of protecting the industries of the country which imposes it, that is, of excluding the goods of the country whose goods are subjected to the impost. If a colony taxes the productions of a sister colony, or of their common Mother Land, its aim must be, therefore, either to compel that colony or country to contribute indirectly to the support of the Government of the taxing colony, or to exclude from its markets, in whole or in part, the products of the colony against which the tax is levied. In either case it is difficult to see how the colonists can boast of their attachment to the Empire, or the citizens of the United Kingdom regard the colonies as part and parcel of the Empire, so long as such unfilial and unfraternal taxes are imposed. But let that pass. The point to which we wish to call attention at present is that in offering a prize of a thousand guineas for the best scheme for an imperial customs union, the *London Statist* has taken an admirable and patriotic plan to bring the tedious and somewhat discursive talk

about Imperial Federation to a focus, since it must be evident to all who have given serious attention to the subject that the tariff question has so far been and is likely to be really the crux of the movement.

As the precise conditions under which the competitors are to write have not yet been announced, we may not at present know the scope and limits of the discussion. But the feasibility of the respective schemes and the probability of their adoption by all the parties concerned must necessarily have a foremost place in the minds of those who make the award. It might, therefore, be well if some one familiar with the whole discussion, and sufficiently impartial, would sum up at the outset any points which may be considered as having been settled up to date. At least two such points, each of a negative kind, will, we believe, be recognized on almost every hand. One is, that Great Britain will not surrender her free-trade principles or practice, under any conditions. The other is, that some of the colonies will not, at the present, give up their protectionist tariffs. Hence, the projected union cannot be formed on the basis either of common free trade or of a common protective tariff. The only remaining possibility, so far as we can see, would be free trade among the members of the union, each colony being left at liberty to impose what duties it thinks best upon the productions of other nations. Would not such an arrangement cover all the essentials of a customs union? Whether it would conflict with existing treaties would, of course, be a question for careful consideration. But, however those treaties may read or be interpreted at present, it is difficult to see how any nation could object to so natural and reasonable a thing as freedom of commercial intercourse between the different branches of the same imperial family. Would any colony refuse to surrender its right to impose taxes upon the productions of its sister colonies and of the parent State? If so, such colony might as well drop all pretence of loyalty to the Empire or desire for Imperial Federation.

No little excitement was caused a week or two since, on both sides of the ocean, by the reports which were at first sent abroad with regard to Mr. Gladstone's alleged pronouncement upon the plan of "local option," in his letter to the Bishop of Chester. Later despatches, containing extracts from the letter itself, scarcely bear out the statement conveyed by the earlier despatch, to the effect that the ex-Premier had declared himself radically opposed to the principle. It would have been strange indeed had he so far stultified himself as to make such a statement touching a policy which had a distinct place on the Liberal programme while the party was under his leadership. That he should have expressed himself as growingly dissatisfied with that

particular scheme for lessening the evils of intemperance, which seems to be about the extent of his offending, can hardly surprise any thoughtful person, even the staunchest enemy of the liquor traffic. All reflection must tend to suggest, as most experiments have probably tended to confirm, the utter insufficiency of such a remedy. So long as strong drinks are used by a very large part of the nation as everyday beverages, and even considered by many essentials to health and comfort, and so long as their manufacture and importation are sanctioned by law and custom as legitimate industries, the futility of any attempt on the part of a single locality of larger or smaller dimensions to prevent their sale and use within its bounds must be apparent. Local prohibition can, at best, be but very partially effective, and must, at the same time, give rise to other evils of a serious character.

Like every form of prohibition, the Gothenburg system, which Mr. Gladstone approves, can be defended only on the ground that the whole liquor question is *sui generis*, and must be dealt with accordingly. Were the ground taken, which is that of the pronounced prohibitionist, that the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage is evil, only evil, and always evil, but that the public welfare requires that it shall be procurable for medicinal purposes, and for use in the mechanic and chemical arts, etc., the taking over of the business by the Government might be defensible on the same ground on which the sale of poisons is restricted. But to make a Government monopoly of so vast a business as that of the production and sale of alcoholic drinks of all kinds, not for the purpose of increasing the revenue, but solely to prevent private profit and interest in their sale on the one hand, and to regulate their use by individuals on the other, would be, in a country like Great Britain, a truly novel and gigantic experiment. Yet it is coming to be more and more clearly recognized that the science of government is an experimental and practical one, and that it would be supreme folly for any people to deny themselves the benefits of what might prove to be a thoroughly beneficent method, because it was not easily reconcilable with some theory of political economy. There can be no reasonable doubt that if every liquor-seller in Great Britain, or any other country, could be put on salary to-morrow, so that henceforth he would have no pecuniary interest in the increase or diminution of his sales, the worst evils of the traffic would be at once immensely lessened. Very few men, indeed, would sell liquor to a neighbour to his manifest hurt and to that of his family, if there was nothing to be gained by so doing. It is also to be said in favour of the state management of the traffic that it would afford every facility for the prevention of poisonous adulterations, which are undoubtedly a most prolific

source of the worst evils of the traffic as at present carried on. It is evident, therefore, that there is a good deal to be said in favour of the Gothenburg system, especially when it is admitted, as it must be admitted by reasonable men who know anything of the views and habits of the British people that there is no possibility of reaching the prohibitionist's goal, the suppression of manufacture, sale, and use in Great Britain, for at least many years to come. It is probable, now that attention has been directed to the matter by Mr. Gladstone, that the Gothenburg system will come to the front as a practical proposal, as it has not hitherto done. It would be unfair that its efficacy should be judged by the success or non-success of local experiments, such as are being tried in some parts of the United States. Its strength would be largely in its national character and scope. Perhaps when it has been tried and approved, a similar method may be adopted to regulate the sale of firearms and some other articles most liable to abuse.

GLADSTONE ON THE ATONEMENT.

The spectacle of Mr. Gladstone writing on the Atonement, Mr. Balfour reading a paper at a church congress, and Lord Salisbury delivering himself on evolution and the doctrine of God, is worth pondering. It is a spectacle which could hardly be seen in any country outside of England; at least, if not confined to England, it is peculiarly Anglo-Saxon. It would be interesting to enquire whether such things are due to the English University system or to racial characteristics. Perhaps the University system has its roots in the Anglo-Saxon race, and who can say how much England owes to the social life of the college residence, or to the religious training of the college chapel. Nothing is so disastrous to the growth of character as specialization. And nothing so effectively corrects the dangers of over-specialization as the social and religious life of Oxford and Cambridge, justly called "the cradles of English statesmen." Be this as it may, England rejoices to point to the three men we have named, not only as legislators of the people and supporters of the throne, but also as defenders of the faith.

Politicians have sometimes wished that Mr. Gladstone would betake himself to Theology; theologians, that he would confine himself to "his last." But we question whether any theologian will regret Mr. Gladstone's latest theological utterance. The doctrine of the Atonement has been the butt of many a random shaft. Men who ought to have known better have revealed their moral thoughtlessness nowhere so much as here. No doubt, Christian teachers have taught false theories of the Atonement, but this does not excuse much that has been said and written by men who

are well informed on every other subject. Mr. Gladstone lays down a number of propositions, from which we single out this: "The pretexts for impugning the Divine character in connection with the redemption of man are artificially constructed by detaching the vicarious efficacy of the sufferings of our Lord from moral consequences, wrought out in those who obtain the application of His redeeming power by incorporation into His Church or Body. Take away the unnatural severance, and the objections fall to the ground." This is finely said. And surely if the hideous travesty we often see of this great doctrine were true, then Christ might have taken the world by the hand and led it into the presence of God. But such is not the case; only those go into the Eternal Presence who have found in the "pardon of Calvary" a real power helpful to the great end of sanctification." But in that case who can condemn this life-giving Atonement as unworthy of God or unnecessary for man? The whole article is well worth a careful study. Coming from the quarter it does gives it a peculiar interest, and many thoughtful men, who have regarded this central doctrine of the faith as a hard saying, will find it easier to receive at the hands of the veteran statesman, than from the pulpit of the professed theologian.

INDIVIDUALISM VS. SOCIALISM.

Considerable attention has for some weeks past been aroused in certain circles in the United States by the trial of Professor Ely, of Michigan State University, before the Board of Regents of that Institution, on a charge of economic heresy—in other words, of Socialistic teachings. After a prolonged investigation the Board have announced their verdict. They not only acquit Professor Ely but pronounce him entirely guiltless in the matter charged, in the most emphatic and unambiguous language. Professor Ely was already a well-known writer on economic and sociological questions, and this incident will have the effect, no doubt, of giving to his writings increased popularity. That he does not follow in the beaten track of the old political economists is, in the view of the Regents, a merit rather than a defect in his methods as a teacher. In pronouncing distinctly in favour of allowing teachers and investigators in public institutions full liberty of thought and expression, the Regents have given a valuable utterance in favour of freedom of scientific and philosophic research.

One of the first-fruits of this somewhat remarkable trial is a couple of articles in the current number of *The Forum*. In the first, Professor Ely, at the request of the editor, expounds, from his own view-point, some of the difficult questions which are now perplexing the minds of economists, sociologists, and statesmen. In the second, Profes-

Professor A. T. Hadley criticises unfavourably Professor Ely's last book, "Socialism and Social Reform," and takes strong ground in favour of the old, individualistic system. Professor Ely's article shows him to be far enough from accepting the modern socialistic theories, though he is almost equally at war with the intense individualism of the old system of Adam Smith and his successors. While admitting that in the past strikes have been a necessary evil, and have resulted in good to the industrial population, he holds that, under the present changed conditions of society, they can no longer be successful and should no longer be tolerated. "What we have lately witnessed in railway strikes is," he avers, "barbarism and not civilization." He fully approves of rigorous measures being taken, if necessary, by the national authorities, to put down such strikes as interfere with the public interest. Strikes are a form of war, and even war is sometimes necessary. But the war must not be permitted to interfere with certain primary institutions, such as railways, gas-works, telegraphs, etc. "If wrong and injustice are done to employees, effective means must be discovered to remedy them without a disturbance of domestic peace." In what direction the "effective means" is to be sought for, or how it is to be applied, Professor Ely gives no hint. Hence it is evident that he casts no light upon the darkest spot of the difficulty.

The larger part of Professor Ely's article is devoted to the consideration of the peculiarly public industries which are called natural monopolies. These are streets and highways of all sorts, the means of communication and transportation, and lighting-plants. They include railways, telegraphs, telephones, harbours, canals, street cars, elevated urban railways, gas-works, electric lighting-plants. Some of these are local, some national, in the scope of their operation, and some intermediate between the two extremes. Experience in the United States has, he says, demonstrated that there are two, and only two, ways of dealing with monopolies. These are private ownership and operation with control by Government, and Government control and ownership. One of these the Legislatures have decided must be had. In the case of private ownership, Government control comes in to supply the lack of the competition which regulates operations in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. After admitting very fully the vast difficulties which exist in the way of public ownership and management, and setting them over against the evils which inhere in the system of private ownership, with all its tendencies to corruption, and the dangers arising from the great power the corporations come to exert over Governments, Professor Ely inclines to the belief that in State ownership will be found the ultimate solu-

tion of the problem, "though it does not seem likely that such a decision will be reached, except for some local monopolies, and perhaps the telegraph and telephone, in any near future."

But even this is not Socialism, and the concluding part of the article shows clearly enough that Professor Ely is no Socialist. In fact, so far as his general social philosophy is concerned, he avows himself, and those who read his remarks in this connection will agree with the avowal, "a conservative rather than a radical, and in the strict sense of the term an aristocrat rather than a democrat." He takes pains, however, to explain that when he uses the latter term he has in mind a natural, not a legal aristocracy. It is at this point that the most interesting part of the discussion arises. We touch here the broad question which is causing so much unrest in all the more progressive countries of the world at the present moment.

Another phase of the question is discussed in the article by Professor Hadley, which follows, though it is pretty clear to the reader of both, that Professor Ely would hardly recognize as his own the views which form the object of Professor Hadley's attack. This discussion deals with the difference between the individualistic and the socialistic conceptions of industrial life. We are sorry that our space will not permit of our following out the discussion on these lines, as we had intended. Every thoughtful observer knows that it is the struggle between these two conceptions which is agitating the civilized world today, as perhaps it has never before been agitated. Professor Hadley devotes much of his strength to an attempt to prove that the current representation of the old political economy, by socialists, is incorrect; that political economy does not regard the individual as an end in himself; that "rational egoism and rational altruism tend to coincide." It may be admitted that in seeking to promote his own personal gain the individual often promotes the general welfare of the community. This simply means, the Socialist might retort, that things are so wisely and beneficently arranged that the intense selfishness of the individual is often over-ruled for the good of others. The fact is far from proving that selfishness should be approved and cultivated as the ideal force in social economics. But then, on the other hand, grant that genuine altruism would be both a much nobler and a much more promising force for working out the social well-being, the question arises, What can legislation, or any compulsory social compact, do towards effecting the change of motive or aim in the individual? Some influence other than external compulsion is necessary to accomplish that. And of what use would be the most elaborate socialistic machinery without the necessary force to put and keep it

in motion? In short, must not the attempt to substitute by legislation an altruistic for an individualistic aim in the world of industry necessarily result in failure?

On the other hand, we can imagine the Socialist making reply to Professor Ely's doctrine of aristocracy, his assertion that "the eighteenth century doctrine of essential equality among men is pernicious; that men are essentially unequal in power, capacity, requirements," etc. Grant the fact at any given moment. How large a part of the inequality is due to the inequality of conditions and opportunities which is the offspring of the existing social system? In other words, to what extent is the inequality natural, and to what extent the product of environment? And how much of that part of the inequality which we ascribe to heredity may be due to the influence of previous environments for which the social system was largely responsible?

The controversy is endless, though it forces itself upon the mind and is well worth pursuing. But do not both parties, after all, forget that it is "a condition and not a theory" which confronts us? What are the socialistic tendencies of the time but a necessary accompaniment of the advance, the now resistless advance of democracy? Are those tendencies really anything else than the outcome of the determination of the triumphing democracies to legislate with a view solely to the interests or supposed interests of the industrial classes, just as much of the old legislation was undeniably the outcome of the natural tendency of the special ruling and legislating classes to legislate solely in their own interests? The end who can foretell?

Professor Giulio Fano and Dr. Giulio Masini, of Genoa, Italy, have recently made an interesting series of experiments, described in the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases* (New York), to determine the inter-relations of the auditory apparatus and the respiratory centre. They find that loss of the semicircular canals of the ear causes profound modifications of the mechanism of respiration, which are much less notable when only the cochlea is extirpated, the canals appearing to inhibit respiration, while the cochlea causes an acceleration of respiratory rhythm. The respiratory movements approach the normal when, after destruction of the semicircular canals, the cochlea is extirpated, so that there seems to be a sort of functional antagonism between the canals and the cochlea. Respiratory movements reflect very sensitively the impressions made upon the ear, so that they may be employed as a sort of test of auditory sensitiveness, and thus one may demonstrate how sensitive the acoustic nerve is to auditory impressions.

Verdi's new opera has for its subject not King Lear, as has been reported, but Count Ugolino, and the Tower of Famine from Dante's *Inferno*. In preparing it he has had examined a musical setting to the episode written in the sixteenth century by Vincenzo Galileo, the father of the astronomer

MONTREAL LETTER.

In view of the increasing trade between Canada and Japan, the council of the Montreal Board of Trade considers it very desirable that a Japanese consulate should be established in Montreal whereat full and reliable information concerning Japan, its products and manufactures, might be obtained, and thus the further development of trade relations between the two countries encouraged. Why not suggest a Chinese consulate for the same reason?

An effort is being made by certain capitalists to secure the right to run an elevated railway through the city. The route upon which they have their eyes takes in Craig Street and St. James Street, and the proprietors therein object strongly. The matter came up before the civic committee on such matters and it considered that these streets should not be marred and that the river front is the only place for an elevated railway. As yet, however, nothing definite has been settled.

Among recent sporting events was the eleventh annual championship games of the Amateur Athletic Association of Canada, held on Saturday last in the M.A.A.A. grounds. The attendance was very large, and the event was successful in every way. Four Canadian records were broken and a world's record was equalled. George Orton, formerly of Toronto, but now representing the N.Y.A.C. of New York, carried everything before him in his line. Nearly all the "firsts" were captured by representatives of American associations. It is unfortunate that as soon as our young men show superiority in anything, they leave us and help our neighbours to retain honours which should rightly belong to this country.

In the registration of new names on the voters' lists the revising barristers say that this year does not compare with previous periods of revision. It appears that the young men are neglecting to look after their rights, and unless there is a change in the feeling before October 15th, the lists will not be complete by many thousands of names. In St. Antoine division, the principal English district of the island, there are not, up to date, more than one thousand young income voters enrolled, and it is estimated that there should be ten thousand. Something should be done to make the young man feel that this is his country and that he is a part of it. It would be a good idea to tax those people, say twenty-five dollars each, who, through neglect, deprive themselves of the franchise.

The Sohmer Park people are moving to have Sunday liquor selling legalized by the Provincial Government. Up to within a few months ago they enjoyed this privilege through the indulgence of the civic authorities, but upon the urgent request of the Citizens' League the Government stepped in and stopped it. Opposition to this extraordinary privilege comes from the clergy of all denominations, and even liquor-sellers object to this special privilege which is refused to other licensed places in the city.

The Rev. James B. Robertson, of Cape Palmas, West Coast of Africa, now visiting this city, has had an eventful life. A sailor in early life he roughed it in different parts of the world, especially in the Indian Ocean at the time of the Indian Mutiny. He joined the Federal Navy during the war of the rebellion in the United States and was present at the taking of New Orleans, Mobile and Vicksburg. Through the instrumentality of the Boston Young Men's

Christian Association he became a missionary and in 1838 sailed for Cape Palmas. There he has worked up to the present and his labours have met with success. Mr. Robertson is a Scotchman by birth.

The Hon. Honore Mercier, ex-Premier of Quebec, is lying at his residence in a dying condition and ere this reaches the eye of the reader he will, perhaps, have passed over to the great majority. Lieut.-Governor Chapleau visited the sick man. In the bitter struggles of the political arena they had been enemies; now they embrace and become reconciled and talk over their old fights in a new spirit. Sir John Thompson's private secretary called and expressed condolence on behalf of the Premier. Mr. Tarte is one of the most assiduous visitors to the bedside. Telegrams and letters of enquiry and condolence are being received hourly. Whatever Mr. Mercier's life was, he has not been neglected in his last hour.

The meetings of the American Public Health Association held here last week abounded with interest and for a while the public mind was brought to bear upon that important though much neglected subject, sanitation. Many prominent sanitarians were present and many important papers were read and discussed. A grand reception was held in the Windsor Hall and besides the usual complimentary addresses some good solid things were said on matters pertaining to the health of the public. Lieut.-Governor Chapleau was there and he made the visitors welcome in an eloquent speech on behalf of the Province. Major Villeneuve did the same on behalf of the city. Dr. Gregorie Mendizabol, of Orizaba, Mexico, varied the proceedings by delivering an address in Spanish. He said science knew no country; the salvation of the people was the supreme law. In labouring for public health they laboured for material prosperity; a sound body was essential to a sound mind. It was refreshing to hear such expressions from a native of Mexico. The papers read at the meetings treated with every subject relating to health. Good seed was sown and good should result therefrom. Of course there were dinners and other entertainments and the proceedings were wound up by a trip to Grosse Isle, the Canadian quarantine station. The general opinion expressed by the visitors was that Canada's quarantine arrangements are perfect. A. J. F.

A LOSS TO CANADIAN LITERATURE.

A few weeks ago, on the twenty-eighth of July, there passed quietly away, at an advanced age, one who has long held a deservedly honoured place among our leading Canadian writers. Now that our authors are multiplying so rapidly, it is not easy to realize how refreshing, in a comparatively arid literary field, it once was to meet with the finished and artistic prose which bore the well known signature of Louisa Murray, a signature which, attached to article or story, was always a pledge that it would be charming in style, as well as thoughtful and suggestive in matter. We may claim Miss Murray as a Canadian writer, since Canada was her adopted country, and her home during the greater portion of her life. She was, however, a native of Limerick county, Ireland, which she left in very early youth. Her father was a British officer and acted as *aide de camp* to the father of our Queen, when, as Duke of Kent, he was stationed at Halifax. After-

wards engaged in active service during the war of 1812, he at length settled down on a farm on Amherst Island, afterwards removing to Wolfe Island, opposite Kingston. Here Miss Murray's life was as quiet and retired as if lived in the backwoods, while she always took her full share in the duties of the farm. Nevertheless, her richly endowed intellect found its natural expression despite all that seemed—and was—adverse in surrounding circumstances. Near her lived the family of her life-long friend, Mr. J. A. Allen, whose younger son, Grant Allen, was then growing up in a happy childhood, already a quick observer of the nature around him. In the society here open to her, Miss Murray found the intellectual sympathy and stimulus she needed and which she might otherwise have missed. One of her early poems describes the interesting little circle, and the happy hours she had spent in its much-prized companionship—sorely missed when it was withdrawn by the removal of her friends to another home at Kingston, and afterwards by their residence abroad.

Miss Murray's first important literary venture was her vivid tale, "The Cited Curate," a story of the wilder side of Irish life, with its passionate impulses. It was first serially published in the old *Anglo-American Magazine*, and, afterwards, through the kind intervention of Mr. Allen, was just about to be published in book form by Messrs. Putnam, when that firm's failure intervened.

When the *Canadian Monthly Magazine* was first established, and during its whole life, Miss Murray was one of its most valued contributors, and her charming story, "Marguerite Kneller," added grace and dignity to its first volume. Some years later another Irish tale, "Little Dorinn," ran serially through the magazine. It is to be regretted that none of these stories were ever published in book form, as in that case their author would have become known to a much wider circle of readers. It is also to be regretted that her able and polished articles and critical sketches did not come before a wider public in English or American magazines, on which they would have reflected much more credit than many articles which have found a place there. But in those days "colonial" writers were practically "side-tracked," and Miss Murray had scarcely enough of personal ambition to push her own way. Such masterly studies as her essay on "Ophelia" and that on "Swift and the Women who loved him," both of which appeared in the *Canadian Monthly*, would have done honor to any periodical. To the writer there was in her tone of mind and expression, something that suggested George Eliot, who she greatly admired, and with whom she had much intellectual affinity. Had she met with more encouragement, she might have done still more important work. But she scarcely received the appreciation she deserved, and though she never worked for mere popularity, her sensitive spirit could not but feel the lack of an appreciative atmosphere. Some years ago, in an otherwise pleasant sketch of her work by a Canadian writer, there appeared a criticism, which, to the present writer, seemed uncalled for and unjust, and which could not have failed to wound her in a sensitive point, a remark to the effect that her characters were not lifelike and real. How they may have struck others, of course, one cannot say but to the present writer there did

not seem any lack of reality about her literary creations, insight into character being one of her strong points; and the injustice was felt for her, if not also by her. To those who knew the obstacles to her literary work with which she had to contend, the amount of such work she accomplished was really remarkable. Her family history was marked by one heavy trial after another, such as would have crushed the energies of a weaker nature. But her strong love for literature was, no doubt, one helpful possession, which, combined with her interest in great general questions, helped to beguile many a weary hour.

Her later years have been lived in Western Canada, to which she accompanied the brothers and sister to whom she was ardently attached. She resided for a time near Tilsonburg, but her last home was on a beautiful spot near the whirlpool at Niagara Falls. She delighted in the beautiful scenery about her, and contributed the letter-press of the number of "Picturesque Canada" which deals with Niagara. Her life here was deeply saddened, however, by the mysterious disappearance of a beloved brother and the long period of agonizing suspense before the family could settle down to the conviction that he had met with a fatal accident. She had always shrunk from general society, and, towards the close of her life, when infirmities were growing upon her, she clung more than ever to the retirement in which she had lived so long, and could not be persuaded to leave home, even to visit the friends she had most loved and valued. She continued to write, however, as long as her fingers were able to wield the pen, which she seemed able to wield as gracefully as ever. Latterly, however, she could not even use it to write letters, and when she tried to do so, her fine, strong handwriting seemed sadly changed. She did not by any means cling to life, perhaps the less so, that she felt herself to a great extent "forgotten by the world." The world of readers is an ungrateful one after all, and, in the pressure of new favorites, is very apt to forget those who, in the past, have instructed and delighted it. But something might have been done to manifest the appreciation which was her due. Considering the leading part she took in our budding literature, and the character her writing gave to our early periodicals, would it not have been a graceful act, had she received from her brothers of the pen—who should scarcely be monopolists, since art knows no distinction of sex—the well-earned honor of being the first lady-member of the Royal Canadian Institute? If such distinctions are of any value at all, they should, in the first instance, be for those who have borne the burden and heat of the day and won their honors in a fair field with no favor. No doubt such a recognition would have cheered the last lonely years of her life, but she has passed beyond the use of such laurels now.

In her earlier years, Miss Murray wrote some graceful poems, one of which, "The Merlin's Cave," showed great power of imagination and language; but prose, not poetry seemed her natural vehicle of expression; and she will be remembered chiefly as one of the best prose writers Canada has yet possessed. In her case the power seemed the more spontaneous as she had none of the modern educational advantages now so easily secured. She was, indeed, mainly self-educated, and to a strong and highly cultivated intellect was added a noble nature which raised her above

all petty ambitions, and made her a most loving and devoted daughter, a faithful sister and an ever-loyal friend.

FIDELIS.

SAPPHO.

Give us back the Lesbian measure,
That lost art of long ago—
Blinding pathos, burning pleasure,
Light of laughter and of woe.

Give us back the Lesbian measure,
Lighter Horace lost the vein,
And with all his golden treasure
Caught no note of Sappho's pain.

Give us back the Lesbian measure,
How could'st thou Catullus sing?
Thou the bard of Roman leisure,
Sound the depths of Sappho's spring!

Heart of Hellas still is beating,
Golden memories linger yet,
Passion's chords forever fleeting—
We who love, can we forget?

JOHN A. T. LLOYD.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

In the list of lyrical writers of America, the first name is easily that of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Among the lyrists of the nineteenth century, there is no question about his place. Indeed, he belongs more to the world at large than to any particular spot in a hemisphere, and though he has sung sweetly of certain phases and incidents in American life and movement, by far the greater part of his work is cosmopolitan. The influence of Herrick, Keats and Tennyson is plainly discerned in his verse. But the influence is suggestive only, for Mr. Aldrich has borrowed nothing from the English bards, save, perhaps, a little of their form and manner. His art is his own. He mixes his own pigments, and originality of thought is certainly his strongest characteristic. His coloring is exquisite and his melody is perfect. One rarely stumbles on a halting line, and such a thing as a bad metaphor is unknown in the whole range of his poetical writings. Mr. Aldrich is, moreover, a man of superlatively fine taste. He is his own severest critic, and has been known to cut away half and sometimes more than half of a poem, simply because he thought, mayhap wrongfully, that the additional verses weakened the force of the predominant idea. To do this, we may be sure, cost the poet a pang, for he is a slow craftsman, and this work of his which we find so tuneful, and so easy to read, flows not readily from his pen. He is, in the highest sense, an artist, and like Tennyson, is always fearful lest the standard may be lowered by himself. This faithfulness to his art, to himself and to his public, has therefore not been realized without great effort. The reader, in consequence, has lost many acceptable stanzas. But no one will say that art has suffered, for the poet has allowed only his best work to see the light, and really, after all, it is better, perhaps, that it should be so.

It is a fortunate thing for literature in America, that Baby Bell was written. Everyone remembers the touching story of the dainty babe, and how she came "into this world of ours," the gates of heaven being left ajar:

"With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even—

Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours."

The story of the brief life is told with keenest sympathy and delicacy. The heart readily lends itself to the sad beauty of the narrative. And then:

"At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!"

The tearful ballad, so faultless in conception and in execution, so genuine in human sympathy, and so admirable in its art, proved on the instant a complete and unqualified success. Mr. Aldrich had sent it, with perhaps some misgivings, to Willis or Halleck; I have forgotten whom. He had not to wait long for an answer. The editor wrote enthusiastically to the young poet, and backed his words with an honorarium, in the shape of a crisp bank note. This reception to the literary guild decided the poet. He abandoned commerce for letters, and gave his whole mind to the calling in which, in after years, he achieved such signal success. He was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 11th of November, 1836. The quaint old town figures agreeably in several of his books, as "Rivermouth." His early youth was passed in Louisiana, and while preparing himself for college, his father died. This put an end to his plans, and he accepted the invitation of his uncle, a prominent New York merchant, and went north to take a position in the counting-room. He spent three years at the ledger, but business had little charm for him. His spare time was given up to writing and reading, and from time to time he enriched the columns of the local newspapers with contributions in prose and verse. One of these was Baby Bell, the success of which we have already seen. He became a "reader" for a publishing house, and his writings, exhibiting growing strength, appeared at intervals, in *Putnam's Monthly*—famous in its day as one of the best exponents of modern thought in the United States; the *Old Knickerbocker*—then, if I mistake not, under the editorship of Lewis Gaylord Clark; the *New York Mirror*, conducted with conspicuous ability; the *Saturday Press* and the *Home Journal*, Nathaniel Parker Willis's paper. In 1856, Mr. Aldrich joined the staff of the *Journal*. After this, he went to Boston, edited with judgment *Every Saturday*, from the first number to the last, and when Mr. Howells retired from the conduct of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he became its chief editor, resigning the position only a few years ago.

Mr. Aldrich's prose is as captivating as his poetry. He has given us a charming account of a journey from Ponkapog to Peth, which no one will willingly set down until he has read it through, and four or five volumes of stories which must be praised for their originality and manner of treatment. Of these we will speak later on.

Oct. 5th, 1894.]

From the first Mr. Aldrich has held the notion that it is not well to present his public with large books. It has been his custom, always, to publish his poems in small, but exquisitely printed volumes. Thus we have the *Cloth of Gold*, *Flower and Thorn*, *XXXVI Lyrics* and *XII Sonnets*, *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book*, etc., compact, pretty books, easy to hold in one's hand, and the contents all gems. There is no need to tell the story of those volumes in chronological order. Not long ago, the whole series appeared in one book. But Mr. Aldrich's plan has been not to give his readers too much to read at one time.

Our poet's fame will rest upon his lyrics and sonnets. Some of his critics have fancied that his blank verse echoed too closely the manner of Tennyson. This, however, is not so. But Aldrich is happier always in writing melody, and though all through his longer descriptive poems there are beauties to admire, his readers will much prefer the shorter pieces. Here is one which any poet in the world would have been glad to claim. It contains only eight lines, but is a masterpiece, and opens up a whole storehouse of thought. *Identity* is what the poet calls it:

Some where—in desolate wind-swept space—
In Twilight-land—in No-man's-land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, a-gape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

Identity is a great poem, startling in idea, and full of a bold and striking philosophy. It crystallizes itself at once on the mind, and compels thought. Of lighter texture is the graceful *nocturne*, *Bellaggio*, clean-cut and refined and showing perfectly Mr. Aldrich's delicious combinations, play of fancy and word-blending. *Across the Street* is of the same class. It used to be said of his love-poems that they lacked passion. They do not, to be sure, belong to the fleshly school of Rossetti and Swinburne, and all of them may be read without fear of taboo. But few of them will be found dispassionate. Polished they are—indeed, Mr. Aldrich's work never loses its polish—but they are not cold or unsympathetic. Sensuous they never are. Rather they may be described as elevating and ennobling. One finds no co-respondent in the lovers who figure in this New England poet's books. The types he creates are not flirts of either sex.

The profuseness of color and warmth of feeling, which abound in Mr. Aldrich's poetry, recall the luxuriance of the orient. He would have made a good Persian. Hafiz has given us nothing better, if we may trust his translators, than "When the Sultan goes to Ispahan," which is winning and strong; and *Dressing the Bride*, fragmentary as it is, paints a portrait which the lover of finished work cannot fail to appreciate. Our readers will agree with us as to its remarkable beauty and completeness:

"So, after bath, the slave-girls brought
The brodered raiment for her wear,
The misty izar from Mosul,
The pearls and opals for her hair,
The slippers for her supple feet,
(Two radiant crescent moons they were,)
And lavender, and spikenard sweet,
And attars, nedd, and richest musk.
When they had finished dressing her,
(The eye of morn, the heart's desire.)
Like one pale star against the dusk,

A single diamond on her brow
Trembled with its imprisoned fire!"

And here is another exquisite fancy,
Eastern too in its wealth of color:

TIGER-LILIES.

"I like not lady-slippers,
Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red, or white as snow;
I like the chalice lilies,
The heavy Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow!

For they are tall and slender;
Their mouths are dashed with carmine;
And when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful—
They are Circassian women,
The favorites of the Sultan,
Adown our garden walks!

And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window
And watch them glow and glisten,
How they burn and glow!
O for the burning lilies,
The tender Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow!"

The same quality of conscientious workmanship is met with in all of Mr. Aldrich's lyrics, and notably in such poems as *The Old Castle*, *The Flight of the Goddess*, *On an Intaglio Head*, *Before the Rain*, *After the Rain*, and *An Untimely Thought*.

In Leigh Hunt's *Book of the Sonnet*, some words of praise are said of Mr. Aldrich's powers as a sonnet writer. He has succeeded in producing a few of the really good sonnets written during the present age. Many have attempted the English sonnet, and many have failed, Longfellow succeeding better, perhaps, than his contemporaries. We may quote here *Pursuit* and *Possession*, which is universally acknowledged to be one of the best specimens of this class of poetry written in America:

"When I behold what pleasure is Pursuit,
What life, what glorious eagerness it is;
Then mark how full Possession falls from this,
How fairer seems the blossom than the fruit—
I am perplexed, and often stricken mute
Wondering which attained the higher bliss,
The winged insect, or the chrysalis
It thrust aside with unreluctant foot.
Spirit of verse, that still elud'st my art,
Thou airy phantom that dost ever haunt me,
Oh never, never rest upon my heart,
If when I have thee I shall little want thee!
Still flit away in moonlight, rain and dew,
Will-o'-the-wisp, that I may still pursue!"

Almost as perfect as the above are *Three Flowers*, inscribed to Bayard Taylor, and *At Stratford-upon-Avon*, dedicated to the poet's life-long friend, Edwin Booth.

Mr. Aldrich has not written many long poems, though, judging from *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book*, *Judith*, *Wyndham Towers* and the drama, *Mercedes*, he is quite capable of achieving high distinction in that department, and giving us grander and more sustained work than he has yet essayed. *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book*, A.D. 1200, full of the flavor of the middle ages, is a most striking rhythmical performance. In his youth the Friar had committed a venial fault which preyed upon his mind. His duty was to feed the poor, but one night his soul revolted at the task and he resolved to add to the treasures of the convent one of those illuminated books which have survived the centuries. He had often thought of

"those great tomes
With clamps of gold,—the Convent's boast—

How they endured, while kings and realms
Passed into darkness and were lost;
How they had stood from age to age,
Clad in their yellow vellum-mail,
'Gainst which the Paynim's godless rage,
The Vandal's fire, could naught avail:
Though heathen sword-blows fell like hail,
Though cities ran with Christian blood,
Imperishable they had stood!
They did not seem like books to him,
But Heroes, Martyrs, Saints—themselves
The things they told of, not mere books
Ranged grimly on the oaken shelves."

It was a laudable ambition and the Friar made up his mind to devote the remainder of his days to the great work, which seemed revealed to him as a mission, which he must perform. Then says the poet in this splendid passage:

"To those dim alcoves, far withdrawn,
He turned with measured steps and slow,
Trimming his lantern as he went;
And there, among the shadows, bent
Above one ponderous folio,
With whose miraculous text were blent
Seraphic faces: Angels, crowned
With rings of melting amethyst;
Mute, patient Martyrs, cruelly bound
To blazing fagots; here and there,
Some bold, serene Evangelist,
Or Mary in her sunny hair;
And here and there from out the words
A brilliant tropic bird took flight;
And through the margins many a vine
Went wandering—roses, red and white,
Tulip, wind-flower, and columbine
Blossomed. To his believing mind
These things were real, and the wind,
Blown through the mullioned window, took
Scent from the lilies in the book."

The Friar began his book and bent long and lovingly over the lengthening page, pausing scarcely to tell his beads, save when the night had come. And even then his mind worked, for he lay restless on the straw, anxious and impatient for the morning's dawn. He excused himself, now and then, for forgetting the poor at the convent door, by whispering to himself:

"I feed the souls of men
Henceforth, and not their bodies!"
"Yet," says the poet:

"Their sharp, pinched features, now and then,
Stole in between him and his Book,
And filled him with a vague regret!"

Thus thought and toiled Friar Jerome, now eagerly finishing a vignette, now adding a fragment to a tail-piece, anon painting some grand figure in the Book. He was full of the great work he had in hand, and though a blight had come stealthily upon the region where he lived, and the corn grew cankered in its sheath, and sickness, the "green-spotted terror called the Pest," was hurrying to the grave the young bride, the infant and the strong man, the monk, filled with the magnitude of his task, and unmindful of anything else, still pored over the tome, which grew more and more beautiful under his skilful touch:

"And evermore that dreadful pall
Of mist hung stagnant over all:
By day, a sickly light broke through
The heated fog, on town and field;
By night, the moon, in anger, turned
Against the earth its mottled shield."

Then we have a picture of the friars and the monks, going about two and two, chanting, shriving the sick and burying the dead. Of all the monks only Jerome remained behind, hiding in his dusty nook, resolved at all hazard to complete the last ten pages of his Book. The stately figure of St. John, his master-piece, done, the work as a whole would be finished, and then he would go out with his brethren

and busy himself, as in the old days, with the calls of the sick, the dying and the poor. He sketched the head, laid in the tint, when lo!

"He found a grinning Death's head there,
And not the grand Apostle's face."

The old friar, horrified and appalled by the change, deemed it revelation from God and a message. He hastily closed the Book, left undone his task, drew his cowl about his face, and went out among the sufferers into the stricken city,

"And there was joy in heaven that day—
More joy o'er this forlorn old friar
Than over fifty sinless men
Who never struggled with desire!"

The good monk toiled with his people, but before the hideous black scourge had disappeared, it overtook him, and soon he became a wasted shape. He crept back to the convent. There was silence in the corridor,

"For of that long innumerable train
Which issued forth a month before
Scarce twenty had come back again!"

He crawled up the moldy stair to his damp cell, that he might look on the pages of his beloved Book, which had consumed so many years of his life, before he died. A cry of joy escaped from his lips as he beheld the tome resting on the familiar stand where he had left it. It was open now and spread out. When he had last seen it, it was closed. Some angel's hand had been here and finished it, for

"There 'twas complete, as he had planned;
There, at the end, stood FINIS, writ
And gilded as no man could do."

Jerome could neither speak nor stir. His eyes remained fixed on the last word, and

"He passed from sin and want and scorn;
And suddenly the chapel-bells
Rang in the holy Christmas Morn!"

This poem must convince the reader of the high quality of Mr. Aldrich's art. It is full of beauties and quotable passages, but perhaps it is unfair to the poet to separate them from the work itself. "Judith" is another poem molded in that blank verse in which Tennyson has proved himself so great a master. It is dramatic in incident, picturesque in color, and strong in character drawing. Mr. Aldrich has given us nothing finer than his portraits of the Prince of Assur, and the Hebrew woman, nor in the way of description, has he produced anything more notable than the powerful episode narrating the assassination of Holofernes in the tent:

"Judith knelt
And gazed upon him, and her thoughts were
dark;

For half she longed to bid her purpose die—
To stay, to weep, to fold him in her arms,
To let her long hair loose upon his face,
As on a mountain-top some amorous cloud
Lets down its sombre tresses of fine rain.
For one wild instant in her burning arms
She held him sleeping; then grew wan as
death,

Relaxed her hold, and starting from his side
As if an asp had stung her to the quick,
Listened; and listening, she heard the moans
Of little children moaning in the streets
Of Bethulia, saw famished women pass,
Wringing their hands, and on the broken
walls

The flower of Israel dying.

With quick breath
Judith blew out the tapers, all save one,
And from his twisted girdle loosed the sword,
And grasping the huge hilt with her two
hands,

Thrice smote the Prince of Assur as he lay,
Thrice on his neck she smote him as he lay,
And from the brawny shoulders rolled the
head

Winking and ghastly in the cresset's light;
Which done, she fled into the yawning dark,
There met her maid, who, stealing to the tent,
Pulled down the crimson arras on the corse,
And in her mantle wraapt the brazen head,
And brought it with her; and a great gong
boomed

Twelve, as the two women glided past the
guard

With measured footstep: but outside the camp,
Terror seized on them, and they fled like
wraiths

Through the hushed midnight into the black
woods,

Where, from gnarled roots and ancient, pal-
sied trees,
Dread shapes, upstarting, clutched at them;
and once

A nameless bird in branches overhead
Screeched, and the blood grew cold about their
hearts.

By mouldy caves, the hooded viper's haunt,
Down perilous steeps, and through the deso-
late gorge,

Onward they flew, with madly streaming hair,
Bearing their hideous burden, till at last,
Wild with the pregnant horrors of the night,
They dashed themselves against the City's
gate."

"Wyndham Towers," dedicated to the author's "friend and comrade," Edwin Booth, in half a dozen charming lines, presents our poet in a new light. The poem belongs to the dramatic narrative class. It is full of passion, strong, imaginative, and all the qualities which enter into heroic work. Many will place it among Mr. Aldrich's finer performances, if they do not account it his masterpiece. Its flavor is of the Elizabethan age, and the poet has caught most exquisitely the manner of the contemporaries of Shakespeare and of Rare Ben. "Wyndham Towers" is of too fine a texture ever to become popular in the ordinary sense, but its value as a great contribution to poetic thought, feeling and intellect will long remain. The story, with all its admirable mechanism, its sterling worth, its art and its beauty, need not be told here. But this excerpt may be made. It is a sweet and graceful love song, which even the poet's critics will not say is cold:

"It was with doubt and trembling
I whispered in her ear.
Go, take her answer, bird-on-bough,
That all the world may hear—

Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Sing it, sing it, tawny throat,
Upon the wayside tree,
How fair she is, how true she is,
How dear she is to me—

Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Sing it, sing it, tawny throat,
And through the summer long
The winds among the clover-tops,
And brooks for all their silvery stops,
Shall envy you the song—

Sweetheart, sigh no more."

Daintiness of treatment has ever been a characteristic of Mr. Aldrich, and this quality appears very often in the last volume of verse which has come from his pen, *The Sisters' Tragedy*, with other poems, lyrical and dramatic. The initial poem is particularly striking, and will take the fancy of many, not because the story told is new, but from the manner in which it is recited. "The Last Caesar" contains a reminiscence of the Third Napoleon, which though unpleasing is effective, and this tribute to the genius of Tennyson is quite in Mr. Aldrich's happiest vein:

"Others shall have their little space of time,
Their proper niche and bust, then fade away
Into the darkness, poets of a day;

But thou, O builder of enduring rhyme,
Thou shalt not pass! Thy fame in every
clime
On earth shall live where Saxon speeds her
sway."

But the fame of Mr. Aldrich will not rest alone on his poetry, though it is easy to admit that poesy is his first love. One story he gave us in his young manhood, the *Story of a Bad Boy*, one of the cleverest tales of juvenile life and character ever written. It is partly autobiographical, and the hero, Tom Bailey, is the author himself, of course, considerably exaggerated. The story is intensely real. Little Benny Wallace, the credulous Pepper Whitcomb, Nelly, Miss Abigail, Capt. Nutter and Kitty, the Irish servant, are drawn from the life, and the reader is very early interested in them. Benny's brief existence is pathetically described. His is a notably fine character, genuine to a degree, but Tom Bailey and Pepper Whitcomb will carry the reader by storm, for they are the life and soul of the book. While Aldrich was writing this story in the pages of that excellent juvenile monthly, *Our Young Folks*, the elder lights in American literature watched its progress, from number to number, with as much interest and delight as the youngest reader. It proved a worthy successor to Judge Hughes' *Tom Brown*, almost the best history of boy life yet published. It is a mistake to compare it to *Tom Sawyer*, as some have done, for the latter is coarse, trivial and unreal, while Tom Bailey is wholesome throughout, and made from metal which sounds the true ring. The *Queen of Sheba* was a more ambitious venture, and in it Mr. Aldrich gave a taste of his quality as a romance-writer for men and women. The story is quite original, charming in form, wealthy in description, and full of episodes which attract on the instant. The love-making between Ruth and Lynde is delicious, while the scene in the New England village, with the lunatics, is intensely strong. Mr. Aldrich manages his lesser incidents with that light and graceful touch which he has made his own. His tenderness, his wit, his geniality, his perfect taste, have full rein always. One looks in vain in his pages for a glorification of the commonplace. The characters he describes have something in them. They speak and act and what they say is worth setting down, and the deeds they do are worth describing. The *Queen of Sheba* is a refreshing story, dramatic enough to give it poignancy, and with plot enough to hold the reader to the end. The *Stillwater Tragedy* tells the story of a strike, a murder, and the unravelling of a chain of circumstantial evidence. This novel is so finely wrought, the imagination is so vivid and sometimes startling, that many must regret that the author has not produced more work of the same sort. He has constructed a bold plot, and developed it with skill, and the events and personages, so artistically treated, emphasize his merit as a writer of fiction, which must have more than a passing vogue. The interest never abates a jot. The surprise is kept well in the background until needed, and the story is real, and not sensational. Comedy too, there is in it. Prudence Palfrey has ever been a favorite with Mr. Aldrich's admirers. It belongs to the Rivermouth romances, and few young women have been drawn, with better success than Miss Prue, in this bright and exquisite story—we had almost called it a novel. The portrait of the heroine is full of color, and the picture we get of New England rural life is very de-

lightful, very true and very touching. Of course, Mr. Aldrich treats us to interviews with some very amusing people, and his genial humor shines constantly through the narrative. The Parson, John Dent, Dillingham and the others, are strongly-drawn characters. The plot only is a trifle slight, or perhaps, we should say, slender.

I remember how shocked Aldrich was when the post brought him, from London, a copy of a pirated edition of his lovely story, Marjorie Daw, quite the best thing of the kind from his or any pen. The pirate publisher printed on the outside cover a flashy and hideous wood-cut, and rechristened the book, "Marjorie Daw and Other Beguilers." This offence against good taste was properly resented by the poet-romancer. The story is a delicate hoax, very prettily told, and so well managed that everyone is promptly fooled to the top of his bent. The letters and telegrams tell the story in good faith, and Marjorie herself soon wins her way to the heart of the reader. The story is a mere sketch, very light in texture, but most charming reading for all that.

Aldrich excels in short story writing. His work in that department is finished and unrivalled for its art and beauty. One story of his, "Two Bites at a Cherry," is old enough in plot, in all consciousness, but the treatment is altogether another thing, and in the author's hands it becomes invested with a fresh charm. Our New Neighbors at Ponkapog, Père Antoine's Date-Palm, Miss Mehetabel's Son and Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski will not want for readers. They will long be numbered among the really brilliant and original short stories of our time, poetic in a way, rich in kindly humor, and falling below none as works of art. With Mrs. Oliphant once, Mr. Aldrich wrote a novel, The Second Son. The reader will find little difficulty in placing the responsibility for the different chapters on the pens which furnished them.

GEORGE STEWART.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Weep! weep! Oh tearful skies,
While summer gently dies,
And let us bid her sad farewell;
There are no tears so dear
As yours, nor so sincere,
Nor to our hearts such solace tell—
Farewell!

The trees with beauteous green,
The leaves no longer screen,
But to the sun their verdure sell:
He gives them glittering gold,
And colours manifold,
How short their day 'twere vain to tell!—
Farewell!

Let the wind sadly sigh
O'er flowers that withered lie
In sober mead or shadowed dell
Under the falling leaves—
The shroud that autumn weaves—
They sleep that once we loved so well—
Farewell!

Not with rare flow'rets gay
Make we a last bouquet,
But mint, and rue, and asphodel:
These are our chosen flowers,
Now that the summer hours
No more our hearts with gladness swell—
Farewell!

Early the waning light
Fades from our pensive sight,
While deeply tolls the evening bell;
Over the tree-tops tall,
Night treads her airy hall,
And silent listens to the knell—
Farewell!

By the night coldly kissed,
The silvery ghostly mist,
Wakes from its slumbrous earthy cell;
Wanders beneath the trees,
Moved by each passing breeze,
Where late the burning sunshine fell—
Farewell!

Beneath the stars' faint gleam,
Moves on the placid stream,
And toward the sea doth flow and swell;
So doth our life-stream flee,
On toward Infinity,
Where no abiding sorrows dwell—
Farewell!

BERNARD McEVROY.

PLUTOCRACY AND THE SOCIAL CRISIS.

A little over a century ago the common people, not of France alone, but of Europe, were emancipated. This, with all that it means, was the net result of the French Revolution. The violence of that explosion showed only the tremendous pressure of the forces apposed, as Lord Macaulay has somewhere observed—the height and depth of that tyranny which had for centuries oppressed the third estate. Civilization raised to a higher plane has progressed since then. And the nineteenth century draws to a close.

In its march society, it seems, has reached another halting place where it must needs stop and examine into its proper fabric and make such readjustments as the circumstances, necessities and intelligence of the age demands. It is no longer a question of individual liberty. A hundred years ago that matter was settled. Then the people leaped at a bound from a position not much better than veritable chattels of the soil—from slavery to citizenship. They became free men, free individuals, free citizens. But now the question is—How shall individual liberty be restrained and circumscribed—that liberty which, when pushed to the extreme by the few, is a menace to the well-being of the many. This is the problem confronting progressive democracy.

While the social disease exists and is malignant and potent, the remedy does not appear to be so immediate: it is not even apparent. Whether the cure for our greatest social evils is to be found in nationalization, or co-operativism, or any other doubtfully-feasible scheme, it is not the purpose of this writing to enquire. But one thing seems evident, that whatever the form may be into which society will resolve itself, and a great English philosopher has reminded the world that the social change is certain, and approaching, the reformation will take place first in the west where the conditions are most favorable to the change. * For what is the condition—the strangely anomalous social condition of America at the present time. Is it not amazing that in a young and vigorous nation cut off from the beginning from all the trammels of the feudal system and constituted and governed upon modern principles, with a country of infinite resources and capable under normally healthy conditions of supporting in peace and plenty three times its present population, there should be found, after a brief career of some one hundred and fifteen years, all the keen asperities of class and caste and an aristocracy that is a curse to every free people because it is an aristocracy not based on any true foundation, not on worth or intelligence, not on patriotic devotion to country, or disinterested service in the cause of humanity, on

no good quality of brain or heart, but on gold and gold alone. And in a land of boundless opportunities and free and liberal government to find an army of men without employment and without food given over to crime and starvation. War-taxed, pauperised Europe is no longer pre-eminent in her standing army of such stuff.

On the one hand there is beggary, on the other unprecedented luxury. Here there is organized labor antagonistic to capital, and it is possible for half a million of men to stop work, "tie up" the railway system of the continent, paralyze commercial intercourse and yet not infringe in a single iota on the law that protects individual rights and liberties. The producing classes, the intelligent classes, the professional classes are roused to the necessity for some change. Clubs and organizations have sprung up throughout the nation by hundreds for the purpose of propagating the schemes of social reformers, and colonies have been planted whereby their theories may be practically tested.

To-day this is the picture the distracted republic presents in which there is scarcely a relieving or encouraging feature.

What has brought these things about and how does it come that America is foremost in her demand for social reform with every advantage on her side that nature, liberty, and our later civilization can give? Is it the natural progression and degradation of triumphant democracy? Or is it taxation, or over-production, or monopolization of the natural resources, or class legislation that has brought the country to this pass? All these, no doubt, and something more. And that something more we firmly believe is the root and spring of all the outward and apparent causes. The root of that tree of which the external causes are the deadly and pestiferous fruit. The fountain of which, the visible causes, are the conduits that have spread its vile stream abroad and from which the nation has drunk till it is ready to burst.

It is the plutocracy of America who are responsible for the present social crisis, because they have been unfaithful and morally recreant to the duties and responsibilities of their class. They have corrupted the people from the highest to the lowest. By virtue of their example, and the glittering elevation that gold gives, they have lowered the ideals, debased the standard of social precedence, and degenerated the moral instincts of the nation. It is not as the mere possessors of wealth that they are accused. It is the manner in which they have acquired it: it is the manner in which they have used it! Plutocracy has combined, politically, commercially and socially. They have corrupted the legislature, crushed out all rivals in trade, and drawn themselves off as a distinct and superior class, assuming all the marks and paraphernalia of a recognized aristocracy. But they are not the aristocracy of America. They are a mixed and recent class. Their fathers sailed to the West with no pomp and display—but quietly and with a fixed purpose. It was to be fed and to find wherewith to be clothed. They profited by the abundant opportunities of the new world, and prospering under its free and liberal institutions, and under the protection of its benignant laws they succeeded in rolling up vast fortunes, which their children have probably multiplied, and now their descendants, a half-educated and dissipated class, either pose in America as its aristocracy, or as a foreign-marrying and foreign-living class,

return to Europe, and drain the Republic of the vast wealth which was heaped together under its genial government and protection.

And only at this late hour has the state awakened to the fact that it has any claim whatsoever to interfere in the matter. As though there were no precedents in the law of property to justify the state's intervention! Although property accumulated through the instrumentality of the state in protecting it, and in lending its power to the fulfilment of all legal obligations could not be interfered with when it becomes a menace and a danger to society, which may be, and is daily expropriated irrespective of the owners' inherent rights for the public utility. And this by the power that nursed it into being! The plutocracy of America have never been taxed by the state even in a shadowy proportion to the debt they owe it.

The holders of the money power of America have resisted every effort of the state to reach them. They have been eminently hostile to Republican institutions. They have corrupted government and tied the hands of those who should, like Samson of old, have been strong enough and honest enough to have burst asunder the golden thongs of these social Philistines. As a class, as a great and privileged and leisurely class, what have they given to art, to literature, to the state, to humanity. There are some exceptions, but they are few. Nevertheless, society is thankful for those who of their own free will gave what the state has not had the courage nor the power to exact. As much and more. These are the salt of the earth and teach men never to lose faith, never to lose hope in humanity. But as a class they have given nothing good to the people except a negative example. On the contrary they have initiated that mad rush for gold which has permeated all classes of society, and in the pursuit of which conscience and fair-dealing have so small a place, and in the possession of which lies the only claim to honour, influence, and even respectability. And it is spent as gained, unrighteously—spent in luxurious living and in the gratification of selfish pleasure.

Thus we are convinced the root of the present social unrest is the conduct of the plutocracy itself. It is too late now to withdraw. The intelligence of the country is directed upon the flaw in the social structure, and sooner or later bars and bounds will be set to restrain the liberty of the individual. So much we have learned in a hundred years. We have been taught since the French Revolution that we cannot trust humanity with too much liberty. And while means are being devised for restraining the accumulating power, or for diverting superfluity, in part, at least, into a legitimate channel, there is a danger in America that threatens social philosopher and plutocrat alike. It is the power of the class that have been the chief victims of the monopolist. All that is wanted is organization, consolidation, education. And that day when the labouring classes, uniting at the polls by a vote of nine to one, return labor representatives will not be an auspicious one in America either for moderation in social reform or impartiality in legislation.

Then the *vox clamantis in deserto* of the social reformer may be remembered with sorrow.

ROBERT T. MULLIN.

PARIS LETTER.

France has clearly made up her mind to conquer Madagascar. It will be something more than a "little war." Its initial cost is put down at 30 million frs. and 10,000 men. The country does not like that outlay, but if the French are determined to have colonies, even though not developing them, they must pay for their glory. One cannot make an omelette without breaking the eggs. Professional authorities do not blink the fact, that the subduing of the natives, will be a long and tedious affair. Of course France will in the end succeed by not hesitating to expend plenty of blood and money. But it is a country having a murderous climate and through jungle and forest roads the French must push their way. Every Frenchman believes, like a Thirty-nine Article, that all their trouble in Madagascar is due to the English, to the Protestant missionaries; in a word to the "Bible." M. de Mahy is Deputy for Reunion; he is the *Chief* of the Anglo-phobian Colonial Expansionists, and suffers from Protestant missionaries in Madagascar on the brain, though the French Calvinists who work in with them, told him he was labouring under a lamentable delusion. He replied, they were even worse than the English. He proposed that the Government should vote cash liberally, and send out Jesuit missionaries to expel the Protestants. The truth is, the Catholic Mission Schools have been emptied by their rivals, but they are the Americans, and not the English who finance the Missions, as they have also the monopoly of the market for their special make of cotton goods.

England recognized the protectorate of France over Madagascar, in exchange for her ideal rights at Zanzibar. As ever, France drove a hard bargain, and made England pay dearly. Whatever rights the latter may yet retain, and Sir C. Dilke, asserts they are of great importance, she will this time make France pay dear for her whistle. Since the Republic of late has taken for model the Napoleonic maxim—and sound it is—"action, action and rapidity," in her diplomatic as well as in her war policy, it is only natural that she should have directed M. Le Myre de Vilers, the Deputy for Cochin China, to proceed to Madagascar, take stock of the situation and prescribe accordingly. As in the case of Siam, he will, like the Roman Envoy, carry peace or war in the skirts of his coat, and give Queen Ranavale III twenty-four hours to knuckle down. That was less than the orthodox time allowed to the Bey of Tunisia and the King of Siam. In the meantime, an imposing naval expedition will be prepared to set sail in the early weeks of 1895, to back up the ultimatum of M. de Vilers. The drama will then follow its natural course, if the Sino-Japanese war, Morocco, Tripolitania and the Soudan do not block the way. Aided by their Gibraltar at Diego-Suarez, the French will be then, they assert, strong on the Indian Ocean. M. de Vilers is aged 61, slender and rather undersized; he is full of energy, rarely smiles, is suspiciously silent and very retiring. He studied for the navy and served as a lieutenant till 1859, when he resigned, and took service under the Home Office, as a sub-prefect. On the outbreak of the 1870 war, he resumed his position as naval lieutenant, and took part in the defence of Paris. On peace being signed, he returned to Home Office duties, became a high civil functionary and made colonial

and maritime questions his specialties. He was governor of Cochin China in 1879, was next Resident-General at Madagascar, and then Envoy at Siam. But all that work is child's play to what his diplomatic skill will have to solve at the Court of Imerina.

Opinion has never changed in its estimate of the Comte de Paris; he is not even discussed; he is viewed rather as a political hobbledohoy, whose mission was to extinguish the last sparks of vitality in French Royalism. The indifference of the country in connection with the death of the Comte, is not due to the latter's colourless character, so much as to the fact, that the very idea of monarchy is dead in France. He had in him the stuff of a good, average, middle class citizen, but nature never designed him for the purple. He danced ever as he was pulled. He wrote on every subject—even on the Irish question—but he only reflected the ideas of others. When he exchanged the tricolor with the Comte de Chambord's white Bourbon flag, "Ichabod" appeared written on the mansion. The Comte de Paris never received the credit he merited for his sincere conviction—that his restoration was impossible, while he had to appear and act a true believer in the contrary, and accept all the *gas carinades* of his car-wiggers, that "the monarchy was made." Had he become a republican—like the Pope, got elected as a deputy, become an admirable Parliamentary Committee-man and a Blue Book Wrangler, he might have risen to very high honours under the Third Republic. He missed the flowing tide, and instead of spending his millions in France, has had to do so in England. The Pretender is dead—long live the Pretender.

The Pretender, Philippe "VIII."—Philippe VII., like Napoleon II., never reigned—or, the Duc d'Orleans, is not a whit more important in the eyes of the sovereign people than his rival, the latest faddist at pretendership, the Duc d'Anjou, whom the old Royalists are running also for that phantom—the French throne. In 1871, and shortly before his death, the Comte de Paris "rallied" a little to the Republic. The Duc d'Orleans would do well to follow in the footsteps of his father and the Holy Father—and become a Republican. He has no army, and the staff of fossils that played court to his papa has largely melted away. Of 580 deputies, only 30 are no-surrender Royalists; but even this remnant are not all Orleanists, The Duc d'Orleans will wait his life-time ere he will be invited by the French House of Commons—a "House" more omnipotent than that of the Bourbon and Orleans united—to rule. What can he do? The ballot boxes laugh at the Orleanist's pretension. Will he make a Prince Charlie or a Prince Louis Napoleon dash at the crown? But he has no rank and file, and those that might follow him would be hardly a mouthful for the Republicans. France will allow no country—not even England—to accord hospitality to the Duc d'Orleans, should he address therefrom insurrectional "proclamations" or organize a "descent," without a very disagreeable protest. Should he be captured and opinion be in an excited mood, the nation might remember the revolutionary maxim, that only the dead do not return. Should a milder, a cynical spirit pervade the people, he might be lodged as a "recidivist," in his Clairvaux prison home, less this time the farcical accessories. The Republic has one grip on the Duc d'Orleans; he now becomes owner of the chateau and the estates of Eu, valued at

thirteen millions of francs, hard money. That property could be impounded to prevent transfer, and it likely will be, a legal friend informs me, on the first dynamitish address the duke publishes to loving subjects who neither know him nor want him. If he commits an overt act, it will be confiscated for an asylum for the worn-out soldiers of Industry. The other live pretenders may thank God that they are not, like their rival, the duke, possessed of millions in France, nor, indeed, anywhere else. They are run by speculators, for there are promoters of "pretenders" just as of "companies," and brought out upon no capital. But nowadays no one would invest in a king. It was the caricatures published against the Prince Imperial, mocking his bravery and ridiculing his lotus life that goaded that pretender to seek reputation at the cannon's mouth, or at the point of a Zulu spear. The cartoons and skits are commencing to be general at the expense of the Duc d'Orleans; they represent him as a man upon town, scowling disdainfully and superciliously at Lady Republic, a buxom, youthful mother, the picture of health and vigour, with her young Samsons playing at her feet; she looks at the Comte with a mixture of curiosity and indifference as to who the political masher can be; the Comte holds in his hand a charter of liberty signed by the Comte de Chambord, while in the background are his followers, tottering courtiers, with long shanks, eye glasses, and dressed in the costumes of by-gone times.

Science has demonstrated that cholera, typhoid, diphtheria, tuberculosis, dysentery, etc., are maladies of parasitical origin and coming within the sphere of practical cure. But cancer, which of late makes such dreadful havoc, has defied science. Drs. Duplay and Cazin, names to conjure with, avow with regret that up to the present the study of cancer has made no practical progress; no radical or absolute cure has been discovered, nor can such be expected till the complex origin of the disease be known. They have made experiments which attest that cancer cannot be communicated from one species of animals to another, and is only inter-humanly contagious, when an individual is predisposed hereditarily to the disease. The eminent scientists deny the existence of a cancer bacillus; what has been taken for such were filaments of deceased tissue straying in the affected cells.

The Board of Directors of the Chemin de fer du Nord includes five Rothschilds. The next richest member is M. Leon Say.

The Academy of Medicine has formally concluded that the bicycle is an exercise eminently hygienic even for the aged, if taken in moderation. Only those labouring under heart affections should be interdicted wheeling.

Z.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

There are some evils whose cries for redress it seems wrong to stifle even for the sake of delicacy. Guarding myself, like Sir George White and M. Labouchere, by expressing my reverence for the motives of those who object to restricting vice by license and inspection, I shall not shrink from publishing the remonstrances of these gentlemen in a journal which is chiefly read by thinking adults. Sir George White, commander-in-chief of the army in India, whose face, as portrayed in *Black and White*, reflects high

moral purposes, recently granted an interview to a representative of that journal, in the course of which he said:

"I can assure you, you will do the army the greatest possible service if you draw attention to the hideous evil that is done to our soldiers, morally and physically, by the non-enforcement of the Contagious Diseases Acts. And, though I greatly respect the motives of those who are diametrically opposed to me in this matter, yet I solemnly assert that they are doing us the greatest possible harm. Within the last two years, out of a total of 70,000 men, we have admitted into hospital no less than 56,000 men suffering from nameless horrors. . . . We are, I believe, the only nation so acting. Our neglect may be criminal; we shall in time poison and defile the whole world, and all for the sake of a certain feeling of sentiment." It is known that Lord Roberts shares these opinions of his successor. *Truth*, in its issue of September 13th, estimates that quite a third of the soldiers in India are "permanently invalidated" by preventable diseases. "I think myself," says M. Labouchere, "that it behoves those whose opinions involve the Empire, and, indeed, the United Kingdom itself, in such peril, to suggest a way out of the difficulty." The addition of 60,000 to the army, he naturally imagines, would cause a revulsion of popular feeling.

A cause is often hurt more by an injudicious friend than by all the arts of its adversaries. If Mr. O'Brien, or whoever sent Mr. Gladstone a circular inviting a subscription to the Nationalist funds, had been a Unionist, his action would have passed as a ruse of Machiavellian ingenuity. Mr. Gladstone subscribed and the cry arose that English Liberals were subsidizing the Nationalists in order to control their movements and to burke Home Rule. Had he not subscribed, the cry would as surely have arisen that Mr. Gladstone and his party had forsaken Ireland. "Continental union" is another cause that has been dangerously wounded by some of its partisans. Strangely underrating the spirit of Canada, Mr. Farrer persuaded a few public men in the United States that the most likely means to effect their common object was to substitute threats for conciliation, coercion for moral suasion. The result has been that Canada manfully resented a seeming effort to cow her into subjection, and that for a number of years the United States appeared to be her chief foe and England her chief friend and only protector. Those who base their policy on the assumption that Canada lacks pluck or gratitude reckon without their host.

I believe in the sincerity of Dr. T. A. Emmet and most of the Irish-American gentlemen, who have used Mr. T. B. Grant as their mouthpiece (in the *American Journal of Politics*) to proclaim that Irish-Americans do not now hate Britain as they used to, and that "the granting of Home Rule would obliterate whatever hostilities there are," except in the hearts of irreconcilables and those who might try to make a living out of their irreconcilability. It is likely that the withdrawal of self-respecting and Christian Irishmen, like Dr. Emmet, from the vendetta against Britain would lead to the formation of new and unscrupulous organizations; but these would either perish from lack of support or be stamped out by the indignation of their countrymen.

Lord Salisbury's fear that Home Rule "would enable Irish-Americans who are still supposed to hate England to use Ireland as a lever with which to work out a retributive policy against Great Britain at its very gates," seems to me a chimera. The combativeness of Irishmen would then vent itself upon each other, and the more lawless spirits would be "agin' the government," not of the Empire, but of Ireland. With Home Rule for Scotland and England also, and with the representation of each one of the three kingdoms, as well as of the great colonies, in a new imperial parliament—a scheme approved by Cecil Rhodes and Archbishop O'Brien—the loyalization of Ireland would be complete. She would become the staunch friend of her partners, the hope of the Empire, the leaven and the effervescence of united Anglo-Saxondom.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

IN MEMORIAM.

We should not weep for one whose lot has given

Surcease from pain;

Who this hard world has left for that glad heaven,

We all would gain.

She was so young, so beautiful, so good,

That surely death

Must have felt sorrowful as near he stood

To steal her breath.

No, not for her we weep, but for our own

Most bitter loss;

For our bereaved and saddened lives we moan

This heavy cross.

Lord of the sorrowing, unto Thee we turn,

With tear-wet eyes.

We know that Thou hast her whom thus we mourn,

In Paradise.

And in that blessed resting-place above,

May we at last

Regain once more the object of our love,

And hold her fast

No more to separate, no more to fear

For anything,

For Death will in our happy union then

Have lost his sting.

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

March 8th, 1892.

SEA-CLIFFS AT SUNRISE.

Seen from the verge of the eastern cliffs, the rise of the summer sun presents a picture in curious contrast to the low and angry dawns of winter days, with their lines of red and tumbled cloud brooding over tossing breakers, or the gradual and mysterious effects of sunrise in the forest, where the forms and masses of trees and woods are minute by minute separated from the clinging mists and vapours, as mere white light gives place to golden beams; and these, as warmth follows in the train of the colouring rays, separate vapour from earth, until the forest is revealed in its true shape, when the conquering sun at last—

"Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

The beauty of the summer sunrise over the sea is of the calm and silvery sort. There is no mystery of form to be disclosed on the quiet surface of the sea; the floating vapours are uniform and without visible outline, the sky as a rule cloudless, and merely receptive of the light. Thus while

in the deep harbour valley which runs inland behind the cliffs, level masses of white mist are rolling and eddying like steam in a pot, and the trees around it appear as if fringing the margin of a lake, over which the black cormorants are flying high as if to avoid the fumes of some hidden Avernus, the aspect of the sea is like a level bath of quicksilver, veiled with pale grey exhalations, similar in tone, but without reflected light, which appears only in the broad and shining track which runs from the shore across to the horizon and the sun. Only on the sea-level the south-east wind and tide seems to revolve the mass of water in an immense dimpled and revolving eddy, which has for one margin the whole semi-circle of the bay. The horizon, even where the sea whitens under the sun, is indistinct, and the division of water and vapour undiscoverable by a landsman's eye. Backed by the cornfields and bounded by the sea, the narrow line of cliff-face and beach enjoy at this hour a quiet and repose which seems for the time to allay the mistrust and fear of man of the wildest of the sea-fowl and land-birds which haunt the cliffs and precipices of the shore. Just after sunrise, in Whitecliff Bay, which, with its adjacent precipices of the Culver Cliffs, corresponds at the eastern angle of the Isle of Wight to Alum Bay and Freshwater Cliffs on the west, the writer found the ravens sitting on the juts of a sand cliff, and almost as tame as the jackdaws, whom they had for the moment driven from the warm ledge on which they take their morning sun-bath. Except for the ravens there seemed not to be a living creature in the bay, though from beyond the chalk crag to the right, where the high cliffs face the south, the croak of the cormorants, and the screams and laughter of the gulls, rose above the measured suck and surge of the flowing tide among the shingle. The sand and clay cliffs were full of small landbirds, pert, blackheaded stonechats were flitting from spray to spray on the furze-banks, butcher-birds and wheatears hovered in the cliff; and, strange to say, a large flock of sparrows had flown down from the cornfields in which they had been stealing wheat since daybreak, and were drinking and washing, with an immense amount of loud and vulgar conversation, where a stream of sweet water broke out at the foot of the cliffs, and trickled down through the sand to the sea. To descend the steep path of yellow clay it was necessary to doff boots and walk in "stocking feet;" for the boot-soles, drenched with dew, slipped on the clay as if on a surface of oiled and polished metal. The quiet bay was scored and furrowed by the violence of the great thunderstorm which flooded towns and fields in the last week of August. A mass of water had collected in the hollow of a narrow valley above, and poured like a bursting reservoir over the cliff, cutting a channel 10 ft. deep and 30 ft. wide through the shingle banks, and laying bare the rocks and boulders buried deep below. The shingle was cleared away as if by hand, and pure water was still running over the smooth grey beds of shale below. Beyond the channel the shingle was spread fan-wise for a space of 60 yards, abutting on the smooth sand beyond. On this sand, for many yards above the fresh, salt margin of the breakers, the surface was covered with neat round pits, the size of a half-crown. They were filled with water, and in the centre of each was a small round channel sunk—probably the shaft leading to the

shell-mouth of a buried razor-fish. Two or three isolated rocks, covered with green and brown seaweeds—"sea-ferns" would be the more appropriate name for the beautiful submarine fronds—lay in succession between high and low water mark; and between these the sand was marked in regular lines with crab-tracks, following, in the main, beaten paths, like rabbit-tracks on the snow. It is difficult to distinguish how many lines of foot-prints a crab leaves. It has eight small legs and two large ones, which last it usually carries in the air, though when not frightened it also uses them in walking. Consequently a crab-track looks as if a small wheel, with a number of spikes and projections, had been rolled over the sand from rock to rock. Most of these shallow-water crabs are "King-crabs," marked on the back with the distinct outline in profile of a royal crown, with the jewels studding the edges of the arches, exactly as it appears in the water-mark on official paper. Though useless for food, they are caught in numbers by the fishermen as bait for their prawn-pots. The monster crabs which are seen in rows on the slabs of the London fish-shops, never live near the shore, but lurk in the seaweed jungles among the submerged rocks out at sea. The puzzle is how they ever get into the crab-pots, for in the largest of these, which are made in certain fixed sizes by the fishermen themselves, according to ancient and established tradition, the aperture at the top is only nine inches wide. Probably the big crabs, when they see any bait which looks and smells particularly nice, creep into the pots sideways.

The sea-fowl colony round the corner of the chalk precipice had a sentinel gull watching the bay, to give notice of any stranger approaching the point beyond which the chalk precipices rise to face the sun. This solitary white gull, flying at a great height above the down, kept up an incessant clamour, which, without causing the groups which were basking on the rocks to leave their stations, made them uneasy and alert. The Culver Cliff, like that on the opposite side of the island, might well be named "Sun Corner." The heat and light reflected from the 400 ft. of perpendicular white wall fill the atmosphere with warmth and brightness, and all the birds were taking a quiet sun-bath, either on the cliff or on the flat rocks below. Rock-pigeons were sitting crooning to each other on a jutting ledge, and a colony of cormorants were basking on a ridge of turf which sloped back like a green roof from the perpendicular cliff. Best of all, a pair of peregrine falcons were quietly sitting not 300 ft. from the foot of the crag, their black-and-white breasts, and dark-blue wings and tails, even the eye and head, distinctly visible with the glass as they faced the sun. They were in no hurry to leave; but after a few minutes the pair launched themselves from the cliff and flew with lightning speed round a projecting corner of the rocks to some more secluded part of the precipice. A whole family of ravens, six in number, were perched in a grave and contemplative line on another part of the precipice. The two old birds were watching a young cormorant, which was sitting on a flat rock below them, and receiving from time to time supplies of fish from the parent birds, which were diving near the shore. A larger fish than usual was brought up by the birds, and laid upon the rock at the feet of the young one, which, having well breakfasted, was apparently un-

able to swallow any more, and sat looking at the fish as if contemplating how long it would take to get up enough appetite to eat it. The ravens too saw the fish, and at once flew down on to the rock. Their method of robbery was, no doubt, in accordance with some unwritten law of the cliff colony; but unlike that which most birds adopt when they are dealing with a weaker, and, as in this case, quite defenceless neighbour. It would have been easy to make a dash at the fish, and fly off with it at once. But for some reason they did not choose to do so. The ravens, after a short croaking conversation, sidled up on one side of the cormorant, until all three birds were in a line, their shoulders touching. The ravens then proceeded to edge down upon the cormorant, gradually shoving it away from the fish, and towards the edge of the rock, all in a very gentle, friendly manner, with no appearance of force. The cormorant then shuffled in front of its fish, and turning round, set its sloping back towards the ravens, who found that as they pushed the bird, they only upset it on to the coveted morsel, on which it lay sprawling. As this did not answer, the ravens separated, and sat one on each side of the cormorant; one then gave it a push, while the other neatly picked up the fish, and both flew off with it to their own full-grown brood on the cliff. The probable explanation of this complicated manoeuvre is that the ravens were quite aware that if frightened the cormorant would pick up the fish and dive with it out of their reach. Hence they adopted the trick constantly practised by watch-snatchers in town, in which one hustles the victim, while the other seizes his property.—*The Spectator*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADA AND JAPAN.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—In the present war between China and Japan—one threatening to involve other national powers, such as Russia, Britain, the United States, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and, in fact, all other naval powers of earth, in defence of their respective interests in the field of strife—Canada has a specially close and (to her) important interest. Her position and quasi national status in the world of commerce—with her transcontinental railway and connecting Atlantic and Pacific steamship lines—all of the highest order and capacity—as, even already, a highway for the nations of the world, give her a truly, very special, almost *unique*, interest in the struggle. In the great work, the Canadian Pacific Railway, to which she has contributed so largely—say, in money and land to the amount of two hundred million dollars, and half as much in addition for subsidiary branch lines, with connecting ancillary steamship subsidies, running up to a million dollars per annum—she has invested, if not virtually her all, certainly her best hopes of progress in civic assistance.

The objective basis of that bold venture was, I have every reason to know, and so, in time, have the great public concerned begun to see and even tentatively, realize, the great trade of the Pacific, viz., with Japan (next neighbours across), China, Polynesia, and Australia.

Our commercial relations then, and ever since, with China and Japan, under treaties, were (as they still are) of the utmost amity, promising, and effectually contributing to their mutual benefit in every regard.

Thus it is that Peace was (as it is, or should be still), their true policy; as it is of all national powers in commerce with them.

Russia may have contingent views in the matter; but there is no ground to assume that

she, in subservience to any such views, to her own aggrandizement, has moved in that direction. Both China and Japan have ever claimed, proudly, an utter independence of other powers in their national polity; and on this score are so sensitive that no whisper of foreign intrigue is ever heard before (or behind) the throne.

It (the war) is, essentially, a feud between the two powers; and, like all feuds, is, when roused, as it has been, to daggers drawn, must be left to its own madness, its own remedy. What that might be, no one can say. Probably Japan will dictate terms of peace, from the palace of Peking. That these will involve any disruption of China is, to use a term, "not on the cards." The traditional public policy of Japan, in its essential autonomy forbids such a departure. But in her claim—just and well founded so far as appears from historical record—to the protectorate of her neighbour Korea, she will, there is every reason to believe, make her terms strong and sure. So may it be!

BRITANNICUS.

BIMETALLISM.*

A publication by Elijah Helm, entitled "The Joint Standard," is the latest important contribution to the literature respecting the bimetallic controversy. "A plain exposition of monetary principles and of the monetary controversy" supplements the title, while in the preface the author states that "an attempt has been made to satisfy the needs of inquiring minds by stating, as simply and clearly as possible, the principles and facts involved in the monetary controversy, . . . that the justification for this essay lies in the wide demand for a manual dealing concisely with the subject, both in the light of economic teaching and practical business life," and that while "he has not concealed his own views, his chief object has been to elucidate and inform." It is presumable, however, that the author did not give the same thought to the title and introduction as to the matter proper of his work, as his statement of the case is solely from the bimetallic point of view, and therefore scarcely calculated to "elucidate and inform" upon the principles involved. If the reader is really anxious to obtain a balanced idea of "the principles and facts involved in the monetary controversy," he should study Mr. Helm's book only in conjunction with some such work as Giffen's "Case Against Bimetallism"—indeed, it occurs to the reviewer that a perusal of these two publications together would give a fairly comprehensive survey of the ground upon which the controversy has been waged, if it be borne in mind that "The Joint Standard" has the advantage of being "the last word."

As a statement in general terms of the bimetallic case, however, Mr. Helm's book is certainly of value. Hitherto the student, as a rule, has had to follow the arguments of numerous writers on detached branches of the subject in order to get an outline of the ground upon which the bimetallic school rest their case.

The greater portion of the book deals with the effects of the fall of gold prices, and to arguments designed to demonstrate that the fall has been entirely due to the increased demand for gold for monetary purposes ever since the demonetization of silver by Germany in 1873, and by other European countries subsequently. The enormously decreased transportation rates, which in the view even of some bimetallicists

have been in part the cause of the fall of prices, it is argued by Mr. Helm, are the result of the fall of prices, and represent the railway companies' share of the burden cast on the commercial system by the appreciation of gold. Other points in the monometallists' case are dealt with upon equally novel lines of reasoning. The bearing of the greater facility of production due to improved methods and machinery, upon the question of prices, is skipped over with an admirable lightness, as is also the question of the compensatory advantages arising from lower prices. One curious argument, and one which hardly seems to belong to Mr. Helm's side of the case, is that cheaper bread has resulted in dearer meat and dairy produce, owing to the fact that the poorer classes, having to spend much less on the former, indulge more in the latter, and have so increased the demand—in other words, that the poorer classes have benefited to such an extent by the fall in the price of one article of food that they are able to buy more meat and dairy produce even at the higher prices now current—have now, in fact, more wholesome food.

In endeavouring to demonstrate that gold must in the future appreciate seriously, he founds his case very largely on a theory which is plainly unsound, but one which is often met with in the works of economic writers who possess a theoretical knowledge only of the relations borne between the vast volume of credit instruments which are brought into use in the exchange of commodities, and the volume of metallic money requisite. The theory of Mr. Helm is to the effect that as the volume of commodities to be exchanged will no doubt continue to increase in the future at as great a rate as in the past, the supply of gold available for monetary purposes must either increase in the same proportions as the increase in exchangeable commodities, otherwise prices will continue to fall. Every practical banker, however, knows that the amount of gold needful for monetary purposes—apart from the coin requisite for change making purposes (which, for several reasons, counts for little in the argument)—is determined by the amount required as the basis for the paper currency issues and as the reserve for the deposits held by the banks of the world, and also that the increase in these gold reserves need not of necessity be in the same proportions as the growth of the banking liabilities. It is a remarkable fact that while the deposit liabilities of the English banks increased more than 100% between 1870 and 1890, and the volume of commodities exchanged increased in the same period probably upwards of 35%, the average gold reserve of the Bank of England, the basis upon which the vast trade and commerce of that country rests was actually 5% less in 1890 than in 1870. As the amount of the Bank of England reserve is controlled by raising and lowering the rate of discount, according to whether the reserve falls below or rises above the desired level, and as at the period of the year 1890 when the reserve held was at the level of the average for the year, the rate was only 3%, it is clear that the average reserve held in 1890 was about the sum which the directors of the Bank deemed sufficient for the country's requirements at that time.

The exchange of commodities is, except to a trifling extent, effected by means of bills of exchange and like credit instruments, the volume of the latter rising and

falling automatically, according to the volume of commodities to be exchanged, and the only relation between the volume of credit instruments and the amount of the reserve of metallic money lies in the fact that the latter is the force which ensures that a community will not issue its credit instruments beyond the extent to which they will have exchangeable commodities with which to meet them. The want of practical knowledge on this point is the cause of much error in the views of bimetallicists.

On the main consideration, however, as to the practicability of bimetallicism, or "the joint standard," as Mr. Helms prefers to term it, the book contains only the original statement of the bimetallic belief, without modification or extension to meet the arguments which have been urged against it. The vital question, *i.e.*, the power of governments to regulate the relative values of the two metals, is dealt with quite briefly. Mr. Helm quotes the old contention of bimetallicists, that the operation of the French Mint Law, under which gold and silver were received by the mint without limit as to amount and coined at a fixed ratio of 15½ to 1, was the cause of the stability of the relative values of the two metals during the period between 1803 and 1873. This is an argument, however, which has been very effectually answered by Mr. Giffen, and it will not do to reiterate it at this late date, ignoring the reply of a writer of such eminence that even the author of the book under review has thought fit to quote him as an authority on points where their views happen to agree.

Mr. Helm's demonstration of what the working of the joint standard would be is based upon an illustration suggested by Prof. Jevons, which, as it touches a point at the foundation of the bimetallic case, deserves examination at a little length. The illustration consists of a diagram of two reservoirs of about equal size, connected by a large tunnel running from the bottom of each, the contents of the reservoir on the left being marked G and of that on the right, S. The explanation accompanying the diagram is as follows:

"Let G represent the whole mass of gold existing or in use for monetary purposes at any given time, and S that of silver so existing or in use—one fed from the region of gold on the left, the other from that of silver on the right. So long as there is no communication between the two reservoirs, it is evident that the level of the water in each will vary with every variation in the volume of the stream supplying it or in the quantity taken from it. But if a conduit of adequate dimensions be placed between them, then the level of both will remain the same, no matter what changes may take place in the quantity received or taken from either of them. The water cannot rise higher nor fall lower in one reservoir than it is in the other, but the level actually preserved will not be that which either reservoir would have had if the two had not been thus joined. It will be a mean, and although this will be subject to a certain rise and fall, the changes will not be so great in either reservoir as they would have been had they each been subject to the constant variations of rainfall or offtake affecting itself alone."

This is a most plausible argument and one which is calculated to impress the reader who has only a general notion of monetary principles, as based on sound reasoning. But there are elements entering into the monetary question which are not provided

*The Joint Standard. By Elijah Helm. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

for in the simple mechanism of this illustration, and its fallacy is easily demonstrable. To take an extreme case for example: Let us suppose that the chief nations of the world entered into an agreement to adopt a joint-standard—say of gold and some metal valued in the market at the moment at 40 parts to 1 part of gold, the legal ratio being fixed at 10 to 1. The value of the total supply of the two metals would not, of course, be increased, but the value of the one would be artificially forced down, while that of the other would in the same manner be increased until they met at the point of 10 to 1. New mines of the poorer metal would be opened up and its production enormously increased, while on the other hand, coincident with a reduced production of gold owing to the closing up of some mines which could not be profitably worked at the lower value, would arise a greatly increased demand for that metal in the Arts. Gold would then rapidly disappear from use as money, and the moment that those holding it as money ceased to part with it readily enough to satisfy the demand for it as a commodity as freely as usual, it would go to a premium, when the world would be on a single standard basis again, but with a cheap and bulky metal, the transportation of which would be very costly. This is, as stated, an extreme case, but if bimetalism were to be introduced at even the average ratio which bimetalists desire, it would be a sufficiently extreme case to render such a result as that outlined above not improbable; while, in any case, the illustration serves to show that the permanency of bimetalism would depend *absolutely* on the relative supply and demand of the two metals continuing forever at a point where—the commodity demand being satisfied—there would always remain a proportionate quantity of each metal to flow into the channels of money.

This is the consideration which is presented at the very outset in considering bimetalism, and until bimetalists establish their case herein it is of no avail to argue the question of the appreciation of gold, except as suggestive of the advisability of a more scientific and economic use of gold in the world's currency systems, or—this having been effected to a reasonable extent without bringing entire relief—of some of the nations adopting a single standard of silver, a course which would be the logical outcome of the situation the bimetalists are endeavouring to establish as existent, and one which some countries will doubtless be willing to take when—the price of silver having fallen to a point where its commodity value alone regulates its price—a long period of approximate steadiness in value makes such a course appear free from serious danger.

Of Mr. Helm's book, however, it must be admitted that it is very readable; it is written in excellent style, and contains many chapters which are exceedingly interesting and instructive, while as a statement of the bimetalists' side of the great monetary controversy it covers arguments and facts which the student of the subject could only obtain elsewhere after much research in a voluminous literature.

VERE BROWN.

Common sense in one view is the most uncommon sense. While it is extremely rare in possession, the recognition of it is universal. All men feel it, though few men have it.—*N. H. Hudson.*

ART NOTES.

F. Hopkinson Smith, artist and story writer, has been spending August and September in Holland, sketching, painting, and gathering materials for future literary work. During his visits to Europe he gives up a very large part of his time to art work, sometimes painting three or four little pictures in a day, and thus gaining a direct impression instead of using sketches at a later period. He said recently that at the end of such a trip he gathers his salable sketches and more ambitious pictures together and sends them to the dealer who handles them, after which he thinks no more about them, and after a while starts off on another trip.

Among the many gifts received by the Art Institute of Chicago, says the *Art Amateur*, is one from Miss Harriet Hosmer of a cast she made, over forty years ago, of the clasped hands of Robert Browning and his wife. The autograph "Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Rome, May 1853," is on one wrist and "Robert Browning, Rome," on the other. Such a cast may seem a trivial thing, but I think it is infinitely more interesting than the death mask which sculptors so covet when a great man dies. Indeed little of real value is to be got from the mask. The profile shows the bone formations well, and the measurements may be secured; but that is all—nothing remains of the expression, which of course is the essence of portraiture. We are too prone to let our great men pass away without artistic recognition, and then invade the house of mourning to procure a death mask instead of a living likeness.

Mr. George Bruenech is again visiting the country which has yielded so many striking scenes to his canvas. We have had a letter from him "written at midnight without the help of artificial light at Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world, 70° 40' N. lat." In his very interesting letter Mr. Bruenech says of Hammerfest: "Its 'besetting sin' is the strong odour of cod liver oil, whale oil, walrus oil, etc., which is being extracted along the beach, or which is stowed away in the different warehouses. This strong perfume cannot be described and can only be appreciated by those who have visited Hammerfest. There is a good safe harbour here in which are seen fishing-boats and smacks from all parts of Norway and also a few Russian schooners which are constantly plying between this place and the north coast of Russia." Mr. Bruenech pays tribute to the beauties of the "Alten Fjord," so beautifully described by Marie Corelli in her novel, "Thelma," and purposed visiting the principal fjords on the coast as far as Christiansund and expected to remain in Norway until the end of the present month.

The annual meeting of the Women's Art Association was held in their studio, Room 89 Canada Life Building, on Monday, Oct. 1st. The room was filled and the business proceeded with in usual order. From the President's address we quote a few sentences as showing the *raison d'être* of this organization better than we could put it. "Let it be clearly understood that there is no thought in our association of superseding, of bringing our association into rivalry with existing unions for the encouragement of art. The aim is rather to supplement these by this fourfold effort to

influence four classes. *Firstly*, to afford to women who make a profession of art, an increasing number here as elsewhere, opportunity of meeting each other and taking counsel together over their work. *Secondly*, to stir up women for whom art is one of many occupations to take it more seriously as a pursuit, and to aim at a higher standard of attainment. *Thirdly*, to encourage, or if need be discourage, aspirants to an art course by bringing them into contact with those who have already achieved something. *Fourthly*, to induce the general public to care more for pictures and other works of art and to look at them more intelligently." The Secretary's report was very full, containing reports from the branch societies in Montreal, London, and Winnipeg. As a federal part of the National Women's Council, this association had been assigned the question of introducing manual training into the public schools. The officers elected were, president, Mrs. Dignam; vice-presidents, Miss McConnell and Miss C. D. Osler; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Hemsted; recording secretary, Miss Clarke; treasurer, Miss Gormley. There are to be club days for members to work together from the living model; the evening sketch class will be continued at the house of one of the members during the winter; and the club day, Thursday, of each week is to be reserved as a time when the members, both honorary and active, meet for reading and study of art matters. An appeal was made for contributions of art literature to form the nucleus of a library for the club. Altogether the association finds itself more firmly established and with better prospects than ever before.

Some interesting facts concerning the founding of the National Academy are given by the *Springfield Republican* in the course of some remarks on the death of one of its members: Thomas Seir Cummings, the sole survivor of the founders of the National Academy of Design, has died at the age of 90 years. He was a painter of miniatures, in the days when that form of portrait was in vogue, and had some reputation in the art, but never essayed other fields. It is a curious thing that the daguerreotype, the ambrotype, and finally the photograph should have practically banished the miniature, although it is one of the choicest forms of portraiture, and far better adapted to the preservation of the likenesses of those who could afford the expense—for none of the cheaper processes is enduring. Mr. Cummings was of English birth, came to this country when a boy, was a clerk in his father's business, but, following his bent toward art, he became a pupil of Henry Inman. The artists of New York, rebelling against the niggardly and arbitrary management of the "American Academy of Fine Arts." in November, 1825, formed the "New York Drawing Association," which in the next January became the National Academy. The founders included Mr. Cummings, William Durand, Asher B. Durand, Charles C. Ingham, Henry Inman and S. F. B. Morse; there were 15 in all, and these chose other 15, among whom were Frederick S. Agate, Alexander J. Anderson, Thomas Cole, Rembrandt Peale, John Vanderlyn and Samuel Waldo. Mr. Cummings was for many years the treasurer of the Academy, and showed great ability in tiding over its money difficulties. When after a long migratory existence the Academy raised

\$250,000 by a system of fellowships, and built their home, the beautiful Venetian palace at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. Mr. Cummings was chairman of the building committee; he also organized its schools. For many years he was connected with the militia, and received his commission as brigadier general from Gov. William H. Seward. He published in 1865 a history of the National Academy up to that date. Also he was an original member of the Sketch club, which developed into the Century club. For a long time Cummings and Durand were the two survivors of the first association of American artists, but Mr. Durand died several years ago, considerably over 90 years old. Mr. Cummings died in Hackensack, N.J., in the home which he maintained with two unmarried daughters.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

We have never seen such a beautiful number come from the press of any weekly publication—or for that matter monthly either—as the September *special* of the New York *Musical Courier*. It is simply superb, and unapproachable. With the regular American weekly addition, which is always excellent, is amalgamated the European edition published in London, the two forming a magnificent number, which should be in the hands of everybody at all interested in musical subjects. The articles are most interesting and cover a wonderfully wide range of subjects, and have been contributed by some of the most celebrated writers in various parts of the continent and this country. One may say that the musical matter practically covers the world, and speaks volumes for the gigantic and artistic enterprise of the famous and indispensable *Courier*.

The first rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir was held in the Guild Hall, McGill St., one evening last week, about 160 choristers being present. The following is the list of officers for this season: Patron, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; president, Major A. M. Cooby; 1st vice-president, Mr. W. E. Rundle; 2nd vice-president, Mr. J. H. Willson; secretary, Mr. W. H. Elliott; assistant-secretary, Mr. A. E. Huestis; treasurer, Mr. T. Harold Mason; assistant-treasurer, Mr. A. S. Glasgow. Committee: Mrs. George Tate Blackstock, Mrs. (Dr.) Macdonald, Mrs. George Dickson, and Messrs. J. Massie, E. J. Lye, W. H. Hewlett, S. Samuel, W. C. Fox and A. L. E. Davies; conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt.

The choir of Beverley St. Baptist Church, W. J. McNally, choirmaster and organist, is preparing the Cantata of Ruth, by Gaul. The work is interesting, and thoroughly musical, and no doubt will receive splendid treatment under Mr. McNally.

Mr. W. Kuchenmeister, the violinist and well known teacher, is meeting with excellent success, he having pupils from all parts of Canada: Halifax, Ottawa, Kingston, London, Sarnia and other places. Mr. Kuchenmeister is most painstaking; he studied under very celebrated masters in Hamburg and Frankfort, is a genial good fellow, and deserves the success he is having.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music is offering six scholarships worth \$600, and these are to be free for those fortunate

enough to obtain them. These are offered in six different departments, under teachers of splendid and acknowledged ability. By reference to our advertising columns, our readers may see the conditions under which these valuable scholarships may be obtained.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Saunders will give a recital of vocal, flute and piano music in St. George's Hall, on Wednesday evening Oct. 10th. The programme will include, vocal solos and duets by Schumann, Mendelssohn, Gluck, Franz, Spohr, Brahms, etc., and numbers for flute and piano by Kuhlman, Mozart, Frederick the Great and others.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough—whose artistic and comprehensive organ recitals were such a feature of last year's musical happenings—purposes giving a like series the coming season, the first of which is to take place next Saturday afternoon in All Saints' Church, at four o'clock. The programmes will comprise organ music of all schools, and will be doubtless highly interesting and instructive. We might say that the subsequent recitals will be given the first Saturday of each month during the winter at the same hour as the one spoken of above.

The Torbett Concert Company comprising the following artists: Miss Ollie Torbett, violiniste; Mr. Rudolf von Scarpa, pianist, and the Lutteman Sextette, from Stockholm, Sweden, appear in the Massey Music Hall, on the evenings of October 18 and 19. Miss Torbett is spoken of as a violiniste of great power and individuality, and possessing a splendid technic and tone. The pianist is also mentioned very favorably and the Sextette as well.

Ovide Musin, the famous Belgian violinist, with his splendid concert company, comprising Annie Louise Tanner-Musin, soprano; Miss Bessie Bonsall, contralto, and Mr. Eduard Scharf, the well-known pianist and excellent accompanist, have been engaged by the Canadian Society of Foresters, to appear at their concert on the evening of Oct. 11th, in the Massey Music Hall.

A biography of Gounod may be expected before a very late date. Mdme. Gounod and her son are at present engaged in compiling an elaborate "memoire" of the illustrious dead musician.

Mascagni has another opera on hand. The book is said to be founded on a novel by Nicola Misa. The title is undecided as yet and the production of the work could not be for another year or so. Verdi also is said to have in contemplation another big work, an opera dealing with an Italian historical subject.

Next week, at the Grand Opera House, we will have an opportunity of hearing De Koven's opera "Rob Roy," with Juliette Cordon in the title role.

The manuscript score of "Tannhauser," was recently sold for 10,000 marks.

For the buyer a hundred eyes are too few, for the seller one will suffice.

The truly generous is the truly wise; and he who loves not others lives unblest.—*Horace*.

Bolata, the product of a tree in Sumatra, threatens to become a rival of India rubber and gutta-percha.

LIBRARY TABLE.

QUAKER IDYLS. By Sarah M. H. Gardner. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1894.

We all remember Charles Lamb's delightful essay on a Quaker meeting and the kindly feeling gentle "Elia" had for the quaint and peace-loving brethren. This charming little volume, with its eight most readable sketches bearing on Quaker life, incidents and character, will intensify the impression made by Lamb. The very opening paper, "Twelfth Street Meeting," recalls his pleasant essay, though here we have the sweet and simple picture of a courtship which the devotional proceedings of the meeting ripened into a declaration immediately thereafter, the proper ripening of which we agreeably find in the next paper—"A Quaker Wedding." These sketches are indeed delightful reading, their authoress writes with such simple directness and with such apparent freedom from effort. There is no straining for effect, yet the effect is, almost unconsciously, produced. "Some Ante-Bellum Letters from a Quaker Girl" forms a pleasing variant from the other papers and evidences the part taken by the calm yet dauntless Quaker in the old slavery days. "Quaker Idyls" is most soothing and restful reading in this hurly-burly age, and is a most acceptable antidote to the sensational element, which so largely mingles in the literary output of to-day.

ASPECTS OF MODERN STUDY. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Company. 1894.

This neat volume of nearly two hundred pages is made up of nine university extension addresses, which, as the preface informs us, "were delivered to the students of the London Society for the extension of university teaching." The two first addresses, by Lord Playfair and Canon Browne, respectively, deal especially with the subject of University Extension, the former having regard to its evolution as a part of popular education, and the latter to the future of university extension in London. The remaining addresses are on the following subjects and by the following speakers: Hearing, Reading and Thinking, by the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, D.C.L., M.P., 1886; the Study of Literature, by the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., 1887; Scientific Study, by Sir James Paget, Bart., F.R.S., 1888; Some Lessons of Antiquity, by Prof. F. Max Muller, LL.D., 1889; the Application of the Historical Method to Economic Science, by His Grace the Duke of Argyll, K.G., 1890; Ideals, by the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott), 1891, and the Influence of the Greek Mind on Modern Life, by Professor Jebb, Litt. D., M.P., 1893. One can readily understand that the above subjects were most admirably treated by the able and learned lecturers who respectively dealt with them. To any one desirous of knowing something of the aims and methods of the university extension movement and of tasting experimentally its fruit, we heartily commend the book. It may not be amiss to quote from Mr. John Morley's excellent address his view of the movement: "I take it that what they aim at is to bring the very best teaching that the country can afford, through the hands of the most thoroughly competent men, within the reach of every class of the community. Their object is to give to the many that sound, systematic, and methodical knowledge which has hitherto been the privilege of the few." We might also quote a few more of Mr. Morley's words—on his special subject: "Literature is one of the instruments, and one of the most powerful instruments, for forming character, for giving us men and women armed with reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness and courage and inspired by that public spirit and public virtue of which it has been well said that they are the brightest ornaments of the mind of man. . . . Literature helps us more than other studies to this most blessed companionship of wise thoughts and right feelings."

PERIODICALS.

Mr. Edward T. Devine makes some strong claims for the American Society for the Extension of University teaching. In the last number of *University Extension* James W. Walk deals with the subject of Social Pathology and T. J. Lawrence contributes a first paper on "The University Extension Congress."

Pastor Kneipp's Method of Hardening the Constitution is further discussed in a second paper in the *Journal of Hygiene* for October. This remarkable method seems to involve most radical processes, such as walking on the snow with bare feet, etc. "Physical Culture in France" is the subject of a thoughtful paper in this number.

"A Question of Courage," is the title of a spirited, complete story, by Francis Lynde, which fills the first 80 pages of the October number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The contents of this number are well varied and most readable. One is always sure of a pleasant half hour or more, if it can be afforded, with each recurring number of this popular periodical.

Littell's Living Age always calls for commendatory notice. This fine old eclectic is ever new with the latest and best thought, fiction and poetry from the standard reviews and periodicals published in the English tongue. To one who desires a well selected and arranged compendium in preference to purchasing and perusing the constantly increasing number of magazines—we say, by all means resort to this famous Boston publication.

No bird has ever uttered note
That was not in some first bird's throat;
Since Eden's freshness and man's fall
No rose has been original,

says most beautifully Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the *Chap Book* of October 1st. Richard Hovey has a bright ringing "Hunting Song" in this number (from King Arthur, a Tragedy). The prose contributions to this number are good and there is no lack of illustration.

Professor Eugene L. Richards of Yale, takes precedence in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October with a calm, strong paper on "The Football Situation," in which he hopes "to prove that with all its faults it is one of the best forms of athletic sport which can be invented." Professor Sully continues his learned "Studies of Childhood." The present paper deals with "The Questioning Age." F. Boas has an anthropometric study entitled "The Half Blood Indian," which has involved no little research. The following paper, by Col. A. B. Ellis, on West African Folklore, is most interesting. Another interesting paper is by Professor W. H. Hudson on "Poetry and Science." There is other good matter in this most readable number.

The frontispiece of *Scribner's* for October is the striking picture "Three Waifs in an Almshouse," from the painting of Adrien Henri Tanoux. H. G. Prout who has been giving especial attention to the subject, writes on "Railroad Travel in England and America." Carl Lumlholtz contributes a paper descriptive of "Tarahumari Dances and Plant Worship." This is a most interesting paper and graphically details some curious practices of these remarkable people. Thomas Nelson Page's story, "Little Darby," is concluded in this number, and George W. Cable's "John March, Southerner," is well continued. Julia C. R. Dorr has a bright poem "Jacques and Suzette" and there is other excellent matter as well.

A refined, intellectual face is that of Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet and critic, which looks out from the frontispiece of the October *Century*. Edwin Booth Grossmann has a very interesting paper entitled "The Real Edwin Booth." This introductory paper is written by Booth's daughter and presents a number of letters written at different periods by the great American actor. T. Cole, in the "Old Dutch Master Series," has a short notice of Paul Potter and a fine example of his art. Brander Matthews follows with a finely illus-

trated paper on Commercial Bookbinding. Mr. George E. Woodberry throws new light on the life of Edgar Allan Poe and give selections from his correspondence. Aubrey de Vere continues his *Recollections* and the authors of *Across Asia* on a Bicycle describe their interview with the late Prime Minister of China.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Messrs. Sampson Low are about to publish Mr. William Black's new novel, "Highland Cousins."

Messrs. Longmans have in the press a book by the late Canon Liddon, entitled "Clerical Life and Work."

"Evolution and other Essays," the ninth volume of Professor Huxley's collected works, is announced by Messrs. Macmillan.

A serial story, entitled "David Crowhurst's Ordeal," by Miss Blanche MacDonnell, of Montreal, will shortly appear in *All the Year Round*.

Mr. John Murray will publish during the autumn Lady Blennerhasset's "Life of Talleyrand," translated from the German by Mr. Frederick Clarke.

Mr. George Curzon, the member for Southport, has set out upon his new expedition. He is bound for Afghanistan, of which he proposes to make an extensive study before returning to London for the new session.

Edwin L. Godkin, Esq., the editor of the *New York Evening Post*, is the author of a recent monograph on the "Problems of Municipal Government," published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Mrs. Burton Harrison has written a new novel called "An Errant Wooing," which will appear in the *Century* during the coming year. It is a love story, the characters being American tourists in Northern Africa and Southern Spain.

The *Athenaeum* understands that Mr. W. H. Pollock, late editor of the *Saturday Review*, has some idea of forming a syndicate with a view to starting a paper on entirely new lines. He has been promised in the event of his doing so, a most influential and distinguished following.

Mr. W. P. Garrison, Editor of the *New York Nation*, has this week been a guest of Professor Goldwin Smith at "The Grange." It may be remembered that Mr. Garrison is a son of William Lloyd Garrison, the historic friend of the slave, whose life was so well written by his son's accomplished host.

There is, the *Daily Chronicle* hears, no possibility of Macaulay's famous diary being given to the public this autumn, as was rumored some time ago. It may now, however, be accepted as almost settled that the journal is to be published. Should it appear in full, as is likely, it will run to several large volumes.

Mr. Albert F. Calvert, F.R.G.S., who is probably the most prolific writer on subjects connected with the "Coming Colony," will shortly publish, through Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. (Limited), another work dealing with Western Australia, under the title of "Western Australia: its History and Progress."

Mr. James Payn writes in his recollections: I have always been, so to speak, half-a-dozen articles ahead with everything,

JUST TO
LOOK 'ROUND

Many persons have an aversion to entering a strange place of business, "just to look round." It is our earnest wish that all who can enjoy looking at that which is beautiful may feel perfectly free to enter and inspect the treasures of our establishment to-day and every day—we accept it rather as a compliment.

Whilst ready to serve you, should you have any needs, you will find perfect freedom to wander around without having any obtrusive attentions thrust upon you by the members of our staff.

RYRIE BROS., Jewellers,

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.

Our new selections, just opened,
you will find specially attractive.

not from forethought and prudence so much as from nervousness and the fear of not being ready for what was required of me. I doubt if there has been any more dependable contributor as regards punctuality since the art of printing was invented.

In the Badminton Club in Victoria, B.C., is one of the best reading-rooms in Canada. About eighty of the leading magazines and periodicals are provided for the use of the members. This feature of the club has proved a perfect boon to men of literary inclinations. It is the intention of the committee to gradually acquire a library of works relating to British Columbia.

Colonel Vibart's book on "Addiscombe: Its Heroes and Men of Note," will be published by Messrs. Archibald Constable, it is announced. Lord Roberts, the most distinguished "old boy" of Addiscombe now living, writes pleasantly of the institution in the preface which he contributes. He groups some of the distinguished men it turned out for service in India, and pays a high compliment to the Anglo-Indian official.

The *Colonies and India* has this about Mr. Zangwill: A good story is going the round about Mr. Zangwill. A few months ago when Captain Lugard was being feted in London, the novelist received an invitation to dine with a well-known dealer in social celebrities, and as an inducement, the would-be-host mentioned that Captain Lugard had promised to be present. The reply of Mr. Zangwill was as follows:—"Dear D.,—Why should you try to lure me in your portals with the magic of Captain Lugard's name? Are you not yourself the mightiest of lion-hunters?"

You will never have more than three or four friends in the course of your life; your entire confidence is their right. But to give it to many—is not that to betray your real friends?—*Balzac*.

A prodigal is a man who picks his own pocket and hasn't the privilege afterward of asking the police to hunt down the criminal.

Unkissed kisses are frequently those which linger longest in the memory.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- William Roscoe Thayer : Poems, New and Old. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cambridge, Mass : The Riverside Press. \$1.
- James Frederick McCurdy, M.A., LL.D. : History, Prophecy and The Monuments. New York : Macmillan & Co. Toronto : Rowsell & Hutchinson. \$3.00.
- S. R. Crockett : Mad Sir Uchred of the Hills. New York : Macmillan & Co.
- John Ruskin : Letters Addressed to a College Friend during the years 1840-45. New York : Macmillan & Co. London : Geo. Allan.
- Bliss Carman : Songs from Vagabondia. Boston : Copeland & Day. \$1.00
- Benjamin Kidd : Social Evolution. New York : Macmillan & Co.
- J. M. Le Moine, F.R.S.C. : History, Literature, Ornithology.
- Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. : Christianity in The Home. New York : The Baker & Taylor Co.
- W. J. Gordon : Popular Natural History. London : The Religious Tract Society. Toronto : William Briggs.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The Prince de Ligne is the possessor of a curiosity of literature. It is a book that is neither written nor printed. "How can that be?" you ask. Well, the letters are cut out of vellum and pasted on blue paper. The book is as easy to read as if printed from the clearest type.

The precision with which these characters are cut excites infinite admiration for the patience of the author. The book bears the title "Liber Passionis Nostri Jesu Christi cum Characteribus nulla Materia Composita." "The Book of the Passions of our Jesus Christ, with Characters not Composed of any Material." The German Emperor, Rudolph II., is said to have offered in 1640 the large sum of 11,000 ducats for this curious work of art. Strangely enough, the book bears the English arms, though it is supposed never to have been in England.—*Boston Home Journal*.

OCTOBER WOODS.

The realization of the presence of autumn comes on by degrees, stealing alone almost insensibly at first, and growing toward its fulness with the ripening of the season. It never bursts into view with the changes of a single night, as spring sometimes does, when the starting of the buds upon the willows, the greening of the grass along the southern hill-sides, or the note of a robin on the morning air, tells us that winter has gone.

The year glides into its sere and yellow leaf by a series of gradations, slowly, as if autumn came with unwilling feet; then fast and faster, as though it would not longer lag superfluous. We see the meadows and the grain-fields lying bare and brown; a smoky haze pervades the air; the leaves of the maples flutter down, singly, then by twos and threes, finally in showers that make a rustling carpet under foot. Flocks of birds are seen flying south. The call of the katydid has fallen to the smallest possible chirp. Then on a gray day, when the sky looks cold but while the warmth of a summer sun still lingers through the early afternoon, we saw suddenly that autumn

has come and almost gone, and so take ourselves to the woods for a last look before nature lays her drapery of the leaves aside.

That we have come upon melancholy days, that this brilliant plumage is but a festal garment that the trees put on, wherein to have one last fling before death comes, and which must be laid aside as they presently become *in extremis*, is arrant nonsense, and we will have none of it. These leaves about us, blown knee-deep in the gullies and into the corners of the fence-rows, making a carpet through all the woods, fluttering down through the mellow air, or still upon the trees, taking prismatic colors from the slanting rays of the sun, are not dead, but ripe—ripe as the apples are in Smith's orchard yonder, and their falling no more to be deplored than that ripe fruit should fall, or that the sap should ebb and flow again for next year's leaves and fruit.—*Lippincott's*.

A POPULAR PRESIDENT.

President Casimir-Perier is very popular at Pont-sur-Seine, where he has a magnificent chateau. The old peasant woman who was his nurse when he was a baby is still living in the village. She is nearly eighty, and the President paid her a special visit the other day to look after her comfort. When he went home last year as President of the Chamber, one of the men at a country fair asked him if he remembered when he used to run races with the children of the neighborhood. "Yes," replied the future President, "and I have not forgotten how. I bet you twenty sous," taking off his coat, "that I can beat you to yonder pole." The bet was accepted, and M. Casimir-Perier won it with ease. All the peasants for miles around are either his tenants or employees, and are devoted to him. The Casimir-Perier fortune is estimated at about twenty millions of dollars.—*The Argonaut*.

"THANATOPSIS" HOUSE.

In the western part of Hampshire County, Massachusetts, there is an extensive area, some thirty miles square, as yet unspoiled by the invasion of the locomotive and the electric car. The peculiar charm of this region is its road-side loveliness. Here are hundreds of miles up hill and down dale and along the pleasant valleys, for the most part overarched with the lithe branches of the hemlock, beech, and maple, but frequently open to the meadows, or to wide views from the ridges of the long-backed hills. This is "a land of streams," hundreds of them modest tributaries of the Westfield River, which flows into the Connecticut under another name; but as the Westfield, or the Agawam, it is always beautiful, and the walk or drive along its banks is of all our walks or drives the best, reaching its climax in a five-mile stretch from West Chesterfield towards Huntington, without one house to mar the privacy, the road and river hugging each other all the way, as if they were lovers too.

As you drive along this stretch, not far from that divergence of the road which took Bryant to Plainfield on that December day (1815) when he saw the waterfowl of his immortal song, you come upon a little house which is intrinsically more interesting than any other in the vicinity. Its gambrel-roof, as well as its general flavor of decay, marks it as already venerable. Its

situation is picturesque, the hills rising steeply at the back, the meadows sloping pleasantly from the road-side before it to the Westfield's winding stream. It looks as a house ought to look which has a history and fame; yet if you should ask any of its numerous inhabitants—a colored family of most picturesque gradation and variety—what makes it famous or historic, you might get no intelligent answer. It may be doubted if any of them has ever read Bryant's "Thanatopsis"; yet it was written under their lowly roof, between their narrow walls. There is no other building in America that stands for so much in the early history of American literature as that old weather-beaten house.

THE ART OF FICTION.

During the past fifty years, as everyone knows, the art of fiction has been expanding in a manner exceedingly remarkable, till it has grown to be the predominant branch of imaginative literature. But the other day we were assured that poetry only thrives in limited and exquisite editions; that the drama, in England at least, has practically ceased to be literature at all. Each epoch instinctively chooses that literary vehicle which is best adapted for the expression of its particular temper: just as the drama flourished in the robust age of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; just as that outburst of lyrical poetry at the beginning of the century in France coincided with a period of extreme emotional exaltation; so the novel, facile and flexible in its conventions, with its endless opportunities for accurate delineation of reality, becomes supreme in a time of democracy and of science—to note but these two salient characteristics. And, if we pursue this line of thought, we find that, on all sides, the novel is being approached in one special spirit, that it would seem to be striving, for the moment at any rate, to perfect itself within certain definite limitations. To employ a hackneyed, and often quite unintelligent, catchword, the novel is becoming realistic. Completely idealistic art—art that has no point of contact with the facts of the universe, as we know them—is, of course, an impossible absurdity; similarly, a complete reproduction of nature by means of words is an absurd impossibility. . . . Art is not invested with the futile function of perpetually striving after imitation or reproduction of nature; she endeavours to produce, through the adaptation of a restricted number of natural facts, an harmonious and satisfactory whole. Indeed, in this very process of adaptation and blending together lies the main and greater task of the artist. And the novel, the short story, even the impression of a mere incident, convey each of them the imprint of the temper in which their creator has achieved this process of adaptation and blending together of his material. They are inevitably stamped with the hall-mark of his personality. A work of art can never be more than a corner of nature, seen through the temperament of a single man. Thus all literature is, must be, essentially subjective: for style is but the power of individual expression. . . . So, then, the disparity between the so-called idealist and the so-called realist is a matter, not of æsthetic philosophy, but of individual temperament.—*Herbert Crackenthorpe, in the "Yellow Book."*

The more laws the more offenders.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

Just Published

Miss Fielde's New Book on China
A Corner of Cathay.

Studies from Life Among the Chinese. By ADELE M. FIELDE, author of "Chinese Nights' Entertainments," &c., &c. With Colored Plates from Illustrations by Artists in the celebrated School of Go Leng at Swatow, China. Small 4to, cloth gilt, \$3.00.

Life in Corea.

By W. R. CARLES, F.R.G.S., H. M. Vice Consul at Shanghai, formerly H. M. Vice Consul in Corea. With Illustrations and Map. 8vo, cloth, \$2.50.

A most interesting account of that ancient but hardly-familiar country.—*Morning Post*.

Just Published

Chronological Outlines of American Literature

By SELDEN L. WHITCOMB. With a Preface by Brander Matthews. Crown 8vo, \$1.25 net. Uniform with the Above,

Chronological Outlines of English Literature

By FREDERICK RYLAND. Crown 8vo, \$1.40 net.

Just Ready

A History of the English Language

By O. F. EMERSON, Assistant Professor of Rhetoric and English Philology in Cornell University. 12mo, cloth.

Just Published

Mr. Bartlett's Complete Shakespeare Concordance

A New and Complete Concordance, Or Verbal Index, to Words, Phrases, and Passages in the

Dramatic Works of Shakespeare, With a Supplementary Concordance to the Poems.

By JOHN BARTLETT, A. M., Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, author of "Familiar Quotations," &c., &c. In one volume, 4to, 1,900 pages. Bound in half morocco, in box, \$14.00 net.

He has created a book which it is a pleasure to read, as well as to consult for the purpose which it fulfills. We know of no more perfect specimen of typography than the marvelous "Concordance" of Mr. Bartlett.—*Mail and Express*.

Second Edition

Revised and in Great Part Rewritten

Essays on Questions of the Day :

Political and Social. By GOLDWIN SMITH, D. C.L., author of "The United States ; An Outline of Political History, (1492-1871)," &c., &c. Large 12mo, cloth, \$2.25.

That the essays are powerful and effective in their handling of the several subjects treated, no one familiar even with the name of Goldwin Smith, and with the associations into which his advocacy of many interests of society and government have brought it, is likely to be in any doubt.—*The Standard*.

Just Published

A History of Rome

TO THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM. With Maps and Plans. By EVELYN SHIRLEY SHUCKBURGH, M.A., late Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge. With Maps and Plans. Pp. 809. Crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.75 net.

Mr. Shuckburgh writes with verve and fluency, yet with steady compression of his materials.—*Daily Chronicle*.

MACMILLAN & CO.,
66 Fifth Avenue,
NEW YORK.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Ottawa Free Press : Certain persons are clamouring for the destruction of St. John's Gate, Quebec. It is alleged that it is an obstruction to traffic. The gate is certainly not a very old one, but there is this to be said for it, that it looks like a fortress gate and is not a mere arch of a fancy and ornamental character. It will be a bad day for Quebec when it begins to remove its peculiar external characteristics.

Halifax Chronicle : The Czar's illness is well known to be serious, and what is feared is that if it should result fatally the war party may gain the ascendancy in imperial councils and plunge the country into war in order, by appealing to the patriotism and national pride of the Russian people, to divert their attention from the serious internal difficulties which threaten the peace and stability of the empire. That is the trouble which is giving a serious aspect to European affairs at the present time.

St. John Telegraph : For years the great bulk of Canadian products have gone through Portland and Boston to Europe. Instead of spending nearly a million dollars a year to divert the passenger traffic and then not be successful, it would be far wiser for us to grant a freight subsidy of \$200,000 a year for two steamship lines during the winter, one to sail once a week from Halifax to Europe, and the other to sail once a week from St. John to Europe. This would give Canadian products an ample chance to get quickly to the European market, and would insure the great western freight business through our own maritime ports.

Quebec Chronicle : All over the world the Salvation Army now exists, and while some of us may not agree with its methods of carrying on the war against vice and idolatry, yet it must be granted that hundreds of thousands of waifs have been rescued from careers of evil and idleness. Many have been led to attend divine worship, and listen to the word of God, who never saw the inside of a church before the advent of General Booth and his band. If the society did no more than keep the *gamins* off the streets, it did much. But it has done far more than that, and to its credit there is much to enter in the books.

Montreal Star : There can be no satisfactory escape from the position that the point at which the machine of municipal government has broken down is the lamentable fact that many of the men sent to the city councils to serve the cities have served only themselves. In dealing with rich corporations they have so far from guarding the public interest, hired themselves out to the corporations at high salaries to devise schemes whereby they could best rob the public for the enrichment of their masters, and at the same time to keep clear of the sweep of the law. The problem before them has been how to get a maximum of plunder at a minimum of risk—risk at sometimes of legal prosecution and at others of defeat at the polls.

Victoria Colonist : It will have to be admitted that Mr. Laurier's exposition of his policy—if it really deserves to be called a policy—is "loose, vague and very faintly delineated," and Mr. Laurier's supporters ought not to speak discourteously of those who make the very same demand that he made when he was criticising Sir John



BURNING,
itching, scaly, crusty Skin Diseases, such as defy the ordinary blood medicines, are cured completely by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For Scrofula in all its various forms, the worst Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, great eating Ulcers, and every blood-taint and disorder, this is a direct remedy.
It thoroughly purifies and enriches your blood.

Alexander, N. C.
Dr. R. V. PIERCE: "Dear Sir—Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has proved a blessing to me. It was recommended to me by Rev. P. A. Kuykendall. I have been a sufferer with old sores on my legs for four years. I used three bottles of it, and my legs are sound and well and my health is better than it has been for some time. I had the best doctors of this country treat my case and they failed to effect a cure."
Yours respectfully,

J. W. Kuykendall

The Beethoven Trio

Harry M. Field, Piano Virtuoso

H. Klingensfeld, Violinist

Rudolf Ruth, Cellist

NOW OPEN FOR CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS.

For terms and open dates, address :

Canadian Musical Agency

15 King St. East, Toronto.

H. M. HIRSCHBERG,

MANAGER

Macdonald's speeches on the proposed National Policy. They cannot expect the supporters of the Government to oppose its trade policy until it is known what the policy to replace it is to be. Mr. Laurier's expressions were apt, and the demand he made was reasonable. In 1877 he thought it unreasonable to ask men to take a leap in the dark—and Sir John Macdonald's explanations were clearness itself compared with Mr. Laurier's ambiguous utterances; is it any less unreasonable, we ask, in 1894 to try to persuade men to adopt a new policy blindfold?

By the demolition of some old houses in Catharine Street, Strand, and in Drury Lane, London, what may be regarded as a classic spot has been exposed to view. This is the old church-yard which Charles Dickens graphically described in "Bleak House," and which is approached by a narrow passage leading from Russell Court. At the end of Russell Court the gate through which Joe pointed out to Lady Dedlock the grave of his benefactor still hangs on its rusty hinges, although the grave-yard itself has been asphalted over and turned into a play-ground. Some thousands of the admirers of Dickens's works, including a large number of Americans, have visited the spot within the past few weeks.

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.

Professional.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D.
EYE and EAR SURGEON.
 137 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

CHAS. LENNOX & SON,
DENTISTS.
 CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING
 COR. YONGE & RICHMOND
 TORONTO.
 Telephone, 1846.

M. R. J. D. A. TRIPP,
CONCERT PIANIST and TEACHER,
 Only Canadian pupil of the great composer and pianist, MOSKOWSKI. Concert engagements and pupils accepted.
 TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
 AND 20 SEATON ST.

M. R. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH,
 (Fellow of the Royal College of Organists.)
ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, TORONTO.
 Teacher of Organ and Piano Playing and Theory
 Harmony and counterpoint taught by correspondence.
 Toronto College of Music, and 6 Glen Road.

M. R. W. O. FORSYTH,
 Teacher of piano playing and composition. Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Prof. Julius Epstein, and Dr. S. Jadassohn. Modern Principles—Hand Cultivation (technic) and musical intelligence developed simultaneously. Pupils are expected to study diligently and with seriousness.
 Toronto Conservatory of Music, and 112 College St.
 Studio for private lessons, room 2, Nordheimer Building, 15 King St. E.

WALTER H. ROBINSON,
SINGING MASTER AND CONDUCTOR
 GIVES INSTRUCTION IN VOICE PRODUCTION
 Pupils received for study of Musical Theory.
 Open to accept engagements as Tenor Soloist at Concerts.
 Concerts directed.
 Studio—Care R. S. WILLIAMS & SON, 143 Yonge St.

MRS. & MISS DRECHSLER-ADAMSON,
VIOLINISTS.
 Will receive a limited number of pupils at their residence, 67 BLOOR ST. EAST.

J. LEWIS BROWNE,
 (Organist and Choirmaster Bond St. Cong. Church)
CONCERT ORGANIST
 Pupils received in Organ, Piano, Harmony and Instrumentation. 130 MUTUAL STREET.
 Reception hours 3 to 5 p.m. daily.

DONALD HERALD, A. T. C. M.,
TEACHER OF PIANO.
 Conservatory of Music, or 271 Jarvis St., Toronto.

M. R. A. S. VOGT,
ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.
 Instructor of Piano and Organ at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Dufferin House and Moulton College.
 Residence - - 605 Church Street.

M. R. V. P. HUNT
 Pupil of Dr. Carl Reinecke, Herr Bruno Zwintscher, etc., of Leipzig, Germany. Pianoforte teacher at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Musical Director Oshawa Ladies' College, Organist Zion Congregational Church. Teaches Piano, Organ, Harmony.
 Address Toronto Conservatory of Music
 Or Residence, 104 Maitland Street.

MISS DALLAS, MUS. BAC.
 Fellow of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Organist Central Presbyterian Church. PIANO, ORGAN AND THEORY. Toronto Conservatory of Music and 99 Bloor Street West.



A. McLaren, Dentist
 243 Yonge Street,
 First Class \$10.00, Sets teeth for \$5.00.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Chinnibor, the ore from which quick-silver is secured, is said to have been found in the southern part of Presidio County, Tex.

A recent invention is the pulsimeter, a watch made especially for doctors to time pulses with. It is made very much on the principle of a stop watch, and indicates the rate on a pulse dial in so many beats a minute.

A trolley line fifty miles in length, from Gettysburg to Baltimore, has been proposed. Two links in the chain are already in operation, and a third is contracted for. But these cover only about half the distance.

Chicago now has one elevated railway operated by electricity, according to the system used during the World's Fair on the Intramural Road, and it is now announced that a second line is to be equipped and run similarly.

A foreign scientific journal gives the results of some recent experiments upon the vocal cords which will prove interesting to singers. A baritone who wished to become a tenor succeeded by taking a course of inhalations, beginning with benzoin, going on to caffeine and chloroform, and ending with curacao; while the voice was deepened by using volatilized Norwegian tar.

The Chicago Board of Fire Underwriters proposes to establish a bureau in the North-western States to collect and disseminate data regarding fires resulting from electricity; educate underwriters on electrical hazards; labor to secure uniform ordinances for electric wiring and installations, and maintain a laboratory in which tests will be made of electrical appliances.

Audubon's great work now being out of print, ornithologists have been greatly hampered in obtaining suitable books to aid them in their study on this side of the Atlantic. The Natural Science Association, No. 114 Fifth-ave., New York City, has therefore undertaken to get out an illustrated work, "The Birds of North America," prepared by Jacob H. Studder, and highly spoken of by experts. It contains 119 coloured plates.

One of the finest bridges in Europe is now being constructed across the Danube at Cernavoda, Roumania, by French engineers. It has a length of 2,400 feet, divided into five bays. Its height is 103 feet to the roadway and its highest point is 123 feet above high water. It is of steel and is supported on 30 piers. The effect is said to be "one of elegance and lightness, the lines standing out like delicate lacework against the sky."

In France, the telephone is used on many railroad main lines. On a portion of the Vincennes railway, a rather novel system is in vogue, by which at a given signal on the telegraph-instrument the operator connects the telegraph wires with a telephone for verbal communication. The large Austrian railways use field telephones, which may be connected with the telegraph wires at any point, without interrupting the telegraphic communications.

The admixture of a small percentage of the rare metal chromium with steel toughens the latter greatly, and it has been thought possible that such an alloy might prove valuable for the thinner plates used

Educational.

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL
 FOR
YOUNG LADIES
Michaelmas Term Begins Sept. 5th.
 Full English Course
 Languages, Music
 Drawing, Painting
 etc. For Prospectus
 etc., apply to
MISS GRIER,
 LADY PRINCIPAL,
 WYKHAM HALL, TORONTO

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
 (FOUNDED 1829.)

The Examination for the W. H. Beatty Scholarships will be held on Oct. 2nd, 3rd and 4th.
 Fifth Form Scholarship, cash value \$150
 " " " " " " 100
 These Scholarships are open to boys from any school. The Examinations are unconnected with the College.
 Autumn Term begins Sept. 4th. For circulars giving full information regarding Scholarships, course of study, etc., apply to
 The PRINCIPAL, U. C. COLLEGE,
 DEER PARK, TORONTO.

W. J. McNALLY,
 Late of Leipzig Conservatory of Music.
 Organist and Choirmaster, Beverley Street Baptist Church, Teacher of Piano.
 Toronto College of Music or 32 Sussex Avenue

M. R. H. M. FIELD,
PIANO VIRTUOSO.
 Pupil of Prof. Martin Krauss, Hans von Bulow and Reinecke, solo pianist Albert Halle concerts; Richard Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; pianist of the Seidl orchestral tour in Canada, 1892; by invitation of Theodore Thomas, representative Canadian solo pianist at the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. Address—105 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music.

in armouring a ship. But recent comparative tests of nickel steel and chrome steel, in half-inch plates, at Indian Head, by the United States Navy Department, proved the superiority of the former, at least so far as the specimens presented were concerned.

The British Government is testing a new plan for signaling at sea which has already yielded remarkable results. It consists merely of an ordinary gong fastened to the bow of the ship below the water-line. This acts as a transmitter, and the receivers are gongs of exactly similar tone and rate of vibration, one on each side of the ship below the water-line. The receiving gong will take up and reproduce the sound of the sending gong from a long distance. Signals already have been clearly transmitted ten miles.

The peel or skin of the potato, like the bark of medicinal roots, is the part of the tuber richest in mineral salts, and consists of a dense cortical layer, covered with a pellicle of epidermis. The latter is valueless as a nutriment, but its removal in the usual way wastes nearly all of the true skin, and frequently part of the body of the potato. Not only this, but when the potato is boiled the pellicle prevents the solution, and consequent waste of valuable saline matters. In the process of baking the latter fact does not hold true, but the greater ease with which the pellicle can be removed from the cooked tuber, without loss of true peel, is reason sufficient for cooking the root with the jacket on. In preparing potatoes for cooking in soups, stews, etc., the cuticle should be removed by rubbing with a rough, coarse cloth, like crash towelling.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Great Britain has 11 universities, with 344 professors and 13,400 students.

Thus far this season 18 tourists who set out to climb the Alps have lost their lives in the venture.

In Korea a boy goes bareheaded until he is 7 years of age; once he puts on a hat he never appears without it. A Korean girl is never seen in public after her seventh birthday.

The most valuable clock in the world is one that was made by the hands of Louis XIV of France. It is now owned by a member of the Rothschild family, who bought it for £33,600.

It is said that Paderewski made \$250,000 while in the United States, and that Yeasey, the celebrated violinist, has been engaged for an American tour which will begin in October on even higher terms than those Paderewski received.

It is calculated that during the nine weeks of the Scottish coal strike £630,000 has been lost in wages to the miners. There has also been a loss of six and half million tons of coal which the collieries would have produced.—*New York Post*.

It is reported that Pinturicchio's great frescoes in the Borgia apartments in the Vatican, for years covered by a coating of plaster which Gregory XVI and Pius IX refused to have removed, are now being exposed at the expense of Pope Leo XIII.

A Maryland man has a hunting terrapin, the only one of which there is any record. It has been taught to lure its fellows out of the soft mud of the creeks, and last year the "catch" of terrapins through the aid of the "hunter" yielded a sum exceeding \$6,000.

It is probable that large numbers of the German soldiers will be equipped with portable electric batteries weighing about half a pound. A small lamp goes with it, and the invention will be of great value to the men employed about powder magazines. They are also to be used for signalling from ballons at night, and can be fixed to the helmet when the men have to dig trenches after dark.—*Mail and Express*.

The Eiffel Tower is to be removed from Paris to Baltimore at a cost of \$500,000, and set up over the latter city as an ornament and speculative enterprise connected with the Fair to be held there in 1897. It paid very well at the Paris Exposition, of which it was one of the chief features, and it doubtless has a satisfactory financial future before it in the new location to which it is destined.—*New York Tribune*.

The crypt of the old Carmelite Convent in the Rue Vaugirard, in which are preserved the remains of 120 priests who were massacred by the Revolutionaries on September 2, 1792, is now open to the public. The site is one of the most interesting connected with the French Revolution. The vestments of the murdered French Bishops, Alfred Sibour and Darboy, are exhibited while the crypt remains open.—*New York Herald*.

The total railway mileage of the world was at the end of the year 1892, 406,416. The American continents have more than one-half the railway mileage of the world, and the United States comes pretty near equalling Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia combined. The total capital invest-

ed in railways at the beginning of the year 1893 was, in round numbers, \$32,150,000,000, an average cost a mile for the entire world of a little more than \$79,000.—*New York Post*.

REMARKABLE OPERATION IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.

A few months since a young noseless man asked the authorities at a London hospital whether they could obtain a real nose for him. To oblige the applicant an amputated finger of another patient was grafted on to his face, but it was found that amputation had caused the finger to die, and it failed to "take." The noseless man, nothing daunted, then agreed to the surgeon's suggestion that one of his own (the patient's) fingers should be cut off to furnish the nasal organ, but in order that the finger should not be wasted in the event of this operation being unsuccessful, the patient's arm was encased in plaster, and for four weeks he had to hold his finger to his face in the hope of its taking root. This it did, and the finger was then taken off the hand and now remains fixed as a nose. It has been manipulated so that it is no longer to be recognized as a finger, and the process of shaping it is being proceeded with.—*Westminster Gazette*.

TENNYSON, THE POET OF SCIENCE.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before,
But vaster."

There is the very index to Tennyson's intellectual position. And a very casual reading of his collected works will suffice to show how large an expression many of our scientific conceptions find in his utterances. The underlying principle of all our modern thought—the doctrine of the universality of law, and of that orderly progression or development within the domain and under the influence of law which we call evolution—these principles constitute the firm foundation of the entire fabric of his philosophy of life; they characterize his attitude toward the external world; they mold all his social and ethical teaching; out of them grows his faith in the destiny of the race, his hope for the untried future. For him, man is, as yet, "being made"; the "brute inheritance" clings about him; but, because so much has already been accomplished, much more will be accomplished by and by.

"This fine old earth of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs. There is a hand that
guides."

Above all things, it seems to me significant that, with all the reaction against the cry of progress that undoubtedly marks some of his later poems, the evolutionary note comes out with ever-increasing strength to the very end. It should not be forgotten that such poems as *The Dawn*, *The Dreamer*, and *The Making of Man* all belong to his last published volume.—*From Poetry and Science, by Prof. W. H. Hudson, in The Popular Science Monthly for October*.

Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

Moderation is the insensible companion of wisdom, but with genius has not even a nodding acquaintance.—*Colton*.

Modesty and the dew love the shade. Each shines in the open day only to be exhaled to heaven.—*J. Petit-Senn*.

THE PREACHER'S TRIAL.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE REV. W. J. CHAPIN.

In the Strain of Pulpit Labor He had Overdrawn his Health Account—How he met the Crisis and Returned to his Duties with Renewed Health.

From the Springfield, Ill., Journal.

In the pretty village of Chatham, Ill., there lives a Baptist divine whose snow white hair is the one outward sign that he has encroached upon the days beyond the allotted three score years and ten. His clear eye, keen mental faculties and magnificent physique all bear witness to a life well spent. This pioneer in God's eternal vineyard is Rev. W. J. Chapin, whose 72 years are crowded with noble deeds in the Christian ministry.

To a Journal representative who asked him something of his career in the ministry, Mr. Chapin talked in an interesting strain, and said that, in spite of the indications to the contrary, his life had not all been sunshine and good health.

"As my present appearance testifies, I was fortunate in the possession of a very vigorous constitution. But as is too often the case, I over-estimated my physical resources, and when it was too late learned that I had overdrawn my health account. The crisis came about eighteen years ago. At the time I was preaching the gospel from the pulpit, and I became suddenly so ill that I was compelled to stop before my sermon was finished. It was a bad case of nervous prostration, and for a time my friends and family were greatly exercised over my condition. Complete rest was imperative, and Mrs. Chapin and I planned and took a long trip. My health was sufficiently restored to resume work, but I was not the same man. I felt absolutely worthless physically and mentally. I had so lost control of my muscles that my fingers would involuntarily release their grip upon a pen, and my hand would turn over with absolutely no volition on my part. About two years ago, to intensify matters, I was seized with a severe attack of la grippe. I recovered only partially from it and had frequent returns of that indescribable feeling which accompanies and follows that strange malady. I looked in vain for something to bring relief and finally I read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Something seemed to tell me that they would do me good and I commenced using them. They gave me additional strength from the start and toned up my system from a condition of almost absolute prostration so that I was able again to resume my duties as a minister. The improvement was simply marvellous, and the credit is due Dr. Williams' Pink Pill."

Mrs. Chapin was present during the conversation and said: "I don't think Mr. Chapin could ever have resumed his preaching after he had the attack of la grippe had it not been for Pink Pills. They did him so much good that I decided to try their efficacy on myself. I had been troubled for years with what our physician, Dr. Hewitt, called rheumatic paralysis, and since taking the Pink Pills I have been stronger and the pain in my right arm and hand is less acute. We keep the pills in the house all the time, and they do me a great deal of good in the way of toning up my system and strengthening me."

In all cases like the above Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure. They act directly upon the blood and nerves. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for 6 boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of substitutes and nostrums alleged to be "just as good."

I was CURED of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

REV. WM. BROWN.

I was CURED of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. KAULBACK.

I was CURED of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. MASTERS.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

When a girl elopes with the coachman or one of the servants some other man is happily saved from getting a trumpery, poor sort of a wife.

"My dear young woman, it is well known that intellectual women are not good looking." "And how would you classify me?" "Why, you are not at all intellectual." "Oh, you flatterer!"

Mrs. Blabington (after giving all of her symptoms): Now, doctor, what do you think ails me? Dr. Blunt: Madam, you are overworked. Let me see your tongue. H'm, h'm, as I thought, overworked.

Prattle (to his wife): You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions. Mrs. Prattle: I should like to know how you get at that conclusion? Prattle: You say, there's no use talking, and then you talk for hours.

Young wife (at telephone): Is that the office of the telephone company? I want to talk to Cyrus Winterbottom. I'm his wife and— Telephone girl: Number? "Number? I'm his first and only, you insulting creature!"

Mme. Trapino: You told me, sir, that all I had to do was to leave the tablecloth outside during the night and the fruit stains would disappear. Well, I did so last night "Ah! then the stains—" "No! It was the cloth that disappeared!"

"The gentleman you see pacing up and down yonder as if he were mentally deranged is Smicht, the famous accountant." "What's the matter with him?" "He was trying yesterday to unravel the complications of his wife's housekeeping book."

Teacher: Polly, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left? Polly (aged six): Three, please. Teacher: No, two would be left. Polly: No, there wouldn't tho'. The three shot would be left, and the other two would be fled away.

Bingo (to real estate agent): Now, sir, my wife has taken a great fancy to that last house you showed us; but it's a little more than I want to pay. Can't you throw out some objection that will make her change her mind? Real Estate Agent: Yes sir; I'll tell her you say you won't live in any other.

Together they were looking over the paper. "Oh, how funny," said she. "What is it?" he asked. "Why, here's an advertisement that says: 'No reasonable offers refused.'" "What's so odd about that?" "Nothing, nothing," she replied, trying to blush, "only those are my sentiments."

"No," said Mr. Bean, when asked if he would contribute anything to a charity fund. "I don't think I will." "Can't afford it, eh?" "It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity, the papers spelled my name wrong. They got it Mean, and if I'm so mean in print, I don't mean to give any more to charity."

The Widow: Do you think marriage is always a failure? Bullfinch: Always a failure! Well, I should say not. Why, I know a case where the wife fairly idolizes her husband, and he—why he can't keep away from her a minute. The Widow: Bless me! How long have they been married? Bullfinch: Nearly a week.

Little Ethel surprised cook in the kitchen in the act of skinning a rabbit. Shocked beyond measure, she enquired, with mingled pity and indignation in her wide-open eyes: Whatever are you doing, cook? "I'm dressing the rabbit, Miss Ethel?" The child reflected an instant, and said: I should think you were undressing it.

Senior Partner: Look here, Mr. Sheepley, the first of last month you came to me and said you were thinking seriously of getting married, and on the strength of that I gave you a rise in your salary. What's the matter?

Aren't you going to get married? Sheepley: No sir. I thought so seriously of it that I concluded I wouldn't.

WOMAN-HOOD

has its own special medicine in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. And every woman who is "run-down" or overworked, every woman who suffers from any "female complaint" or weakness needs just that remedy. With it, every disturbance, irregularity, and arrangement can be permanently cured.

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve, and the *only medicine* for women so *safe* and *sure* that it can be *guaranteed*. In periodical pains, displacements, weak back, bearing-down sensations, and every kindred ailment, if it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. Is anything that isn't sold in this way likely to be "Just as good."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, liver-ills, indigestion, dyspepsia, piles and headaches.

Rigid justice is oft the greatest injustice.

Build Up.

When the system is run down, a person becomes an easy prey to Consumption or Scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

Popular opinion is the greatest lie in the world.

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

May 2nd, 1894.—MY DEAR SIRS,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints. I am yours truly, J. A. Henderson, M.A., Principal of Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines.

Coutts & Sons.

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN RHEUMATISM.

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN RHEUMATISM.

Mr. C. H. Reeves, 169 State St., Chicago, Sept. 20th, 1894, writes:—I wish to certify for the benefit of Rheumatic sufferers of the great relief and cure I have experienced through your wonderful remedy. Three weeks ago after exhausting every known remedy and feeling completely discouraged, I commenced using your Acetocura and now I am another man and have no pain whatever.

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS.

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS.

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS.

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U.S.A., August 15th, 1894, writes:—"I am 61 years old. For two years I had been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using Acetocura for five days the pain had entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days' treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue."

Write for gratis pamphlet to **COUTTS & SONS**, 72 Victoria street, Toronto. Head offices—London, Glasgow and Manchester (G.B.); Cologne, Germany; Aaran, Switzerland.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

RADWAY'S PILLS,
Always Reliable,
Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles,

- Sick Headache,
- Female Complaints,
- Biliousness,
- Indigestion,
- Dyspepsia,
- Constipation,

—AND—

All Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25c. per Box. Sold by Druggists
Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 47
St. James St., Montreal, for Book or
Advice.

MANITOBA.

THE FREE PRESS, Winnipeg, is the oldest newspaper in the Canadian Northwest and has a larger daily circulation than all the other Winnipeg daily papers combined.

THE DAILY FREE PRESS circulates in every town reached by rail between Lake Superior and the Mountains.

THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS has the largest circulation amongst the farmers of the Northwest of any paper.

ADVERTISERS can reach the people of Manitoba and the Territories most effectually by means of the **FREE PRESS**.

For rates apply to
The Manitoba Free Press Co.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

POET-LORE

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LETTERS.

TEACHERS and Students of Literature will be interested in the leading feature of the Double Autumn Number of *Poet-lore*, a symposium on

How May Literature Best be Taught?

By Prof. Hiram Corson (Cornell University); Prof. Katharine Lee Bates (Wellesley); Prof. L. A. Sherman (Univ. Neb.); Profs. O. L. Triggs and F. I. Carpenter (Chicago Univ.)

OTHER SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

PRESENT DAY SAGA. A Sea Story. Holger Drachmann.

LLEAS AND MELISANDE. Maurice Maeterlinck.

GENTLE GEORGE FARQUHAR. Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT STATION. Nathan Haskell Dole.

SHAKESPEARE'S OPENING SCENES AS STRIKING THE KEYNOTE OF DRAMATIC ACTION AND MOTIVE. Conclusion. Charles W. Hodell, &c., &c.

This Double Number, 50 Cents.

The October issue of *Poet-lore* resumes with

How to Study Bryant's 'Thanatopsis.'

The *School of Literature*, which has been so excellent an educational feature of the present volume. Prof. Hiram Corson continues in this and the succeeding November and December numbers his valuable Papers on

The Aims of Literary Study and the Value of Vocal Interpretation.

WALT WHITMAN AND MURGER. Horace L. Traubel. With notes of Whitman's talk taken down from his own lips.

CHARACTER, IN MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. C. A. Wurtzberg.

LOVE AND BREAD. A short story. Auguste Strindberg.

This Single Number, 25 Cents. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50.

SPECIAL OFFER—*Poet-lore*, beginning with the Double Autumn Number, together with the Numbers for October, November, and December, '94 and Subscription for '95, provided order is sent in before January 1st, 1895. . . \$3.00.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS Co. and its Correspondents, all Booksellers, or

POET-LORE CO.,

196 Summer Street, Boston.

Her Majesty's Table Water By Appointment.



GODES-BERGER

A natural mineral water highly approved by Her Majesty, the Queen of England's medical advisers, also by numerous leading physicians in London and throughout the world.

Dr. C. Finkelnburg, Professor and Member of the Imperial German Sanitary Office, writes:—"The Godes-berger Natural Mineral Water may, on account of its pleasant taste, and easiness of digestion, be continuously used as a Table Water, and is a refreshing and wholesome drink. It is to be HIGHLY RECOMMENDED."

For sale by all first class Wine Merchants, Hotels, Chemists and Restaurants.

RECENT WORKS BY MISS A. M. MACHAR

ROLAND GRAEME, KNIGHT. Fords, Howard & Hubert, New York; W. Drysdale, Montreal; Williamson Book Co., Toronto. Cloth \$1.00; Paper 50 cents.

MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER: STORIES OF NEW FRANCE. D. Lothrop Co., Boston; Williamson Book Co., Toronto. Cloth, \$1.50.

Scrofula

is Disease Germs living in the Blood and feeding upon its Life. Overcome these germs with

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, and make your blood healthy, skin pure and system strong. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

INCORPORATED 1880 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

COR. YONGE ST. & WILTON AVE.

EDWARD FISHER - Musical Director University Affiliation for Degrees in Music.

Artists' and Teachers' Graduating Courses.

ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC TAUGHT From the Rudiments to Graduation.

EIGHTH SEASON RE-OPENED SEPT. 3RD, 1894. NEW AND REVISED CALENDAR giving full information, now ready, mailed free.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION (H. N. Shaw, B.A., Principal.)

Elocution department re-opens Sept. 25th.

The Society of Arts OF CANADA (Limited.)

CAPITAL STOCK, - \$100,000.

A Society established with a view to disseminate the taste for Arts, to encourage and help artists.

Incorporated by letters patent of the Government of Canada the 27th February, 1893.

Gallery of Paintings,

Nos. 1,666 and 1,668 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

The Richest Gallery of Paintings in Canada.

ADMISSION FREE

All the paintings are originals, mostly from the French school, the leading modern school.

Eminent artists, such as Francois, Rochegrosse, Aublet, Barau, Pesant, Petitjean, Marius Roy, Scherrer, Sauzay, and a great many others, are members of this Society. Sixty-eight members of this Society are exhibitors in the Salon in Paris.

Sale of Paintings at easy terms, and distribution by lots every week.

Price of tickets 25 cents. Ask for Catalogue and Circular.

NOTICE.

The first General Meeting of The Week Publishing Company of Toronto, Limited, will be held at the office of The Week, Number 5 Jordan Street, Toronto, on Tuesday the 9th day of October, 1894, at the hour of three o'clock p.m., and at said meeting Directors of the Company will be elected and the business of the Company organized, and all matters which can properly come before the meeting will be dealt with.

Dated Toronto, Sept. 27th, 1894.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, }
WILLIAM CLARK, } Directors.
L. K. CAMERON, }



Parisian Steam Laundry

67 ADELAIDE ST. WEST PHONE 1127.

Shirts, collars and cuffs a specialty. Mending done free.

Established 1873.

E. M. MOFFATT, Manager.

IF --

YOUR WEDDING CAKE

ORDER IS NOT GIVEN, CALL AT ONCE AT

HARRY WEBB'S,

447 YONGE STREET.

J. YOUNG,

(ALEX. MILLARD)

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER.

Telephone 679.

347 YONGE STREET.

H. STONE & SON,

UNDERTAKERS

Corner Yonge and Ann Sts.

Telephone 931.

THE WEEK

AND

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Universities, Colleges and Schools.)

THE WEEK

claims superiority over every other Canadian Journal as a medium for advertising

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THEREFORE

THE WEEK

is the journal in which to advertise

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE WEEK

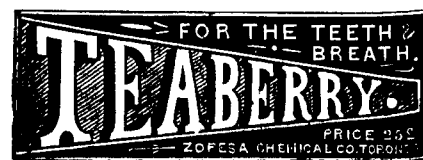
5 JORDAN STREET.

TORONTO, CANADA.

PATENT AGENCY

Wilson, Killman & Co.,

General agents for the sale of Patents and Novelties. Head Office, 19 Yonge St., Arcade, Toronto. Patents bought, sold and protected. L. F. Hayde, Attorney at Law for the firm, W. J. Graham, Patent Solicitor for the firm



Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer