

THE WEEK

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, December 7th, 1894.

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Current Topics.

Lord Jersey's Report.

Lord Jersey's report in favour of the resolutions of the Intercolonial Conference, foreshadowing, as they may fairly be supposed to do, the action of the British Government, will, no doubt, give a great impetus to the cable and fast Atlantic steamship projects. His remarks on the trade question confirm the conclusions which have been previously reached by others, strange as those conclusions may seem. The treaties with Germany and Belgium, which are one of the chief obstacles in the way of any reciprocal trade arrangements between the members of the proposed Imperial federation, would not, the Earl of Jersey thinks, preclude the making of preferential arrangements between the Colonies themselves, or even prevent the Mother Country from giving the Colonies preferential advantages, but would prevent her from accepting any preferential treatment from them. The Earl is of opinion that Germany and Belgium might be induced to consent to the abrogation of the clauses especially referring to the Colonies, without permitting the modification to affect the other provisions of the treaties. He more than hints, however, his opinion, which is quite in accord with that which has been expressed by most of those who have written or spoken from the British point of view, that the suggestion of a maximum tariff for foreigners and a minimum tariff for the Colonies would involve a fundamental change in the financial policy of Great Britain. We may add, as he probably intends to imply, that there is not much reason to suppose that the people of Great Britain will favourably consider such a proposal at present. But by and by—?

Our High Commissioner.

We commented, a week or two ago, upon the cabled report of certain strong observations alleged to have been made by Sir Charles Tupper in a speech in Dundee, while a local election

was in progress. Sir Charles was represented as having made a severe partisan attack upon the British Government as a whole and the Minister of Agriculture in particular. We expressed our unwillingness to believe that our Dominion representative in the Mother Country could have so far forgotten what was due to his position as to be guilty of what would have been as impolitic as rude. English papers now received justify our incredulity to a considerable extent. It appears that Sir Charles' appearance as a lecturer in Dundee had no connection whatever with the political struggle then going on, he having gone to Scotland by special invitation to lecture in response to the invitation of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. Moreover, the offensive words quoted were not, so far as appears, used in the lecture, or spoken publicly at all. The expression upon which they were probably founded had been made use of during a personal interview with a deputation of farmers headed by Sir John Leng, M.P., one of Lord Rosebery's supporters. From a party point of view the remark could not be complained of by the present Government, since Sir Charles distinctly said that the course of the present Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Gardner, had been a great deal more straightforward than that of Mr. Chaplin, his predecessor. At the same time that remark, and an accompanying one to the effect that the Government were determined that no live cattle should be admitted, impugning, as they do, the honour and veracity of the British Ministers, are, to say the least, not overburdened with the courtesy which is generally supposed to be due from a foreign or Colonial Ambassador to the statesmen of the country to which he is accredited.

Political Prospects in England.

Whatever opinion may be formed as to the cause, the defeat of the Government candidate in Forfarshire, and that by so large a majority, is a severe blow to Lord Rosebery's administration. Not only does it injure the prestige of the Government, but, in view of the smallness of their previous majority, the loss of a single seat, counting two on a division, is serious in the most practical aspect of the case. If it be true, as now alleged, that the support of the Parnellite section of the Home Rulers will be definitely transferred to the Unionist side, the Government will hold their right to office by a very precarious tenure. Should their position be made still weaker by another defeat to-day, in the Brigg division of Lincoln, it will require a good deal of nerve for them to attempt to hold another session of parliament. Nevertheless, the inducement will be very strong for them to do so. As a matter of party policy their resolve, as at present understood, to change the order of the subjects on their programme, by placing their anti-Lords resolution last instead of first, is obviously wise. If they can hold on to office so long, and the House of Lords will play into their hands by rejecting two or three more reform bills, such as that for the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, the Irish Land Reform Bill, etc., their crusade against the veto power of the House of Lords will no doubt be materially helped thereby. While the strength of the anti-Lords policy, as an election cry, may be rather increased than otherwise by Lord Salisbury's admission of the

need of reform, unaccompanied by an indication of the nature of the reform he would favour, it can, on the other hand, scarcely fail to be weakened by the differences of opinion on the same point known to exist among the members of the Government themselves. On the whole, while it is morally certain that the dissolution cannot be much longer delayed, it has seldom, perhaps never, been more difficult to find reliable grounds on which to base a prophecy as to the result of the coming election.

The Copyright Question.

Mr. Arnold Foster, M.P., takes exception to Lord Ripon's remark to the effect that his sympathies are naturally with the colonies which he represents. This raises a question with regard to the proper mental attitude of the Colonial Secretary in the British Cabinet, which we are not wise enough to discuss. Mr. Foster says: "If a Secretary of State appears in the Cabinet as an avowed advocate, prejudiced in behalf of his Canadian clients, it seems high time that British authors and publishers find some other channel to convey their views." We cannot even guess what may be the alternative hinted at in this remark. A Canadian naturally wonders whether, if the Colonial Secretary may not be expected or permitted to look on questions in controversy from the point of view of colonists and to present their case sympathetically to his colleagues in the Cabinet, there is any other way in which Colonial legislators can get an assurance of a fair hearing before that august body. Touching the case in point, it seems to us that two distinct questions are involved. The first and chief is that of Canada's right to legislate upon the question of copyright. The other, that of the merits or demerits of the particular piece of legislation, is only incidental and secondary. Of course, as we have before said, the necessity of Imperial assent in order to the validity of any act passed by the Canadian Parliament implies the right of the Imperial authorities to withhold that assent. But this can be warranted only on very strong grounds, unless our prized self-government is to be reduced to lilliputian dimensions. Our copyright laws may affect injuriously the property of certain persons in England, but so also may our tariff laws. If the British authors and publishers would refrain from sacrificing the interests of Canadian, to those of United States, publishers, the necessity for special legislation would be removed. Failing that, we do not see why the Canadian Government would not be justifiable in insisting that nothing short of clear conflict with Imperial as distinct from individual interests could afford sufficient ground for refusal to ratify Colonial legislation.

The Civic Investigation.

Judge McDougall's Court of Inquiry, at the date of this writing, is still in session and is likely to continue its investigations for some time to come. We can only conjecture, from the dark hints of the prosecuting counsel, what further revelations may be in store. But without touching on any matter which is yet *sub judice*, we may safely comment on certain facts which are already established beyond reasonable doubt. One of these facts is that a larger or smaller number of the men whom the citizens of Toronto have placed in positions of the highest trust which is in the gift of the citizens, have basely betrayed that trust. The second is that, of the men who have up to this date been placed on the witness stand, all of them men of some position and standing in the community, several must have been guilty not merely of shameful prevarication and evasion while on oath, but even of downright, unblushing perjury. Pending the conclusion of the investigation, or the higher one which it is to be hoped, in the interest of

municipal honesty, will follow, it can hardly be determined who are the guilty individuals. But when two individuals testify to statements which are in downright contradiction to each other, a child must see that one or the other must be guilty of false-swearing. These facts are most humiliating to all respectable citizens. Save, perhaps, deliberate assassination, and one or two other of the most shocking crimes, it is doubtful whether there are in the whole catalogue any much more vile or base than the two under discussion, betrayal of trust for paltry personal gain, and brazen-faced perjury in the witness box. The man who is chosen for and accepts an office of trust, public or private, is placed in a position which appeals to a genuine sense of honour in the strongest possible way. If he fails to respond to that trust and shows himself ready to sell for gain the interests of those who have thus honoured and trusted him, it can only be because the sense of honour is lamentably feeble or altogether lacking in his nature. So too, by general consent, there is scarcely a baser, more cowardly, or more degrading vice than falsehood. The man who is guilty of the one or the other thereby brands himself as utterly unworthy to receive any gift or confidence which the public may have to bestow. It is also imperatively necessary, in the interests and for the safety of all concerned, that the persons shown to be guilty of either offence should be punished with the full rigour of the law, as a terror to evil-doers. Another result may surely be hoped for. No one doubts that there are hundreds of capable men, well known in the city, whose trustworthiness and truthfulness are absolutely above suspicion. Surely the rate-payers of the city will see to it that only persons of this class shall hereafter be elected to any municipal office. But a great change will have to come over the rate-payers. They can elect good men if they wish to do so. The trouble is that very few save those immediately and pecuniarily concerned care a fig who get into the City Council. The root of the whole matter is the selfish indifference of the rate-payers.

The Detectives and Clara Ford.

The detective system is an evil. We must, we suppose, however reluctantly, admit that, within certain limits and subject to certain restrictions, it is a necessary evil. The evidence given by certain members of the Toronto detective force, in the recent preliminary examination of Clara Ford, forces upon the mind certain questions which demand careful consideration, with regard to the nature and extent of those limits and restrictions. It will be remembered that the evidence which determined and justified the police magistrate in committing the unhappy woman for trial was mainly that of the detectives who made the arrest, and to whom she, after repeated denials of her guilt, finally made a full and detailed confession of guilt. It is true that the evidence affirmed that the detectives, before receiving the confession, had distinctly and repeatedly warned the prisoner that any statement she might make might be used against her in court. Nevertheless the narrative made it pretty clear that they had previously woven around her a web of circumstantial evidence, which, aided by the proof of certain inconsistencies in her own statements, had evidently led her to despair of any possibility of escape.

Who Should Hear a Confession.

The question is—and it cannot be doubted that it is a question of far-reaching importance in connection with the administration of criminal justice—Are policeman and detectives, or other executive officers, justifiable, under any circumstances, we will not say in seeking to extort, but in listening to and taking down for further use, such a confession of guilt on

the part of a prisoner who is, for the time being, in their hands? We do not wish to be misunderstood as casting the slightest reflection upon the individual detectives in this particular case. Rather would we commend the zeal and acuteness they displayed in the interests of justice, while acting in the line of what they no doubt believe to be duty. Nor do we wish to imply that it is not well and wise that provision should be made for the taking down for use in court of the confession of any prisoner accused of crime who may voluntarily desire to make such a statement. On the contrary, the very first question put by the court to the accused in all such cases is a solemn farce unless it is intended to open the door for a voluntary confession should the prisoner be disposed to make one. In fact, we are unable to fully understand why the court, or the prisoner's counsel, or the officers of justice standing near, should interpose to prevent such a confession being made by a plea of "Guilty," when the prisoner wishes to make that plea. There might even be a good deal to be said in favour of some provision whereby a prisoner who has expressed a wish to make such a confession beforehand should be given the opportunity to do so in the presence of some disinterested judicial officers appointed for the purpose. But it is quite another question whether the detective, whose duty it is to search for evidences of guilt, and whose reputation and personal interests are involved, is the proper person to hear and reproduce such confession. This question turns partly upon another. Is it fairly conceivable that a prisoner, let us say a woman of highly nervous temperament, in the confusion and terror caused by arrest on so terrible an accusation, might be thrown into such a state that she would first make false statements in the attempt to explain what she might deem suspicious circumstances, and afterwards, confronted with proof of the falsity of such statements, in her confusion and despair, desperately resolve to cut short the period of suspense and torture by fabricating a confession? The question, in a word, resolves itself into one of the propriety of permitting the officer, whose personal and, if we may use the word for want of a better, professional interests are involved in securing a conviction, to take the place, first of a confessor, and afterwards of a witness in court?

On Monday evening last at the Massey Music Hall, Max O'Rell appeared—he does not lecture, he "appears"—before an audience of over three thousand, and discoursed in his original and characteristic way about the little foibles of John Bull, Sandy, and Pat. There is only one Max O'Rell. His lectures—we mean, appearances—have a distinction all their own. They are brilliant, full of wisdom and wit and fun. Though his style is so light and airy he never gives the impression of being frivolous or superficial. On the contrary, one is impressed by his thoughtfulness, his intellectuality, and the keenness of his insight and the breadth of his observation. Mark Twain somewhere remarks that the secret of humour lies in close observation. But Mark Twain "isn't in it" with Max O'Rell. Besides which, unlike the American humourist, the Frenchman is never guilty of exaggeration, nor does he ever violate good taste. His sense of the fitness of things is superb. But he has two gifts which give him a wholly unique position amongst speakers and writers of to-day. He can tell home truths not only without giving offence but with such irresistible good humour that those who are hardest hit laugh the merriest. The other gift is none the less remarkable: in a single witty remark, or even in one of his inimitable glances, he reveals a national characteristic which an ordinary writer or speaker would take many pages

or many minutes to express in a laboured essay or speech. We should, indeed, be sorry to think that Max O'Rell had visited Canada for the last time. In conversation with a representative of THE WEEK he spoke of a lecture on "Women" he might deliver here some day. It will be a genuine pleasure to see and hear him again.

The Prospects of Peace.

Japan appears to have at length succeeded in forcing China to humiliate herself by suing directly for peace. If the energy and persistence with which the former nation has pushed on the war, have placed her side by side with the most civilized powers of the West, so, too, does her determination to use her advantage to the utmost, leave her no whit behind even Germany, when she had her heel upon the neck of France. Should peace be concluded upon the terms now offered, or upon the still harder terms which will be insisted on later if these are rejected, and should the Chinese Empire be saved from the disintegration with which it will be threatened in consequence, one can but wonder whether its subsequent course will in any wise resemble that of the French Republic. That will depend upon the stuff of which the people are made. Should the humiliation of defeat be succeeded, as in the case of the French, by a fierce and unconquerable thirst for revenge, and should the people prove capable of a tithe of the same self-denial and persistence in preparing to take it, the immense superiority of China in population and natural resources should enable her in the course of a score or so of years to retaliate with terrible effect upon her comparatively slender antagonist. And yet, barring the question as to which was the aggressor in the first place, and assuming the war to have been justifiable on the part of the conqueror, Japan can hardly be blamed for having refused to listen to the proposals of any third parties so long as her adversary was unwilling to confess herself beaten, and ask directly for terms of peace.

President Cleveland's Message.

President Cleveland's Message to Congress must have been written this year under rather depressing conditions. It is, however, as usual, a strong and able document, a little laboured, perhaps, but containing much sound advice which the people's representatives would do well to heed. Without raising again the whole question of tariff reform, the President shows clearly that he still has the courage of his convictions. In advocating the abolition of the duties on coal, iron and sugar, and of the restrictions on the purchase and use of foreign-built ships, he urges reasons so clear and cogent that it is difficult to see how any thoughtful person can gainsay them. Nevertheless, such are the influences and exigencies of partyism, it is very doubtful whether either recommendation will be adopted. It may be doubted, in view of the severe criticisms which the issue of the recent gold loan has called forth, whether Mr. Cleveland's defence of that action will be accepted as satisfactory, though his argument, based on the absolute necessity of preserving the national credit from the possibility of suspicion or danger, will be hard to dispose of. The desirability of taking a leaf out of Canada's book for the improvement of their national banking system must sooner or later force some action upon Congress, though it is doubtful whether, under present conditions, any such action can be taken upon his recommendations during the present session. In fact, all the conditions seem to foreshadow a rather tame and unproductive session. To most nations a deficit of seventy millions of dollars on the

year's transactions would be a very serious matter, but such is the confidence felt at home and abroad in the unlimited resources and recuperative power of the United States that it is passed over as a comparatively trivial matter, scarcely affecting the success of the loan.

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Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

THE past half century has done much for art criticism in the way of giving it a larger field for exploration and a bigger public to talk to about its conclusions. Where, at the beginning of the century, we had one art critic, we now have twenty. The ball which Ruskin set rolling in 1828, has found many to kick it back and forth. In many respects John Ruskin may be said to have started the game. He did voluminously and continuously what had been previously left to scattered and occasional efforts. He made it apparent that art was a fruitful theme to write about, and not only so, but he showed that whatever one might say on the subject there was always an opening for a reasonable rejoinder. In addition to this he set before the world such a splendid example of literary style that it is no wonder that other writers should have been inspired to try their prentice hands at the same task. As a consequence the *clientele*, so to speak, of artists has become enormously extended. In the last century a few rich men and sons of noblemen made the grand tour, saw the picture galleries of Europe, learnt something about pictures, brought back with them a few examples for the ancestral home, and in a very few instances became art connoisseurs and patrons of rising British artists. Now one finds art connoisseurs by the score on every steamboat and railway train, while in numberless magazines, not to mention less ephemeral literature, art is a recognized *piece de resistance*, and is served up with all the accessories of illustration and fine writing with which the public are so familiar. In the crowd of writers a few are distinguished. Not all are apostles, but there are a few apostles. And of these Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the news of whose decease saddened us a few weeks ago, was undoubtedly one. Mr. Hamerton was borne at Laneside near Shaw, Lancashire, in 1834, his father being a solicitor and a cadet of an ancient Yorkshire family. He was educated at Burnley and Doncaster grammar schools, and afterwards prepared by private tutors for Oxford, but a taste for the fine arts led him to study landscape painting. He also began early to write, and during the past forty years he has been a voluminous contributor to the stream of current literature. He wrote novels, essays and some considerable works, among which his well-known and stimulating "Intellectual Life" must be given the first place. But it is as an art critic that he has made his mark on literature.

It may be said that Hamerton meets conditions and covers ground not treated by Ruskin, and, more practical, but less eloquent, defines the relation of the painter to nature and the limits of imitation. He has studied nature as a man indoctrinated with the ideas of Ruskin; he has generalized about art as one who owns no servile adhesion to any lord; and he has enlarged his views by various reading, and familiarity with ancient and modern painting. To begin with he seems to have possessed exactly the mental outfit and the temporal surroundings which are most suitable to the writer on art topics. He was a man of large mind, of sufficient culture, and lifted above pecuniary cares. His note is the old fashioned gentlemanly note of the man of letters, who writes, not for daily bread, but because it is a pleasure to him, and because he finds in the task an adequate medium of expression. In addition to this he was a practical stu-

dent of the arts about which he wrote. He knew what it was to handle a brush, a graving tool, and an etching needle. He painted for months in the open air. His first volume, "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," introduces to us one whose word, about art, we must necessarily take with some respect, since it shows him to us in the most active pursuit of painting, and painting for the love of it. There is something deliciously old timish about the atmosphere of this book which bears us far away from modern competitive methods. Here is a man who is satisfied with the work itself and finds in doing it perfect joy and satisfaction. He makes us share his camp; we see the heathery mountains that he is painting, we hear the splash of the waters against the side of his boat. Some superficial critics have found fault with the *naivete* with which the writer introduces his own personality into this book. This is, however, one of the things which make it interesting. We see him a hearty, healthy, self-reliant Englishman, and we are pleased with every detail he gives us of his camping experience.

"A Painter's Camp" and the "Thoughts About Art" will give any reader a fair idea of Mr. Hamerton's style as an art critic. We know of no books which are the result of more faithful study and practical consideration of the painter's function and which are, at the same time, so free from technical jargon. Mr. Hamerton is pre-eminently a useful writer upon art; he is certainly accurate and comprehensive. His expositions are serious and conscientious. He spares no pains to make his readers understand the contemporary condition of art, and he fairly states and answers some of the most puzzling questions that have agitated modern painters and confused simple students. He at all times escapes cheap rhetoric and that facile enthusiasm begotten in some by the very name of art. He leaves all that to the *dilettanti* and addresses in a simple business-like style men who are not less serious and earnest than himself. Yet he does not write in a bald or meagre style, nor is he insensible to the poetic and imaginative elements of his theme. He can quicken a glow and rouse an emotion, when he writes of the mighty poetry of Turner's *Téméraire* or of the mysterious charm of a Veronese portrait. He is at all times clear, at all times exact. Common sense, patience, and no ordinary talent for analysis are manifested in every chapter of his "Thoughts About Art." If we were asked where the most intelligent, the most practical, the most trustworthy and the most interesting exposition of modern art and cognate subjects is to be found we should point to Hamerton's writings. As a critic he is free from the exaggerations of Ruskin, and he is not seduced by mere novelty. It has been well said that Mr. Hamerton is an admirable critic, but that John Ruskin is a great advocate.

The drift of Hamerton's art criticism will best be appreciated in his chapter on "The Relation Between Photography and Painting," and that which treats of transcendentalism in painting. A few extracts will convey an idea both of his style and scope of thought:

"Photography represents facts isolated from their natural companions, and without any hint of their relation to the human mind. Now it is only the unity of relation that can satisfy the artistic sense, not isolated fragments; and, therefore, so long as the artistic sense remains in the human organization the demand for pictures will certainly continue. . . . I wish I could make perfectly clear what is that *unity of relation* which is so satisfactory to the artistic sense. . . . It is enough to say that any perfect "whole" in a pictorial representation must include delicate colours and beautiful forms, *all helping each other to the utmost*, like a chorus of well-trained singers, and that in the arrangement of it all a great human soul must manifest itself, just as the soul of Handel does in a chorus from the 'Messiah.' . . ."

Copy the model indeed! I should like to know where on earth Hunt could have found a woman capable of assuming and retaining that marvellous expressions of beatitude that illuminates the sweet face of Mary when she finds Jesus in the temple. That expression which is the most mighty thing in the whole picture—the mightiest, I mean, over the hearts of all men and women who can really feel anything—was gotten out of the painter's own soul, and not from any hired model whatever."—*Thoughts*, p. 230.

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Nineteenth Century Recreation.

THE place is Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A. The occasion the annual inter-collegiate football match between the elevens of Yale and Harvard. In the Park is a rectangular amphitheatre. On one side sit ten thousand spectators wearing the blue colors which denote supporters of Yale; on the other another ten thousand wearing the crimson badge of Harvard. At the end is another grand stand crowded with spectators, making the total number assembled for the occasion about twenty-five thousand. These people have come together not only from the city but from all parts of the surrounding country. The estimated expenditure for tickets, railroad fares and other expenses connected with the game, is not far from \$150,000. The day is beautiful and everyone is on the tiptoe of anticipation. The gladiators enter the arena; the ball is faced, and there ensues, for the space of we forget how many minutes or hours, a series of "rough-and-tumble" struggles in the course of which every athlete seems to be doing his best, by a combination of brute strength and trained agility, to inflict the utmost bodily injury on his opponent possible in the absence of deadlier weapons than fists and boots. One moment the ten thousand supporters of Yale rise, a mass of blue, and greet with a tremendous cheer some brilliant feat of one of their champions. Presently the ten thousand friends of Harvard on the other side, bedecked with scarlet, do the same thing for one of the Harvard team. Now a player is dashed violently to the ground by some fierce blow or kick, and "gentle and refined women, who could not bear to see a blow struck in an ordinary fight, or a man knocked down by a run-away horse, or a cable car, sit perfectly unconcerned at the spectacle of an injured man being revived from unconsciousness by the energetic work of the doctors in attendance, or the sight of another player with the blood streaming from his nose, being soothed by the application of a sponge full of cold water taken from the pail which was carried from the side lines into the field, every few minutes—at least during the second half." Says the same eye-witness from whom the above is quoted, a member of the staff of the *Outlook*:

"Murphy, one of the strongest of Yale's players, was knocked senseless, and as the players swept down the field, was left lying on the ground with one arm sticking rigid in the air, looking like a corpse on a battle-field. He was carried off on a stretcher, taken to the hospital, and did not recover consciousness until eight o'clock in the evening. Hallowell, one of the star Harvard players, was helped off the field by two men. He came directly in front of me, and presented the worst spectacle that I have ever seen in the way of an injured yet live human being. His arms and legs were aimlessly shaking, and his head lolling to and fro like that of a man in an epileptic fit, and his features were distorted by a hideous grin."

Six of the twenty-two players were seriously injured. This fact will convey a startling view of the spirit in which the contest was carried on. It would be a terrible battle in actual war, in which twenty-seven per cent. of the whole body of combatants should be put *hors de combat*. The writer above quoted gives us a little further glimpse of the effect of the contest upon the spectators, in the statement that when one of the wounded players was seen to receive

the injury which disabled him, not a few cries of "Kill him!" went forth from his enraged friends. The cries, were directed, of course, against the opponent who was the cause of the injury. Probably the brutality of that opponent afforded sufficient cause for the fiercest indignation. We mention the incident only to aid our readers in forming a just conception of the moral effect of the whole affair. Nor have we the material with which to complete the picture, on what is probably a still worse side than that presented, the loss of time in training, and the drinking, betting, and carousing of which it was the direct or indirect cause.

The inter-collegiate contest has not yet reached any such extreme in Canada. Happily, too, our boys and young men are as yet content to play the old and favourite game in a more gentlemanly, not to say less brutal, fashion. Nevertheless it is, we are persuaded, high time that the question of the effect of over-cultivation of athletics and other forms of so-called physical training, in school and college, were being seriously considered. Most educators and other thoughtful observers will admit that the playground has about as potent an influence in the formation of individual and national character as the class-room. We cannot here even enter upon the various queries which are at once suggested, and which would require a magazine or a book for their adequate discussion. We can but suggest, as worthy of much fuller consideration than they have yet had, a few of the questions, such as the proper proportion of time to be devoted to athletics, on the playground and in the gymnasium; the physical and moral effects of different games, and of the military drill which is becoming so popular in many places; the true relations between muscular and brain development, including, if possible, the verdict of science touching the point at which physical exercise ceases to aid and begins to antagonize the development of those intellectual, social, and moral qualities which combine to make up the true ideal of, let us say, the coming Canadian.

* * *

When we see about us people trying to make their friends happy, having no scandle to prattle about, going quietly here and there attending to their business, doing their daily duties without parade, with the cheery laugh and bright eye, and whom we know of a certainty are charitable without show, church-goers without display, quietly and humbly approach the sacraments, just know that you have seen a live modern saint, who sets the example. We, all of us, need religion and we can't have too much of it, but we don't want it to sit upon us with a false glitter. True religious life is the diamond without flaw, the false conception of it is the paste. —*Pittsburg Catholic*.

The positive element in the enduring works is always something more than the beautiful; it is the true, the vital, the real, as well. The beautiful is there, but the not-beautiful is there also. The world is held together, life is nourished and made strong, and power begotten, by the neutral or negatively beautiful. Works are everywhere produced that are artistically serious, but morally trifling and insincere; faultless in form, but tame and barren in spirit. —*John Burroughs*.

The Persian author Saadi tells a story of three sages—a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian—who, in the presence of the Persian monarch, debated this question. Of all evils incident to humanity, which is the greatest? The Grecian declared, "Old age, oppressed with poverty;" while the Persian, bowing low, made answer, "The greatest evil, O King, that I can conceive is the couch of death, without one good deed of life to light the darksome way!"

We perhaps never detect how much of our social demeanor is made up of artificial airs, until we see a person who is at once beautiful and simple. Without the beauty, we are apt to call simplicity awkwardness. —*George Eliot*.

Montreal Letter.

“THEY shall break their swords into plough shares and their spears into pruning hooks” said the prophet of old. “We must turn our church towers into observatories” says the prophet of to-day. “We must not build any more useless steeples, with costly weathervanes thereon, but instead we must procure telescopes and put them in our towers so as to attract the young people to our churches.” Thus science and the church are in the future to go hand in hand in bringing wandering souls to salvation. But why should they necessarily be under one roof and why should the stately steeple be cut down and sweet sounding chimes thrown out? Is sentiment dead? Yet wise men say that something must be done in order to keep the churches full. At a recent meeting of the Ministerial Association in this city the question was seriously discussed. “If church steeples were done away with,” it was said, “and the money saved to buy a telescope with, the young of the congregation would not be so hard to hold. Christians will spend five and ten thousand dollars to carry a steeple up a few hundred feet, for nothing, when they would refuse \$500 to put a telescope on one of the towers of the sanctuary to edify the rising generation. You cannot interest the young in God’s Word if you do not try to interest them in God’s works.” The church must be fast losing its hold upon the people when such schemes are put forward to save it.

After having repeatedly expressed a wish to be relieved of his duties as General Manager of the Bank of British North America, Mr. R. R. Grindley has at last received an acceptance of his resignation from the Court of Directors in London. The home authorities only echo the sentiment on this side when they express their great appreciation of the valuable services which Mr. Grindley has rendered to the bank and the manner in which he has maintained the dignity of the position and commanded the respect of the directors, the shareholders and the public. Mr. H. Stikeman has been appointed General Manager to succeed Mr. Grindley.

The evidence brought out before the Police Investigating Committee the past week was amusing in a way if not startling. According to the detectives the victims of any depredation—a burglary, for instance—must furnish some clue before any steps can be taken in the matter of tracking the burglars. “Have you a clue,” the detective enquires? “No!” “Then, take my word for it, you will never hear anything more about it,” and the scion of the law makes a note of the matter in his book, and, in his mind, he has done his duty. Several witnesses complained that the detectives were very tardy in responding to requests to look into cases, sometimes delaying over a day although it was of great importance that they appear on the scene as soon as possible. This was very exasperating to such victims as suspected persons in their employ of having committed the theft. If, however, a ten dollar bill accompanied the request there would be a more ready response; but citizens do not like to be compelled to use this method of quickening the detective department which is already amply paid out of the civic fund. It was discovered that the detectives were very eager to take up outside cases, for in these they were well paid; and it was also discovered that they received their pay regularly from the civic pocket book for the time they were rendering such services. Was it any wonder then that the poor victim was unable to move the department to look after his case? The detective of this city has a sharp eye for fees.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have taken up residence in this city, and will remain until the opening of Parliament, some time about the middle of January. The vice regal party occupy the residence of the late Sir John J. Abbott on Sherbrooke Street, and their drawing rooms and levees will be held just the same as at Government House, Ottawa, although these and other social functions will be tempered somewhat owing to the fact that the Countess is still in semi-mourning. Nevertheless the presence of vice-royalty in Montreal for the space of six weeks or more will be a great boon to society, likewise the fashionable dressmaker and milliner. The ladies, of course, are in a great flurry as to what to wear at the forthcoming drawing room—at least those who already have not had the fortune to attend one of these state functions, and Captain Urquhart has been besieged by all sorts of matrons and maidens for information as to the proper

items necessary to comply with the very precise etiquette demanded by these affairs. It is so long since an official drawing-room was held in Montreal that the majority of residents eligible for such functions have either forgotten or never knew what is actually required to admit them to the presence of the high official sitting in state as the representative of the Queen, and it is necessary to consult the authorities or the few staid dowagers who, in their day, when the governors and the imperial regiments were stationed here, figured regularly at such functions, with a dash and unconcern that makes the girl of the period, at the mention of it, feel as if she were only half living and had been born a quarter of a century too late. In the matter of grand social events the metropolis has indeed degenerated since those days. No doubt there will be a good deal of worry in the female mind until the event is over, but the ice must be broken and the second drawing room will bring less of anxiety and nervousness and more of pleasure.

The residence is, of course, too small for the whole household and some of the attendants brought down from Ottawa have to take up their quarters outside. The club meetings which the servants so much enjoyed at Ottawa will therefore be interrupted for a brief period.

The Governor-General spent St. Andrew’s Day in New York as the guest of the St. Andrew’s Society of that city and consequently was unable to attend the ball held at the Windsor. Countess Abereen, however, was there, attended by aides-de-camp Capt. Urquhart and Mr. Erskine. Her Excellency was quietly attired for the reason already stated and her train was borne by the Hon. Archie Gordon.

The St. Andrew’s Society’s ball was as successful as ever and fully sustained the reputation it has of being the leading social event of the year. The hall was richly decorated and in a manner that left no doubt as to the character of the event. All the belles of the city were present—as charming as ever. There was music which made the young foot restless, and the dance was merry. The strains of the bagpipes warned the breast of the old Highlander and carried his mind back to the days when he roved the moist heather covered hills of his native land. And the haggis—it was there too—and, borne in state upon the shoulders of stout Scotchmen in full costume, it passed through the merry throng receiving the homage due it. The costumes of the ladies were charming, the uniforms of the gentlemen—for a great many wore uniforms—were brilliant. The supper was beyond criticism and the whole event all it should be.

A. J. F.

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A Deputy Surveyor General’s Report
of 1788.

IV.

THE Island of Michillimackinac is about 9 miles in circumference and is chiefly composed of lime stone Rock, the small Bay on which the Town is built is convenient and well sheltered by the opposite Island; there is a strong current sets through the Channel between them, but the Bay is very little affected by it; this current passes in general with the Wind, either westward or eastward, but in Winter it is said to change every 24 Hours.

The Fort stands over the North End of the Town on a Bank of about 50 or 60 feet high, and is on this side very steep, but from the land front the Ground rises gradually above the Fort and at the Distance of 700 or 800 yds. there is a very steep ascent of about 100 feet perpendicular and from this Place the Fort is so effectually commanded that it could never resist Cannon from hence as the Garrison would not dare to show themselves in their Works. The Fort itself has never been completed, the Ditches which are in the Rock are very little excavated; and the Rampart but partly raised; but in Order to shut the Place up from being surprised by Indians or others, a Picketing has been raised upon it all round, which now begins to be very rotten; I had a Part of it towards the Bay staid up whilst I was there but the Bank having lipped from under the cill—there is an opening of forty or fifty feet long into the fort. The Soldiers Barrack is in indifferent Repair the Powder Magazine is

in pretty good Order, having lately had a new Roof, and a Window struck out at the End, it is now sufficiently dry and airy. There is a very good well sunk in the Rock and there is a Pile of Building of Masonry intended for Officers' Barracks about half finished. The Walls nearly raised to the proper Height and the Window Frames, put in, but the Roof, floors, etc., are wanting. The Commanding Officer's House, The Indian and Engineer's Stores are without the Fort, there is only one Front of the Fort that has Flanks which is opposite to the commanding Ground.

Considering the foregoing Circumstances and Situation of this Place, I cannot help being of opinion, that, as a military Post, the greater Part of Expense bestowed here has been a Waste of Money. If the Works were intended as a Defence against Musketry or Indians only, too much was designed; and if against Cannon by far too little, and most of that little ill judged. In the first case a picketed Fort flanked with Block houses or if designed to be permanent a loop holed Wall instead of Picketing would have been quite sufficient. But if an Enemy with Cannon was to be apprehended it was then absolutely necessary to have taken Post on the common ground, either by a redoubt or such other Work as the strength of the Garrison proposed to be kept here would have pointed out.

But for the immediate Protection of the Town, it would still have been necessary to have the small picketed or walled Fort in the situation where the present Work stands; the Town being under the hill is too distant and not seen from the Commanding Ground.

Such being the state and circumstances of this Post as they have occurred to me, I cannot therefore recommend completing the Fort on the original Plan and hardly any Improvements or alterations can be made that will fall much short of a new one. But as a temporary Business, and in order as far as may be to insure immediate Possession of it at least to prevent any surprise by Indians or others, I should imagine that the Picketing ought to be renewed, and the Platforms repaired; and if it should be judged expedient the Officers Barracks might be completed as they are much wanted.

About 150 good men would be requisite for the Defence of this Place.

What is called the Falls of St. Mary on the Communication between Lakes Superior and Huron is a strong Rapid of near a Mile in Length and about $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile across, but above and below the Rapid it is about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile across from shore to shore, Canoes pass the Rapids by going up quite light and by taking out Part of their lading to come down. There is a Portage on the south shore of about half a League in Length partly over wet ground and partly rock, but there is no hill, it is a cart Road. Near the Foot of the Falls on this Shore are two Forts (as they are called) or dwelling Houses and store houses enclosed with a picketed Fence belonging to the Merchants; but this Place is no otherwise settled or inhabited except by such Indians and Traders as occasionally stop here.

The situation here is convenient for the Trade and the Land seems good and proper for settling upon, and altho' there is nothing very striking to recommend it as a Post, yet it may be capable of such a one at least as might be sufficient for the Protection of the Trade passing on this side the Falls. The Channel for Canoes is near this shore; it is narrow and somewhat crooked but has every where about three feet Depth of water, there is a deeper Channel but not safe for canoes near the middle of the Rapid, or rather a little towards the north shore by which small Vessels have frequently passed; But the Arabausca, the Vessel at present employed on Lake Superior between the Grand Portage and this Place does not come any lower than the Landing at the Head of the Falls.

(North Shore.) The North Shore immediately along the Rapid consists of several small Islands; the channel between them is shoal, but the channel might probably be made with some Labour in the Rapid itself near this shore fit for Canoes to pass, and for which undertaking there are occasionally seasons here which are favourable, for when it blows hard from the Eastward, it then happens frequently that the Rapids or rather that Part of the Straights over which they pass, are nearly dry; by watching these opportunities the large stones might be blown up and others cleared away so as to make it navigable for canoes on this side; or one of the channels passing

between the Islands and the main Shore might perhaps be able with the assistance of Locks of being converted into a navigable Canal. This would however I apprehend be attended with very considerable Expense. The Shore on this side opposite to the present Forts is mostly low and wet of that which is dry there is but a small proportion of it good land, the Remainder is rocky; but the dry ground altogether is of no great Extent, for at 600 or 700 yards back from the shore the Land falls into Swamps and Savanahs, and this for the most Part is the case all the Way between this and Lake George. This part of the Country therefore, at least on this shore of the Straights, does not appear to be propitious for a settlement of any Magnitude there are indeed to be found certain spots of good Land But they are only of small Extent.

Adverting merely to the Transport of Goods and Convenience for Trade with Lake Superior, I think there does not appear any Reason to suppose that it is not possible to have that business carried on nearly or quite as well on this side as on the other. It is presumed as before observed that it is practicable to make a Channel sufficient for canoes, and it is certain there can be no great Difficulty in making a Road for Carts which would be shorter than the present Portage on the other side. The Shore at the Foot of the Falls in consequence of the Projection of the several Islands before mentioned, in the Rapid is here formed into a safe commodious Bay with from two to three fathoms Water soft Bottom, where the necessary Wharfs or Quays might be erected, and is therefore in this Respect rather more convenient for Vessels to come to than on the other side, and altho' as I have before remarked from the Nature of the Ground that a settlement of Importance cannot be established here, yet there is more Ground than is sufficient for such Families and Buildings as might be necessarily connected with the Transport and for such Works as may be requisite for their immediate Protection as well as the Vessels or Boats while laying there. Another circumstance much in favour of this Shore which perhaps ought to be omitted, is that the whole fish of which great Quantities are taken here and salted in the Fall of the year are, as I am informed, chiefly caught on this side of the Straights. the Depth of Water in the Mid Channel for a mile and half below the Falls is five fathoms and $\frac{1}{2}$ and lower Down it runs in general from two to three Fathoms.

Thessalon is twenty leagues to the Eastward of the falls of Saint Mary, the Shore on each side of the Entrance of the River here is low, but dry; the long projecting Point is Rock and Sand and the River is about 100 feet across. It has a Bar with only six feet Water, but within that there is three fathoms, and it is navigable for Boats as far as the Rapids, which are eighteen to twenty miles up. On each side of the head land or projecting Point before mentioned there is a good Bay, secure from northerly Winds, and one of them well sheltered from the Easterly and the other from the westerly Winds, but I should imagine neither of them to be safe when it blows from the Southward. If the Entrance of the River was practicable for Vessels it would be a good Harbour, and might perhaps be of some convenience to the Trade, and could also be protected by a Battery on the Point of the Head Land with a better Work behind it near the Entrance of the River; but I apprehend the Want of Water over the Bar for Vessels drawing more than five or six feet will always remain an Obstacle to its being a Place of any consequence either in a commercial View or as a Port. I was in great hopes of being able to find a Place which might have combined these Objects at the south east Entrance of Lake George, and at the same time to have had the entire command of the Ship Channel which is not more than a quarter of a Mile wide here, and the east shore being higher than and commanding the opposite side; but upon particular Examination of the Ground, I found it to consist of small rocky Islands none of them capable of admitting a better Work than a small Battery or Block house, not the least Particle of Earth or Herbage for raising Vegetables feeding Stock and in all the Route from St. Mary's to Thessalon I have not observed any situation possessing advantages sufficient to recommend it; indeed with Respect to the Current of Trade only by the Way of Lake Superior I am not aware that any Post is necessary on the communication short of the falls there is some tolerable good Land about the Banks of the River Thessalon. But it does not appear to be of any

great Extent and from the Falls of St. Mary to this Place ; except some small spots of indifferent good Land on Lake George the coast is rocky and Barren.

(To be continued.)

* * *

The Cattle Thief.

They were coming across the prairie, they were galloping hard and fast,

For the eyes of those desperate riders had sighted their man at last, Sighted him off to eastward, where the Cree encampment lay, Where the cottonwoods fringed the river, miles and miles away. Mistake him? Never. Mistake *him*? That man known as Eagle Chief,

The terror of all the settlers, that murderous cattle thief-- That monstrous, fearless Indian, who lorded it over the plain, Who thieved, and raided, and scouted, who rode like a hurricane, But they've tracked him across the prairie, they've followed him hard and fast, For those desperate English settlers had sighted their man at last.

Up they wheeled to the tepees, all their British blood aflame, (They were bent on bullets and bloodshed, as a hunter bent on game), But they searched in vain for the cattle thief--that lion had left his lair,

And they cursed like a troop of demons, for the women alone were there.

"The sneaking Indian coward," they hissed. "He hides while yet he can.

He'll come in the night for cattle, but he's scared to face a *man*." "Never!" And up from the cottonwoods, rang the voice of the Eagle Chief,

And right out into the open, stepped unarmed--the cattle thief.

Was *that* the game they coveted? Scarce fifty years had rolled Over that fleshless, hungry frame, starved to the bone, and old, Over that wrinkled, tawny skin, unfed by the warmth of blood, Over those hungry, hollow eyes, that glared for the sight of food. He turned like a hunted lion, "I know not fear," said he. And the words out-leapt from his shrunken lips in the language of the Cree,

"I'll fight you white skins one by one, till I kill you *all*," he said, But the threat was scarcely uttered e're a dozen balls of lead Whizzed thro' the air about him like a shower of leaden rain, And the gaunt, old Indian cattle thief dropped dead on the open plain.

And that band of cursing settlers gave one triumphant yell, And rushed, like a pack of demons, on the body that writhed and fell,

"Cut the fiend up into inches, throw his carcass on the plain, Let the wolves eat the cursed Indian, he'd have treated *us* the same." A dozen hands responded, a dozen knives gleamed high, But the first stroke was arrested by a woman's strange, wild cry, And out into the open with a courage past belief

She dashed, and spread out her blanket o'er the corpse of the cattle thief,

And the words outleapt from her hungry lips in the language of the Cree--

"If you mean to touch that body you must cut your way through *me*."

And that band of cursing settlers fell backward, one by one, For they knew that an Indian woman aroused, was a woman to let alone.

And she? She raved in a frenzy they scarcely understood, Raved of the wrongs she had suffered since her earliest babyhood.

"Stand back, stand back, you white skins, touch that dead man to your shame,

You have stolen my father's spirit, but his *body* I only can claim. You have killed him, but you shall not dare to touch him now he's dead,

You have cursed him, called him a cattle thief, tho' *you* robbed him first of bread,

Robbed him, and robbed my people; look there at that shrunken face, Starved with a hollow hunger we owe to you and your race.

What have you left to us of land? what have you left of game? What have you brought but evil, and but curses since you came?

How have you paid us for our game? How paid us for this land? By a Book--to save our souls from the sins you brought in your other hand,

Go back with your new religion, we never have understood, Your robbing an Indian *body*, and mocking his *soul* with food;

Go back with your new religion, and find--if find you can The honest Indian you ever have made from out a *starving* man.

You say your cattle are not ours, your meat is not our meat, When you pay for the land you live in, we'll pay for the meat we eat.

Give back our land and our country, give back our herds of game, Give back the furs, the forests, that were ours before you came,

Give back the peace and the plenty, *then* come with your new belief, And blame if you dare the hunger that *drove* him to be a thief."

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

* * *

A penny worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.

Glimpses at Things.

AN acquaintance, whose imagination sometimes masters his historical instincts, says that a new affectation of modesty is assumed by some sarcastic Americans with a view to discredit the "prurient prudery" of the Puritans. When obliged to refer to domestic animals of the female gender, they speak of mares as "lady horses," of female pigs as "feminine bores," of cows as "Jane Bulls," and of hens as "gentle roosters." But I rather fancy the report is only a cock and bull story.

Bicycles move noiselessly, and yet I should not be surprised if some people should dub military bicycles "war whoops."

Do you know any of those people who have quite finished their education and who listen condescendingly for the rest of their lives? And if so, do you like them?

There is some resemblance between the roar of a lion and the braying of an ass, but it is only an assonance.

The New Zealand Legislature has limited speeches in the House to half an hour, and in committee to ten minutes. Mr. Stead thinks it "a curious comment upon the various proverbial sayings as to female loquacity that the first legislature in which women had a voice should have been the first to put a drastic time limit upon the chatter of Parliament." But it is highly probable that this reform would have been achieved without the aid or initiative of female legislators. The New Zealand debates were becoming notorious for their length, being far more voluminous than those of any of our Canadian Legislatures; and their diffuse platitudes and vain repetitions were being sent to the four corners of the earth with reckless extravagance. For some years past large bales of them were received at Ottawa for distribution. Some check was badly needed for the verbosity which produced and the costly vanity which circulated these uncondensed vapourings. If legislators would pass a self-denying ordinance obliging themselves to telegraph their speeches to their county papers at their individual expense, it would beget an admirable terseness of style among parliamentary orators.

Clergymen do not trespass so cruelly on the helplessness of their congregations as they used to do, and the average sermon is not nearly so long as it was a generation ago. One seldom hears an hour-and-a-half discourse ending in its "fifteenthly and finally." And a sprawling style and drawling enunciation too often increased the tediousness of the sermon, giving one a disheartening, if realistic, idea of the future state "where congregations ne'er break up." Still if synods and general assemblies limited sermons to half-an-hour, one could face an unknown preacher with less misgivings.

Mr. Curzon tells us, in his Problems of the Far East, that "the name Korea was originally the name of one of the three sovereignties into which, before its union, the peninsula was divided. The Portuguese transferred this name to the whole country, and called it Coria. Later the French Jesuits called it, in French, La Corée; whence has arisen the ignorant and detestable habit of speaking of 'The Korea.'" A fancied analogy with "the Morea," another peninsula of similar sound, is, I think, the main cause of the definite article's being so commonly prefixed to "Korea." I feel fortified in expressing this opinion, as I had almost contracted "the ignorant and detestable habit" myself.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

* * *

Professor Rhys-Davids says of "The Light of Asia:" "It is a lovely and valuable poem, but it is not historical Buddhism. Sir Edwin Arnold found a French version of the 'Lalita-Vistara,' and he made it the basis of an English poem. Gautama was a country gentleman; in 'The Light of Asia' he has become a royal prince. Yet despite such aberrations in fact and others in philosophy, Sir Edwin has caught not a little of the spirit of Buddhism."

Paris Letter.

OPINION has now made up its mind as to China. There is no hope of salvation for her; she must arrange the winding up act directly with the Japs. But what to do with her is the question? She cannot be allowed to land-lock some one-twelfth of the world's surface any longer and the one-fourth of its population. She must knuckle down to civilization at last, because her feet of clay are known. The powers might do worse than meet and help themselves to the huge territory; her populations once rid of the Mandarin classes would soon accept their new masters. The Chinese Empire is divided into 18 grand provinces representing an average area each of 248,000 square miles. Now the home German Empire contains 211,000 square miles, the French Republic 204,000, and the British Isles 121,000 but the latter have possessions equal to nearly three Chinese empires rolled into one. The 18 Chinese provinces could thus make as many empires, republics and kingdoms, not forgetting even "protectorates." Why not put an advertisement in the papers, under the "Wants" heading, that 18 kings are needed? There are several who are out of employment and a few anxious to be engaged, but who "have got no work to do." Indeed an opening might be made for a few presidents for republics. Germany alone could supply the kings and South America the presidents. In any case "Old China" has no longer admirers. The carving out of the territory need not now be long delayed; no resistance is to be expected from soldiers who will not fight, nor from Generals who take French leave of their troops on the eve of battle. What victories the Japs score! they ought to claim a front seat in the European concert; but what loot they will seize! They can pick and choose their conquests; the Celestians act on the tactics of the coon and the American colonel. It said: "Don't fire, colonel, I'll come down." There may be one-horse shows, but not one-side battles.

The total weight of crowns and wreaths sent by France to Russia is authoritatively put down at fifty tons. That *plebiscite* of material emblems of regret, ought to strike the imagination of the Slav. It would be interesting to have the kindred statistics of other sympathetic peoples. The Municipal Council wisely declined erecting a catafalque-altar to the deceased Czar, on the Place du Carrousel, opposite the Gambetta monument, and which Russophiles could defile. That would lean too much to the theatrical. More to the point is the hook-and-eye novel custom of associating, at public banquets, the living Czar with the toast to the president of the Republic. Then the "Russian Hymn" has been revived and follows suit with the "Marseillaise." The Archbishop of Paris has stated that it was God who joined the hands of France and Russia together. The erection of a national monument to the deceased Czar as the head pacificator of Europe is still in the preliminary stage. Many nations might well run their stocks of old bronze cannons into a monument to perpetuate the conversion of an autocrat to peace and republicanism. Perhaps not a few of these manifestations have been evoked by the attitude of some of the powers and their overtures for the Czar's political love. The French seem to regard that as poaching on their preserves, hence there is rivalry and competition. England has made a very big bid for Russian amity, and Russians are not averse to that advance; they say, frequently, that she, by advancing aid for railways and mines, etc., could give the impetus to Russia's advance. Now if these two countries arrange to divide the drifting Chinese empire between them there ought to be plenty of elbow room for both in Asia. The attitude of Germany, in the presence of the decomposition of China, attracts much notice. Where does she intend to cut in—she will require a good slice of the cake. The Son of Heaven ought to request the Mikado to name his own terms and then see if he will be left anything of his once flowery land.

Deputy Leon Say is on a useful lecturing tour throughout the country. He is of opinion that the moment has come when those who hold anti-socialist doctrines should appear in public to combat the shining lights of socialism, who do not hesitate to "take the floor" on every opportunity that presents itself. All M. Say demands is no state socialism and no interference with individual initiation and enterprise. It has been said that there is some one wittier than Voltaire, and that is everybody. Now there is some one

more progressive than the State and that is everybody. The State cannot become a great employer; that would kill off healthy and necessary competition, for existence is a struggle against the elements, against our fellows, against ourselves. Nor would our life be happier—were the end not Utopian—if all its conditions were reduced to a common level, either by levelling up or levelling down.

The Government has clearly and definitely stated, that it will in no way interfere to regulate salaries or define hours of work. It will do all in its power to legally aid associated or individual effort; but the maxim to be acted upon is: "Aid thyself and heaven will aid thee." That will not suit Deputy Bourgeois. He wants two millions of francs to be at once voted, as pensions for worn out workers, to initiate the system of old age pensions. There are 33,000 persons eligible, having arrived at the honourable age of three score and ten who merit an annuity of 60 frs. a year—or 16 centimes a day. The German system of old age pensions is what appears most practical, where the employers and employed club the premium to pay the insurance offices for the annuities. In France this plan meets with opposition from the workman who wants to be insured free; from the employer who fears the whole charge might be imposed upon him; and from the State which declares it cannot grant help.

The more the Madagascar question is looked at the less smiling it appears. There is no enthusiasm for the expedition. Every 1,000 men will cost, all things included, 4 million frs.; 15,000 men, the number to be voted, will cost 65 million frs.—the official estimate. One must wait to see the solution of the whole affair by the results. It does look a weak part in the proceedings for the journals to reiterate that France will protect her protectorate rights. No one disputes this; it is only hoped she will not exceed them, and thus give rise to difficulties with interested nations. The grave *Debats* urges that the Japanese tactics—the Japs are up-to-date in campaigning—should be adopted by the French, that of shooting every foreigner caught fighting on the side of the Hovas. This may give rise to some awkward question. If the war were not formally notified to the powers, and belligerent rights thus brought into play, the execution of a foreigner might create trouble. However, the addition to the code of war adopted by the Japs would, for the future, put an end to all military adventurers. Happily it was not in use in the days of Lafayette or it might have compromised the cause of American independence.

After all there must be efficiency in guns, fortresses and ships despite the paens of peace. France is contemplating a branch arsenal between Cherbourg and Havre. These two places are at the mercy of a modern bombardment. The Budget Commission has no intention to reduce the navy estimates, save to get rid of all the worthless craft and effect economy in the organization of the dockyards and arsenals, while not forgetting to apply the savings to constructing new warships, in presence of certain alliances. Happy the nation that does not go to sleep on the subject of up-to-date preparations for war. Ask John Chinaman where he has now been placed by his Rip Van Winkle nap. Vociferate peace astride a Krupp.

Here is a wrinkle for those who groan under School Board taxation, and the more to be studied, as it comes from that now first-class nation, the Japs. M. Jules Forest states that the massacre of birds in Japan for the ornamentation of ladies bonnets, has been tremendous; swallows—they were scarce in Europe this year—seagulls, turtle doves, etc., are among the number. Italy exports of the latter to France, to be eaten, 1,260,000 yearly. One native dealer sent no less than 760,000 birds, for ladies head gear, to an English merchant. And how was the raw material obtained? Masters of schools employed their pupils to catch and kill the birds wherever they could, and the proceeds of the sales defrayed the expenses of gratuitous and obligatory education. Perhaps it is that sanguinary instinct in the small boys, and that grows with their growth, that is exercising the Celestials. And what has reduced the massacre of the feathered friends? The glut of raw material made the massacre industry unprofitable. The school funds are to be kept up to high water mark when Moudken shall have yielded up its milliards of taels.

In the fortress cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, where the Romanoff dynasty inter their dead, each

tomb of an Emperor or Empress is ornamented with gold and silver *médailles* of the defunct; the immediate members of their family have also their gorgeous tombs, and in close proximity. The father of the present Czar has on his tomb seventy-two silver crowns and one in solid gold; "To the Czar Emancipator" is the epitaph. The tomb of Peter the Great has on its cover a gold medal, with portrait of the defunct, and the inscription "From Grateful Posterity." The tomb of Alexander I. will hardly be palatable to the French visitors. The tomb has three medals: one in gold with deceased's portrait; two in silver, commemorating the Bonaparte defeat of 1812—the invasion of Russia, and the capture of Paris in 1814. The Turkish visitors had better avoid the tomb of Nicholas I., as it commemorates their defeat in 1828-29.

The theatres have commenced their *Revue*s, which are a series of skits and drolleries at public men and events. Zola appears on the stage dressed in the garb of a pilgrim, and a bottle of Lourdes water at his side. He is told to mentally express a wish and take a drink, when lo! he appears in the gala costume of a member of the Academy—a body that always black balls him. The new cab apparatus, for regulating the fares is hit off: a citizen enters the vehicle, cabby turns the handle, but the electric motor does not work; the client jumps out, complains; cabby turns the handle again; the vehicle does not stir; at last they both agree to drag it along a bit; the fare resumes his seat; the vehicle is as motionless as a statue. Cabby reads the tablet; the cab that only advanced a few yards, has registered a distance of three miles, at a cost of 5 frs., plus 1 fr. for the vehicle moving backwards. Parisians are represented on a housetop, peering through M. Delouche's telescope, which brings the moon to within one yard of the spectators; they are surprised to see in the moon a fighting day of their own Chamber of Deputies; a duel where the adversaries retire to dine, after sparing one another's lives; and a tourist dropping down dead in a restaurant, after looking at the amount of his bill. *Soyons gai!* Nearly all the the "wonderful marvels" promised for the 1900 Exhibition will turn on astronomical fantasies.

The clubs of Paris are mostly gambling centres. They are run to make money. A shareholder of one of these establishments has sued a manager for only paying a dividend of 240 per cent., when he could have given more. And there are people who complain, *que ne rien va!* Z.

John Granger's Pomes:

PARSON JONES' SERMON.

Canon Jones, he is a wonder, so all our people say,
He's great on pulpit thunder, though seventy, if a day.
Last Sunday mornin's sermon with them words he did begin:
"Whosoever commits sin is the servant of sin."

Says he: "There's lots of small sins, but one is mighty big,
You couldn't find his feet out, not if you was to dig
To the middle of the earth; and, before you reached his head,
The air would be so rarefied you shorely would be dead."

"Now, this treemenjus Sin, spelt with capital type S,
Is the reason why the whole world's in such a sinful mess:
The father of all small sins, he licks his children well;
Big Sin, little sins, and lickins is what goes to make up Hell."

"Big Sin, he's got his own rights, and to all folks, says he:
'Soon as you take to small sins, then you beeslong to me,
And I'll lick you and I'll lam you as long as I'm in health,
The cute won't 'scape by cummin', nor the rich man by his wealth."

"If you think to have a time, I'll do with you what I please:
If drink it is your pet sin, I'll lash you with D. Ts.;
If you're unclean in your livin', I'll make you dirtier still,
Fill they'll be ashamed to hold you, the very clothes you fill."

"If it's lyin' is your forty, then you'll get whipped by lies:
If its cheatin', you'll get cheated right out o' Paradise;
If it's stealin', you'll be robbed till you've nothin' to be stole,
And if murder, why, I'll kill you, your body and your soul."

"Lots o' fools, they tries to cheat me, but it ain't no go,
I'm the boss of them, for Providence ordained it so;
They've no call to come to my house, but once that they are in,
'Whosoever commits sin is the servant of Sin.'"

"I've got servants as is livin' on the fat of the land,
And they'll go on livin' that way as long as they can stand;
I let 'em lush and waller, to draw others in my way,
But their souls will yell and holler when it comes pay-day."

"I've got servant's in the Guv'ment, and in banks and stores,
In law courts and pulpits, and on drawin' room flores,
In the army and the navy and in the volunteers;
Some is trained up in the taverns and some in the House of Peers."

"If you think I should be harder on some hard old boys,
As I said afore, it's only 'cause I use 'em as decoys:
If folks thinks I'll be easy when at sin they make a spurt,
It's because they've no idear how I love to hurt."

Then Canon Jones looked sollum, and "Bretheren," he said,
"There's a bein' that the boldest man had ought to dread:"
He paused and paused till you could hear the droppin' of a pin,
"Whosoever commits sin is the servant of Sin!"

I felt all creepy-crawly, and my wife, Mariar Jane,
Said she wished she'd had her head below the counterpane.
For it froze our very vittals to think as we might be
The slaves of such a monster of iniquity."

The Canon smiled a holy smile, his eyes beamed mild,
As he said, "Whoever serves God shall be God's child;
A servant may get sacked, or find a better place, if clever,
But in his Father's house the son abideth forever."

"God didn't come to smite, but He came for to save:
Come out of old Sin's house, you slaves of a slave!
He ain't no power to keep you, if you're minded to be free,
For that was took clean from him on the cross of Calvary."

This made us feel some better, and, at the old church door,
Says I to Mariar, "I won't swear no more:"
Says she, "John, I'll never nag you." Oh, the parson rubbed it in,
"Whosoever commits sin is the servant of Sin!"

J. CAWDOER BELL.

Correspondence.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS: PER CONTRA.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir, There are some questions of which it may safely be said, the answer can only be sought in one direction; on every other line the answer is insoluble. One of our Christian denominations was distracted for years over the question of the use of instrumental music in public worship. Plainly, the final issue must be liberty to use: even the thoughtful among those who opposed knew that the prohibition could not continue. The utmost hope on their part was, "Not in our day." Of course, liberty has long been granted and the controversy all but forgotten. The question of religious instruction in our public schools is to the writer just as plainly a question capable of solution in one direction only, and that direction most assuredly not secular, as THE WEEK seemingly maintains. You can no more keep the religious element, shall I say, in abeyance during the school days and educate, than you can train in a gymnasium with one arm tied to the side and one foot disabled. Even in the reading of history, to eliminate religion is to play the proverbial Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out; and expurgated editions of all classes, English and other, must be made if positively no opportunity is to be given to the teacher for inculcating his or her religious or irreligious bias. Nor can I see how the ethical can be separated from the religious, as sometimes maintained. True, my religion has been learnt—am I presumptuous in saying so?—in the school of Christ, and learnt with many a pang, with the "awful doubts of Providence"; into that simple school was I driven by the conviction forced upon me by original research, that honesty was largely discounted in the regions of religious controversies; Christ to me is the religious teacher, and His religion is inseparable from His ethics; indeed, it is hard even to think of the one without the other. Teaching us to say, "Our Father," he bases thereon the dogma, "all ye are brethren," and therefrom imposes the obligation to do unto others "all things whatsoever ye would that they should do unto you." To inculcate the last without the earlier is to essay a pyramid upon its apex instead of upon its base. Ethics is nothing without a religious basis, at least in Christianity.

Trained, as we all have been and are, in an atmosphere of discordant ecclesiastical systems, put up within bounds of metaphysical theologies, it seems all but impossible to separate our religion from one of those systems and theologies. Be it so, but we need not perplex child-life therewith. There is a story told of an old negro preacher to whom an enquirer came with perplexity concerning Paul's teachings on predestination; looking over his spectacles to his interlocutor, he asked: "Have you read Matthew, Mark and Luke? and are you living up to what they tell us Jesus has done for you

and teacher?" A very unwilling, but decided negative was given to the last, to which the old man rejoined: "Go about your business; don't bother about Paul's predestination till you have made the gospels your own; do as you are able the Master's will, and then you can learn about the deep things of Romans." I am not altogether a stranger to the trend of what is called the agnostic conscience, and, if I do not misjudge the same, it would suffer little violence, if any, in having the religion, which, after the old negro method, is directly taught from the lips of Jesus of Nazareth, inculcated in the schools. The Education Department of our Province has declared more than once that "Christianity is the basis of our whole system of elementary education, and that its principles should pervade that system throughout" and in so doing have practically declared for a Christianity that is broader than that of any class, broad enough to embrace all. It will be a putting back of the character of the shadow on the dial plate of true progress to recall that declaration: and a sorry time for the country. In that direction only will a permanent sentiment of the question be found. But a Christianity that would satisfy all, it will be said, is an eviscerated Christianity: religion robbed of all its vitality and truth. Now, let it be remembered, we are talking about the religion or the Christianity to be taught to children, and to children gathered from many and diverse homes. However necessary the principles of Newton's "Principia" are to the Higher Mathematics, they are not taught in the Common Schools for very obvious reasons. And a wise religious teacher would never perplex a child's faith with the subtleties of the Trinitarian Controversy. Justification by faith may or may not be the article of a standing or falling church, but most assuredly is not a needed element in the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Whether the scarlet woman of the Revelation be Rome, pagan or papal: the man of sin, a dynasty or an individual: divine grace be resistible or not: the tabernacle cords have an authoritative symbolic meaning: with a host of such questions on which the Christian Church has divided, may be among the meats for those of mature years to digest: though I confess the digestive powers of a mental ostrich would be required for some of them. Milk for babes is all that the Common School would demand, and that would be not difficult of attainment if we could only constrain obedience to the cry:

"Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing."

To reiterate an oft spoken sentence, we find it difficult, in some cases apparently impossible, to separate Christianity from our sectarianisms. Every sectary is in the position of a lawyer who has accepted a brief; bound to make the best of his position. It is time that we began to endeavour after a more excellent way in this New Dominion. And, indeed, we have begun, would but the jarring creeds "hush their noise." "Every Public and High School shall be opened with the Lord's Prayer," says the Education Department in its regulations. Is there a simple theist that with reason can object to that prayer? The theist says no; but the straiter sectaries say, "What satisfies a mere theist does not satisfy me." Possibly not. It is difficult to satisfy some good people; but it satisfied the Lord Jesus when he was asked to teach how to pray, so I rest satisfied therewith in good company. So, too, when, in response to a question as to the great commandments, love to God and to one's neighbour was given in reply, with this pregnant comment: "On these two commandments hangeth the whole law and the prophets." Here is the true religious basis of ethical instruction and life, this ought to be inseparable from all education. The sectarian superstructure may be left for the denominations to erect.

The position taken, therefore, by the writer is this: What is called a purely secular system of education can never be accepted as final; even if attained is a destructive monstrosity; that the religious ethics of Jesus of Nazareth, as taught by Him during his life on earth, affords an ample means of religious instruction in our schools, and forms a sure foundation for a life of true citizenship. And that in this direction only can we hope to find a final solution of the religious difficulty regarding our schools. And surely it is not too much to hope that even now some endeavour may be made to rise above—yes, "above" is the word—our issues, and permeate the educational systems of our Dominion with a

religion that unifies. The honest, persistent endeavour so to do is surely better than the imbecile cry, "It cannot be done."
JOHN BURTON.

* * *

The Dufferins and Sheridans.—I.

IT was the good fortune of our fair Dominion for a time to have had a brilliant and popular Governor-General in the person of the accomplished statesman and diplomat, Lord Dufferin. It may be remembered that the noble Earl is a descendant of the famous wit, orator and dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers a capital article which has just appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* on the "Poems and Verses of Helen Dufferin," with a memoir, and some account of the Sheridan family, by her son, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava:

It has been our good fortune of late to pass in review a galaxy of fair Englishwomen, not less distinguished for their talents than for the highest birth and breeding, for the noble discharge of public and private duties, and for the grace which made them in their day the queens of society. But if, as on the slopes of Ida, long ago, the golden prize is to be awarded to Beauty, before all other gifts, then these daughters of Erin, the granddaughters of Sheridan, though born in a humbler sphere, prefer a triple claim, and take rank with the most brilliant of their contemporaries. They maintained by their wit the rank they owed to their beauty.

To the most accomplished of this matchless sisterhood, Lord Dufferin has, with intense filial piety and affection, devoted this volume; and he has drawn a portrait of his mother of singular beauty and interest. Her life was marked by the trials and vicissitudes which ever attended the race of Sheridan; but her character rose above her condition, and was dignified by her affections. The witching grace, the Irish pathos, and the irrepressible Irish fun are proper to Helen Sheridan, just as the patient sicknursing, the deep tenderness, the fine tact, the poverty of life's opening years, and the long martyrdom of pain towards that life's close, were all peculiar to this fascinating Irishwoman. They were the details of a whole that exercised a soothing charm over both kinsfolk and acquaintance, that removed her from the banal and fashionable life of her day, and left the author of "The Irish Emigrant" a thing apart, even in the family of the Sheridans, of whom Moore said, and said truly, that they were "the pride of the palace, the bower and the hall."

We are grateful to Lord Dufferin for this monograph of his mother, and we must be content to wait till he is willing to let us see more of her witty letters. Her fun and refinement knew how to turn crosses or losses to gold, and the present collection of her poems and *vers de société* only makes us wish to know her better. She would group even better in her correspondence than she does here, with a lovely sister posed on each side of her, and with a background of clever ancestors. The truth is that she was amazingly fortunate in the setting of her life, in the period of English society which she came to adorn. That society was found waiting for, and all its doors were open to, the Sheridans. She had congenial friends, and never required to hunt for publicity. The thronging, pretentious, and overgrown society of our nineteenth century's close never intruded upon her humble girlhood. Neither did it reach her home in Clondeboye, and, though exclusiveness was every way foreign to her generous nature, the mob, with its gossip *parlance*, would certainly never have been permitted to trench upon that sanctuary of love and grief, culture and refinement, which she made for herself and Lord Gifford at Highgate. Herself so nobly planned, she was loved by all who were best, spending upon them in return that still forgotten charm and those qualities which she had derived from distant sources in the lines of her paternal ancestry.

Like most Irish families, the Sheridans, or O'Sheridans of Castle Togher, could boast of a long pedigree. All the pedigrees of hill tribes resemble each other. They are made up of feuds and marriages, with an abduction, or perhaps a murder or two thrown in now and again, to heighten the situation, or to vary it. They are all more or less apocryphal. Ostar, the first chief of whose proceedings the Sheridans can obtain a fairly trustworthy record, married, in 1014, a daughter of the Prince of Leitrim. Eleven descents from this union brings us down to a certain Denis Sheridan,

whose mother is ascertained to have been a daughter of the O'Neill. He must have been born about 1600. He abjured the Roman Catholic faith, and made that translation of the English Scriptures into Erse which is known as "The Irish Bible." What is less well known is that from his sister descended the General Sarsfield, who, for his gallantry, was created Earl of Lucan.

The family of Denis Sheridan were not all of one way of thinking. The two eldest sons were Anglican Churchmen, but Thomas, who was an author, did not hold with the Orange faction, or with the Protestant confession of faith. After following James II. into exile in France, he married an illegitimate daughter of his sovereign, and thus brought a strain of Stuart blood into the veins of the Sheridans of Castle Tagher. Perhaps on this account his son, Sir Thomas, fought with Prince Charles Edward in the glens of Moidart. At all events, the opinions of these two representatives of the family caused its attainder, and would have brought about its obliteration had not Sir Thomas' daughter trimmed. Just as, after the siege of Limerick, red Moira McMahon, the widow of the then chief of the O'Briens, hastily wedded with one of Cromwell's colonels in order to secure the estates for her children, so Thomas Sheridan's daughter married an *aide-de-camp* of King William III., and received back, before her death, some of the property forfeited by the men of her house. She had sisters who made brilliant, if less provident, marriages in France, where they have descendants; but there we must leave them. To take up the thread of the family history in Ireland it will be necessary to revert to another Thomas, who also (through a fourth son) descended from Denis, the translator of the Bible. This one was a man of letters and the chosen friend of Dean Swift. He is the first of the Sheridans whose temper and cast of thought we can apprehend. He was very popular, and it was said that the fun and tenderness of his nature acted upon the morbid humours of the Dean as the harp of David used to act upon Saul. The two literary Irishmen spent months together, and together gave the finishing touches to "Gulliver's Travels." This Sheridan, being not only poor and gay but light-hearted, married. His son, also called Thomas, seems to have been born about 1719. In his case, the hereditary gaiety drove him to adopt the stage as a profession, and, that the Sheridan pen might not be idle, he wrote plays. Garrick was his friend, and in him we have no difficulty in recognizing the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the author of "The School for Scandal."

The life of the greatest conversational wit of the most witty age of English society has yet to be written, and if it ever is compiled it will be a book of incomparable interest—let us add, of incomparable difficulty. New passions and fresh controversies rage round every Irish question since Sheridan spoke and Moore sang, but that is not all. From the point of view of the great Irish orator's social charm the task is now well-nigh impossible. A list of Sheridan's friends would not render it, a collection of his *mots* would bear no more resemblance to his life than a *hortus siccus* does to a rose garden in June. The "real Sheridan," as he was known in private life, with faults, foibles and fun, is irrevocably gone. This descendant of Irish chiefs, this son of an actor and grandson of a schoolmaster, this husband of a singer and parent of a merry, needy and irrepressible brood, was the idol of the most exclusive society of the day. The secret lay in his charming disposition, in the possession of a genius "compounded with art from the finest and best of other men's powers." Such a union of qualities is hardly, we think, to be met with except in the Celtic race. It argues fire rather than application, and is certain to insure for its possessor all the consequences of those fatal gifts which "the gods," we are told, "do not take back."

In the absence of any adequate history of his great-grandfather's life and times, Lord Dufferin puts aside Moore's fragment as unworthy, and proceeds to sketch in a likeness of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, which is so pleasing a piece of prose that we transcribe a part of it:

"Those who have recorded their impressions of Sheridan knew him only when he was old and broken, his gaiety all quenched (though his wit still flickered in the socket), the adherent of a disorganized party, a man utterly ruined by the burning of Drury Lane Theatre, pestered by petty debts, yet still sufficiently formidable to provoke detraction at the hands of his political enemies, while his fame exposed him to the curiosity and criticism of the gossips. These thick

clouds have obscured the brightness of his early manhood, and the social and political ascendancy which he enjoyed during his maturer years. It is evident that, when he had scarcely ceased to be a boy, his geniality, his good nature, which his subsequent trials neither soured nor exhausted, his charming manners, and his handsome person (his splendid eyes were the very home of genius), as much as his extraordinary liveliness and wit, had made him a favourite with the best English society, where he was as popular with men as with women, while his eloquence, his Parliamentary aptitude, and, above all, those solid abilities which his more brilliant graces have thrown into the background, at once placed him on a level with the greatest orators and statesmen of that epoch. That he had failings—where was genius without them?—cannot be denied, but their results have been absurdly magnified. He was addicted to wine, as who was not in those days?—but, in his case, the nervous temperament, which made him what he was, rendered its effects upon his brain and constitution exceptionally deleterious. At the end of his life he was involved in pecuniary difficulties, but these arose partly from a calamity for which he was not responsible, and partly from an ineradicable and apparently hereditary inability to attend to what is called 'business.' He began life without a sixpence; he made a disinterested marriage, and, from a feeling of chivalrous delicacy, which won for him the admiration of Dr. Johnson, he would not allow his wife to sing in public, though, in that way, he might have added £2,000 a year to their income. He was the boon companion and friend for forty years of men who lived in the greatest wealth and splendour—that is to say, he was surrounded with every temptation to extravagance, and yet when, after his death, his affairs were inquired into, his debts were found to amount to a comparatively trifling sum. His, too, was a gambling age, but, though fond of betting on political events, he never touched a card or handled the dice-box. On the other hand let it be remembered that, even when administering to the amusement of his contemporaries, and writing for a pleasure-seeking public at a period of considerable licence, he never sullied his pages by an impure allusion, a gross joke, or an unworthy sentiment; while during his long Parliamentary career it was always on the side of justice, liberty and of humanity (in whose sacred cause he sacrificed repeated opportunities of emolument and some of life's most valued prizes), that he was found fighting. Sheridan opposed the war with America; he deprecated the coalition between Fox and North; he advocated the abolition of slavery; he denounced the tyranny of Warren Hastings; he condemned the trade restrictions on Ireland; he fought for Catholic Emancipation; and he did his best to save the French Royal Family. He was in favour of an eight hours' day. From a sense of honour to his party he more than once refused office, especially in 1804, when offered it by Addington, with whom he agreed in opinion. Succeeding generations of his countrymen may well afford, therefore, to forget the pathetic infirmities which dimmed the splendour of Sheridan's latter years out of respect for one of the greatest speakers that has ever entranced the House of Commons, and in gratitude for the gift his genius has bequeathed them in his two immortal comedies and the incomparable "Critic." Of Sheridan's speech against Warren Hastings, Mr. Burke declared it to be 'the most astonishing effort of eloquence and argument of which there is any record or tradition.' Mr. Fox said: 'All that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it dwindled into nothing, and vanished like a vapour before the sun.' Mr. Pitt acknowledged that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that genius could furnish to agitate and control the human mind. Burke said to Fox while Sheridan was speaking: 'That is the true style—something between poetry and prose, and better than either.' Byron said: 'Whatever Sheridan has chosen to do has been the best of its kind, and, to crown all, he has delivered the best oration ever conceived or heard in this country.'

A speaker able to convince and to amuse, Sheridan could turn his adversaries' weapons on themselves without ever losing his own temper, and this was perhaps not the least of the qualities which enabled him, without birth, money or connexions, to enter and to subdue the House of Commons. He had never travelled, he deciphered French with difficulty, yet he was none the less considered to be the most highly endowed man of his time. Lord Dufferin under-

states rather than exaggerates his disinterestedness. It is true that as Treasurer to the Navy, and afterwards as Receiver for the Duchy of Cornwall, he twice held lucrative posts; but for place or title he cared very little. Possessed by the spirit of improvidence, he was all his life obliged to resort to tricks worthy of Scapin to elude his creditors; and, as he had no systematic application, his party used him rather as a fRESHIP sent in to dismay the adversary than as a trusted servant. He could trust to his wit to get himself out of any scrape, even when, with characteristic Irish indolence, he had left to the last moment unfinished a piece which was to be acted that evening. Habitual excess in wine had impaired his good looks, if not his powers, so that he suffered eclipse before his death, while it is characteristic of him that he declined in his last moments the present of £200 sent him by the Regent.

We must note the influence of women upon the life and genius of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. We do not allude to his popularity with the fair sex, but to the striking personalities of his mother and of his wife.

Miss Chamberlaine, who married Thomas Sheridan, the actor, was of good birth, and she was one of those exceptionally clever women who appear whether the "higher education" of their sex be the fashion, or as yet undreamt of among unrevolting daughters, "bred to book, cooking, thimble, needle and thread." Lord Dufferin thinks that it was from her that Sheridan obtained the Divine spark of his genius. However that may be, she wrote and she obtained popularity as a novelist. Her piece, "The Discovery," was a favourite with Garrick, and when "The Rivals" was running at Covent Garden, Garrick revived "The Discovery" at Drury Lane, so that pieces by the mother and the son were being acted at the same moment at the two great London theatres. Dramatic talent is rare in women. Its existence argues an amount of spontaneity along with a power of combination rarely to be found, or found together, in the feminine mind. Possibly during this lady's career, her capacity for playwriting received an impulse from the preoccupation about the stage which then distinguished society. Great actors and actresses fairly held it captive, and persons of all ranks identified themselves with stage management and theatrical property. The cases of Sheridan and Byron show that those ventures often left disastrous results on their fortunes. Sheridan even drew his first wife from among the recruits of musical art. He married Elizabeth Ann Linley, the "St. Cecilia" of Sir Joshua Reynolds' brush, one of the most delightful singers of her day. In her we have another instance of inherited talent blossoming out as if to make a crown for the representative member of a large family of musicians. The Linleys belonged to that school of indigenous English masters which already boasted Arne and Purcell, Jackson and Crotch. Their part songs and their sacred compositions might well serve to redeem their country from the reproach of being wholly unmusical. Thomas Linley, the father of Mrs. Sheridan, was the son of a carpenter. Trained in Naples, he settled in Bath, where he taught music, conducted oratorios, and wrote an amazing quantity of pieces. His family were all musical, and if they owed him an education distinguished for good taste and simplicity, they were also of use to him by their talents. Mary, who died in 1784, was a delightful concert singer. During one of the paroxysms of the brain fever which killed her she terrified yet entranced her nurses by rising out of bed, and singing the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with all her usual sweetness and clearness of tone. Thomas, as violinist and composer, was only less well known than his father, and by some of the music for "Macbeth" he is still remembered. William, the youngest, who entered the Honourable East India Company's service, was in music little more than amateur, but yet an amateur who has left a large collection of his glees. Mrs. Tickell was, in the same way, among the minor stars of this constellation. Ozias, another son, as amateur composer, as organist at Dulwich, and Minor Canon of Norwich, has left in that cathedral city memories of his Anthems and Services. The legend of his taste for port wine proves nothing, as that was then a prevalent trait among college men; but Ozias Linley had an absence of mind amounting to eccentricity. In Norwich, for example, it was long remembered against him that he started one day leading a horse, and arrived at home with the halter in his hand, but without the animal, whose absence without leave he had never during his walk discovered.

Mrs. Sheridan wrote a good deal of pretty and simple poetry, such, says Lord Dufferin, "as resembled her own sweet self." Her married life had incessant trials from poverty. Wraxall says that Sheridan was, after fighting two duels to win her, not a faithful husband. She never complained of this, and her children believed that their father worshipped her. He certainly used, after her death, to spend his nights sobbing on the pillow from which that beloved head had been removed. To her son she bequeathed the sweetness of disposition which so much endeared Sheridan to his friends.

The last Mrs. Sheridan, the mother of Helen Dufferin, was again of Celtic extraction. She was a Highlander: Caroline Henrietta Callander, of Craigforth and Ardkinglas. She had seven children, and to her, after the comparatively early death of Tom Sheridan, the King was good enough to apportion rooms in Hampton Court Palace. She was poor, but to her rare beauty and modesty she added a great deal of firm good sense. The trust committed to her she carried out honourably, writing the books which Sydney Smith commended, educating her children, and even paying off her husband's debts. This she only contrived to do at the cost of privations and sacrifices to which her daughters were never able in later life to refer without emotion. To train them can have been no sinecure. They were of imagination all compact, their spirits never flagged, their wit spared nothing and no one, and they went into the world, where they were sure to find enemies as well as friends, resplendent in the light of their beauty. We must again allow Lord Dufferin to sketch them:

"Georgina, Duchess of Somerset, had large, deep blue or violet eyes, black hair, black eyebrows and eyelashes, perfect features, and a complexion of lilies and roses, a kind of colouring seldom seen out of Ireland. Caroline—Mrs. Norton—on the contrary, was a brunette, with dark burning eyes, like her grandfather's, a pure Greek profile, and a clear olive complexion. The brothers were all over six feet. My mother, though her features were less regular than those of her sisters, was equally lovely and attractive. Her figure was divine, the perfection of grace and symmetry, her head being beautifully set upon her shoulders. Her hands and feet were very small, many sculptors having asked to model the former. She had a pure, sweet voice. She sang delightfully, and herself composed many of the tunes to which both her published and unpublished songs are set. She also wrote the music for some of Mrs. Norton's songs."

(To be continued.)

* * *

Rondelet.

The stars that fall along the sky,
They burn deep paths of wild red flame,
More glorious than Orion Tame,
That rides his course, secure and high,
And see those bright fierce worlds go by,
A whirling fear of evil name.
The stars that fall along the sky,
They burn deep paths of wild red flame,
Great lives that care not if they die,
Sweet lives that count not death or shame,
That reek not aught of fear or fame,
Know for themselves with smile or sigh,
The stars that fall along the sky.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

Clark University, 1894.

* * *

One act auguring well for the future of Russia has already been performed by the new Czar. Nicholas II. has promised to respect the privileges and Constitution of Finland. The Duchy of Finland became part of the Russian empire in 1809, as an inheritance of the Romanoffs. The Government was always a constitutional monarchy, but the late Czar infringed upon this and endeavoured to introduce Russian absolutism.—*Literary Digest*.

The Egyptians had four separate and distinct styles or forms of writing—the hieroglyphic, the hieratic, the enchorial and the coptic. The hieroglyphic was probably in use as early as the year 4000 B.C., and at first was made up entirely of pictures. About the year 2000 B. C. the hieratic form or style was introduced. In this the picture hieroglyphics were greatly simplified, finally developing into forms purely linear.—*Chicago Tribune*

Library Table.

THE STORY OF PORTUS AND SONGS OF THE SOUTHLAND. By Mary H. Lemard. Buffalo: Ch. W. Moulton. 1894. Price \$1.00.

The story of Portus is the story of a negro captive of royal birth, who lived happily in a Southern family before and during the war. It is very well told, with excellent sympathies, appreciating the difficulties of the South, yet not justifying slavery. The only question with us is, whether the story could not have been told better in prose. The metre is so very rugged and uneven that it is difficult to say how many feet there are in a line and what they are intended to be.

NORSELAND TALES. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894. \$1.25.

Professor Boyesen has again favored us with a volume of Norwegian stories, some of which have already appeared in the *Youth's Companion* and *Harper's Young People*. We venture to say that no juvenile reader of the stirring tale "Zuleika," in which the pluck and dash of brave Claude Ring wins for him the splendid Arab mare of that name, will hesitate for a moment in reading the remaining nine stories of this enjoyable volume. The learned professor unbends most charmingly in these bright short stories of his native land and no doubt it is as pleasant for him to write as for others to read them.

THREE BOYS ON AN ELECTRICAL BOAT. By John Trowbridge. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1894. \$1.00.

Mr Trowbridge is an up-to-date story teller; he can not only tell a story, but he can tell it well. The mystery woven round the spirited Hal and his gentle friend Ned, intensifies the interest of the reader who follows their romantic adventures. Runaways from school they are picked up in an open boat off shore by the man-of-war "Electron," on which they intended to ship. Hal's daring rescue of his captain, as told in the tenth chapter, wins for him the admiral's gratitude and his gold watch and is but one of a number of stirring incidents in which he figures. The pursuit of the boys by the villain Stephen, whose schemes had deprived them of a home and relatives, by a happy incident results in their discovery and restoration. The happy ending which all story lovers look for will be found here accompanied by a fine aspiration on the relations which should prevail between England and the United States.

THE ASCENT OF LIFE, or the Psychic Laws and Forces in Nature. By Stinson Jarvis. Boston: Arena Publishing Company. 1894.

Mr. Stinson Jarvis is a decidedly clever man and has given us here a very well written book. The chapters of which it is made up were originally contributed as a series of articles to the *Arena Magazine* in a certain tentative fashion; and are here reproduced with additions contributed by readers. According to the author man's nature is to be further evolved by means of hypnotism. A great many of the facts here adduced in connection with clairvoyance, hypnotism, and mesmerism are of the kind with which we are already familiar; and we are not quite sure that Mr. Jarvis has fathomed the mysteries of religion as deeply as he seems to think, nor do we find much help from the Buddhist theory of the seven elements of which man is said to consist, some of which superfluous and some nonsensical; but there are points in man's spiritual history which are brought out with a considerable power of analysis and description. Here and there we could wish a little better tone in speaking of the great. "The Inferno," says Mr. Jarvis, "in which the spiteful Dante placed his personal enemies, lies unread on our shelves along with Milton's lurid *Belial*." It would not be easy to beat this for inaccuracy and bad taste. Perhaps this is worse: "Many idols have, at times, been more improv-

ing than Yauveb," that is, Jehovah! Mr. Jarvis prefixes his photograph to his volume. He is a very good-looking man.

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS IN THE CARIBBEES. By Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron, F.F.S., F.Z.S.E., etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894. \$2.00.

Dr. Murray has chosen a taking name for this book. It will doubtless attract boy readers as readily as the lure, which was placed by the Sulphur River, did the "gorgeous" and "regal *Homerus*." Within some 270 pages a narrative is given of the trip of two lads "from an inland Pennsylvanian town" to some of the West Indian islands, and its incidents and adventures, under the guidance of a traveller in many lands who was also an ardent naturalist. The following quotation is a fair sample of the style and contents of the volume: "While the boys were at lunch that day discussing a trip up the Sulphur River for the afternoon, Ned suddenly sprang from the table with a bound, exclaiming, 'Oh! what a beauty! Doctor, Doctor! what is that magnificent creature?' meanwhile pointing out of the window to a nearby rosebush in full bloom, over which was hovering by far the most superb butterfly they had yet seen. Lazily flitting from rose to rose, its nearly seven inches of broad, velvety black expanse, banded with a great golden dash across both wings, with golden fringes and blue and purple eyelike spots on the hind wings, it presented in the glistening sunlight an appearance that was never to be forgotten. Usually the Doctor was an interested, but entirely calm observer of their very natural enthusiasm, but in this instance their zeal was infectious; for he rushed into the adjoining room and out of the house with his net in his hand, calling 'A *Homerus!* A *Homerus!* One like that is worth fifty dollars, besides being a great credit to the one who can capture it."

AMONG THE TIBETANS. By Isabella Bird Bishop, F.R.G.S. Toronto, Chicago and New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

Those who have enjoyed Miss Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" will be glad to turn to this short but interesting account of Mrs. Bird Bishop's experiences on the way to and in Tibet. The book contains good illustrations by Edward Whymper, and many fine descriptions of scenery. The dangerous and exciting passage of the swollen Shayok River, the pen portrait of Usman Shah, and the account of Mrs. Bishop's own horse, Gyalpo, are particularly good. This last is worth quoting both for its raciness and also for its revelation of the writer's abundant humor and vitality:—"Gyalpo, my horse, must not be forgotten—indeed he cannot be, for he left the marks of his heels or teeth on every one. He was a beautiful creature, Badakshani bred, of Arab blood, a silver-grey, as light as a greyhound and as strong as a cart-horse. He was higher in the scale of intellect than any horse of my acquaintance. His cleverness at times suggested reasoning power, and his mischievousness a sense of humor. He walked five miles an hour, jumped like a deer, climbed like a yak, was strong and steady in perilous fords, tireless, hardy, hungry, frolicked along ledges and precipices and over crevassed glaciers, and absolutely fearless, and his slender legs and the use he made of them was the marvel of all. He was an enigma to the end. He was quite untamable, rejected all dainties with indignation, swung his heels into people's faces when they went near him, ran at them with his teeth, seized unwary passers-by by their kamar bands and shook them as a dog shakes a rat, would let no one go near him but Mandlo, for whom he formed at first sight a most singular attachment, but kicked and struck with his forefeet, his eyes all the time dancing with fun, so that one could never decide whether his ceaseless pranks were play or vice."

The book concludes with two chapters on the manners and customs of the Tibetans and the climate and natural features of the country. The book is published in England by the Religious Tract Society.

CZAR AND SULTAN. By Archibald Forbes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894. \$2.

Anything from the graphic pen of Archibald Forbes is sure to be good reading. There are few men living who have seen so much hard fighting as he has and fewer still who can at all approach him in describing what he has seen. Mr. Forbes here purports to narrate the adventures of a British lad in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. He has availed himself not only of his own personal experiences but of the recorded impressions of the war correspondents, MacGahan and Millett, the History of Captain F. V. Greene of the United States army, of Mr. Nemirovitch-Daulchenko's Reminiscences of Skobelev, Valentine Baker, Pasha's War in Bulgaria and other sources of information. It may well be imagined that not a dull page will be found among the 381 which this stirring volume contains. From the first chapter in which we follow the Russian fortunes across the Pruth until the last which records the signing of the treaty of peace the interest of the story is unflinchingly sustained. Here and there we have brilliant pen pictures of distinguished men. Take for instance this of the gallant and dashing Skobelev: "I looked at Skobelev with all my eyes as he stood there on the garden-path, his fine face glowing with pleasure as he returned the greeting of his old friend. I thought then as a lad, as I have never ceased to think, that I never looked on a grander man. Over six feet in height, straight as a pine, the head carried high with a frank, gallant fearlessness, square across the broad shoulders, deep in the chest, slender in the waist, clean of flank, the muscular, graceful, supple figure set off to perfection by the white frock-coat with the decorations and the gold lace on it, Skobelev, with his chivalrous bearing, looked a genial king of men. . . . No wonder that soldiers, friends and women loved him!—it was impossible to know him, to have him smile on you with that sweet, grave smile of his, and not to love him." Then, as a foil to the dark thread of the story, here and there are bright bits of description. Here is a view by the way *en route* to the Schipka Pass: "We threaded glen after glen, climbed steep after steep, passed through sweet-lying village after village, all howered in foliage. We rode through thick woods whose dense foliage shaded us from sunrays; by whimpering streams on which were rushing mill-races; and then came the cool splash of the water over the moss-grown water wheel, and the scent of balsam and thyme from the miller's garden fringed by willows whose tresses dipped into the stream. We rode through verdant meadows, our horsehoofs the rich grass; and by fountains from whose carved face sprang a jet of clear, cold water, grateful alike to parched throat and burning temples. We skirted vine-yards where heavy masses of dark green foliage but half screened the clusters of grapes just beginning to soften into ripeness; by orchards over whose fences the plum branches nodded heavy with yellow and purple globes"—and so on. A picture of far different portent is the following taken from the fighting scenes in the Schipka Pass:—"The final crisis was imminent. Colonel Lipinsta, gathering about him a few ragged companies of trusty soldiers, rallied them to face the oncoming Turks with feeble, despairing volleys; but their efforts availed but little against the hordes climbing the steep slope to gain the road, give the hand to the co-operating column, cut off the retreat of the Russians and pen them up in their narrow and exposed position. Never to my dying day shall I forget that thrilling hour. As the afternoon shadows were falling, Darozhinsky and Stolietoff, with Villiers and myself by their side, stood in the Turkish fire on the parapet of the central entrenchment. Along the bare ridge above and below us lay the grimed, sun-blistered men, beaten out with heat, fatigue, hunger and thirst; reckless in their despondency, that every foot of ground was swept by the Turkish rifle-fire. Others still doggedly fought on down among the rocks, forced to give ground but doing so with sullen reluctance. The cliffs and valleys echoed with the triumphant shouts of 'Allah il Allah!' But we must leave our readers to accompany Gourko across the Balkans; to watch intently the tremendous struggle before Plevna, and to share with us the pleasure of this strong

and graphic story? But why did its author and compiler make of it a story? We venture to say the majority of readers would have much preferred Archibald Forbes at first hand to the interposition of "John Carnegie."

Literary and Personal.

William Pole, the great authority on whist, is an expert civil engineer, a skilful organist and a man of large learning.

The late Czar Alexander was a great reader of novels. Every week a pile of the newest French, English and German books arrived at the palace.

French archaeological science has suffered a very serious loss in the death, at Tours, of M. Deon Palustre, the learned author of "La Renaissance en France."

Ruskin, a correspondent who recently saw him at Brantwood says, is not the feeble old man he has been represented in recent reports. He walks briskly and shows little evidence of feeling the weight of his 75 years.

W. Clark Russell, the writer of sea-stories, is said to be such a sufferer from rheumatism that he can use neither his hands nor his feet, and dictates his literary work to his eldest son. He resides at Bath, England.

Miss Florence Marryat, the novelist and daughter of the famous Captain Marryat, is to deliver a series of lectures in this country on the following topics: "The Mistakes of Marriage," "The New Woman" and "Can the Deal Return?"

Lord Roberts will publish early next year his reminiscences of more than forty years of service in India, from subaltern to command-in-chief. His career includes the period of the mutiny of 2857-8, with the siege of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow.

A collection of Sir John Tenniel's cartoons from *Punch*, selected by himself, with short historical notes, is to be published in England this month. It is forty-three years now since his drawings first appeared in *Punch*, and for over thirty years he has provided the cartoon regularly every week.

Mr. Hugh Cochrane, whose "Ideal and other poems" was favorably noticed in these columns some time ago, publishes another booklet this week, illustrated with thumb-nail sketches by Frost. Mr. Cochrane goes to London in the spring and Mr. Albert Flint will assume his duties as City Editor of the *Montreal Daily Witness*.

Jean Victor Duruy, one of the able and industrious historians of whom France has been in this century so prolific, and a man of far-reaching influence on the enlightenment of France by virtue of his administration for about seven years of the department of public instruction under the second empire, died at Paris recently, at the age of 83.

It will be of interest to readers of Dickens to know that another spot in the English metropolis, around which gathered some of the characters made famous by the great novelist, has been affected by the changing events of time. "The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters" tavern of "Our Mutual Friend" has lost its meaning, as the London County Council recently disbanded the corporation of Fellowship Porters.

Marie Corelli, writing about the late Edmund Yates, says that he was not at all in tune with the morbid school of thought, and hated with a thoroughly wholesome hate all books that in their teaching seemed to set aside God as an "unknown quantity." "I seldom speak of religion," he said one morning, "but I have thought a good deal about it and what I am now trying to do is to live back to the faith of my childhood."

A book that will be welcomed no less eagerly by the children than by students of folklore from a scientific standpoint is Mrs. F. A. Steel's collection of Indian stories entitled *Tales of the Punjab: Told by the People*. They were taken down by her from the very

lips of the natives of some of the most primitive districts in India. The volume is issued in the Macmillan green-and-gold *Cranford Series*, and is delightfully illustrated by J. Lockwood Kipling, the father of Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Gerald E. Hart, whose prior historical works have been favorably noticed, announces publication of a work entitled "Pioneer Discoverers of Canada." This volume will deal with the early nomenclature of America together with the narratives of the voyages of Jacques Cartier, 1534 and 1535; Ramusio's Introduction of the Earlier Voyages; Giovanni de Verazzano, 1524; the great French sea captain of Dieppe, 1529. Portraits, maps and illustrations will accompany the volume which promises to be of unusual interest.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, the author of the popular hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldier," is at once a country parson, a country squire, a lord of the manor, a sermon writer, a student of comparative religion, a popular novelist and a poet. He has written fifty books, is deeply versed in mediæval myths and legends, and at the same time is in sympathy with modern life and progress. He is 60 years old, and lives in a beautiful old Elizabethan manor house at Lew Frenchard, where the Gould family have lived ever since James I.

The *London Literary World* says that Mr. Charles E. Roche, the translator of the "Pasquier Memoirs," has been entrusted with the translation of "The Memoirs of Barras," to be published next spring by Messrs. J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co., simultaneously with the French and American editions. Barras, the implacable enemy of the Emperor Napoleon, knew intimately the most illustrious personages of the close of the eighteenth century and of the first years of the nineteenth. The work will be awaited with considerable interest.

The Canadian Institute announce the following papers for the 46th session, 1894-95: On Saturday 8th December. Co-operation in England. By Samuel D. Mills: On Saturday the 15th December, Aboriginal American Inscriptions in Phonetic Character. By Rev. Professor Campbell, L.L.D. In Natural History Biological Section, on Monday 17th December. Notes on our Native Fungi. By Charles Armstrong. In the Geological section on Thursday, the 20th December. "Necessity for and benefits to be derived from the use of a 'Hall Mark' for Plate and Jewellery in Canada." By Robert Dewar.

A comical tribute to the vigor of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's verse is mentioned by the Boston correspondent of *The Book Buyer*. One of the poems in Aldrich's coming volume is entitled, "Insomnia," and is a picturesque record of the "horrors of sleeplessness." When this first appeared in a magazine it so deeply impressed the public that the poet received from many sympathetic strangers advertisements of sure cures for the trouble so graphically described. "The amusing part of it is," adds the correspondent, "Mr. Aldrich admits that there never was a sounder sleeper than he."

Periodicals.

Outing for December is brim full of graphic sporting sketches. The imaginative reader will soon find himself boating on Samoan waters, shooting Pennsylvanian quail, sledging in Norway, shooting mallard on Goose Lake, having haps and mishaps in Florida, travelling in the Mackenzie Delta and following Lenz's tour awheel. Nor will he lack the poem or short story as he turns the well illustrated pages of the December *Outing*.

St. Nicholas for December is a bright and timely number. It has a soft toned beautiful frontispiece representing the Virgin Mother and her sacred child while before them stands an attendant angel. A sprightly and seasonable poem by Harriet F. Blodgett, charmingly illustrated, is next found. Then comes the engaging story "Santa Claus' Pathway" by Julia W. Miner. Of all the other stories, poems, articles, departments, etc., we shall

but say they are all that any boy or girl could wish. The cover itself of this number is "a thing of beauty."

"Christmas Eve and Christmas Day at an English Country House" is Sir Edward Strachey's subject in the *Atlantic* for December and a most interesting paper he makes of it. Agnes Repplier writes of "Ghosts," a present day topic. Professor Sharp gives some personal reminiscences of the late Walter Pater. The editor pays a parting tribute to Dr. Holmes. Henry Baldwin under the title "An Old-Time Sorosis" contributes a paper descriptive of the diversions of some literary New England ladies of the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this. The second article on Cardinal Pole appears in this number. There is other good matter, and the departments are well filled.

The latest candidate for honours in the realm of magazine literature is the neatly printed, well edited, instructive and entertaining periodical—the *Barrister*. Its well chosen name is an index to its methods and aims. The legal professor of Canada will in the same yet sprightly new-comer find full relief from a felt want—a journal at once forensic in tone yet literary in scope and tendency. The December number, after the preliminary announcement and editorials, has a column devoted to "Wit and Humor." Mr. C. T. Long has a long and able treatise on the ancient laws of Japan. Mr. Long writes from special and local study of the subject. D. B. Read, Q.C., has a bright retrospective paper on Henry Eccles, Q.C. The Bankruptcy Law in Canada is discussed by D. E. Thompson, Q.C., Mr. A. C. Macdonell, D.C.L., writes on the Law of Building Societies. These articles with some special departments close the first bright number of the *Barrister*.

Poultney Bigelow has the place of honour in *Harper's Magazine* for December with a bright descriptive paper entitled "An Arabian Day and Night." "Madonna and Child" is a pretty poem by Alice Archer Sewall, beautifully illustrated. Caspar W. Whitney writes fully on the "Evolution of the Country Club," of course from the United States standpoint. Wisdom, poetic taste and artistic beauty are happily combined in W. D. Howell's eleven poems entitled "Stops of Various Quills." Alfred Parson's eastern journey bears fruit in a charming paper, "The Time of the Lotus." Thomas Hardy begins a new novel which will find many readers though it has the commonplace name "The Simpletons." Andrew Lang comments on, and Edwin A. Abbey illustrates, both excellently well, "The Taming of the Shrew." Among other able contributors may be mentioned Julian Ralph, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Richard Harding Davis, Robert Grant and Lawrence Alma Tadema.

"The Madonna of the Donors" is the title of the striking frontispiece of the *Century* for December. It is after the famous painting of that name by Van Dyck. George Parsons Lathrop and Julia Schayer contribute two most appropriate poems to this number. Professor Sloane continues his thorough study of Napoleon's early life in the most interesting fashion. Mr. Gilder's poem "How to the Singer comes the Song" is graceful and pleasing. Mr. W. J. Stillman has a sketch of the great Italian Statesman, "Francesco Crispi." T. Cole's short paper on Van Dyck is in keeping with his prior sketches of noted artists. "The Adoration of the Shepherd's" is a full page Christmas picture from the pencil of P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret. There is a second installment of Marion Crawford's "Casa Braccio." Rudyard Kipling provides a short story entitled "The Walking Delegate." Mrs. Burton Harrison's and Professor J. Mark Baldwin's names appear among the remaining contributors.

Sir Thomas Wade, for forty years a resident in China, twelve of which he spent as British Minister, in the leading article of the November *Contemporary* presents the view that Japan's reasons for quarreling with China were not well founded. He further says that "victory such as the Japanese are hoping to achieve would mean the annihilation of Chinese nationality, to be in due time followed by a like suppression of her conqueror." The author of "The Mauxman" cannot fail to be pleased with the bright appreciation of that clever book at the hands of T. E. Brown. The

review itself reads like a story. Mr. J. Rendel Harris contributes a critical paper on "The New Syriac Gospels, in which he examines more particularly their testimony to the relation of our Lord and Joseph. He says: "The next objection, a far more serious one, . . . lies in the inconsistency of the Sinai narrative as a whole; while the received story is miraculous and consistent, the new account is miraculous and inconsistent." Colonel A. G. Durand, well known in Eastern diplomacy and military enterprise, has a capital descriptive paper on "The Eastern Hindu Kush." There is other good matter in the *Contemporary* notably Mr. William Larmine's paper on the development of English metres.

"The Grasshopper and the Ant," by A. B. Frost, "Prusiavera," by Albert Lynch and "Cast Shadows," Emile Friant, represent in *Scribner's*, for December, varied phases of artistic treatment. Humor, nature, and life are in these engravings aptly illustrated. Rudyard Kipling, in strong rhythmic verse, pictures the "pious old bird," McAndrew, the Scotch Engineer of an Ocean liner. The portrait, "Cast Shadows" and the letter press notice of Emile Friant recall the great loss the literary and artistic world have suffered in the death of Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Cosmo Monkhouse contributes a fine appreciation, with many examples, of the distinguished artist, George Frederick Watts. "A Primer of Imaginary Geography" is one of Brander Matthews' clever contributions, with appropriate marginal embellishment. Of Archibald Lampmen's exquisite poem "The Woodcutter's Hut," we cannot refrain from giving the parting lines:

And all summer long, round the lonely hut, the
black earth burgeons and breeds,
Till the spaces are filled with the tall-plumed
ferns and the triumphing forest weeds:
The thick wild raspberries hem its walls, and
stretching on either hand,
The red-ribbed stems and the giant leaves of
the sovereign spikenard stand,
So lovely and silent it is, so withered and warp-
ed with the sun and snow,
You would think it the fruit of some dead
man's toil a hundred years ago;
And he who finds it suddenly there, as he
wanders far and alone,
Is touched with a sweet and beautiful sense of
something tender and gone,
The sense of a struggling life in the waste,
and the mark of a soul's command,
The going and coming of vanished feet, the
touch of human hand.

Music and the Drama.

We had been promised several concerts of the highest order for November, but, for some unavoidable reasons, none of them materialized except that given by the Mozart Symphony Club, of New York, in the Pavilion on Thursday evening, the 29th inst, being the second number in Kleisers Star Course. This concert may be considered very successful and artistic. The programme was of a popular nature, and sufficiently interesting and enjoyable to please all tastes. The different members of the Club are versatile, clever artists, for several of their selections were performed on the almost obsolete instruments, Viola d'Amour, Viol da Gamba, and the Roman Triumphal Trumpet. These instruments were at one time popular, but have fallen into disuse owing largely to the difficulty in mastering their technical peculiarities. The Viola da Gamba is somewhat smaller than a Violoncello, and has seven strings, sometimes eight, with several sympathetic strings. The tone is not so mellow and warm in quality as the Cello, neither is it so large or carrying. The tone of the Viola d'Amour is lovely in quality, and the instrument is considerably larger than even a large sized Violin. Mr. Richard Stoelzer played Walther's "Prize Song," from the meistersinger on it, and produced a most beautiful effect. He afterwards appeared with Mr. M. Blodeck, in a duet for the Viola d'Amour, and Viol da Gamba, entitled "At Night," which was well executed, and was moreover very interesting. The Clubs performance of Mozart's overture, "Titus," was most commendable. The work is very Mozartean, and carries one back to the days when courtly grace and charming, almost careless simplicity, were most admired in music. One

feels the spirit of the age in the rhythms, and in the common eight or sixteen bar periods, with which nearly every melody ends. We enjoyed the overture, and were sorry that the Club did not play, at least, one quartette. Their other numbers were an "Andante" from a string quartette, by Rubinstein; a "March Tzigane," by Lacome; and "Douce Caresse," by Gillet, the latter being very reminiscent of "Lion du Bal." These were all played charmingly. Mr. Theodore Hoch played a cornet solo fantasia, "Little Boquet," arranged by himself, and also a solo on the Roman Trumpet. He is a fine executant, and was encored. Mr. Otto Lund, the first violinist, played a "Scene de Ballet," by Beriot with such success that he received and responded to a double encore. He is a trim, neat player, but his tone is not very large. Miss Cecillia Braems, a soprano of pleasing address and good cultivation, sang an *Aria* from Weber's "der Freischütz," and later on appeared in a duet from Flotow's "Martha" with Mlle. Zoe de Vielle, contralto. Each were successful in gaining many friends in the audience. Mlle de Vielle also gave a recitation, and proved herself a skilled elocutionist. She was down for one number, but gave, with her encores, altogether four. A large audience was present, and the Pavilion was really cheerful and comfortable, with its decorations and new stage equipment, but the seats are still as hard as ever, a fact which everybody was aware of before the evening was over.

The Ladies' Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Norah Hillary, is rehearsing, with a great deal of enthusiasm, several part songs by Lassen, Greig, Chadwick and others, for their concert which will be some time early in the New Year.

The first Quarterly Concert given by pupils of the Conservatory of Music, will take place in Association Hall on Monday evening next, the 10th inst, when a programme of great excellence will be performed.

The Cleff Choral Club, which has been rehearsing for several weeks past under Mr. H. W. Webster's direction, will give a concert in Association Hall on the 17th inst, when, amongst other things, Cowen's "Rose Maiden" will be produced.

Mr. Fairclough's organ recital on Saturday evening last was well attended, and the talented organist played, as usual, most brilliantly. These monthly recitals embracing as they do so many works rarely heard here, are becoming a feature of our musical season, and are much appreciated by many lovers of organ music. Mr. Fairclough shows his large acquaintanceship with organ music, and his extensive repertoire, covering, as it does, such a wide range of compositions from Bach, to those of our own time. Mrs. Adamson, the excellent violiniste, whose playing always gives pleasure, was the assisting artist, and she played on this occasion most artistically.

We are glad to know that a full house will assuredly greet the eminent violinist, Ysaye, when he makes his appearance here on the 18th in the Pavilion. Everywhere through the United States he is having the greatest success, the audiences, judging from many criticisms we have seen, being most enthusiastic and excited over his really passionate and soulful playing. The Beethoven *Trio* will likewise be heard on this occasion, which will, in itself, be a treat, particularly as we do not get the opportunity of hearing chamber music performed by such fine players as those composing the Trio very frequently. Subscriber's list is at Nordheimer's music house, where all may secure choice of seats in advance of the public, by signing their names and the number of seats required.

Art Notes.

Mr. T. H. Wilkinson has been holding an exhibition and sale of his water-colour pictures in London, with, we understand, great success.

Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Manly are to have an exhibition of their work at the art rooms of Matthews Brothers, Yonge Street, early this month.

We understand Mr. Ernest Thompson is continuing his studies in Paris under Bougereau

with great success. When last heard from he was about to start for London to place in the hands of the publishers there a recent work on anatomy. Most of us have read his thrilling story in the last *Scribner's Magazine*, and reading, have glowed with pride to think it the work of a Canadian, a Torontonian, and a clever artist. Of this story we quote from a late number of the *Chicago Daily News*: "*Scribner's Magazine* can claim the most unique story this month and it is an animal story in the bargain. "The King of Currumpaw" is the title. Ernest E. Thompson gives his production, and by the time he has entrapped the grand old king wolf of Northern New Mexico, the reader is as excited as Mr. Thompson himself must have been. Of all tricky, intelligent, fearful brutes, surely Lobo deserved the crown. There is a grim satire in the fact that he lost himself solely through his devotion to his mate."

Mr. G. A. Reid left the city this week for New York, where, along with a number of other artists, an exhibition is to be held in the American Art Galleries, Madison Square. As those who have been there know, these galleries contain a number of rooms so that each artist may have a room for his own work. The other artists of the group are Alexander Harrison, Hamilton Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. V. Sewell, and Elihu Veddu—each in his line of work widely known, and all strong, vigorous and original painters. Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, names perhaps the least familiar, live in Tangier, Morocco, and have brought home with them the result of several years work, which is spoken of by one who has seen it lately as "charming indeed, and chiefly decorative." The room Mr. Reid has is 30 by 60, he has taken with him many of his larger canvasses, "The Foreclosure," "Modern Madonna," "Rest" (for which the one at the Palette Club is a study), a picture 8 by 20 ft., and many of his smaller works.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. M. E. Dignam gave an exhibition of her summer's work at the studio of her residence, 250 Rusholm Road. The walls of both studios were covered and there were a number of pictures in other rooms, some the work of former years. There is a marked difference in Mrs. Dignam's manner in her late pictures, as well as in the choice of subject. Several studies of chrysanthemums were charming in their soft variety of color. A number of river scenes, a field of unripe oats with blue distant mountains, and some smaller canvases with very soft, tender tones were among the pictures that received the greatest attention and called forth the most admiration. Several hill-side studies, a *motif* for a sheep picture, as well, also, as another showing a group of sheep lying in the shade, were noticeable. A collection of Mrs. Dignam's work will be on exhibition from December 7th to the 11th, when a sale will take place. This is well timed, for we can imagine no more delightful present for Christmas than a bit of summer on canvas.

The Woman's Art Association has this week been holding its annual sketch exhibition at the studio it occupies in the Canada Life Association Building. The room is tastefully arranged and every available bit of wall space seems to be utilized, and on opening day was crowded, so that they were the fortunates who came early, both as to time and space. There are several very good things, and much that shows careful, painstaking work. One of the best of them was a cow painted by McCaig, of Buffalo, which has fine drawing and is well handled. Two marines by Miss McDonell show strong, bold work; a study of an old woman's head, by C. Farncomb, is vigorous; a delightful little watercolor of two colored children by Rhoda H. Nicholls says a great deal with little effort and says it well. It is some time since Mrs. Schreiber has exhibited, and here, in addition to three small heads, are two bright landscapes from her brush, pleasing, though somewhat hard. Miss McConnell's portrait shows fine drawing and sense of form, but, owing partly to its being an out-of-doors study and completely in shade, does not do her justice. A sketch entitled "A Beginner" by H. Hancock, is good, as is also a watercolor of a cow's head by A. Gormley, called "On Her Own Threshold." Miss Massie has a freely rendered water color of chrysanthemums; Miss Houghton's "Fishing station" has good effects in the reflections, and in her study for a picture, while the composition is

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pleasing, the color is poor. Mrs. Reid's autumn woodland is hazily bright and soft, and the "Interior" is a harmony in dull tones with much careful drawing; Mrs. Dignam's landscape, with tent, is a good effect. Among other pleasing work may be mentioned: "An October Interior" by A. Claffin, "Evening" by M. J. Hemsted, "Sunset by the Lake" by M. Plewes, "Pratt's Neck" by A. Stikman, and "Manitoba Sunset" by C. Munson. Far and away the best pen and ink work is by M. Grayson Smith—two sketches of cathedral interiors of which too much praise could not be said. D. E. Clark, E. Elliot, and Miss Palin have creditable work in the same line. Several examples of wood carving by Miss L. B. Tully were very fine.

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Publications Received.

- Thos Nelson Page: *The Burial of the Guns*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.
- Wm. Foster Apthorp: *Musicians and Music Lovers*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- Eugene Murray-Aaron: *Butterfly Hunters in the Carribees*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.00.
- J. Hampden Porter: *Wild Beasts*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.00.
- Henry Kingsley: *Austin Elliot*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.00.
- Agnes Kepplier: *In the Dozy Hours*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- Frederic Harrison: *The Meaning of History*. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- H. E. Parkhurst: *The Bird's Calendar*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- W. E. Gladstone: *Odes of Horace*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- Henry Kingsley: *Geoffrey Hamlyn*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 2 vols. \$2.00.
- Lehmos: *Adventures of Ferdinand Tomasso*. New York: The Irving Company.
- Minnie E. Paul: *Ruby at School*. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1.00.
- Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M. A.: *Chatterbox for 1894*. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1.25.
- Clara Erskine Clement: *Naples, the City of Parthenope*. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Cloth \$3.00.

Thomas Hardy: *Life's Little Ironies*. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

Violet Hunt, *The Maiden's Progress*. London: Geo. Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

George Gissing: *Denzel Quarrier*. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

Parts I and II: *St. Nicholas*, Vol. XXI. New York: The Century Co.

The Century, Vol. XLVIII. New York: The Century Co.

Thos. Hardy: *A Group of Noble Dames*. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Readings from Current Literature.

PEARLS BY STRATEGY.

An extraordinary treasure, illustrating the successful manner in which these precious gems can sometimes be produced by the "strategical process," was lately shown by the Smithsonian Institution. This was a pearl, the size of a pigeon's egg, of an exquisite rose color, and the receptacle containing it was the original fresh-water mussel in which it had been formed. The nucleus of this wonderful stone was nothing more nor less than an oval lump of beeswax which had been placed and left for a few years between the valves of the mollusk, which had at once proceeded to coat it with the pink murex it secreted for lining its shell. The mussel was kept in an aquarium while engaged in its lengthy task. It belonged to a species common in American rivers, and it is suggested that the result of the experiment opens to everybody the possibility of establishing a small pearl factory for himself by keeping a tank full of mussels, and humbugging them into making "great pink pearls" for him. But the intending experimentalist is cautioned against avarice; the "nucleus" must be introduced well under the mantle of the creature, and, above all, it must not be too large. — *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

A BRAVE OFFICER.

Though all our officers were brave, it was Captain Peel who inspired his followers with a part of his own nature. He exemplified the American poet's hero—

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

This man, who never quailed, felt acutely every shot and shell which passed near him, but the only outward effect was to make him throw up his head and square his shoulders, yet his nervous system was so highly strung that even a flesh wound became dangerous in this case. In 1851, when crossing the Nubian Desert, from Korosko to Abu Hamed (where Colonel Stewart and his companions, sent down by Colonel Gordon, were treacherously slain in 1884), Peel dismounted from his camel to give water, from his store, to a small dying bird! To this tender-hearted man it appeared our bluejackets should be encouraged to stand up to their guns like men, and he asked four of us, two *Diamond's* and two *Queen's*, to set the example in the battery by always walking erect, and without undue haste. Next day, he, to my knowledge, although I did not see it, gave us a grand example. A shell weighing 42 lbs. came through the parapet and rolled into the centre of a small group of men, who immediately threw themselves flat on the ground, which would not, however, have saved those nearest, for there were several boxes of powder on the ground, then being passed into the magazine. Peel, stooping down, lifted the shell, and, resting it on his chest, carried it back to the parapet, and stepping on to the banquette, rolled the shell over the superior crest, on which it immediately burst.

The following day I had been relieved, and was eating my ration—salt pork and biscuit—on one side of a gun, when a shell burst on top of a magazine on the other side of the gun. It created some trepidation, although the danger of the powder exploding was remote unless another shell fell on the roof. The officer excitedly shouted to the senior

lieutenant: "Shell burst in the magazine, sir." Now, Ridge, 1st Lieutenant H.M.S. *Diamond*, was as brave as he was efficient, and responded without concern: "Ay! ay! put it out!" but the shouts were repeated, and I was eventually obliged to abandon my dinner, to stamp out the burning bags, and fill up the crater made by the explosion. Whilst so engaged, I felt some one alongside helping me, but did not look up; for with shells striking the parapet on either side, the position was not one in which I was inclined to linger, and thus did not notice it was Captain Peel till the work was done, when he ordered me down. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted till his death at Lucknow, in 1858. In the spring of 1855, Captain Peel was walking with Captain Wolsley, assistant engineer, one night up and down in rear of the 21-gum battery, when a mortar shell fell on the projection built up to shield the entrance of a magazine. The shell burst immediately, and as the sandbags caught fire the magazine man came tumbling out like a harlequin in a pantomime. Before anyone else moved, Peel was on the magazine pulling down the burning mass of bags, and was immediately joined by his companion. — *Sir Evelyn Wood, in the Fortnightly Review*.

SIR POWER PALMER.

Sir Power Palmer was very nearly killed in the racquet court at Murree the other day. Sir Power got a sharp knock in the eye and was rendered insensible, but from latest advices he was pulling round all right, although there is much anxiety as to whether he may not lose his sight altogether. General Palmer, who is now fifty-four years of age, has been thirty-seven years in the Indian Army, and has seen more rough work generally than almost any military man who has served in the East in his time. He went with Hodson's Horse throughout the Indian Mutiny Campaign, and commanded a regiment of Sikh Infantry in the North-West Frontier of India Campaign in 1863, where he greatly distinguished himself. Then he fought through the Abyssinian Campaign with the 10th Bengal Lancers, and in the Duffla Expedition on the Eastern Frontier. In 1876-77 he went on special duty with the Dutch troops in Acheen, and he also fought through the Afghan War in 1878-79. As if this were not enough of hard fighting he went out with the Soudan Expedition in 1885, and commanded the Camel Corps Mounted Infantry, 9th Bengal Cavalry, and 15th Sikhs in the successful affair at Dakul, and on returning to India did some fine work with the Expeditionary Force in the Chin Hills in 1892-93. He has often been commended in dispatches, and it is known of him that wherever there is tough work in action he is always to be found in the thick of it. This is just the sort of man, strangely enough, who often meets with a serious accident and even death in such simple ways as that which is just reported from India. — *Colonies and India*.

* * *

Victoria's *Conversazione* will be held this evening. Among the artists are the Whitby Ladies, Varsity Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Clubs and Herr Klingensfeld, violinist. Preparations are nearing completion. Messrs. Foster and Pender are decorating the already beautiful halls in their finest style. Harry Webb will supply refreshments in his usual manner. The committee is doing all in its power to make the evening a very pleasant social event.

The Siberian millionaire, Pouomarjeff, whose death was announced at St. Petersburg some months ago, left a million rubles, with the direction that they should be placed in banks at compound interest for ninety-nine years, after which they are to be devoted to the construction and support of a Siberian university of Irkutsk, at which all instruction is to be given gratis.

The Chinese ambassador at London translated bicycle in a passport for Allen and Sachtleben, the *Century* travellers, as "a seat sitting, foot moving machine." The Chinese natives called it sometimes "yang ma" (foreign horse), sometimes "fei-chay" (flying-machine), and sometimes "suedzan chay" (self-moving cart.)

A GREETING TO DR. HOLMES.

We are enabled to republish the following lines of greeting to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at breakfast in the combination Room, at St. John's College, June 18th, 1883.

Welcome, good friends, your hand! now you're in reach of us
we'll freely say what else were expressed,
for friend you surely are to all and each of us,
and these old walls ne'er held a worthier guest.

No guest more well-beloved, more sole-unbending,
since the frail Mayflower bore the Pilgrims bold;
stern hearts, in hard New England still defending
whate'er was best and noblest in the Old.

Here round your chair unseen in gathering number
through eager shades, no feeble hand nor few,
ghosts of a fruitful past, awaked from slumber
to give their gracious benison to you.

Says rare Ben Jonson 'Ha! one more good fellow!
'ods life, we'll add him to our tuneful quire;
and bids you stay and pass an evening mellow
with Herrick, genial soul and courtly Prior.

Then gentle Wordsworth brings his ghostly greeting
wafted from northern dales and mountains lone,
beaming with eye serene for joy at meeting,
a heart as large and single as his own.

A heart to love mankind with love unchanging,
No shallow worldling there nor dried-up don;
but through all moods of human life-strains ranging
from tender Iris to the Young Man John.

In love we greet you, friend; friend in love we speed you;
for greeting soon is o'er, and parting nigh;
And when we see you not, we yet shall read you
in this calm corner, while the world rolls by.

Farewell! By all the benefactors' merits,
who bade us be, and raised our Johnian towers;
by all the joys and griefs mankind inherits,
that ever stirred this little world of ours;

by all sweet memory of the saints and sages
who wrought among us in the days of yore;
by youths who, turning now life's early pages:
ripen to match the worthies gone before.

on us, O son of England's greatest daughter,
a kindly word from heart and tongue be-
stow.
Then chase the sunsets o'er the western water,
and bear our blessing with you as you go.
W. E. H.

Mr. W. A. REID, Jefferson Street, Schenectady, N. Y., 22nd July, '94, writes:

"I consider Acetocetra to be very beneficial for La Grippe, Malaria and Rheumatism, as well as Neuralgia, and many other complaints to which flesh is heir, but these are very common here."

Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

An account of a strange lapidarian freak comes all the way from Kimberly, South Africa. Workmen in the diamond mines at that place discovered a stone, dark brown in color, and about the size of a pigeon's egg, which, viewed in a dark place with a candle or other light behind it, exhibits a perfect profile picture of a man from the waist up. Turning the pebble partially around, the image of the man vanishes, and the features of a woman's face, clear cut and partially concealed by heavy tresses, comes into view. The British Museum offers £50 for the curiosity.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Public Opinion.

Ottawa Free Press: Lord Elgin has been making a pacific speech at Lahore in which he stated that Great Britain has no desire to extend her boundaries in India. That is exactly what Lord Clive said when the "Company" obtained leave to fortify Fort George. But "where are we now?" as the late Mr. Plumb used to say. The fact is that Great Britain cannot help extending her Eastern dominions, however peaceful her intentions may be.

Montreal Gazette: Mr. Arnold Forster, M.P., speaks of Lord Ripon's statement that his departmental sympathies are with Canada on the copyright question as a remarkable declaration. The *Pall Mall* sketch of the House of Commons says of Mr. Forster that "omniscience is his foible and few even of the most hardened journalists would venture to compete with his encyclopaedic self-assurance." His talk on the copyright issue would seem to bear out the *Pall Mall* estimate of his character.

Montreal Witness: The change of ownership of the Toronto WEEK has brought about a marked change in the appearance of the journal. It presents its matter in two columns instead of three, following the lines of the English periodicals of the same character; is printed from new type throughout, and on superior paper. THE WEEK Publishing Company announces that beginning with the issue of November 30—the first number of its twelfth year—certain marked changes will be made in THE WEEK's editorial and literary columns which, it is hoped, will give the paper greater popularity and greater scope for usefulness.

London Advertiser: The Attorney-General of Quebec has introduced a bill into the Legislature that, if passed, will do justice in a direction where injustice has hitherto prevailed. It relates to the law of libel, and the proposal is to make those who bring these suits against newspapers, so often badly-founded and vexatious, put up security for costs before proceeding. The plaintiff must also give the offending newspaper five days' notice, in order that it may apologize, retract, or explain. In the event of the suit being pressed after apology, the law will provide that actual and not vindictive damages shall only be collectable. If the same individual sues five or six journals for the same offence, the damages, if any, are to be equitably divided between the newspapers concerned. These amendments are reasonable. Why should we not have them in the Ontario law.

St. John Telegraph: That Sir John A. Macdonald was a great man in many respects no one in Canada will be disposed to deny, although, when we come to analyze the sources of his greatness, we are in some difficulty. For instance, Sir John was not a great orator, or even a great debater; he was not a great lawyer; he was not a great statesman in the sense of having advanced constitutional views. There was hardly a feature in which some of the men, who were associated with him, did not surpass him, yet, for all that, he was the unquestioned leader of the Conservative party in Canada for upwards of 30 years, and in his later years had such an ascendancy over all his colleagues that, in a large measure, they were merely his obedient servants. Perhaps the strongest point in Sir John's mental equipment was his knowledge of human nature and the characters of men. He was reticent to an extreme degree, cunning and secret in his methods, not too scrupulous; but with all these qualities he joined a kindness of manner, a good fellowship and a joviality of disposition which became of infinite service to him as a leader. Sir John seemed to take a personal interest in the health and welfare of all his acquaintances, and even his political opponents became the objects of his solicitude and he reaped his reward in the devotion of his followers, who regarded him with an affection which has never been surpassed in Canadian public life.

Gladstone is proud of his Scotch ancestry. The family line, on his mother's side, traces back to King Duncan and is connected with the genealogical tree of King James I. His father's people were substantial folk.

IT'S A LEAP IN THE DARK, usually, when you set out to get "something for your blood."



Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gives you a proof. Its makers say that as a blood-purifier, flesh-builder, strength-restorer, if it isn't the medicine for you, they'll return the money.

It's guaranteed to cure or benefit, in the worst Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous Affections.

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DR. R. V. PIERCE: Sir—I have a boy who was a solid mass of sores over his arms and legs and back from the time he was six months old until he was five years old. I gave him Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets. He has been well now for over two years. Four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery made a final cure of him.

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Scientific and Sanitary.

Aluminum is now used instead of steel for the nails and heel plates of the German soldiers' boots. The results expected are quicker and better marching, with less fatigue to the men.

The U.S. Navy Department has just completed a test of aluminum as material for ship boats. The claim that barnacles would not adhere to the metal was not substantiated. In the opinion of naval experts the use of aluminum cannot be recommended near salt water under any circumstances.

Recent experiments by Drs. Waldo and Walsh, two English physicians, show that baking does not destroy bacteria in bread, hence the common excuse for lack of cleanliness among bakers—namely, that any disease-bacteria that chance to be in the dough are sure to perish in the oven—must fall to the ground.

Zinc is being extracted in Sweden by a new process, after the electrolytic manner, and it is claimed for it that very poor ores, which have been considered worthless, are made equal to the best. As in copper, it is reasonable to presume that the electrolytic process will do as much for zinc. Pure metallic zinc has not been produced in Sweden for thirty years. — *Hardware.*

Since the opening of the present century there have been several well attested instances of falls of stones from the regions of space. In the year 1803 a perfect shower of lithic missiles fell in the farming country adjacent to L'Aigle, France, upwards of 3,000 separate stones falling upon a wedge-shaped section of country, eight miles long by about four miles wide.

"Tulnol," a coal-tar derivative, is now being used as a substitute for quicksilver in the bulbs of thermometers. This substance, it is stated, contains water, can stand a much lower temperature than quicksilver without freezing, and when exposed to warmth expands with great regularity. In color, tulnol is dark blue, and, besides its other qualities, is said to be cheaper and much lighter than quicksilver.

According to a recent determination of Professor Richardz, the smallest possible quantity of electricity, which may be termed an atom of electricity, is such that 430 multiplied by a million three times, that is, by the cube of a million, will give the number of these atoms contained in a coulomb. That such a thing as an atom of electricity exists was the opinion of no less an authority than the late Professor Von Helmholtz. — *Electrical World.*

The calculations of the various observations of the transit of Venus are not yet completed. Professor Harkness of the National Observatory, Washington, D.C., about three years ago, gave the results of as many as had then been worked out. They gave 8,80903" as the solar parallax, with a probable error of 0.00567". This makes the mean distance from the earth to the sun as 92,776,950 miles, with a probable error of 59,715 miles. — *Popular Science News.*

Oppermann, a German chemist (*Electro-chemische Zeitung*, September), has patented a process of this kind. The current acts, according to the inventor's statement, not by directly destroying organisms but by decomposing the mineral salts that are found in small quantities in all drinking-water. Under certain circumstances, ozone and peroxid of hydrogen are thus produced, both of which destroy the organisms by oxidation, and thus exert a cleansing influence.

The new Tower Bridge of London is paved with the wood of the eucalyptus tree from Australia. The blocks are about the size of building bricks, and their top surface has beveled edges, thus affording horses a foothold. They are fastened together by means of pegs put through them and fitted into corresponding holes in the adjoining blocks. This wood is a dark, mahogany color, is very expensive, but heavy and durable. It was laid according to the Duffy patent system with special machinery. Wood is replacing stone pavement in many of the London streets.

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First-class \$10.00 Sets Teeth for \$5.00.



Miscellaneous.

Miss Florence Nightingale, at the age of 74, is enjoying excellent health. She is a rich woman, having, besides some private means, the \$250,000 publicly subscribed for her by the English people at the close of the Crimean war.

William Pole, the great authority on whist, is an expert civil engineer, a skilful organist and a man of large learning in such matters as steam engines, railways, armor plate, drainage and army ordnance. He was born before the battle of Waterloo.

An offer of \$5,000 for the best picture painted by an American artist, has been made by William L. Elkins, to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. The conditions and details of the award are being arranged by a committee appointed for the purpose.

"Gyp," the writer of sensational novels, is Mme. de Martie. She is 44 years old, was born in Brittany, and is a great-niece of Mirabeau. She married at 19, and her eldest child, a boy, is 20 years of age. She lives quietly at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris, famous for its annual fete.

Queen Ranavalona, of Madagascar, absolute and dusky ruler of 3,500,000 persons, takes her sovereignty very thoroughly, but very lazily. She has no children and spends her time wearing Paris gowns, munching betel, a Madagascar comfit, gossiping with the ladies of her court and playing cards. She is a handsome woman, with an intelligent face that indicates much more wisdom than her rule displays.

Plans are asked from the architects throughout the world for building a museum of Egyptian antiquities at Cairo. The cost of the building is limited to \$600,000, and the prizes offered for best five plans are \$3,000 for the first prize, and a like sum to be divided among the other four. Plans must reach Cairo by March 1 next. Details may be obtained by addressing Mr. Frederick C. Penfield, United States Consul, Cairo, Egypt.

It was the unanimous opinion of the Viking Committee in Chicago that of all men in America who have brought the Scandinavian race prominently before the American people, the leading one was Paul du Chailla. For that reason the committee, through John Anderson, its president, invited him to go to Chicago on October 9 (Chicago Day), and to make the speech presenting the Viking ship to the Field Museum. This is the same brother Paul, says *Harper's Weekly*, who fell heir the other day to a fortune bequeathed to him by an admiring friend. Wealth and honors seem to have a tendency to accumulate on him. It should be remembered that it is not by being a Norseman himself that he has brought the Scandinavian race before the public, but only by being the author of "The Land of the Midnight Sun."

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.,
18th August, 1894.

To whom it may concern—and that is nearly everybody.—This is to certify that I have used Coultts & Sons' "Acetocura" on myself, my family and hundreds of others during the past fifteen years for headache, toothache, rheumatism, sciatica, sprains, cuts, boils, abscesses, scarlet fever, chills and fever, and also with good success on myself (as I was able) in an attack of yellow fever. I can hardly mention all the ills I have known its almost magical power in curing, such as croup, diarrhoea, biliousness, and even those little but sore pests to many people—corns. The trouble is with patients, they are so fond of applying where the pain is—and not where directed, at the nerve affected. And the trouble with the druggists is that they also want to sell "Something just as good," which very often is worse than useless.

Wishing you every success in your new establishment, and that a more enlightened public may appreciate the blessings of your Acetocura, is the fervent wish of

Yours truly,

CAPT. W. M. SOMERVILLE.

Late of U. S. Engineer Service, and formerly of the Marine Department, Canada.

To Coultts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

According to the *Medical Press*, in Germany a man who loses both his hands in an accident can claim the whole of his life insurance money, if he be insured, on the ground that he has lost the means of maintaining himself. A loss of the right hand reduces the claim to from 80 to 70 per cent. of the total.

Parisians, who have been waiting fully twenty years for a railway through their city to relieve the street traffic appear at last on the point of obtaining it. The question is being seriously studied, and a scheme has been accepted as far as the technical part of it is concerned. It only remains to settle the financial part.

The official statistics of the number of suicides in Paris during 1893 has just been issued. The total number of self-murders was 953. Of the total, 231 drowned themselves, 113 used guns and revolvers, 98 of the shots being in the head; 71 stabbed themselves to death, 62 used poisons, 4 asphyxiated and 77 threw themselves from high buildings, monuments, etc. The remainder are put down in a businesslike manner as "unclassified."

REV. P. C. HEADLEY, 697 Huntington Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., April 2nd, 1894, writes:

"I have found the Acid treatment all it claims to be as a remedy for disease.

"While it does all that is stated in the descriptive and prescriptive pamphlet, I found it of great value for bracing effect, one part of the acid to ten of water applied with a flesh brush, and towels after it; also an excellent internal regulator with five or six drops in a tumbler of water. I should be unwilling to be without so reliable and safe a remedy.

"I wonder that no mention is made in the pamphlet of the sure cure the Acid is for corns (applied once or twice a day), so many are afflicted with them. It was death to mine."

To Coultts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

Reports of the ravages by great packs of gray wolves come from Eastern Montana. Stockmen report wolves more numerous and bold than any time in the history of Montana stock raising. Hundreds of head of grown stock have been killed, and the number of calves slaughtered is very large. In bands the gray wolves have been known to attack almost anything.

A Jap's opinion of the Manchester Ship Canal:—"The trip through the canal reminded me of travelling in the interior of Corea in summer days. It was not hot, but rather cold; still, the pretty strong smell emanating from the dead water of the canal was somewhat like the peculiar smell of the crowded mud huts of the Coreans. I think I will try no more again. The canal itself is, no doubt, a splendid work, but it looks rather gloomy."

Dr. Paul, of St. Cuthbert's, says a writer in *Longman's Magazine* used to tell how the first Italian music-master who came to Edinburgh, being a Roman Catholic, had no place to worship with his fellows, and used to wander about the streets on Sundays. One day he was passing the town church as service was drawing to a close. The Italian drew near and was startled. He said to the beadle: "What is that horrible noise?" The beadle, much scandalized, answered: "That's the people praising God." "Do the people think their God likes to hear that horrible noise?" "To be sure; of course He does." The sad foreigner rejoined, "Then their God must have no ear for music," and, sorrowfully shaking his head, he walked away.

As for Minard's and take no other.

Dr. Evan's Open Letter.

CAREFULLY INVESTIGATED BY THE CANADA FARMERS' SUN.

Miss Koester and Her Parents Endorse the Statements Contained in the Open Letter—The Doctor's Action in Making the Facts Public Fully Justified.

From The Farmers Sun.

In an open letter published in the Canada Farmer's Sun of Sept. 19, over the signature of Dr. Evans, of Elmwood, attention was called to the remarkable case of Miss Christina Koester, of North Brant, who was attended by the doctor in March, 1892, when suffering from inflammation of the left lung, which subsequently developed all the signs of consumption. In June of the same year she wasted to a skeleton, and was suffering from an intense cough with profuse expectoration of putrid matter, accompanied by hectic fever. Her recovery was despaired of until Dr. Evans, at a stage when other remedies had proved valueless, administered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Within a week the symptoms had abated, and a month after the change of medicine Miss Koester was able to drive to Elmwood, a distance of six miles, and was in good health, except for the weakness occasioned by so long an illness.

The publication of the doctor's statement, of which the above is a condensation, created considerable interest, especially when it was rumored that Dr. Evans was likely to be disciplined by the Medical Council for his action in certifying to the efficacy of an advertised remedy. A representative of The Canada Farmers' Sun was commissioned to carefully investigate the matter and ascertain how far the doctor's statements were corroborated by the patient's family.

An interview with Christina Koester, her father and mother, was held at the homestead in the Township of North Brant. Miss Koester is a well developed, healthy looking girl of eighteen years of age. She stated that she was now in the enjoyment of perfect health and able to do her part in the labours of the farm, and had not since her cure had any recurrence of her former trouble.

Tado Koester, father of Christina, said that the statement as published in Dr. Evans' open letter as to his daughter's recovery was correct. She was first taken sick about the 15th of March, 1892, of inflammation of the left lung, and after treatment by Dr. Evans seemed to recover after about two weeks, but again relapsed with the apparently hopeless conditions described in the letter. She was terribly wasted. Every night she coughed up a large bowlful of fetid matter. The family had completely given up all hopes of her recovery, and for two nights sat up with her expecting that she would die. After beginning the Pink Pills a change for the better was speedily noticeable. The cough began to discontinue and in one month had entirely ceased, when, as stated in the doctor's letter, she was sufficiently recovered to drive to Elmwood. She continued taking the pills until October. Christina had been quite well since and this fall had been pitching sheaves and helping in the harvest field.

Mrs. Koester concurred with her husband's statements throughout, and was emphatic in testifying to Christina's reduced and weakly condition at the crisis of the disease and the completeness of her recovery.

In view of the corroboration by Miss Koester and her parents of the statements made in Dr. Evan's letter, all doubts in the matter must be at rest, and the doctor's action in giving the facts of this remarkable case to the public is fully justified.

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"What are those holes for in the Gruyere cheese?" "Oh, they're to let the smell out."

"We are discovered!" exclaimed the hair-pin. "Impossible!" insisted the collar-button.

She: I know, Alfred, I have my faults. He: Oh, certainly. She (angrily): Indeed. Perhaps you'll tell me what they are!

The Chinese troops refuse to fight unless they are paid. Quite natural. In the land of *taels* the soldiers want to do a *cash* business.

The Samoans will whip the Germans because they are much more courageous. One of their chiefs recently married his mother-in-law.

It is more romantic and better for the digestion to sleep with wedding cake under the pillow than to try to sleep with it in the stomach.

The Greek bandit, Papakkyritzopuolo, was recently followed to his lair and shot. The posse was made up of the secretaries and stenographers who had to spell his name.

Mrs. Strongmind: If women would only stand shoulder to shoulder they would soon win the suffrage. Dr. Guffy: But, madam, that is something they can't do with the present styles in sleeves.

"It's very puzzling," said a worried looking woman to one of her neighbours. "What is that?" "I can't tell whether Willie is corrupting the parrot, or whether the parrot is corrupting Willie."

"How did you vote in the last election, Uncle Jim?" "I don't remember now, suh. Dey wuz two gentermens biddin' for me, en I ain't sho' ef de \$10 one waz Democrat, Publican, or des twixt en between."

Schreiber: Have you seen that little poem of mine that has been going the rounds of the papers lately? Treiber: I saw it when it first appeared. What papers have copied it? "Well, ah—the fact is, it was before it was published that it went the rounds."

"How do you pronounce this word, g-o-l-f, Mr. Hicks?" "I don't really know, Miss Wilkins. Some people call it Golf to rhyme with Dolph; some Guff to rhyme with stuff; and a Boston girl I know called it Goff in a little verse she wrote, to rhyme with laugh."

"Can you change this fifty-dollar bill?" asked a seedy individual of the teller in the bank. The teller took the bill and looked at it. "I think I can change it for you." Then he stamped the word "counterfeit" across it two or three times and handed it to the man. "How's that?" he asked; "isn't that pretty well changed?"

A restaurant keeper, noticing that two of his customers were evidently trying to eat their suppers in the shortest possible time, lest they should miss the boat, which was nearly ready to start, thought it would be very funny to frighten them. Accordingly he went into a back room and gave a remarkable imitation of the steamboat's whistle. The joke worked well. The men heard the sound and rushed for the boat, and the joker laughed loud and long, until it suddenly occurred to him that the men had gone off without paying their bills. Then he stopped laughing.

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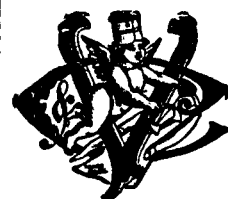
Chicago, Aug. 17, 1894.

Gentlemen: One day last month I called into the office of your agent, Mr. S. W. Hall, on other business, and received the gentleman's condolence upon my wretched appearance. As a matter of fact, I was a sick man—had been receiving treatment from two different physicians without the slightest benefit. I certainly was discouraged, but afraid to let go. I had not had a decent night's rest for most ten days, no appetite, no ambition, "achey" all over, but bowels were in good order—the fact is, neither the physicians nor I knew just what the trouble was. Mr. Hall spoke of Acetocura. I confess I would have paid little attention to it but for my precarious condition. He insisted on giving me half a bottle to try, and refused to accept any payment for it. I read the pamphlet and had my mother rub me that evening. Failing to produce the flush within 15 minutes, I became thoroughly frightened—the flesh along the spine seemed to be dead—but persisting in it produced the required result in just 45 minutes. That night was the first peaceful one in ten, and on the morrow my spine was covered with millions of small pustules. By night I felt a considerable improvement. Owing to soreness the application was omitted, but again made the third night. The following day showed a wonderful change in me. I felt like a new man. Since then I have chased rheumatic pains several times, with the greatest ease. From being sceptic, I cannot help but say, "Great is Acetocura." It is truly wonderful, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hall for his action.

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