

This Number Contains  
"The University of Toronto Makes a Mistake." and "Condition of Art in Canada."

VOL. XII. No. 8.

JANUARY 18th, 1895



# THE WEEK

A JOURNAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

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or, Notes of an Old Naturalist.

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, January 18th, 1895.

No. 8.

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## Current Topics.

The Behring Sea Damages.

It is pleasing to see the better class of journals in the United States taking honourable ground in regard to the obligation of the nation to pay the amount of damages agreed on between the respective Governments concerned in the Behring Sea matter. *The Outlook*, after stating the case very fairly, and pointing out that the agreement to pay a lump sum of \$425,000 in full settlement of all demands was proposed by their own Government, "after a thorough examination by both Governments," and that the award requires that the amount agreed on "shall be promptly paid," concludes as follows:

"As has been well said, 'In the eye of public law this claim is just as valid now as any part of the national debt, and a repudiation of it would be as bad as repudiation of a portion of the debt held by foreigners.' In other words, if there is a difference of opinion on this question in Congress, it will be a difference of opinion on the question whether we shall pay our debts or not; we refuse to believe that Congress will hold two opinions on that question."

Canadian Copyright.

The announcement is made in cable despatches that in spite of the strong pleas put in by the late Sir John Thompson, endorsed

by Mr. J. D. Edgar, a prominent member of the Opposition, the Canadian Copyright Bill of 1889 is not likely to receive the royal assent. This is much to be regretted on many accounts, but chiefly because it is sure to cause dangerous friction between the Mother Country and Canada. Our Parliament cannot reasonably be expected to recede from a position which it has deliberately and repeatedly taken, and it will certainly not do so. It would be better, however, in order to put an end to uncertainty, that Her Majesty should be advised to either assent to the bill at once or declare that she cannot see her way clear to do so. Very soon the Canadian parliament must, in self-respect, take some action to terminate a state of indecision what has now lasted nearly

six years. What can be done? If protests and arguments are of no avail in hastening a decision of some kind, parliament can and should re-enact the bill of 1889 without any purpose of awaiting Her Majesty's assent, and allow it to go into force unless the British Government take the responsibility of disallowing it within the two years provided for in the British North America Act. It is quite unlikely that the Act would be disallowed, and it could not under such circumstances be hung up as it now is. The present course is dangerous to the relations between the two countries; the course above suggested would have the merit of bringing the question to an issue, and it would probably secure a settlement of it favourable to the Canadian view.

Those Fire Engines.

The city is to be congratulated upon the fact that its citizens in general and the members of the Council in particular seem at last to be aroused to the necessity of taking immediate steps to equip the fire brigade for its arduous work. It is easy, of course, to be wise after the event, as it is convenient to have official scape-goats to bear the sins of short-sightedness and neglect, of which every intelligent citizen has been really in some measure guilty, for every such citizen knew, or should have known, that there was positively no means at the command of our brave and skilful firemen by which a stream of water could be thrown above the third story of any of our loftier buildings. This fact was demonstrated at the test made on Monday. Such a fact brands us all, as citizens in general, as weakly and culpably lax in permitting such a state of things to exist for a day, and brands the Council, whose special business it is to think about such things, in a very special manner, as guilty of unpardonable neglect of duty. We have reason to blush that we, as citizens, should have had to be cudgelled into motion by two disastrous fires, on the one hand, and the threatened action of insurance companies, on the other, before we were ready to use our cudgels in turn upon our delinquent Councillors. The repeated urging of the matter upon the attention of Council and citizens by the Chief of the fire department, takes away all excuse from all concerned. Let all hasten to bring forth fruits meet for the deep repentance all must feel.

Newspaper Ethics.

Commenting on some remarks on the above subject in a recent number of this journal, the *Montreal Herald*, after pointing out the indefiniteness of those remarks, proceeds to lay down "the fact" in reference to the matter. As to the indefiniteness, when the reader bears in mind that our express object was to induce journalists generally, and the members of the Press Association in particular, to consider the question and do something, if possible, towards setting up an ethical standard for conscientious journalists, he can judge whether it was for us to attempt to formulate the code required in advance of the discussion we invited. If we succeeded in suggesting several matters in regard to which more definite ethical principles were desirable, we did not wholly fail in the modest purpose we had in view. Meanwhile, as the *Herald* has kindly undertaken to do the thing which we did not feel called upon to attempt, we cannot, perhaps, better further our object

than by quoting, for the information of any of our readers who may not have seen that paper, the words in which it settles and dismisses the question :

The fact is that a newspaper is a class unto itself, and that any attempt, either from within the profession or from without, to regulate its conduct, is condemned from the beginning to failure. The only conceivable bounds that could be set to its field of publication would be the tastes and requirements of its readers and the well defined limitations of the Statute book. And from that Statute Book to Holy Writ, every publication that has had for its object the lasting betterment of the morals and fortunes of mankind sets the press an example, or rather confirms it in its right and duty to tell its readers everything that may have happened and transpired. No code of ethics could withdraw this right or absolve the press from this duty. As to the manner in which it may do its work, it may be called to account, as has been suggested, by its readers, or by the law. But those are the only limitations which can be set to the observance of what is plainly its only right to existence :

Whether this paragraph is a model of the clearness and definiteness required we do not stay to ask. But we venture to commend to the attention of any who may still doubt whether there is not room for further discussion, the crucial question which seems to be suggested, viz. : Whether the newspaper is to be included in the category of those publications which have for their object "the lasting betterment of the morals and fortunes of mankind," or whether it is indeed so completely "a class by itself" that it is free from all obligation to consult anything but "the tastes and requirements of its readers and the well defined limitations of the statute book." If the statute book is infallible, or if the journalist is morally free from any responsibility for his influence in forming the tastes, etc., of his readers, then, of course, no ethical standard is needed, and there is nothing left for discussion.

#### Women in Public Life.

English society is generally supposed to be more conservative and less democratic than American society, and yet there is some reason to suppose that the very reverse is the case. One evidence of this is the willingness of English voters to elect women to public positions. Under the English School Act of 1870 the election of school boards occurs every third year, and at every triennial election of the London School Board during the quarter of a century a considerable proportion of the members have been women. Since the establishment of the County Council System, within the past few years, women have been elected members of these bodies, and a recent cable despatch announces that the Marchioness of Londonderry and the Countess of Warwick have just been elected members of the still more recently established point councils. At the last general election Miss Helen Taylor, who had served for many years on the London School Board, was nominated by the workingmen as their candidate in Chelsea. Her candidature was declared to be illegal, but at the present rate of progress it may not require many years to open the door of the House of Commons to women. So much can hardly be said of either Canada or the United States.

#### The Anti-Lynching Agitation.

The Anti-Lynching Association formed in England, as a result of the visit of Miss Ida Wells, not only seems to be gaining ground in Great Britain, through the adhesion of influential members, but there is reason to hope that its influence is making itself increasingly felt in the United States. The fact is that, notwithstanding the strong tendency of a great many of the citizens of the great Republic to assume, in their pride of country, that "whatever is, is right," so far as it is concerned, there is in its citizenship a large number of thoughtful and

high-minded men and women who need only to have their attention seriously directed to a great national iniquity of this kind to be aroused to combat it. Such an arousing of attention is, it is believed, one result of the movement originated by Miss Wells in England. Some powerful journals are entering into the crusade with energy. One of the most widely circulated and influential of the New York weeklies announces its intention of informing itself as well as it can with regard to all alleged acts of lawlessness, and keeping its readers informed. As a first result of its inquiry it finds that the papers reported four cases of lynching within the week last preceding its announcement, in one of which seven negroes were lynched for the killing of one white man, while the real murderer escaped. According to Miss Ida Wells, who claims to have definite information as to name and date in every case, there was an average, in the Southern States alone, during the last year, of four lynchings a week. In only one-third of these was the offence of rape—the standing, though insufficient, excuse for these brutalities—even charged. Now that the light is being thus turned upon these deeds of primitive savagery, in one of the foremost Christian nations of the closing nineteenth century, we cannot but believe that the beginning of the end has come.

#### Anti-toxine for Diphtheria.

Not only the medical profession but the world of newspaperdom seems to be going out after the new treatment for diphtheria. So pronounced is public opinion, so apparently unanswerable are the published statistics, that no little courage is required to insinuate even a doubt as to the genuineness and permanence of the remedy, or, in other words, the truth of the supposed scientific principle which underlies it. Yet there are, no doubt, many who are still sceptics in spite of themselves. The causes of the scepticism are various. First, and by no means least, is the instinctive revulsion, or repulsion, which seizes one at the very idea of having introduced into the circulation a foreign matter derived by so unpleasing—to use no stronger word—a process from one of the lower animals. Then there is the recollection of the ephemeral fame and quick failure of other remedies of a somewhat similar kind, which have been heralded from time to time with a great flourish of trumpets, only to be found, on fuller trial, delusive and worthless. The *Empire*, the other day, reminded us of two of these, to wit: the Brown-Sequard Elixir and the Koch lymph for the cure of consumption. But the fact is that the whole history of medical science is full of somewhat similar records. It is, of course, true that the failure of nineteen famous remedies does not prove, by any means, that the twentieth may not be found genuinely successful. But it does justify a reasonable scepticism and is a fair warning against jumping to conclusions. Then, as to the statistics, we are informed that while in Paris only sixty-five deaths from the disease were recorded for October and November, in the smaller city of New York, in the same period, 374 persons died from diphtheria. Apart from reliable information as to the whole number of cases treated in the two cities, the general sanitary conditions, the comparative skill in regard to other treatment, etc., the figures prove nothing. On the other hand, medical authorities, for some of these are on the side of the unbelievers, tell us that the ratio of fatal cases to the whole number under treatment is not larger in London hospitals without the Anti-toxine treatment than in those of Paris with it.

#### The Remoter Effects.

"What is needed," as the *Empire* well says, "is something which will slay the microbe while it nestles in the sewer or waste-pipe, or when it takes a flight through the air." There

can be, we believe, no reasonable doubt that the much smaller percentage of fatal cases of diphtheria in London, as compared with many other cities, is directly due to the greater cleanliness and better treatment in other respects, in the former. This suggests the question whether, apart from any possibility of deterioration or contamination of the system of the patient as the after effect of the serum inoculation—a possibility which can be proved or disproved only by series of observations extending over a term of years—there may not be some danger lest reliance upon what we may, for want of a better word, call heroic measures of this kind, should tend to neglect of the precautions in respect to cleanliness and other sanitary conditions which have, beyond all question, wrought wonders in reducing both the prevalence and the virulence of infectious and epidemic diseases. There is still another consideration which will weigh heavily in the minds of many whose sentiments are by no means least worthy of consideration. This is the question of the effect upon the higher characteristics of the human race of the increasing tendency to resort to the use of specifics, the knowledge of which, even assuming their efficacy, is attained only at the cost of the infliction of untold agonies upon vast numbers of the lower animals, in the laboratories of the vivisectionists. If the cultivation of the sentiments of pity, mercy, and generous kindness towards the inferior animals tends directly to the refinement and elevation of the human character, must it not be equally true that familiarity, even in thought and imagination, with the opposite, must, in like manner, tend towards that want of sensibility which Cowper deemed sufficient to exclude its victim from his list of possible friends. It is easy, of course, to ridicule such sentiments as weak and womanish. But in respect to other characteristics, such as honour, courage, etc., we are accustomed to say that there are things of far greater value than the mere animal life. Why should not the sentiments in question, which have done so much for the elevation of Christian nations, be put in the same category!

The Crisis in France.

The French people have another ministerial crisis. This one differs from many of the previous ones in the fact that it involves a constitutional rather than a mere administrative issue. Some time ago the then Government of the Republic gave a guarantee of interest on two railway lines in consideration of the companies undertaking to provide facilities for the mobilization of troops in military emergencies. A doubt having arisen as to the terminability of this guarantee, the question was, by the Dupuy Ministry, referred to the highest court of law for a decision. The court upheld the contention of the railway companies that the guarantee is perpetual and denied the contention of the Ministry that it is terminable in 1914. This evoked a difference of opinion within the Ministry, the Premier taking the ground that the Legislature had no constitutional right to intervene in the case and the Minister of Public works favouring legislation to enforce the ministerial contention. The latter resigned his portfolio, and a majority of the Chamber of Deputies having pointedly declined to say that the judgment of the court should not be avoided by the Legislature the whole Ministry have followed his example. The chief interest that foreigners have in the event is to notice the fact that no matter how frequently these ministerial crises occur the tranquility of the country remains undisturbed, just as in Great Britain or in Canada. The democratic system of responsible government has worked well in France in spite of the practice of appointing a President. Perhaps the United States may yet take a lesson in this matter from the younger republic.

Germany and Colonization.

The German Emperor, with the restless energy which characterizes all his movements, has apparently determined to signalize his reign by making Germany a great colonizing and naval power. If he has really made up his mind to incur large annual expenditures for a few years to create a first class navy, it is quite likely that he will meet with strenuous opposition. The German people have for a third of a century submitted to very serious financial burdens to build up a great land army because that was the price to be paid for German unity. But it does not follow that they will be willing to make the same sacrifices to build up a great navy for aggressive purposes. The Germans are not a colonizing people, as the British are. When they emigrate they prefer to go to a foreign country like the United States, with a high class civilization, and a settled Government. When that country ceases to attract them they may go to Australia, or South Africa, or the Congo State, or the Argentine Republic, or Brazil. They will not readily colonize an African State for themselves. It is not very surprising that there should be such a marked difference in the propensities of two branches of the same great Teutonic race. The Briton—whether Celt, Saxon, or Norman by descent—has many centuries of heredity impelling him to leave an insular home in search of adventure and a new abode; the Teuton has many centuries of heredity impelling him to pursue agriculture and to live in localities already settled. No Imperial "booming" can speedily reverse these conditions. The British are a great colonizing people, because every Briton is ready to go anywhere on his own account; the Germans are not a colonizing people, because no German cares to go anywhere except where he can live in a civilized community.

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The Death of Sir J. R. Seeley, K.C.M.G.

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

ONE by one England is losing her historical writers. Green died some time ago, Freeman quite recently, Froude only the other day, and this week brings news of Prof. Seeley's death. Owing to the narrower scope and slighter character of his historical work, some persons may refuse to name Prof. Seeley with such men as Freeman and Green. They have some justification in that Prof. Seeley, being very careful in the preparation of his historical work, allowed very little of it to be published. But those who have heard his carefully prepared lectures will be jealous for their Master's fame as a historian. They remember the illumination which fell upon every historical problem which he touched, and look forward to the time when those unpublished lectures shall be given to the world. His "Life and Times of Stein," however, certainly entitles him to be classed as a historian. This history of "Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age" is said to be superior to anything of the same kind in Germany.

Moreover Prof. Seeley did not confine himself to history. He entered the lists of theological controversy. No public avowal of the authorship of "Ecce Homo" and "Natural Religion" has ever, we believe, been made. But it is an open secret that Prof. Seeley was their author. "Ecce Homo" was published in 1865. This study of the life and work of Christ provoked a storm of controversy. The title of one answer to it, "Ecce Deus," explains the cause of the outcry. Canon Liddon, while allowing the genius and enthusiasm and—as far as it went—the truth of the book, criticised it in his famous Bampton Lectures. Mr. Gladstone defended the book on the ground that it was true in its posi-

tive statements and that it was hardly fair to condemn it as heretical because it fell short of a complete portraiture of the Christ.

The author of the "Expansion of England" has earned the gratitude of all friends of the Anglo-Saxon race. Competent authority pronounces this work to be the key to a true understanding of European history during the eighteenth century. And its author may deservedly be called the father of the idea of Imperial Federation. At the end of his lectures on the "Expansion of England," Prof. Seeley thus sums up his view of the relation existing between England and her Colonies:—

"I hope that our long course of meditation upon the expansion of England may have led you to feel that there is something fantastic in all those notions of abandoning the Colonies or abandoning India, which are so freely broached amongst us. Have we really so much power over the march of events as we suppose? Can we cancel the growth of centuries for a whim, or because, when we throw a hasty glance at it, it does not suit our fancies? The lapse of time and the force of life 'which working strongly binds,' limit our freedom more than we know, and even when we are not conscious of it at all. It is true that we in England have never accustomed our imaginations to the thought of Greater Britain. Our politicians, our historians still think of England not of Greater Britain as their country; they still think only that England *has* Colonies, and they allow themselves to talk as if she could easily whistle them off, and become again with perfect comfort to herself the old solitary Island of Queen Elizabeth's time, 'in a great pool a swan's nest.' But the fancy is but a chimera produced by inattention, one of those monsters, for such monsters they are, which are created not by imagination but by the want of imagination!"

In addition to works already mentioned, Prof. Seeley is the author of "Lectures and Essays" and "A Sketch of Napoleon" which first appeared in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. This short study is a good example of Prof. Seeley's power of weighing evidence. It is an admirable summary of Napoleon's strong and weak points, and seems to show that where Napoleon was the child of his age he succeeded, where he was *himself* he failed. Prof. Seeley also wrote some papers on Goethe which were originally published in the *Contemporary Review*. These short, pithy essays give a very clear account of Goethe's development. Comparing Goethe's work with Shakespeare's, Prof. Seeley maintains that only a very small part of it is at all worthy to be compared with Shakespeare's average work. Goethe's best work being "Faust," part I., and one or two other pieces, which were all done during his short "classical period." We cannot recommend any better introduction to the study of Goethe than these appreciative studies.

One of Lord Rosebery's first acts was to bestow upon Prof. Seeley the order of K.C.M.G. No doubt this signified the appreciation with which, as Foreign Secretary, Lord Rosebery had viewed the author of "Expansion of England." In Professor Seeley England has lost a strong Unionist, the Colonies a friend, and the world of letters a brilliant historical writer. Cambridge is not so rich as Oxford in men who can fill the Regius Professorship of History. But we hope that she will not have to go again to Oxford, as was the case when the present Bishop of Peterborough was called to a chair at Cambridge. It is impossible with any certainty to forecast the appointment to the vacant chair, Mr. Oscar Browning is not likely to succeed, Mr. J. B. Mullinger might, but Mr. G. W. Prothers is the most probable appointment. Whoever it may be, we only hope that he may have something of those gifts of sympathy in understanding the past disinterestedness in weighing evidence and skill in

the use of the English language which have made Prof. Seeley so popular whether as a writer on literary, theological or historical subjects.

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### The University of Toronto Makes a Mistake.

AMONG the recollections of our college days few incidents stand out to view more prominently, after more than a quarter of a century, than one which had in some respects the character of a struggle between a large majority of the students and the university authorities. The students had organized and were giving at their own expense, to all who chose to attend, a series of lectures on various subjects of public interest, by the ablest lecturers whose services they were able to command. They had been, up to a certain point, aided in this somewhat disinterested work by being permitted to use the College Hall for the purpose, free of charge. The occasion of the trouble was the choice as lecturer for a certain evening of one of the ablest and most eloquent statesmen whom Canada has ever produced. Unfortunately, however his politics, and probably his personality, were at that time particularly obnoxious to the ruling powers of the university. Imagine the astonishment and chagrin of the students on receiving formal notification from said authorities that the use of the Hall could not be granted for the proposed lecture. This, too, though the subject announced for the lecture was of a purely literary character. The indignant students rose to the occasion. Though there was not another hall suitable for the purpose to be had in the locality, they were resolved not to be thwarted in the exercise of what they considered to be their rights as free citizens *in esse* or *in futuro*. They accordingly proceeded to rent for the evening, at an expense which was for them appalling, one flat of a large furniture factory, the proprietor agreeing to remove his furniture for the evening, and the students concerned turning out in a body during recreation hours, procuring lumber, and extemporizing seats for a much larger audience than even the College Hall could have accommodated. The result was that the facts became noised abroad, public sympathy was in a large measure with the students, and on the appointed evening their orator was greeted with a very large and enthusiastic audience, who cheerfully paid an admission fee sufficient to lift the burden of the expense off the weak shoulders which had assumed it. Not a few of those students are now staid professors in colleges. One at least is at the head of a university, one is on the bench, a number occupy prominent positions at the bar and in the medical and other professions; but if any of them has ever seen cause to think himself wrong in that assertion of mental independence we have yet to learn the fact.

We beg our readers' pardon for the introduction of a personal reminiscence. The occurrence has been brought prominently to mind by a recent incident in connection with the Provincial University. We refer, of course, to the action of the authorities of the University of Toronto in refusing to permit the Political Science Association to listen to addresses on subjects intimately related to the objects of the Association, from Mr. Alfred Jury and Mr. Phillips Thompson. The position of the University as a State institution gives the press the right to criticize its action. We confess that we find it difficult to credit the alleged fact, as stated in the newspapers. We should have thought it a commendable and student-like feeling, and one to be encouraged rather than deprecated by the Faculty, which would prompt the members of the Association to wish to study the views in question, however unorthodox, as they presented themselves to men of sound common sense and acute intellects, who, without the

learning of the schools, have discussed such questions and theories for years in close contact with the workingmen. Both the proposed speakers are, we believe, men of good character and more than average ability. They are said to be, moreover, well informed in regard to the views they respectively advocate. That those views, however unorthodox and impracticable, are not disreputable or dangerous may be assumed in view of the fact that similar views are openly held and advocated by members of the British Parliament and others occupying influential positions in the Mother Country.

If such a prohibition was actually made by the Chancellor of the University and his associates, we should really like very much to know, and we are not sure that the public have not a right to know, on what grounds their decision was based. It cannot, we think, be maintained for a moment that it is in accordance with the scientific and truth-loving spirit which is supposed to be the presiding genius of the modern university, that certain theories of political economy should be put under the ban academic, and students forbidden to examine them or listen to their exponents. It cannot be that our universities wish to enclose the young men under their care within a sacred circle, and to warn off the crowd of vulgar thinkers, as unfit to be heard, because they have never been initiated into the mysteries of university life. It cannot be that those learned and logical professors are afraid to trust the students trained under their own hands to detect the shallow fallacies of the advocates of heterodox theories, who make no pretence to collegiate training. It cannot be that those whose first duty it is, according to all modern views of the work and sphere of the educator, to develop the power and cultivate the habit of thorough investigation and independent thinking, have undertaken, amidst the superabundance of conflicting doctrines which are propounded by the students of political science in these days, to pronounce *ex cathedra* in favour of one and forbid, so far as it may be in their power, the study of others, lest the taint of heterodoxy may be contracted by the mere contact with inferior minds.

As a matter of policy, though we are far from being willing to suspect our university authorities of acting on mere time-serving principles, it is at least questionable whether it is well, in view of the relations of the Provincial University to the whole people, to create or increase prejudice in the minds of an influential class of citizens, by putting what can hardly be considered as other than a slight, not to say an insult, upon those whom they are pretty sure to regard as representatives of their class. Men who labour with their hands have now come to be influential citizens, wielding, on equal terms with the members of the learned professions, the power of the ballot. It is hardly too much to say that no institution which incurs their active opposition can be long sustained at the public expense. If the wild theories of labour leaders are considered dangerous to society or the State, it is time that Canadians should have learned from the example of the Mother Country that the surest way to minimize the danger is to keep open the safety valve of free speech.

The subject of political science is one of those which to-day demand the intensest attention and the widest and most profound investigation, on the part of every man who desires to be able to think straight and to act wisely for the well-being of society and of the nation. To this end it is surely most desirable that the coming educated citizen should be trained to view the subject from every side and in every relation, as becomes broad-minded inquirers.

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Vivacity in youth is often mistaken for genius, and solidity for dullness.—*Anon.*

## The Successor of the Bucket Shop.

THE talk of the week in Wall Street, says The Argonaut, has been the attempt to break up the "blind-pool" business. Blind pools were the legitimate successors of bucket-shops; both traded on public credulity and on the appetite of mankind for gambling gains. One concern, the Fisher Company, put forth millions of copies of the following statement:

"The Mecca of the modern financial pilgrim is Wall Street. There millions are made and millions are lost, and, contrary to the general idea, more millions are made than are lost; for, as Commodore Vanderbilt once said, "This is a bull country," and the constant increase in the value of securities is constantly adding to the value of the holdings of investors and speculators alike. The foundations of the immense growth of modern American fortunes have been made at this source. We claim that no other investment can pay as well, and, judging from the past, we have no hesitancy in predicting that not less than 15 to 20 per cent. per month can be realized from an investment in our combinations. Remember that whenever a dollar is lost on Wall Street that some one has made a profit of that dollar."

Gudgeons hastened to forward to Fisher & Co. sums of money proportioned to their means; some sending as much as several hundred dollars, while a contribution of five dollars was not disdained. One blind-pool firm received as much as seven thousand one hundred and eighty dollars from one small town in a single week. Women were oftener caught than men widows with families, teachers, maiden ladies with small incomes, milliners anxious to dress better, shop-girls, and even servant-girls. All contributors got receipts for the money they sent, but, when they asked for their profits, they got an account which showed that the particular pool in which, with the best intentions, their money had been invested, had met with losses which had swallowed up their margins. Three or four of these blind-pool houses have flourished in or about Wall Street, and some of them occupied grand offices, furnished in princely style; they must have made a great deal of money. They had no city customers. The New Yorker knows too much to be caught at so transparent a game. But in the small towns of the interior, cupidity is still allied to ignorance, and the blind-pool men secured a  *clientele*  which was numbered by thousands. Some of the victims protested at last, and put their complaints into the hands of the police.

Blind pools originated in the times of wild speculation which followed the war, and sprang from the inability of Wall Street men to trust each other. Many of the first pools in which leading speculators took part failed through the treachery of members who sold secretly when their associates were buying. To defeat this, blind pools were invented: the management of the pool was intrusted to one man, and his operations were kept a secret from the partners whose money he was gambling with. The idea was a success. It not infrequently happened that the manager of a pool "dropped on to" outside operations by members of the pool, which were calculated to defeat its objects; he was free to "copper" their money, and to try to break them with the help of their own money. No one ever knew whether he was long or short of the stock in which the pool had been organized, nor had any one warning of the day when the pool was wound up. The pool was like the campaign of a general who keeps his designs a secret from his officers and his staff. And such campaigns, as every one knows, are more apt to be successful than those in which the corps and division commanders are in the secrets of the general commanding.

These were very different affairs from the blind pools of to-day. These last are mere contrivances for wheedling ignorant and greedy simpletons out of their money. They are offshoots from the old time tricks, of which the pocket-book game was a type. A country bumpkin, wanting to buy a coat, was shown a second-hand coat in the pocket of which he felt a wallet; he bought the coat at a price in excess of its worth, because he fancied the forgotten wallet contained money. He was the victim of his knavish greed. So to-day rustics of interior towns in Pennsylvania and Ohio remit money to blind-pool firms in New York, because they fancy they are going to make money by gambling. They belong to the class which is so easily victimized by thimble-riggers. They are possessed with a wild delusion that they can play games with wily, and experienced New Yorkers and take their

money. Their fate is a forced conclusion, and, really, they deserve little commiseration.

No one falls a victim to the birds of prey which infest large cities except those who want to overreach some one else. It is in trying to despoil the New Yorker that the cunning rustic is taken in by the bunco-steerer.

The revelations of the green-goods business before the Lexow Committee were full of instruction, pointing in the same direction. By paying a round monthly sum to the police, the makers of counterfeit money were allowed to carry on their trade. They did not appear to have a single city customer. Their correspondents were small storekeepers in country towns, largely Jews, and foreigners who keep corner groceries. These people professed a willingness to buy counterfeit greenbacks at ten cents on the dollar, and to set them in circulation in sections of the country where experts were rare. But the bulk of the profits of the greengoods men were derived, not from the sale of counterfeit money but from the sale of packages purporting to contain counterfeit money, but which contained no money at all, but merely brown paper. The rustic was caught in his own trap—in trying to swindle his customers, he was swindled himself, and he was without remedy.

It is possible that a case of swindling may be made out against the blind-pool men; but when the case gets into court and Howe & Hummel proceed to deal with the prosecuting witness on cross-examination, he may wish that he had charged off his experience to profit and loss and said no more about it.

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### The Song of the Lumbermen.

Shanty-men, shanty-men, quick and true of eye,  
Up go your strong arms, swinging axes high,  
Down come each sharp edge, making big chips fly :  
    Soon the tall pine tree will quiver.  
There it shakes, see it lean, hit it one last blow,  
Lightly now spring aside, "Look out there below!"  
Thundering to earth it falls, flinging up the snow.  
    'Way up the Gatineau River.

Lumbermen, lumbermen, at it with a rush,  
Frim your top right ship-shape, lop off all the brush,  
Not a bit of beaver work, limbs and ends all flush,  
    Never a knot or a sliver.  
Come along, ye teamsters, grip it with your chain,  
Chirrup up your horses till they feel the strain,  
They've hauled logs as big before, and can do it again,  
    Down to the Gatineau River.

Spring has come, woods once dumb now are full of song,  
Birds are here, flowers appear, winter has been long,  
But his reign is over, and the saw-logs ice-bound throng  
    The hot sun shines down to deliver.  
Solid ice, in a trice, cracks and breaks away :  
Down it goes, in big floes, making rough horse-play  
With the sticks of timber that all winter harmless lay  
    Out on the Gatineau River.

Up! Up! now, ye drivers, with your long pike-poles,  
Mount your wooden horses, balance on the holes,  
Quick, out with your spiked heel ere the mad thing rolls  
    You off in the current to shiver.  
Then, gather them, ye raftsmen, within the circling boom,  
Pack them up, jam them close, till there's no more room,  
Till your raft's all snug and taut, and only wants a broom  
    To sweep down the Gatineau River.

J. CAWDORE BELL.

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### The Other View of "Trilby."

FOR the success of "Trilby" there are, no doubt, reasons; if one shuts one's eyes to the other side of the account one might almost imagine some slight justification. In the general conception there is a certain freshness which comes as a relief amidst the hackneyed monotony of the "novels of the season." Mr. Du Maurier was fortunate in finding a field which, if not absolutely virgin soil, was at least comparatively new to most of his readers. Throughout the book, too, there is a general air of comradeship, especially when we are in the company of the three artist heroes, which is in itself very attractive. Lastly—and this is, perhaps, the most important point in accounting for its popularity—it teaches an obvious lesson of charity and tolerance, and our reading public, in spite of all protests, dearly loves a moral. There are doubtless, in addition, occasional merits in detail, amusing incidents like Little Billee's first day at the

*atelier*, ingenious ideas like that of the relation between Trilby and Svengali, conceptions, more or less satisfactorily worked out, of striking situations like that which closes the heroine's career as a singer. But when this has been said, the points, at once valid and important, which can be made in favour of the book, have been well-nigh exhausted.

Devoted admirers will, of course, claim much more; and it is these further claims that duty compels us to combat. Thus, much credit is claimed on the author's behalf for the creation of the heroine herself. But does he not ask us to take her charm too much on trust? The essence of "Trilbyism," we are led to understand, consisted in a certain power of being "funny without vulgarity," but it is to be noted that with the exception of the introductory "milk below" joke, the novelist forgets to give us any example of her fascinating humour. One trait, that of a beautiful unselfishness, is, indeed, brought out in the action; but, without further proof, one remains unconvinced with regard to the characteristic charm that is evidently intended to be the prominent feature of the work. Nor do Mr. Du Maurier's illustrations, so helpful in conceiving the three men, aid us with regard to the woman. In the drawings of Trilby we persistently recognize the English countess, so familiar in the pages of "Punch"; but of the half-Scotch, half-Irish grisetite of the Latin Quarter there is hardly a trace.

Throughout, the character drawing is done from the outside. We are never shown the workings of passion and motive inside the characters, and the only attempt at analysis is so bad that we are thankful that no more was tried. For fifteen pages does the author make his hero talk to a dog a farrago of shallow sentiment, shallower philosophy, shallowest casuistry, with no interruption save the occasional unwelcome intrusion of the writer's own personality. One is loath to introduce into criticism at all adverse any question of personality, but Mr. Du Maurier leaves us no choice. He has shown himself no respecter of the personality of others, and even if we did not wish to follow his example in this, "the present scribe," as he loves to call himself, is so thrust forward, in the novel that no consideration of the chief persons is complete if he is omitted. In a recent article by Mr. S. R. Crockett, the following passage occurs: "Some authors (perhaps the greatest) severely sit with the more ancient gods and serenely keep themselves out of their books. Most of these authors are dead now. Others put their personalities in, indeed; but would do much better to keep them out. Their futilities and pomposities, pose as they may, are no more interesting than those of the chairman of a prosperous limited company. But there are a chosen few who cannot light a cigarette or part their hair in a new place without being interesting." The trouble with Mr. Du Maurier is that he imagines himself of the third class, while really belonging to the second. That he does place himself among the "chosen few," is proved by his so frequent and unnecessary references to his own opinions and experiences and position in society. That he really belongs to the second class is surely clear enough. Who but a prig would make his heroes discuss "the immortality of the soul, let us say, or the exact meaning of the word 'gentleman,' or the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray"? What man of taste would introduce himself into a gathering of all the notables of London "from the Prime Minister down to the present scribe," taking pains to imply that he was quite at home in such a circle? Truly, he has need to explain, "The present writer is no snob." The silly parade of his linguistic acquirements, the self-consciousness, the constant posing and making of sententious remarks, the elaborate digressions on the chastity of the nude and on his own aspirations, so rudely crushed by fate, to have "never penned a line which a pure-minded young British mother might not read aloud to her little blue-eyed babe as it lies sucking its little bottle in its little bassinette"—these things, far more than faults in character drawing or mistakes in construction, rouse one's indignation when one hears the name of one of the masters of fiction coupled with that of such an amateur.

For, after all, it is because he is only an amateur that his work must be condemned and forgotten in no very distant future. No one but an amateur in fiction would have supposed that an artistic picture of any society could be made, or even supplemented, by the sketching, in two paragraphs each, of half-a-dozen characters, who, like the young Greek, the American oculist, and the rest, have no place in the action of the piece. One might as well hope to improve one



of Mr. Du Maurier's own black-and-white drawings of London society by introducing in one corner a group of midget photographs of typical society men.

But the topic is disagreeable, and enough has been said. For the sake of the freshness, the spirit of good-fellowship, and the kindness of the book, one might have forgiven the meagre character drawing and the improbable and loosely constructed plot, if only the tiresome "present scribe" had kept himself out of sight. That, however, he could not or would not do. And then, they have compared him to Thackeray!

W. ALLAN NEILSON.

Upper Canada College.

### Condition of Art in Canada.

SOME discussion has lately taken place with reference to the condition of Art in this country, and the work and business methods of Toronto artists have naturally been alluded to as having an important bearing on the subject. It is not our intention to deal harshly with the work of members of the local Art world, but it must be readily admitted that the criticisms which have appeared are more or less justified by the facts. Art, like genius, it has often been said, knows no age and no country. A great painter may at any moment in the future, and under the most unfavourable surroundings, claim pre-eminence and demand the world's admiration, and there is no valid reason why Canada should not be able to boast of him as her son. The birthplace of a great man is a matter of the merest accident. We are not, however, dealing with the unusual, but with the average condition of things, which, so far as one can judge, will prevent many of our local artists from being ranked high in the records of their profession. The atmosphere of Art in this country, more especially in Toronto, is not healthy. The methods adopted by Canadian artists, as a rule, are not conducive to any marked advancement in the state and quality of their work. Taking a considerate and unprejudiced view of the matter, it cannot be said that there is an immediate prospect of general improvement, and, leaving two or three of our painters out of the question, the consensus of opinion that Art in our midst is deteriorating is not altogether unfounded.

The cause of this unfortunate stagnation in one of the highest professions is not far to seek. Our artists produce too much to make good work, and their pictures are too often the result of that purely mechanical effort which robs a painting of all its power and feeling. They seem to have fallen into the common error that a transcript of Nature is a work of art. To some extent this idea may be correct, but, judged on the same lines, a photograph is equally a picture and so is a chromo. To sit on the bank of a stream and literally transcribe on canvas the surrounding view of land and trees and water is no more a work of art than a tailor's advertisement in a daily newspaper. A picture, to be named as such from the true artist's view, must have soul, feeling and ideality. It must suggest something more than a mere portrayal of surrounding objects. A panoramic view of hill and dale may be absolutely correct in its topographical features but it conveys no idea to the senses, no lesson to the intelligent mind. The mere addition of color will not make it what it is not. The mechanical impression taken by a photographer of a child with her dolls and other incidents of baby land conveys no meaning or association beyond the mere conception of form. But the little, toddling babe painted by Neuhuys, for instance, speaks at once to us of the sunshine and merriment and prattle of childhood, and we conjure up in our mind's vision the hundred like winning ways and loveable fancies and freaks of the fairy land of youth. We go back to the old-time memories, to the early days when our own little ones climbed on our knees and played mad pranks with our dignity, and we forget for the time being the sorrows and burdens of increasing years as we contemplate the poetry of the painter's brush in, perhaps, some simple, unobtrusive subject before us. Or it may be a landscape by some magic hand, and there rises before our eyes, the vision of babyhood's hours, when we chased the butterflies across sunlit meadows or rested ourselves beneath the welcome shade of some quiet wooded nook, and listened, half dreamily, to the buzzing of myriads of insects or the song of birds which then appeared to us almost in the light of playfellows and comrades. These things are the idealities, the poems of Art, and he who approaches nearest to their realization comes most

closely to the highest perfection of true Art. Too many Canadian artists paint subjects, not ideas, or thoughts, or passions. They do not seem to realize that there is the same distinction between the two classes of the handiwork in their profession as there is between prose and poetry. A Burns and a Shelley sang from the depths of their passion. They appeal to all classes and all times because they touched the common chord of humanity. And so with great painters. Whether it is a matter of color or a question of feeling, their subjects live on canvas because they have delved deeper than their fellows into the heart of Nature, and have struck some sentiment common alike to the passions and ideals of refinement and the barbarous instincts of the savage. Whilst our artists remain content to give chromatic renderings of what they see and not the representation of what they should feel, just so long will our auction-rooms and studios be filled with stuff which is really not equal in merit to the cheap cromos of the dealers.

It is absolutely impossible to do more than paint colored maps or photographs when an artist undertakes to grind out fifty or sixty pictures in the course of a year. Some men of great merit have been so full of resource, and so remarkably facile, as to produce, in the course of a lifetime, an immense number of excellent pictures. Great orators, too, have made many brilliant and exhaustive speeches, but this does not warrant the ordinary speaker to keep up an eternal spouting. The average great painter is he who paints thoughtfully and with a well-defined objective point in view, and whose most trivial sketches show a seeking after power to produce what appeals to one's sense of beauty and fitness. Gradually such a man rises in his calling, and, by and by, the critics and the public see and appreciate the wonderful merit of his work, which is largely the result, not of sudden inspiration or speedily developed genius, but of years of careful study and thoughtful toil. Can this be said of the average Toronto artist? Year after year, he produces a large quantity of work. It has not taken him long to arrive at his destination. One year's work then becomes as good as that of another; one picture of equal merit with its predecessor or follower. He has fallen into a groove. He finds no difficulty in producing pictures by the score. In a short time he degenerates into a mere manufacturer of paintings. The auction room is resorted to in the most regular manner, and after a year or two he considers himself lucky if he realizes enough to pay the auctioneer's fees and expenses, and a trifle over the cost of the frames. People cease to buy, and he rails at the public. He forgets that by his desertion of the true mode of worship at the shrine of his goddess, he has brought about this unfortunate state of affairs upon himself. His art feeling has degenerated to the level of that of the ordinary house painter; he has become a mere rhymester in the poetic walks of art. The soul of the poet has left him and taken away with it whatever of inspiration he may have originally possessed. He may, to a certain extent, be pretty or decorative in his style and subject, but feeling and its consequent power have gone out of his brush, and his works are merely blank tombstones which, like his marbles over the departed, convey no idea of the life and love and passion which lies deeply buried and unfelt beneath the meaningless monuments above them.

### The First Meeting Between George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson.

SOMETIME in the seventies Robert Louis Stevenson came with his mother and took up his abode for a summer at the romantic little inn at the foot of Box Hill known as the Burford Arms. At that time we were living about ten minutes walk from the little hostel, and among our most honoured and best beloved friends was the sage of Box Hill, George Meredith. A publisher friend wrote to us from London and begged my mother to make the acquaintance of Mr. Louis Stevenson, requesting her if possible to invite him to meet George Meredith. Thus it came to pass that Robert Louis Stevenson, then entirely unknown to fame, would occasionally drop into our garden and sit at the feet of the philosopher and listen with rapt attention and appreciative smiles to his conversation.

I well remember the eager listening face of the student Stevenson, and remember his frank avowal that from hence-



its walls still stand and are still inhabited, it was to be next superseded as a national city by "Fostat" —"fostat" the tent of the Arab general, where during the city's siege the bird built its nest and was left unmolested. Fostat, down there by the river's bank, and opposite the green island of Rhoda with its Nilometer. Then came New Cairo, with its proud title of Masr-el-Kahvia — the victorious city of the planet Mars — which was crossing its meridian on the day of its foundation.

Four or five centuries of mediæval strife and bloodshed under its wild Arab rulers rolled over it, when the power of the West appeared, and Napoleon fought the battle of the Pyramids.

But with the beginning of the nineteenth century, that clever, old, fighting Mohammed Ali laid his strong hand upon Egypt, a hand not free from blood, and yet one able to arouse his country.

And since then, if she has not awakened, she has stirred uneasily in her sleep, has seen the Nile once more the highway of armies, and is learning what lessons? Time must show.

Meanwhile the sun is sinking redder towards the Lybian hills — the pyramids stand out blue and distinct against it. The Nile valley lies in a blue mist.

It is time that we left our panorama.

### The Latest News From Paris.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

VERY painful as has been the trial of Captain Dreyfus, it is a consolation to feel the suspense is over. Two points to be noted: the seven officers of the Court Martial were unanimous in their judgment; and next, the pity that the trial took place with closed doors — the contrary would have made a more profound impression, while crushing in the egg a million of surmises. The seven military judges acted without fear, favour, or affection; they kept their minds free from political considerations and professional bias; they did their duty, with the decision, bluntness and brevity of soldiers. The decision was divined, when the military prosecutor only took ten minutes to reply to prisoner's counsel. The latter's defence is whispered to have been wholly an *ad misericordiam* appeal. It is useless wasting adjectives to depict the heinousness of the condemned's crime: — opening the gates of the country to the enemy, involving a useless resistance, and so a gratuitous massacre of his countrymen, his comrades, of innocent people, of the wanton destruction of property, and all the chaos ensuing from political disorganization. But the motive for assuming that Satanic role remains still a mystery, since the miserable man was not inclined to those vices which too frequently wreck all that is noble and virtuous in human character. Nor was he a maniac; there was no doubt he was in full possession of his senses, from the terrible state of anguish and of shame, with all his stoicism his attitude expressed. Could it be the diabolic desire to plunge nations into war, and chuckle over the infamy that he alone had produced?

Considering the great cause they had to be enraged, the spectacle of one of their crack officers, promoted to relatively high rank for his age, and to a post of confidence from his assumed integrity, the French remain moderately calm. They only regret that the sentence does not allow of his being shot — had it been in war time, that summary disposal of the traitor would ere now have been accomplished. As it is, he will go to one of the Islands of the unblessed at New Caledonia, and, after a few years of probation, he will be allowed to have near him his wife and family — should they decide to share the *forçat's* purgatory, in a penitentiary free allotment. There is nothing to prevent him from committing suicide, and now, many hold, nothing would become his life like the quitting of it. If the usual procedure be adopted the condemned will, after the certain rejection of his appeal, be conducted before assembled detachments of the garrison of Paris, in the courtyard of the Luralides, where he will be "degraded," that is, the buttons cut off his tunic, the gold braiding of his rank removed from his head gear; his sword broken in pieces, and his commission warrant torn up. Then he will be handcuffed; the sentence of the court-martial will be read again; next he will be marched round the square and finally handed over to the civic gaolers who will convey him in the "Black Maria" for the railway penitentiary

waggon, *en route* to the island depot of Rhe, near Rochelle, till the transport be ready for the quarterly despatch of convicts. He will henceforth be only known by a number. Neither wife, children, nor relative will be allowed to see ere he departs. They are said to have decided to retire to Alsace. The condemned being a Jew, the anti-Semitic are improving the occasion to fan the populace hatred against that sect. But he is only a frail member of humanity, and the latter has no stratum inheriting a monopoly of the virtues. Since the days of the First Napoleon, when patriotic infidelities were not uncommon, France has had only two Bazaines — *le grand* and now *le petit*.

In a few days the Dreyfus interest will be relegated to the background, to the Bazaine Museum, but it not the less acts as a damper on the festive season. The time honoured Christmas Eve supper parties have been decidedly fewer. This may be due to the inability to incur expense, for money is anything but a profuse circulating medium. The midnight masses were well attended; when in sorrow, people fly to piety. It struck me the children do not look so happy in the presence of the Shanty Fair along the Boulevards. "Retrenchment" applied to pocket money is trying, and thousands of children were depending upon the sales of the toys and nursery marvels they had been making during the hot summer evenings to captivate the juvenile purchasers at Christmas-tide. The weather was fairly fine to allow of the little ones to take a mental survey of the contents of the booths. "Animated toys" are in decided request; all sorts of creeping things move by thread-work; magnetism is utilized to attract the most opposite contrasts together — as well as friends. A Russian and a Frenchman advance, each holding the national flag of the other's country in one hand, and the other is locked in a friendly grasp. The military toys are popular and the capturing of forts and the pointing of cannons must be pleasing to juvenile military engineers. There is a decline in flocks of sheep and packs of dogs, which are replaced by quacking ducks and catarrhal cockatoos. Odd, there are geographical toys and whole battalions of soldiers, but ships tars are at a discount. Now, France ought to rely on the awakening of the naval instinct. The girls are offered less sumptuous dolls, and the toilettes for the latter are generally sold in card boxes apart — arranged to suit purses. Chromo literature plays an important part in the Bohemian fair. Balloon travelling competes with flying fishes and tram cars are successful rivals with locomotives and waggons.

It is said that the reconciliation between the Princess Waldemar of Denmark and her husband was brought about by an appeal to their brother by the Empress Dowager of Russia and the Princess of Wales. The court of Denmark has nothing at all lively, and all these are old fashioned and the contrary of the natural tastes and tendencies of a lively French princess. Besides, when the Duc de Chartres gave his daughter to Prince Waldemar, he fully expected she would be born to good luck in such a fortunate family. But nothing is visible, still less is anything probable. The age for *rollelets* is dying out. The poor Princess, when writing from Denmark, alluded to the royal castle as "The Convent." It was only when the late Czar paid his annual visit to his mother-in-law that merry sunshine beamed on the "majesty of buried Denmark." The young royalists of France are very proud that the Duc d'Orleans has decided to cut English tailors and to patronize only those producing a certificate of French nationality. The best tailors in France are British subjects, and Paris secures the best of them. It must be comfortable to feel that one is marching in a pair of patriotic pantaloons, when living in golden exile. "Paris is worth a mass," observed Henri IV. when he recanted Calvinism; it is certainly worth the making of one's clothes in that city. The Duc ought to have also his linen made up exclusively here, as the popular belief is French *dudes* only patronize English laundry work.

People are glad that China has at last seen the wisdom of sending the most exalted representative of the Son of Heaven to Japan to sue for peace. Every day's delay adds a good million of franks to the ultimate bill. When the belligerents shall have made terms England and Russia will claim to edit the treaty.

The Armenians in Paris, a very thriving little colony of inoffensive residents, mostly engaged in the sale, purchase and exchange of diamonds and precious stones, hope that this time the Western powers will ultimately secure them any form of government that emancipates them from

Turkish rule. France will follow suit with England and Russia, though she is not actively interested in the affairs of Armenia. For the moment she watches, with keen sharpness, the very shaky condition of Italy, for if the latter collapses there is an end to the triple alliance. Indeed in the opinion of the best judges, that alliance is not rich in vitality. Also the situation of Germany is not so strong as it was, and if Kaiser William be isolated the political cards must again be recast. The extreme international politicians commence to perceive that it is useless trying to put spokes into the wheels of the Anglo-Russian coach. The union encounters no *incredulities*, and is ranked as a robust peace preservation act.

Curious operation of the whirligig of time. In 1891, when spy fever was raging—it is always latent—in France, a deputy, Camille Dreyfus, proposed that the code should be amended so as to punish with death every person communicating to a foreign power any documents connected with the defence of the country. It was referred to the standing committee which always stands still. Had the reform been voted the convicted officer, Dreyfus, would be shot instead of being transported for life. The Dreyfus, who introduced the reform, is himself now in prison awaiting his trial for blackmailing through the journal he edited and partly owns. It is not likely that, beyond the six persons implicated for extorting money in their capacity of newspaper writers and administrators, there will be any further arrests effected. The examples made are as salutary as they are timely. It is to be hoped those who bribed will also receive attention.

By right all the property of the convicted Captain Dreyfus becomes confiscated. But as he had only his pay to live upon, the "republic loses its rights." He received a handsome fortune with his wife, the daughter of a diamond merchant; but as usual it was settled upon herself. Her family has offered to pay the whole expenses of the trial. Had the condemned property been in his own right, the cost of his maintainance, as a convict for life, would be deducted, the balance on his death going to his heirs. The only "mercy" he could expect would be a reduction of the term from five to three years, as a *détenu* on the Duclas Island of New Caledonia where all the convicts have to graduate and be morally sifted.

M. de Reverdy, the philanthropist, leagued 3,000 frs. to be distributed every two years by the Municipal Council, among the laborious poor, who shall have brought up the most meritoriously the largest family of children. The chief prize was won this year by an engine driver, now living on his pension. He had 14 children, of whom 12 are living, and of this total 9 are now earning their own living, and the others are at school. The prize has this value; it makes known the number of parents who have really as many as families of 11 children. And another good step has been taken: the biographies of the competitors who have not won rewards will be published, and full information given as to their "living wage," and how it is expended to rear such a very exceptional number of olive branches.

The party in the Municipal Council that wish to have a real Lord Mayor for Paris, on a par with that of London, have received their annual snub from the Government, not to occupy themselves with the utopian, and to attend to practical matters. It is a very old quarrel. Z.

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### Glimpses at Things.

THE yearning for a confidant is pretty general—for some secretive soul to whom one can disclose his woes, his sins, his aspirations and his appreciation of himself; for some human being with whom he may securely doff the reserve and hypocrisy which supposed decency obliges him to wear but which encumber him like tight-fitting garments. The strength of this instinct is sometimes proved sensationally by a murderer's confessing his crime, not from repentance but from an instinctive desire to share the burden of his secret with a fellow-creature, and not keep it between himself and some impalpable and unseen but haunting Presence. From the same instinctive desire some people hysterically unveil the skeletons in their closets to the sympathetic awe of startled friends. Confidants are sought for by others from more frivolous motives, as, for example, from a desire to talk freely on the most attractive of subjects—on their own talents, charms and virtues—before an admiring audience of

one, and to be consoled with on their sadly unappreciative environment. But confidants of the right kind are hard to find. One's affinity, if one has managed to catch that generally elusive creature, makes a pleasing confidant but not necessarily a safe one, for sympathetic souls are not always secretive. Priests are more likely to be safe than sympathetic, and besides they are not at the service of every heretic. The solemnity of a clergyman's garb and manner might rather repel than attract a person having no penitence and no faith in absolution and desiring to confess merely for the pleasure or relief of the process. I wonder why it has not occurred to some one, inspired by benevolence to his neighbour and himself, to cater to this want of human nature, and to start business as a professional confidant. Perhaps we may yet see on the doors of offices some professional cards like this: *Close and Still; Sworn Confidants. No telephones or concealed phonographs in this establishment;* or like this: *Messrs. General and Mummy; General Confidants and Sympathetic Listeners. Terms 8s an hour. Advice and tears extra.* This field might be partly occupied by the ladies, for most people would prefer to make their confessions to women, if the latter could prove their ability to keep a secret.

It is a characteristic of old and middle age to be, as Horace noticed, "a praiser of the time gone by." So convinced am I of this that I had somewhat distrusted my own opinion that young people have more unwholesome license and less efficient control now than a generation ago; that a morbid disposition to treat children too much like adults has accompanied the equally morbid disposition of many modern legislators to treat adults like children; that children are consequently confronted with temptations before they are equipped for resisting them; and that the relative consideration and deference due to ripe and unripe age are in danger of being inverted. But there are evidences which justify my views. The chief of these is the sad increase of juvenile criminals. Another is the frequency of social entertainments restricted to the young. In my youth, it is true, there were juvenile parties, though not so many, or, generally, so elaborate as at present. But "At Homes" to which grown-up young people are bidden, while their mothers and fathers are ignored, were not in fashion then.

The last and perhaps the most significant proof of our false educational and social treatment of the young is the movement for reviving the curfew bell. Your Montreal correspondent, with whose comments on the forwardness and independence of the modern child I quite concur, observes— with correctness, I assume:—

"The curfew bell rang out its nightly peal in a dim and distant age principally as a signal to put out all lights that there should be less risk of fires; to-day it is heard in thirty towns and villages of this Dominion as a protection against the fires of immorality, ever burning and eager to scorch the innocents. \* \* Why should the liberty of the child be curtailed by public measures? \* \* Can it be said that the ringing of the curfew marks an advance in civilization? If parents give their children liberties which they themselves did not enjoy as children, what matters it to the curfew-bell? But the advocates of the curfew bell, level-headed men, see an evil arising out of this laxity on the part of parents, and, on the grounds of public policy, push their demands."

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

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### Letters to the Editor.

#### GOLDWIN SMITH AND ANNEXATION.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR, —In Mr. Goldwin Smith's eminently characteristic article on the Colonial Conference, published in the January *Contemporary Review*, he tries again to prove that many of us Canadians secretly, if not openly, desire the annexation of our country to the United States. How does he know that this desire exists? Mr. Goldwin Smith leads an entirely isolated life in Canada. He visits exceedingly few people and converses with still fewer. He has, in fact, no way of knowing whether Canadians do or do not desire annexation. The press of the Dominion is an unit in viewing political union with marked disfavour. The exceptions are too insignificant to need even remark. As for our public men, were one

of them seriously to advocate annexation the people would very soon put an end to his political life so far as this country is concerned. It is preposterous for Mr. Goldwin Smith to write on a subject about which he knows absolutely nothing, and equally preposterous to quote Max O'Rell's opinions when those opinions were formed after six days' experience of Canada. Besides, the Frenchman has explained—according to your review of his "John Bull & Co."—that all he meant by "one-fourth" of the people of Canada was that annexationists formed one of four parties who differed in their ideas and aspirations touching the future of the Dominion. I am informed that Max O'Rell told your reviewer that he would not venture to offer an opinion on annexation after so brief a visit as six days, and that the only annexationists of whom he had any knowledge were Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Wilfred Laurier. Even in this modified form the impression is inaccurate; the leader of the opposition is not an annexationist. I can assure Mr. Goldwin Smith that Canadians, though gifted with fair powers of imagination, can imagine no combinations of circumstances which will ever induce them to consent to annexation.

CANADIAN.

Jan. 15th, 1895.

MODERN MANNERS.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—If "Oldstyle" had been more precise as to when and where he has met the women whose manners he condemns so severely, the value of his statements might have been more easily determined. He professes to speak of women "in society," but that is a wide term, and if "society" newspapers are to be our guide, it comprises a good many people who are but imperfectly acquainted with the habits and manners of a good many others. "Oldstyle's" remarks savour much of the "good old times" notion which we know to have prevailed in ancient times as it has in modern; it is, in fact, a friend who is always with us. A comparison of the manners of society of three or four generations ago with those of our own day is illusory. The ceremonious bows, gestures, etc., which marked social intercourse, were but part of the man—or woman—of that period, for—if the evidence of fiction writers is to be believed, corroborated as it is by incidents which history has sometimes recorded, and by glimpses which students of family history not unfrequently come upon—our polished forefathers were often not merely cruel to inferiors but could be downright brutal in rudeness to equals. Mankind in one place or in one period is very much like mankind in another place or in another period. The Japanese, perhaps the most scrupulously polite people of modern times (at least until recent years), and proverbial for their pleasant manners, have displayed another character at the capture of Port Arthur, and mankind in other places is often very like the Japanese as shown in this affair. "Manners maketh man" sometimes but not always. I have seen ill-mannered people of both sexes in society many times and in different places, during a lifetime long past the meridian, and am quite prepared to give evidence that our wives and daughters of the present day are on the whole quite as well behaved as our mothers and grandmothers were. The woman of to-day is under less social restraint, but so far as I have observed she has not abused her freedom; indeed it appears to me to be the other way, the greater freedom has brought with it greater self-possession and a greater facility of intercourse with others of both sexes, with manners less artificial and therefore more genuine. I have met the woman whom "Oldstyle" describes; I met her in the fifties and in every decade since, and I have met her in different grades of society; she is not *the* woman of society, but merely an incident, an exception; her obtrusive manners make her to seem more numerous than she really is.

Courtesy does not consist merely in the use of set phrases and special attitudes. If, for the sake of argument, it be granted that the modern woman does not say "if you please" or "thank you" (the women of my acquaintance seem to use these and many similar formulae habitually), it may be well to remember that our unspoken "thank you" may be vastly nearer to true politeness than uttering the words.

Permit me to add a word of protest against the social distinction which your editorial on this subject makes between those who have recently entered society and those who have had the greater advantage of being born within the charmed circle. I have already brought forward the evi-

dence of my own experience, and would like to do so again so far as it bears upon this point. In Canada there are constantly new people finding their way upwards socially, and I have met many of such people whose manners compared favourably with those of a goodly number "to the manor born;" I have over and over again met "gentlemen" and "gentlewomen" among the parvenus, and utter cads and snobs, male and female among the well-born; and I have no doubt that is the experience of others besides myself, if they will be generous and honest enough to admit it. I do not mean to say that the parvenus are better than those who have been on the higher plane for a longer period, but I do assert that the objectionable people one meets are not by any means all of either one class or the other.

"Well-mannered in society, graceful, courteous, and altogether pleasant to contemplate," is the description you give to our grandmothers but deny to our wives and daughters—at least if they are "ordinary society women;" but methinks I know of a goodly number of matrons and maidens who grace our Toronto drawingrooms who may be fairly so described; but perhaps "ordinary society women" means the noisy obtrusive minority? GRANDUNCLE.

THE UNIVERSITIES, THE FINE ARTS, AND WOMAN.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—According to the Calendars of the Universities of this city, the study courses are arranged in groups that enable students whose intention is to follow a professional career to select whatever group will supply the needed course for the special profession chosen. There are also groups that may be classified as non-professional, including the mental science department and languages. The text-books and lectures provided in these latter groups furnish inviting and helpful knowledge to those who take them up for Degree, or who have leisure to pursue the courses for enlightenment and mental training.

It is gratifying that so many, and numbers of them young women, are taking University work. In the presence of this hopeful condition of things the question is not out of place: Is the University of Toronto, is Trinity University, is MacMaster University doing all they can to supply the best and most serviceable branches of information and mental exercise for its undergraduates? Is there not room for the addition of some text-books as options in the B.A. course that would supply the place of those that are not well adapted for ladies, even for those who intend to accept appointments to teach? Is there any advantage, indeed, not to say inducement, in the mathematics and physics of the Arts course? The work is heavy and of little other than professional service.

To the bright young women who are to be the well-informed leaders in the social life of the future, and as well to those who intend to accept appointments to teach, would not their substitution by some text books on the fine arts be most welcome? St. Hilda's College might lead the way.

It seems to me a history of the world's art and an elucidation of the principles of beauty would supply in a way the enlightenment that trigonometry or differential calculus could not. A study of mythological art, and the Greek ideals would in all probability be as instructive as equations of any degree. The romance of mediæval art, the poetry of architecture and the philosophy of the modern schools of painting would probably provide as useful a fund of information, with as deep and fascinating a study, as the dynamics of a particle or algebraic theory of probability. There is also the ethical side of art as well as the esthetic.

These questions are placed within the new professional groups of study in the interest of intending students and not as any reflection upon existing pass or honour work. That has been arranged with much thought and care. But, that changes are being made yearly is evidence that the curriculum is not perfect. And we think the branch of information and research here indicated, touches the lives of everybody, poor and rich, leisurely and industrial, at almost every point.

Toronto, Jan. 10th, 1895.

A STUDENT.

Weaknesses, so-called, are nothing more nor less than vice in disguise.—*Lavater*.

To whom can riches give repute, or trust, content, or pleasure, but the good and just?—*Pope*.

## An Important Work.\*

AT the present moment no more important work could be put forth from the press than this valuable and ably written book of Dr. Albert Shaw on Municipal Government. He has wide and thorough knowledge of his subject and is master of a clear and attractive literary style. We have examined the book from cover to cover. In the arrangement of his matter, the grouping of his facts, the judicious selection of points to emphasize, Dr. Albert Shaw has scored a brilliant success, and his book is as easy to read as it is timely and suggestive. The work is intended chiefly for Americans, but Canadians will find it equally valuable and helpful. "We must deal with our problems in our own way, but we must be willing," says Dr. Shaw, "to gain all possible enlightenment from the experience of others who have been dealing with kindred problems and have found solutions that are satisfactory under their own circumstances."

The present book gives such an account of the working of municipal institutions in Great Britain as will supply the information that Canadian readers will find most suggestive and useful for their purposes. The British system and its developments, particularly in the great manufacturing and commercial towns, would seem to be worthy of the practical attention of Canadian and American cities of corresponding rank as regards population and commercial importance. The chapters upon Glasgow and London are based upon the articles by Dr. Shaw which appeared in *The Century Magazine*, and which attracted wide attention. They have been re-written and brought up to date, and now form part of a symmetrical account of the British municipal system, its methods, and its results as in operation at the present time. The chapters include "The Growth and Problems of Modern Cities," "The Rise of British Towns, the Reform Acts, and the Municipal Code," "The British System in Operation," and studies of London, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and other British cities and towns. It will be a surprise to many to know that European cities are growing as rapidly in population as are those of America. The inhabitancy of the urban districts of England—nearly 72 per cent. of the total—increased 15.3 per cent. from 1881 to 1891, while that of the rural districts had grown only 3.4 per cent. One third of the whole population of England is now in towns of over one hundred thousand inhabitants. It is evident that town life will soon prevail for three fourths of the English people.

Dr. Shaw believes that there is nothing peculiar to our continent in the conditions of our urban development. We are facing the same kind of problems, having to do with the amelioration of town life, that Europe has been and is still compelled to meet. "We shall solve our problems, and in the end we shall do many or most things in our own way. But we cannot wisely continue to ignore the results that European cities have to teach. Within recent years," he says, "many European cities of second and third as well as all of those of the first rank have been widening old thoroughfares, cutting new ones through solid masses of buildings, making open spaces and breathing-spots, admitting air and sunlight to dark and densely crowded neighborhoods, and making room for the movement of traffic. To lay out new towns, or new additions to older ones, with narrow streets and insufficient provision for playgrounds, open squares, and park room, is, in our day, an unpardonable offence against civilization. . . . The art of making and administering modern cities happens not to have engaged the attention of the same order of talent in America that it has commanded in Europe. In the official life of the European municipalities one continually finds men who have a high ideal of the municipality and a large conception of its duties and possibilities, besides possessing great technical knowledge and experience. A general familiarity with their attempts and achievements might save our American cities from some mistakes, and might stimulate them to adopt broader and more generous municipal programmes."

Dr. Shaw explains fully the English system of voting, and the duties of town councils, aldermen and mayors, to none of whom are salaries paid, although an allowance is usually made to a mayor that his style of living may be suitable to maintain the dignity of the city which he represents.

By the common consent of the community, none but men of worth, irrespective of politics, who have made their way to a good standing among their neighbours, are regarded as eligible for the council. Aldermen are almost invariably chosen from the membership of the council, and a mayor is not elected so much to render new public service as to be rewarded for past service. The office confers dignity and influence, but brings with it no important administrative responsibilities. He has no appointive powers and no veto. When his term as mayor is over, he usually goes right on with his duties as alderman, and the valuable services of many ex-mayors are employed in the aldermanic boards of the great English cities.

The author discusses the sanitary and street-cleaning conditions and laws, how epidemics are met, tenements made less crowded, the city refuse cared for, pipes laid in streets, electric and gas light, disinfecting, street-sprinkling, swimming-baths, sewerage, markets, fire and police departments, finances, free libraries, parks, etc.

This is how the sanitary department of Glasgow is organized: A council committee of eighteen supervises the entire sanitary administration of the city, with sub-committees on cleansing and hospitals. The Sanitary Department is a model of good work and thorough organization. Its ultimate authority is the medical officer of health, while its executive head is the chief sanitary inspector. The department is in some sense double-headed; yet there is no conflict of authority, and the arrangement works admirably in practice. The medical officer is relieved from the details of administrative work. His office-room adjoins that of the sanitary inspector, and the two officials are in constant communication. The entire force of inspectors is at the service of the medical officer, yet he has no responsibility for their routine work.

The department was established in 1870 upon a broad and wise basis. It was at that time proposed by the new incumbent of the office of sanitary inspector: (1) that the city should be divided into five main districts for sanitary purposes; (2) that a sub-inspector should be appointed for each main district, having under him ordinary or "nuisance" inspectors, epidemic inspectors, a lodging-house inspector, and a lady visitor; and (3) that a central office should be established, with the necessary clerks. This plan was accepted by the council, and went at once into operation. The population at that time was 450,000, and the average inhabitancy of the main districts was therefore 90,000. The work began with an out-of-door force of forty inspectors, of whom five were the district chiefs, five inspected lodging-houses, seven were occupied with the detection of infectious disease, eighteen were "nuisance" men, searching for ordinary insanitary conditions in and about the houses of their districts, and five were "women house-to-house visitors." In essential features the organization was retained unaltered until the city was enlarged in 1891. There remained the five main districts in which sanitary inspection was carried on, although their boundary lines had been altered in order to make each one of them precisely inclusive of a certain number of the twenty-four areas into which, for purposes of vital statistics, the medical officer had divided the city. There were employed eight epidemic inspectors, sixteen nuisance inspectors, and six female inspectors under the immediate supervision of five district inspectors. In addition to these there were six night inspectors, two food inspectors, a common lodging-house inspector, and a vaccinator.

By legislation in 1890, extending the scope of the Sanitary Department's work, and by the increase of municipal area in 1891, there was rendered necessary a further addition to the little army of inspectors. At present Mr. Peter Fyfe, F.R.S.E., the efficient chief inspector, commands the services of about 150 competent people, whose duties are highly specialized and most methodically performed. There are now seven general districts, over each of which there is a foreman inspector. The nuisance inspectors number more than a score, and there are half as many men constantly occupied in making the "smoke test" to discover defects in drain-pipes for the protection of the people against bad plumbing. On constant duty are twelve or more infectious-disease inspectors, and following in the wake of their discoveries is a staff of disinfecting officers and another of whitewashers, together numbering about twenty-five men. Protection against improper food-supplies requires the services, besides analysts in the municipal laboratory, of three meat inspectors, seven milk

\* "Municipal Government in Great Britain." By Albert Shaw. New York: The Century Co. 1895. Price \$2.

and dairy inspectors, and four inspectors of other food supplies. So greatly have the common lodging-houses improved that whereas five or six special officers were formerly kept at work inspecting them, only two are now necessary. Six night inspectors continue to make the rounds of the tenement-houses, and six women inspectors pay visits in the interests of domestic cleanliness. A workshop inspector represents the demands of new laws touching the hours and the general conditions of factory operation. There is also a peripatetic vaccinator who fulfils relentlessly the requirements of law. In the commodious central office of the Health Department there is a skilled indoor force of clerks and assistants. The chief sanitary inspector reviews his men daily. The seven district chiefs are in conference with him every morning, and the individual inspectors who perform special duties are also in personal daily communication with headquarters. Thus the sanitary organization is kept at the height of efficiency. We specially commend Dr. Albert Shaw's book to the careful consideration of the Mayors and Aldermen of Canadian cities—especially Toronto. A second volume will treat of municipal Government in the chief countries of Continental Europe.

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### The Permanent Value of the Book Genesis.\*

THE preface states that these lectures do not aim at setting forth a clear-cut, critical theory, a task which would be altogether premature. Their object is rather to plead for a re-examination, from certain fundamental standpoints to which adequate attention does not seem to have been given, of modern critical hypotheses which are clamouring for immediate acceptance. Great harm will result from regarding such matters as fully decided, either on the part of Old Testament scholars or of the Church at large.

The author of these lectures seems to have mastered the best German and English work upon his subject and to have come to the conclusion that the critical analysis of Genesis, into several distinct documents, is far from proved. It is strongly urged that the German critical conclusions should be revised by the independent study of our best English and American thinkers, that the German methods should be supplemented by a wider and deeper research in which considerations, archaeological, historical and, not least, theological will be fully taken into account.

Lecture I. is introductory. After referring to the anxiety that exists as to the effect on the Christian faith of the higher criticism of the Old Testament, and having indicated the grounds of reassurance to be found in the history of controversies, once regarded as formidable, but now no longer feared. Our author proceeds to point out the complexity and difficulty of the questions under discussion, the uncertainty of the result of literary criticism and the need of patience and deeper investigation. Above all he insists on the supreme importance of keeping the *literary* questions, which deal with the composition of a document, quite distinct from the *historical* questions as to the historical value and date of the sources which underlie the document in question, e.g., the assigning of a late date to the final redactor of the Hexateuch, or to any of its component parts, is not in itself in any way inconsistent with its historical value, because the tendency of sober criticism is both to modify the assigned dates of the documents of the Hexateuch and to pass beyond these documents in estimating the historical character of the narrative, to the far earlier sources—sources Mosaic or anti-Mosaic from which these documents were themselves drawn.

Lecture II. gives an admirable account of the history of the literary analysis of the earlier books of the Old Testament. It is claimed that Old Testament criticism is no more free from the bias of philosophical presupposition than was the work of Baur and his school, and the collapse of the Tübingen theory is referred to as a warning to be slow in capitulating to Wellhausen and Kuenen. We would especially direct attention to the comparison instituted between the Diatessaron of

Tatian and the book of Genesis in order to refute the conclusions from the argument from silence.

Lecture III. on the Creation and Paradise deals with the similarities between the Assyro-Babylonian traditions and the first chapter of Genesis.

Lecture IV., in some respects the most powerful in the book, deals with the narrative of the Fall of Man, and Lecture V. with the Deluge and the alleged unhistorical character of the Patriarchal history.

No one can read these concluding lectures without a sense of the deep spiritual mastery of their devout author. Indeed, throughout this able and timely contribution to the great question of our day, we feel that whether or not the critical position which these lectures incline to is sustained, at least they have subjected the analytic theory to a severe cross-examination, and, above all, have vindicated the claim of Genesis to be divinely inspired and therefore to be of *permanent value*, whatever view may be taken of the *literary* history of the book. We cannot do better than conclude with a quotation which will exhibit the critical temper and devotional spirit of our author: "If narratives so vitally bound together as Gen. I., on the one side, and Gen. II. and III., on the other are really the work of different authors, with an entirely separate literary history, it only serves to throw into yet greater prominence the marvel of their complete ethical and spiritual unity. Whatever may be the secret of the literary history of these opening chapters of Genesis, they certainly bear upon their forefront the evident marks of the very finger of God."

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### Children's Books.\*

WHEN an author of such distinction as Mr. Baring Gould writes a book for boys we expect something good, and in "Grettir the Outlaw" we are not disappointed. It is a capital story, full of adventures, such as every healthy minded boy loves. The story is Icelandic, based on the "Saga of Grettir the Strong," and the author thinks that the facts are in the main true. The period is the eleventh century. Mr. Baring Gould has been all over the ground, and his readers have the benefit of the knowledge thus gained. There are fights enough to satisfy anybody, fights with men and fights with ghosts. The success of the book has already been tested by experience, for Mr. Baring Gould tells us in the preface that when he was master in a school he used to tell the story, piece by piece, to his boys during their afternoon walks, and the book is now written at the request of one of those very boys made after an interval of thirty years. We advise fathers to purchase the book for their boys and also to read it themselves, they will thus have a double pleasure.

Miss Harraden's success in "Ships that Pass in the Night" has caused much interest to attach to anything that comes from her pen. Thus the publishers have felt, and one consequence is the publication in book form of this little tale written by her as one of a series of stories for children some five years ago. "Things Will Take a Turn" is a story for girls. The heroine is a dear little girl who lives with her old grandfather in a second-hand book shop. At the beginning of the story circumstances are not prospering with them, but unexpectedly new friends appear and things do take a turn. The story is slight but pretty, and Childie is a charming little heroine. The book is beautifully printed and capably illustrated.

"Princess Louise" by Crona Temple, is another story for girls. It is a tale of the Stuarts when they were in exile after the Revolution, and tells the short life history of a young princess of that house. La Consolatrice her father called her at her birth, and as she grew up her character fitted her name. Her story is touching and pathetic, but not really sad, and we are sure that any girl will be the better by making her acquaintance. We recommend the book cor-

\* "Grettir the Outlaw." A story of Iceland. By S. Baring-Gould, illustrated, published by Blackie & Son. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"Things Will Take a Turn." By Beatrice Harraden, with forty-six illustrations by J. H. Bacon. Published by Blackie & Son. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"Princess Louise." A tale of the Stuarts, by Crona Temple. Published by T. Nelson & Sons. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"At Last." By Mrs. Mana Elise Lauder. Published by William Briggs. Toronto.

\* The Permanent Value of the Book of Genesis as an Integral Part of the Christian Revelation (being the Padlock Lectures for 1894). By Rev. C. W. E. Body, M.A., D.C.L. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison.)

dially as a prize for Sunday School classes, for it is distinctly above the average of books used for that purpose.

"At Last," by Mrs. Mana Elise Lauder, is written with a deep religious purpose. Its scene is partly laid in Toronto and it tells the story of a little boy who is a prodigy of goodness. From a literary point of view we are unable to praise the book, but still some children may enjoy it. The publisher's part of the work is well done.

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### Library Table.

*Pearls and Pebbles; or, Notes of an old Naturalist.* By Catharine Parr Traill. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1894.)—Mrs. Traill is a lady too well known to Canadians as a specialist in Canadian natural history to need any introduction to the readers of THE WEEK; and the present volume can only be described as wonderful. It was quite proper that these "last leaves," if they are to be the last, and even if they are not, should have prefixed to them the very sympathetic memoir which Mrs. Fitzgibbon has given us. From this we learn that Mrs. Traill (Catharine Parr Strickland) was born in the year 1802, being six years younger than her sister Agnes, who wrote the "Queens of England." Agnes died at Roydon Hall, where both of them were born, at the age of 78. Her sister still lives at the age of 92. From the biographical sketch we turn to the Notes of the Naturalist, and we find them as fresh and as vigorous as though the writer were young instead of old. Here we have "Pleasant days of my Childhood," "Sunset and Sunrise on Lake Ontario," "Memories of a May Morning," and many other topics of a similar character, making up a very delightful book which we can recommend with all our heart.

*The Chafing-Dish Supper.* By Christine Terhune Herrick. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75c.)—We take it for granted that everybody who reads THE WEEK knows what a chafing-dish is. It began its career in the hands of the bachelors. "With them," says the very bright and lively author of this pretty book, "it was a substitute for a hearthstone, and supplemented by cosy bachelor apartments, and a good club, measurably considered them for the domestic joys, most of them neither missed nor desired. . . . Even now, when the chafing-dish has become an ordinary sight on family tables it is still haloed with a suggestion of revelry and midnight feasts that endears it to the hearts of that large class, who, amid the proprieties of Philistia, secretly long for the joys of Bohemia." The chafing-dish deserves all that is said in its praise. We agree with the author of this book in that, "it is simple, clean, easily managed, less expensive and cumbersome than a gas-stove, less odorous and dirt-compelling than an oil-stove." It is more useful on the Sunday supper-table than elsewhere. "With its assistance that meal ceases to be the cheerless, cut-and-dried affair it often is in those houses where one maid—who is sometimes the only servant—is given her Sunday evenings out. . . . Cold meat, or cold fish of any kind, may be converted into a tempting *plat* on the chafing-dish." With eggs, or cheese, or sardines, or a can of lobster or salmon, something delicious, we are told, can be very easily and quickly made. After some valuable practical suggestions, a very fine array of most tempting recipes are given, beginning with the egg, "scrambled," "stirred," "creamed," etc., then taking up fish of all kinds and in all kinds of forms, with a whole chapter devoted to oysters, clams, and scollops, and yet another to the crustaceans. It makes one feel quite hungry to read of all these good things, especially the part on entrees and miscellaneous dainties, to say nothing of the *réchauffés*! Not being learned in the mysteries of cooking, THE WEEK showed this book to the chief cook of one of its esteemed reviewers and that important functionary was graciously pleased to admit that the author knew what she was about and had written a book worth having. What can we say more?

*Rhyme and Rowdyleg.* By Hugh Cochrane. (Montreal: Drysdale & Co.)—This is a pretty booklet of poems just issued by Hugh Cochrane, of the *Witness*, Montreal. It is charmingly printed, and illustrated profusely with appropriate etchings. Mr. Cochrane, lays no claim, as so many of the Byronic-collared do, to be a rival of Dante; he does not "raise his head among the stars"—he merely seeks to do a

bit of work such as many another artist in verse, like one of the multitude of artists in palette and brush do;—and in this evident intention, that of turning out some happy and simple verse appropriate to modest occasions, he succeeds. Why, after all, should our minor poets not be satisfied to decorate some corner rather than to bid for the whole ceiling. The last rhyme in the volume commences: "Your laughing face has cheered me, friend of mine, so gay it is, yet gently full of grace." Such are the occasions and such the current of their treatment.

*The Century; May, 1894, to October, 1894.* (New York: The Century Company.) Again the bound volume of the last half year of the *Century* reminds us that time is on the wing and that all the numbers, that with beautiful illustration and charming story, article, poem and sketch have lightened many a weary hour, are now grouped together in one volume to be laid aside with its fellows. We see no fall-off in the *Century*, much the reverse. In whatever department of magazine enterprise you may venture to compare it with its compeers, it is easily in the van. Though by no means neglecting its own home and surroundings its readers are often taken far a field and graphically shown how full of varied interest this wide world of ours is and how delightfully it can be made to pay tribute to thousands of readers in many lands. Truly typical of the artistic and literary enterprise of the United States is the *Century*: a magazine of which any country might well be proud.

*The New Acts of the Apostles.* By Arthur T. Pierson. (New York, Chicago and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell & Company.)—This volume entitled "The New Acts of the Apostles, or the Marvels of Modern Missions," comprises a series of lectures upon the foundation of the "Duff Missionary Lectureship." They were delivered in Scotland, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Dundee in 1894. Their author is well known as the author of several works on the same subject. This volume contains an immense amount of material relating to the mission field. It gives the history of the greatest missionaries from the thirteenth century to the present time. The present state of the work, the opportunities and needs in different parts of the world are also dwelt upon. A large chromo-lithographic map, showing the prevailing religions of the world, their comparative areas, and the progress of evangelization is a welcome addition to a very useful book.

*The Oxford Dante: Tutte le opere di Dante Alighieri.* (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1894. Price 9s. 6d.)—This is one of the most beautiful books we have ever seen. In a volume of 480 pages, small 8vo, with double columns, we have the whole works of Dante, the Divine Comedy being considerably less than one half of the whole. The type too, although not large, is not uncomfortably small, and it is admirably clear and beautiful. By the use of a thin, tinted, opaque paper, the thickness is reduced to considerably less than half an inch; so that the student of Dante can always have at hand every line which remains of the great Poet's writing, and some pieces which are certainly not his. The text is edited by Dr. E. Moore, a guarantee for its excellence. A cheaper edition is published on ordinary paper.

*Chatterbox.* (Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. 1894. \$1.25.) Of all the annals, which, at this season, appeal so strongly to the heart of childhood, we question whether one can be found to surpass the much loved "Chatterbox." When one thinks for a moment that over three million numbers of this favourite juvenile annual have been sold already, when there are many new competitors for favour, one realizes how strong its columns must be. The present volume is, if anything, more attractive than its predecessors. The illustrations, stories, sketches, anecdotes and poems are excellent, well chosen and well varied. No good boy or girl should begin the New Year without the old year's "Chatterbox" to help the winter evenings grow shorter and make them brighter and cheerier.



Periodicals.

The New Year number of *St. Nicholas* keeps up the reputation of the famous magazine for young folks. It is literally filled with interesting reading and beautiful illustrations, both very well adapted to the tastes of the class for whom they are produced.

Two short and well illustrated articles go far toward making a good number of *The Quiver* for January. The first is on "Chinese Pagodas," and the second on "Hospital Nursing." Anything about the inner life of the Chinese is just now interesting, and Miss Muirhead's little article lifts one little corner of the veil that shrouds it from peering people outside.

The latest of the "Johns Hopkins University Studies" is devoted to an account of the international beginnings of the Congo Free State in Africa, by Dr. Reeves. Nothing hitherto published on this subject is comparable in value to this short treatise as an account of the most modern of states to date, and a basis on which to erect a superstructure for oneself by forecast and actual observation.

The *Magazine of Poetry* for January gives a large number of "notable single poems," with the portraits of several of the authors. The most notable of all, perhaps, is the fine tribute paid to Francis Parkman by Oliver Wendell Holmes, first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1894. Additional interest is imparted to this beautiful lyric by the fact that the author has since gone over to the majority to rejoin the friend in whose praise it was written.

The *Educational Review* for January, 1895, has an admirable portrait of Prof. Laurie, who fills the chair of Education in the University of Edinburgh. His name is quite familiar to all Canadian teachers, most of them having had frequent opportunities of reading his instructive articles on pedagogical subjects. The accompanying biographical sketch is, needless to say, highly appreciative, but not unduly laudatory. The other articles of the number are up to the usual high standard of excellence.

The *Expository Times* for January begins with some useful "Notes of Recent Exposition," in reference to faith, current Jewish beliefs, the doctrine of angels, and other interesting subjects. Mr. Headlam continues his "Theology of the Epistle to the Romans," but in a somewhat discursive manner. Miss Wood also continues her studies on "In Memoriam;" and another instalment is given of Rothe's beautiful exposition of St. John. The brief reviews of books are good, but in one or two cases a little more indefinite than we expect.

Very opportune, indeed, are the articles by Mr. C. H. Firth on "Cromwell and the House of Lords," concluded in the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. The attempt of the Protector to create a House of Lords in lieu of the one which had existed so long and proved so intractable, ended in failure, but in Mr. Firth's opinion it was not so absurd an experiment as is generally supposed. There was a feeling then that it was not safe to commit the destinies of the nation to a single chamber, and that feeling is probably quite as strong to-day as it was in the time of the Commonwealth.

The initial article in the *Methodist Magazine* for January is on "Oxford and her Colleges," by Mr. Goldwin Smith. Anything on that subject from him is sure to be worth reading, and this charming little sketch is no exception. Dr. Rose gives a cursory but interesting view of "Moravian Missions," and shows clearly how much may be accomplished in this great new manitarian work by a small but devoted community. He does not mention, among the localities where work was done, the little station still called Moravian town on the banks of our own Thames between Chatham and London.

The beautifully printed and exquisitely illustrated *Cosmopolitan* for January is to hand. "Ouida" devotes this number of the series of great passions of history to "Poole and Francesca," made famous by Dante in his "Inferno." Two great men of science are brought before us by letter press and engrav-

ing—Pasteur and Humboldt. The portraits of the latter are peculiarly interesting as they exhibit him at several different times in his life. In this number Mr. W. Clarke Russell begins one of his sea-stories, entitled, "A Three-Stranded Yarn," and A. W. Tourjee continues his serial, "The Story of a Thousand."

*The Popular Science Monthly* for January editorially notices, with favorable comment, the speeches made at the recent jubilee of Knox College, Toronto, by the Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, and the Rev. Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria. Both of them spoke strongly in favor of the historical and scientific treatment of theology, as contrasted with the dogmatic treatment. The *Monthly* adds: "We must congratulate the Canadian public on the support they give to such men, and the liberty they allow them to speak out the best thought that is in them." The contributed articles in this number are well up to the average in number and variety, a specially suggestive one being a brief but strong plea by Mr. G. H. Knight for better ventilation of school rooms.

The opening article in the January *Century* is an instalment of Mr. Sloanes serial "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." It is profusely illustrated, and is accompanied by a beautiful portrait of Napoleon's sister, Elise, as frontispiece." Mr. Florence O'Driscoll contributes a second instalment of his graphic sketches of Chinese life, the reading of which makes one wish that the present hard lot of China may lead to the development of some higher civilization. Glimpses of social life in American colleges for women are given by several contributors who deal with Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, and Wells in a way to make one wonder whether there is not enough in such life to serve as an offset to the advantages of co-education. The finely illustrated article descriptive of Movin's lying machine has scientific as well as artistic merit.

Sir Wemyss Reid writes entertainingly of "The Cabinet and its Secrets," in the January number of *Cassell's Magazine*. The particular cabinet referred to is the British Cabinet. "Ministers arrive separately or together, enter the mean old building by the venerable door way, and are forthwith lost to sight. What they do within is known to themselves alone. No reporter follows them across the threshold. No cunning spy is hidden within the apartment in which they deliberate." Yet Cabinet secrets occasionally leak out. The writer mentions the well known instance in which one of Sir Robert Peel's colleagues "gave away" his intention to propose the repeal of the corn-laws, and adds that this is the only case of the kind within the last half-century. One or two scenes from cabinet proceedings have been given in the diaries or memoirs of ex-cabinet ministers, and Sir W. Reid cites one from his own life of the late Hon. W. E. Forster. The doctrine of the solidarity of the cabinet is briefly but interestingly put in the article.

There is in *The International Journal of Ethics* a very useful article dealing with Matthew Arnold's poetry from an ethical standpoint. The writer, Mr. Flenner, appreciates Mr. Arnold's work, but in a somewhat masterly way points out his weakness. He was not exactly afraid of Democracy, but he was not enthusiastic about it, and his tone became of necessity pessimistic. This would not have mattered so much if he had not become chronically and permanently so, but the inveterate pessimist can never become either a really great poet or a really great teacher. One of the most interesting contributions to a good number is by Prof. Gavanescu, of a Roumanian University, on "The Altruistic Impulse in Men and Animals." His conclusion, after a full discussion of the question, is that "self-love is not absolutely sovereign," and that "the tendency towards self-preservation does not always emerge victorious" from the conflict with love for others. In the domain of sociology we find ample confirmation of this view, else why should the imbeciles of the race be so carefully preserved and humanely treated in civilized countries? Egoism would dictate, as the most rational policy, leaving idiots and lunatics to their fate.

Personal and Literary.

Mr. William Algie will lecture on "Burns and His Country," in the Toronto Auditorium, on Sunday evening, 20th inst.

Mayor Kennedy defeated ex-Mayor Fleming in Toronto yesterday by a majority of fourteen. They say that when the Czar heard the news he wept bitterly.

"The Manxman" has broken the record for this year in England. The sale of the book in one month amounted to 25,000 copies. This has never been equalled by any novel since "Lothair."

Mr. David Christie Murray has been delighting Toronto audiences of late with one or two of his interesting lectures. Mr. Murray is an orator as well or an author—a happy combination seldom seen.

Gilbert Parker's patriotism is deeper than words. In a letter to the papers of his own town, Belleville, he pledges himself to give fifty or more books a year to a free library if one be established there.

Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution" has gone through so many editions that the original plates are worn out. A new edition has therefore been printed from new type, and the shape of the volume has been somewhat changed.

Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book" has achieved the distinction of being chosen as one of the comparatively few books published for the blind. An edition in raised letters will soon be issued by the "American Printing House for the Blind," with the cordial permission of the author and his publishers.

Macmillan & Co. will issue at once Walter Pater's "Greek Studies," arranged for publication by Charles Lancelot Shadwell, and "Mental Development in the Child and the Race," by Prof. J. Mark Baldwin. They have in preparation the "Life and Letters of R. W. Church," late dean of St. Paul's.

The first number of the new volume of *The Critic* contains a portrait of the Rev. John Maclaren Watson, who, under the pen-name of Ian Maclaren, has made an instantaneous success with "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." Of this book *The Critic* says:—"There are many passages that will bear a second reading immediately after the first, and we need not say how few books will stand that test."

The first of a course of Saturday afternoon lectures, to be given in connection with the University of Toronto during this month and next, was delivered on Saturday last in the Student's Union hall of the gymnasium building by Professor George W. Wrong. The chair was occupied by Professor Ramsay Wright, and the attendance was large. Professor Wrong's subject was "University Historical Study."

On last Saturday evening, in Massey Hall, Mr. George Kennan, whose travels in Siberia and whose subsequent articles in the *Century Magazine* on the Siberian exile system and on kindred topics made his name known throughout the world, reappeared, after an absence of several years, before a large and friendly audience. Since his previous visit Mr. Kennan, either as regards his personal appearance or his style of lecturing, has undergone but little change. As before, his subject was Siberia.

"I wish," says The Onlooker in *Town Topics*, "some one would interpret the covers of the Christmas periodicals for me. The design for *Harpers Magazine* seems to show a Pagan inclination with Christian corrections; *Scribner's* exhibits a neat patch of red kitchen oilcloth with a yellow hole in the centre, and the *Bazar* has a Chinese girl with incandescent hair contemplating an area of coloured sausages projected upon an inflamed grove of Noah's Ark trees. I suppose there is some meaning; I wonder what it is."

The author of "Sharp Eyes," Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, is writing for young naturalists another series of simple and popular articles which are attracting attention in connection with his lectures on natural history for children. These articles have appeared about once a month during the last year in *Harpers Young People*, and the issue of that

periodical for January 8th contains one of the most charming of this series, entitled "Green Pansies," which is illustrated by the author himself.

The success which has greeted the appearance of the first instalment of George Meredith's serial in *Scribner*, "The Amazing Marriage," will find ample justification as the story proceeds. The February instalment introduces one of the most attractive characters that Mr. Meredith has ever drawn—a young philosopher who travels over Europe on foot, communing with nature and talking to all sorts of people. In this second instalment the travelling companion with whom he meets is the "richest lord in England."

Macmillan & Co. have decided to issue a series of "European Statesmen," similar in form, size, and scope to the "Twelve English Statesmen." The new series will be edited by Prof. J. B. Bury. The following volumes are now in hand: "Charles the Great," by Mr. Thomas Hodgkin; "William the Silent," by Mr. Frederic Harrison; "Richelieu" by Prof. R. Lodge; "Mazarin," by Mr. A. Hassall; "Maria Theresa," by Dr. J. Franck Bright. There will also be volumes on Ferdinand the Catholic, Charles V., Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, Catharine II., Napoleon, Cavour, and others.

The Christmas number of the Toronto WEEK appears in gala dress. Some very marked improvements have quite changed the appearance of THE WEEK. The reading matter is presented, in two broad columns, instead of three narrow ones, as formerly. The editorials are made much more readable by the guiding marginal headings, which indicate the subject. The names of contributors include the most eminent scholars and the first writers of Canada. Political articles, biographical sketches, and literary reviews are all equal to the same style of matter found in the best modern periodicals. THE WEEK performs such a useful part for Canadian intellectual life, it deserves the cordial support of all classes.—*Manitoba Free Press*.

Macmillan have in preparation a volume on Aristotle's "Theory of Poetry and Fine Art" by Prof. Butcher, of Edinburgh. It has grown—as he explains in the preface—out of certain chapters relating to the "Poetics" in the first edition of "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius." These chapters have now been enlarged and partly rewritten, and the author discusses some questions bearing on Aristotle's theory of tragedy which were not suggested in the earlier volume. Prof. Butcher lays much stress on the fact that, in order to understand and appreciate Aristotle's theory of art, we must trace the links which connect it with his philosophic system as a whole. A text and a translation of the "Poetics" accompany the essay.

M. Paul Blouet, better known as "Max O'Rell," lectured on "Her Royal Highness, Woman" at Massey Music Hall last Friday evening, the audience being one of the largest ever assembled in Toronto. The lecture was full of innocent fun from beginning to end, but it had much more than fun to commend it: the practical wisdom and keen observation which we are accustomed to look for in Max O'Rell's work were as conspicuous as ever. On Sunday afternoon at the Auditorium he addressed a small audience on the "Gospel of Cheerfulness," and appeared at his very best. The French cultivate the philosophy of cheerfulness, and know better how to live than any other nation. They are wealthy in knowing how to do without what they do not require. The great need of Canada and the neighboring Republic is to learn the lesson of how to rest not how to work. Such lectures as this of Max O'Rell's is sadly needed in this eternally grinding, grabbing, grovelling world of ours.

"Macolin," in the *Evening Journal* of St. Thomas, seems to delight in hard hitting. Here is a specimen: "I want to protest here and now against Miss E. Pauline Johnson masquerading any longer as a poetess. Against Miss Johnson personally I have nothing to say. Those who know her well speak of her as a highly intelligent young lady, the daughter or granddaughter—I forget which—of an Indian chief who rendered signal service to the British arms when such service was sorely needed. Miss Johnson is also said to be a rather clever elocutionist and to be able to

write a fairly good article. She may be all this and much more, but she distinctly is not a poetess. As long as Miss Johnson was content to shine in her own immediate circle of friends it was nobody's business but her own; but when she lays distinct claims to poetic ability, and is heralded on her English visit as a leading Canadian poetess, her work at least becomes public property, and as such is open to criticism."

"Miss Dixie: A Romance of the Provinces," is the title of a story now in the press of William Briggs, the Toronto Publisher, to be issued shortly in a neat paper-covered edition. The author, who writes over a *nom de plume*, is a Nova Scotian lady, who has contributed a number of short stories to the provincial press and to the New England papers. "Miss Dixie," the heroine of the tale, is the daughter of American parents who removed to Halifax while the Civil War was in progress. She is lively and clever, has an almost embarrassing number of admirers, and is really embarrassed with two lovers, neither of whom, however, finds the key to the young lady's heart. The story of their attempts at love-making is told in interesting style. The scene is laid partly in Halifax, is removed to Prince Edward Island, where the peculiar sect of the McDonalities or "Jerkers," are met with and described, and finally is transferred to Maine, where the real romance begins. Here Miss Dixie meets her fate, and enters into the married relation to face the question "Does it pay to marry for love?" Dixie is a really fine character, likely to please well the average reader, and we doubt not the romance will find many admirers.

\* \* \*

### Music and the Drama.

A cablegram from London reports the failure of Henry James' new play, "Guy Domville," which was given at the St. James' Theatre on Jan. 5. "Although splendidly mounted, and well acted, it was a stupendous failure. Like the author's novels, it is an analytic study of character. Perhaps in the form of a novel it might succeed, but as a play it is weak and devoid of technique. George Alexander and Marion Terry had the chief parts. The period is 1780. The first act pleased the audience; the second was distinctly inferior, and dragged; the third was hopeless. The curtain after the third act was followed by hisses and jeers. In response to calls, Mr. Alexander led Mr. James to the footlights. They were received with tumultuous hooting, groaning and hissing, which quite drowned the slight applause. They faced the din for two or three minutes. Mr. James gazing with scornful coolness at the turbulent throng, and Mr. Alexander shifting nervously from position to position. Later, Mr. Alexander alone answered demands for a speech by telling how pained he was to experience such a rebuff, after the many kind receptions that had been given him. The company had worked very hard to do justice to the play, he said. "Taint your fault, gov'nor," came from the gallery, "it's the rotten play." More howls followed this, and Mr. Alexander disappeared in confusion. His remarks are regarded as ill-advised, for they tended clearly to throw the whole blame for the failure on Mr. James' shoulders." This is not Mr. James' first attempt at playwriting, nor his first failure.

Master Michael Young, the gifted boy soprano is prepared to make engagements for concerts. The Reverend Ernest Wood, of 226 Bleeker Street, Toronto, has kindly taken Master Michael under his care, and all applications should be addressed to him.

An interesting and highly enjoyable concert was given by the Faculty of the Metropolitan College of Music, in West Association Hall on Monday evening last, the 14th inst. The programme, which was splendidly varied, was carried through in a manner deserving nothing but praise, and encores and recalls were numerous. Mr. Klingenfied, the well known violinist, contributed "Russian Airs" by Wieniawski, Mr. Lewis Browne performed three compositions of his own, Miss H. M. Martin sang Mascaroni's beautiful song, "For All Eternity," Miss Catharine Birnie played one of the Liszt "Love Dreams," Miss Topping played Chopin's Scherzo in B minor, and

Miss Ruby E. Preston, Mus. Bac., performed the same composer's Polonaise in C sharp minor. These three young ladies all play well; in fact it may be said their performances on this occasion were brilliant and artistic. Mr. Churchill Arlidge, our excellent flutist, played a Fantasia on a well known air, and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Jury and Mr. Herbert W. Webster also sang solos. Miss Laurietta A. Bowes recited most cleverly "The Flood," by Greene. The programme concluded with a very good performance of Judasohn's beautiful *Trio* in F, by Mr. Browne, piano, Mr. Klingenfied, violin, and Mr. Paul Hahn, cello.

Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, a young Australian of twenty-three years, and a former piano class mate of the writer in the Leipzig Conservatoire, has been giving some piano recitals in Berlin (Germany) with extraordinary success. He has splendid talent and a wonderful memory, and is, moreover, a most expressive player, as well as a highly trained musician. In the latter part of August, 1892, we were sitting in the Panorama Restaurant on the Konigs Platz, in Leipzig, waiting for a genuine Hamburger Steak or Frankfurter Sausage. We do not remember exactly which, at the present moment, when who did we see sauntering in with his pale face and sensitive mouth, but young Hutcheson. He had just come up from Weimar where he was studying with the pianist, Stavenhagen, and we had only arrived that same day from Vienna. We spent nearly the whole afternoon together, talking over old times, our later studies, and our plans for the future. He said then that he was determined to make a virtuoso player, and hoped in a couple of years time to give recitals in Berlin, and it is with genuine pleasure we now hear of his well deserved and really remarkable success. No doubt we will hear him in America before many years roll away.

An opera of Bruno Oscar Klein's, the New York composer, entitled "Kemilworth," will be produced in Hamburg some time in March or April.

We have just been reading that London has eighty music halls. Of these about twenty are large and flourishing institutions capable of accommodating anywhere from one thousand to three thousand patrons, and all, with scarcely an exception, mines of wealth to the proprietors. These eighty establishments among them contrive, besides bringing wealth to the owners, to support some ten thousand employees and their families, the employees including the performers, stage, auditorium hands, managers, clerks, scene painters, song writers and musicians. The halls also contribute indirectly to the support of musical composers, music publishers, musical instrument makers, machinists, gas and electric light manufacturers, brewers, distillers and caterers, and in point of fact there is scarcely a single industry which is not in some way benefitted, and very materially benefitted, by these places of amusement.

The concert given in aid of the injured firemen, under Mr. Hirschberg's direction, on Saturday evening last, in the Pavilion, netted, we understand, quite a handsome sum. Those taking part deserve thanks for their kindness, and they all did themselves infinite credit for their excellent performances.

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English baritone, gave a song recital to the students and their friends, on Saturday afternoon last, in the Hall of the College of Music, Pembroke street.

Several excerpts from Walter Damrosch's opera, "The Scarlet Letter," were given in New York once or twice last week, and both critics and the public praise the music highly.

So much has been written about Rubinstein since his death, and so many stories have been told regarding his eccentricities and mode of living, that we append the following, taken from an exchange, relating to his beautiful home outside of St. Petersburg: "Peterhof, where Rubinstein's death has taken place, was the great master's country seat, a *datscha*, or summer residence, built of wood, standing most picturesquely amongst tall and beautiful trees, on the shores of the Baltic facing Finland. The house was of a neutral gray color,

with a tower overlooking the sea and the typical pale-green Russian roof. At Peterhof the composer led a very simple and regular life. Precisely at seven he was ready dressed and down on the terrace of his house to drink his morning cup of coffee, and at precisely the same hour the terrace was covered with birds of all sorts and sizes, with whom he had made fast friends. He was another St. Francis d'Assisi. For half an hour he sat with this favoured audience, smoking his morning cigarette, and then he ascended the winding, turreted staircase to his own private study, situated at the top of the tower, where he composed. Here Rubinstein remained working until twelve o'clock, when he took breakfast. After this he returned to his terrace, receiving visitors until two, when he again returned to work until 6 p.m., his dinner hour. After this his day was practically finished, and the evenings were devoted to billiards, of which he was especially fond, or to whist, of which he was almost equally enamoured. Rubinstein was passionately devoted to Peterhof and always left it with regret. But his fancy was a curious one. Unlike Beethoven, who never seemed to tire of roving amidst the magnificent Rhine mountains, drawing inspiration from every shade and shadow on river or on mountain, Rubinstein rarely set foot beyond his terrace.

Mrs. Byron Nicholson has returned for the winter months to Toronto. In the city of Quebec where she has been residing the past summer and autumn, Mrs. Nicholson earned many compliments from both French and English critics for her artistic vocalism, and the *Morning Chronicle* says she has made a decided hit in Quebec's musical circles. Mrs. Nicholson's friends will be glad to learn that she is to remain here for the winter.

Art Notes.

The costliest picture frame in the world is valued at \$125,000. It is of hammered gold, ornamented with pearls and precious stones. Its size is eight by six feet, and it encloses a painting of "The Virgin and Child," in the Milan cathedral.

The *Art Amateur* gives the following definition, which might well have a wider application: "What are the characteristics of a good portrait bust?" a noted sculptor was asked one day. He replied: "In the first place, of course, it ought to be a good likeness; it ought, in the second place, to be something more than a faithful copy from nature; it ought, by means of selection, suppression and exaggeration to bring out, as far as is possible in marble or bronze, the salient features of a man's character; and finally, it should be a work of art—a sincere expression in stone or metal of the artist's well matured conception."

An article on William Adolph Bougereau, several of his studies in charcoal and a reproduction of that artist's "Truthful Mendicants" form some of the chief features of the January *Art Amateur*. Both useful and interesting are the "Pen and Ink for Photo Engraving" and "Flowers in Pen-and-Ink," the latter fully illustrated; and very brightly written "An Art Student's Year in Paris." A pen drawing by Du Maurier, who, by the way, is very much to the fore at present it seems, is admirable, but with reservations we might add. China painting and the house receive full attention in this number and are excellently illustrated. Of the two colored plates the portrait in oil by Albert Lynch is perhaps the better, excellent in colour and excellently reproduced.

Apropos of portraiture this same magazine remarks that of all the portraits of women in the loan exhibition at the Academy of Design, only about a dozen are painted by women, and further quotes some remarks by a famous woman portrait painter: "Men do not adapt themselves quite so readily to the pose as women, but when they do get it, they keep it better than women do, and are vastly more patient. Moreover, they don't talk so much. There is another point: men who have their portraits painted are usually middle-aged, and have been successful in life. Their features are pronounced: there is character and a settled look in their faces which is very

much easier to put on canvas than the fleeting, ever-changing expression of the young beauty. And then, if a woman is young, you are expected to make her beautiful whether she is or not. The man has no such vanity. He is content if you have painted an accurate likeness.

Anyone who has given more than a passing glance to the windows of Mr. Robert's art gallery, or who visited the late exhibition in the Women's Art Association studio, will have noticed several very fine specimens of wood carving by Miss L. B. Tully, who has lately returned from a four years' course in the Kensington Art School. This is such an unusual branch of art for a woman to undertake that Miss L. B. Tully's work is specially interesting, and to judge by the number of her pupils she is filling "a long felt want," as opportunities to study this branch of art have been wanting heretofore. One end of the studio in the Arcade looks amazingly like a carpenter's bench at first, but closer inspection shows a long array of fine tools, designs in all stages of completion from the first few cuts. After the drawing has been made on wood, through the different stages until the carving of a renaissance or gothic design is complete in all its beautiful detail. One very unique piece of work—not the work of pupils though, he it said—was a series of three panels for the decoration of a mantelpiece. A legend in Latin was carved on the centre panel, while one on either side showed the graceful curves of a gothic design. In answer to some questions as to the woods used, Miss L. B. Tully explained that pine was always used by beginners, the resistance of the harder woods would be likely to give a bad manner of working if used at too early a stage. What durable work it is to be sure. And it would need to be, for it is not a thing to be done in a hurry. One design of a griffin's head, a flower-like tail, and innumerable curves between, represented a fortnight's work of six hours a day to the average worker, although Miss Tully had accomplished it in nine days by close work. An original design before it can be carried out in this medium must first be modelled, then (when a sculptor's labours would be almost over) the real work is only beginning for an artist in wood. This "fancy carpentering," as some one has called it, is well fitted for women's work, and gives plenty of scope for the most artistic invention and execution, and there is much about our homes that might be vastly improved by work of this kind, when done by a trained eye and hand. Miss L. B. Tully has a class in wood carving awaiting her in Hamilton, which she hopes to be able to begin with soon, and several orders for some of our Toronto residences give promise of some fine and artistic effects in this branch of home decoration.

There has been no exhibition for several years without one or more canvases from the brush of Miss S. Strickland Tully. Consequently the name is familiar enough to any art lover, or any one even interested in art; but as few have any adequate idea of Miss Tully's scope and ability we propose to refer to her work. At her studio in the Yonge Street Arcade Miss Tully meets her pupils, and also Miss L. Beresford Tully (of whom more anon) holds her classes in wood carving. But it is to her private studio one must go for any fair idea of what this artist has done or is doing. And, by the way, a more charming studio than this it would be difficult to find, with its open fireplace, picture-covered walls, musical corner, artistic bric-a-brac, and general litter of art implements. Miss Tully's first studies were from the antique, under Mr. Cruikshank, R.C.A., at the Toronto Art School, and by him she was advised to go to England and study professionally at one of the London Art Schools. Accordingly the Slade School of Art was the one decided on, and there Miss Tully worked for two years under Legros, the Slade professor, modelling in clay and drawing from the antique and life. Then for two years more there was steady work in the private studio of Benjamin Constant, the celebrated colorist, and while here it was that Miss Tully exhibited a study of a woman's head in the Salon of 1886, which had been painted the year before after six months' study. The jury awarded to this painting a No. 3 degree, which entitled it to be hung in a good position. It is a strong

piece of work—the subject scarcely pleasing, perhaps—the face is seen in profile, and is in shadow but for the light on the outline of the features. It is altogether very striking. Another life study done some time later shows great advance in technique and has many qualities that there has been no opportunity to show in many of Miss Tully's pictures. It is a life-size, almost three-quarter, portrait of a boy with a big mop of hair and much fine color in flesh. The modelling here leaves nothing to be desired, and the effect is almost startlingly solid and real. In 1888, Miss Tully returned to Canada in the autumn, and opened a studio for pupils, and another for her own use. One of the first commissions to be executed was a portrait of Professor Goldwin Smith for Cornell University, where it now hangs. In 1891, Miss Tully returned to Paris intending to resume studies under M. Benjamin-Constant. But as he was then absent in America she decided to join the Atelier Julian, and there was under M. Robert Fleury. But previous to this three months had been passed at the Academie Colorossi, with criticisms from Courtois and others. We might add, what anyone who has seen Miss Tully's work will quite understand, that both Legros and Constant gave great encouragement to this artist, and, especially the latter, expected much of her future career. Among some of Miss Tully's best work we might mention "The Smoker," an old Arab, who is taking things easy, seated on the ground, smoking his long pipe; a little canvas, called "The Mother," very tender in colouring and expressing much of a coast scene we remember in Normandy, or Brittany perhaps, with a single figure crossing the wet sands; "The Outskirts of the Village" was a delightful rendering of a simple subject; a noontide study with two small figures well expressed. This last was one of the results of a few months spent at Mr. Chase's summer school. "Faded Leaves," at the spring exhibition of 1893, is so far, perhaps not the best, but the most ambitious of Miss Tully's productions. Anyone who has seen it will remember the pleasing harmony of color in the interior, detail well subordinated, and the white clad figure with the speaking face; the canvas told its tale well. A little study of roses given with great delicacy, and a delightful little composition as well, we noticed. "Only an approximation to the truth, after all," the artist said, but what more can paint do? When you think what paint is and what sunshine is, for instance, is it not a wonder the former can even be made to suggest the latter? Since her return Miss Tully has been elected Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy.

Publications Received.

- Eugene Field: Love Songs of Childhood. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.00.
- Professor Shaler: Sea and Land. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.50.
- Geo. W. Cable: John March, Southener. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- President E. B. Andrews: History of the United States (2 vols.) New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$4.50.
- H. Rider Haggart: The People of the Mist. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Henrik Ibsen: Little Eyolf. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.
- Mrs. Molesworth: My New Home. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 4s 6d.
- Margaret L. Wood: The Vagabonds. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- George Du Maurier: Peter Ibbetson. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Eleanor C. Price: In the Lion's Mouth. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

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## Public Opinion.

Hamilton Spectator: Minneapolis has tried the experiment of paying its aldermen. The experiment has proved a failure, and the Minneapolis people will take the first opportunity to go back to the old system. As might have been expected, the result of giving the aldermen a salary was that the aldermanic seats were filled with a crowd of ward heelers, incompetent for the transaction of public business, who were ambitious to serve the public "for what there was in it." Under a system of popular election such a result is almost inevitable in municipal affairs.

London (G.B.) Canadian Gazette: Mr. Edgar's letter in support of Canada's case in the copyright question comes at an opportune moment. Mr. Edgar is, we need hardly say, a prominent member of the Opposition in the Dominion House of Commons, and his letter reminds British officials and the British public that the claim Sir John Thompson so ably made was the claim of all Canadians irrespective of party. Canadians are, in fact, a unit in asking that the rights of self-government should be extended to them upon this as upon other questions of local concern clearly contemplated when Canada attained her present constitutional status.

Montreal Witness: The Liberal party will make a stupid tactical mistake if, for fear that the Conservative party may make political capital out of the project, it opposes the entry of Newfoundland into the Dominion now or at any time. The people of Canada feel instinctively that Newfoundland, with its rulership over part of Labrador on the continent, as well as its position in the mouth of the St. Lawrence, is geographically a portion of the Dominion and should be territorially an integral part of Canada, and that at the first opportunity which offers for its amicable entry into the Dominion with the consent of its people it should be welcomed as a province.

Quebec Chronicle: Only the other day, another brilliant Nova Scotian, also a native of Pictou County, and the head of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, told a large audience some practical truths, which, we hope, will be taken to heart. Principal Grant warns the sons of farmers not to leave the farm for life in the city. At best, they can only secure clerkships at small salaries. As farmers, however, they have a career before them. To know how to till the soil is an honorable art, and to the follower of the plow, our rich agricultural country is greatly indebted, and ever will be indebted. Would that we had more husbandmen, for, after all, it is to them that we owe much of our present prosperity.

London Advertiser: Probably few readers are aware of the fact that modern industry has already got a foothold in the Arctic regions, and that mines are worked on a large scale and a railroad regularly operated in such high latitudes. This is the case in Sweden, where the Lulea-Gellivare Railroad, built for the purpose of carrying iron ore from the Gellivare mines to the seaport at Lulea, extends 50 miles above the arctic circle and enjoys the distinction of being the first railroad to open up the frigid zone. Canada has some railroads pretty far north, but by and bye, when we get the James Bay line completed, and the mineral riches of Northern Ontario explored, we, too, will be reaching pretty well up into the arctic region.

Prof. W. S. Wyman, of the University of Alabama, doubts the current explanation of the phrase "O. K.," which is commonly supposed to be President Andrew Jackson's abbreviation for "all correct" (oll korrekt), used for approving documents. Prof. Wyman says that there is a tradition among the Choctaws that Gen Jackson borrowed the phrase from their language, in which "okeh" means "it is true," "it is all right," etc.

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Mortuary tables show that the average duration of the life of woman, in European countries, is something less than that of men. Notwithstanding this fact, of the list of centenarians collected by the British Association a fraction over two-thirds were women.

To clean feathers let them lie for three or four days in a solution of sodium carbonate. Throw them upon a netting, and pass clean tepid water through them until it comes away neutral and clear. Let them dry on the netting, giving them an occasional turning-over and stirring-up to hasten the process.

An officer of the Japanese Navy has written a letter to a friend in this country, in which he speaks highly of the efficiency of several American electric search-lights used in the fleet to which he is attached. These lights stood the test of actual service better than the English and German apparatus, which will be doubtless condemned by a board of survey. He also states that the best maps of the Yellow Sea and Korea are from the United States Hydrographic Office in Washington. These maps and charts are compiled with the latest data, and the principal roads in Korea are clearly indicated.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE.

THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF ITS AFFAIRS PROMPTLY FORWARDED TO OTTAWA AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

On the 1st inst., there appeared a short notice in several of the daily papers advising the policy-holders of the partial result of the successful operations of this home company for the year 1894.

Notwithstanding the business depression which has prevailed throughout the Dominion during the past year, it appears the North American Life Assurance Company has had a wonderfully successful year, and the figures show that the remarkable progress which it made in every department in 1893 has been repeated during the past year. When the report is presented at the annual meeting, which we learn will be held about the close of this month, it will be found that the figures will show that the insurance issued will exceed that of any previous year in the history of the company.

The cash income, both for premiums and interest, will show the largest increase yet made, now totalling about \$560,000. What will doubtless be of great interest to policy-holders and others concerned in this progressive company, is that notwithstanding all the increases which have been made, this was accomplished at a lower ratio of expense than that of the previous year. The business has evidently been conducted in a conservative and careful manner, for the amount put by during the year foots up about \$300,000, making the amount of assets held by the company at the close of 1894 about \$2,000,000. The large sum of \$245,000 was added to the reserve fund, which now stands at over \$1,500,000, while the surplus has very largely increased during the year, and is now about \$340,000. If the paid-up guarantee fund of \$60,000 be added to this, it shows that, over and above every liability, the company holds for the security of its policy-holders a surplus of about \$400,000, proving, if anything, that the holders of policies in this company have undoubted security, besides a large surplus being accumulated for their benefit.

While the figures quoted all tend to show that this progressive company has met with marked success during the past year, it is also gratifying to note that while receiving large sums they are also paying considerable amounts for the benefit of their policy-holders, and during 1894 they disbursed in this way, for matured endowments, profits, death claims, annuities, etc., over \$133,000.

It is to be hoped that when the reports of other Canadian companies are ready for publication they will show a like satisfactory state of affairs to that of the North American.

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## Miscellaneous.

A Frenchman, M. Greville, is the founder of a community in the mountains of Auvergne which has as its object a return to the customs of primitive man.

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

"I consider Acetocura 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.

They seem to have a superfluous article of Debs in England. Chesholm Robertson, a chief leader in the great Scottish coal miners' strike, is said to speak French with a Parisian accent, to read German, to write two systems of shorthand and to read Carlyle and Schopenhauer. He wears a velvet jacket a la Whistler, a stove-pipe hat of 1884 model, and copious jewelry, while his cane weighs seven pounds.

\* \* \*

### The Barber's Story.

LONG HOURS AND CONSTANT STANDING BROUGHT ON KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Forced to Quit Work and Feared that He Would Have to Drop His Trade—How He at Last Found a Cure.  
From the Stratford *Beacon*.

Among the residents of Stratford there is probably none better known or more highly respected than Mr. James E. Smith, the Ontario street tonsor artist. Mr. Smith is also well known in Toronto, in which city he worked for several years in a Yonge street barber shop. To a reporter of the *Beacon*, who is a customer of his, the affable barber recently told of his recovery from a late very severe illness. He had, he said, for some years been afflicted with a weak back, so much so that at times if he stooped he could not regain an upright position unassisted, and as for lifting anything, that was out of the question. "For years" to use Mr. Smith's own words, "I could not carry a scuttle-full of coal." He had, so the physicians whom he consulted told him, disease of the kidneys, but they failed to cure him. He grew weak at length and rapidly lost flesh. Quite frequently he would be obliged to give up work for a week and take to his bed. He lost his appetite, was pale and so unweaved that he could not possibly hope to continue longer at his trade. "Customers of the barber shop," he remarked, "do not care to be shaved by a man whose hand trembles." He had been in bed for some time undergoing treatment, when one morning his wife said to him, "Jim, I've got a new medicine I want you to try." It was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she had. He objected to more medicine, as invalids will do, but at length, as sensible men usually are, he was guided by his wife. "But mind you," he said, "I had no faith in the pills; I only took them to please my wife." It was fortunate he did so, for he was soon back at work, and after taking several boxes of the medicine was stronger than he had been for several years. Within two months after beginning to take Pink Pills he felt like a new man, and had gained over twenty pounds in weight. There is certainly no healthier looking man in the city to-day than Mr. Smith. Since his restoration to health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he has recommended the remedy to many of his friends and has yet to hear of a case where the remedy faithfully tried was found wanting. In cases like that of Mr. Smith, Pink Pills furnish a speedy and effective cure, as indeed they do in all cases dependent upon a poor or watery condition of the blood or impaired nervous forces. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Under no circumstances are the genuine Pink Pills sold in bulk, but only in boxes, the wrapper around which is printed in red ink and bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in any other form, no matter what color, are worthless imitations.

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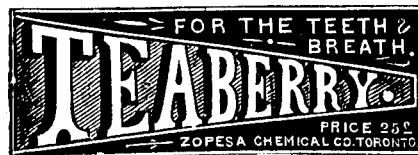
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REV. P. C. HEADLEY, 697 Huntington Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., April 2nd, 1894, writes:

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"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.

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

What do you say to Tipple for a clergyman's name? Bad, is it not? and yet an English clergyman has to stagger under it. The Rev. S. A. Tipple is the author of "Sunday Mornings at Norwood." Think how the lettering on the back of the book must look!:-

Tipple  
 Sunday Mornings  
 at  
 Norwood

What an invitation to young men! Let us hope that they will not notice it. Strange as is this name, a clergyman of the Presbyterian church in this State has one even more singular—the Rev. Eucere Paradise. A progressive man I'll wager. *The Critic.*

Some time ago, when Henry Irving was in Edinburgh, a Scotch clergyman came and informed him that he was to attend the theatre that week for the first time in his life, to see one of the Lyceum productions. Irving felt duly flattered, and so expressed himself; but the divine, after a certain amount of stammering, confessed that he did not wish to see a play in which there was a ballet. Irving, greatly puzzled, informed him that there was no dancing in the plays he was then producing, but that, according to the slang of the "profession," the supernumeraries of both sexes were technically called "the ballet," and hence probably arose his visitor's mistake. The worthy man's face beamed, and he took an affectionate leave of his host; but at the door he was seized with misgivings and suddenly demanded point-blank: "If there is no ballet, Mr. Irving, why do people talk so much about your legs?" Irving's answer has not been chronicled.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.,  
 18th August, 1894.

To whom it may concern—and that is nearly everybody.—This is to certify that I have used Coutts & 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.

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No. 78 Church St., Toronto,

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By order of the Board,  
JAMES MASON, Manager.  
Toronto, December 13th, 1894.

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