

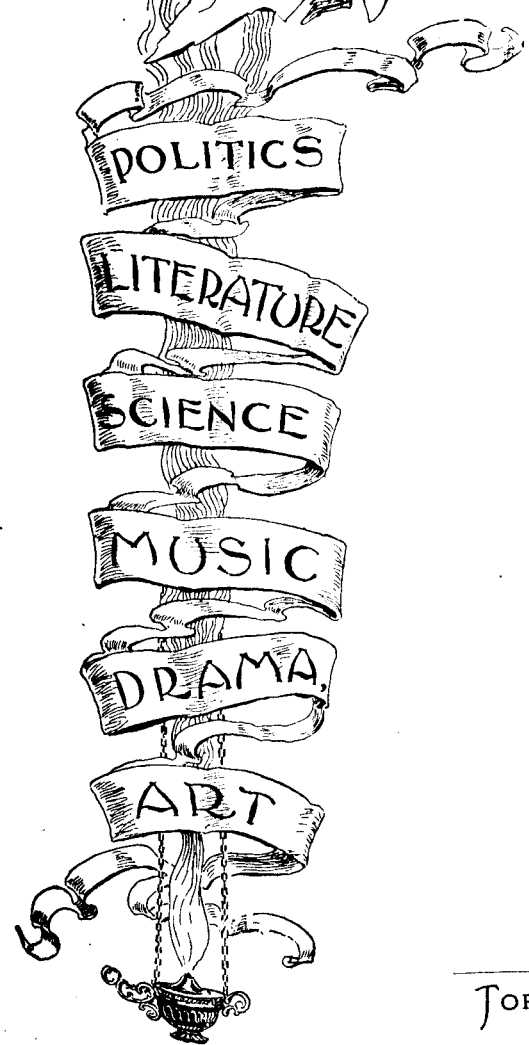
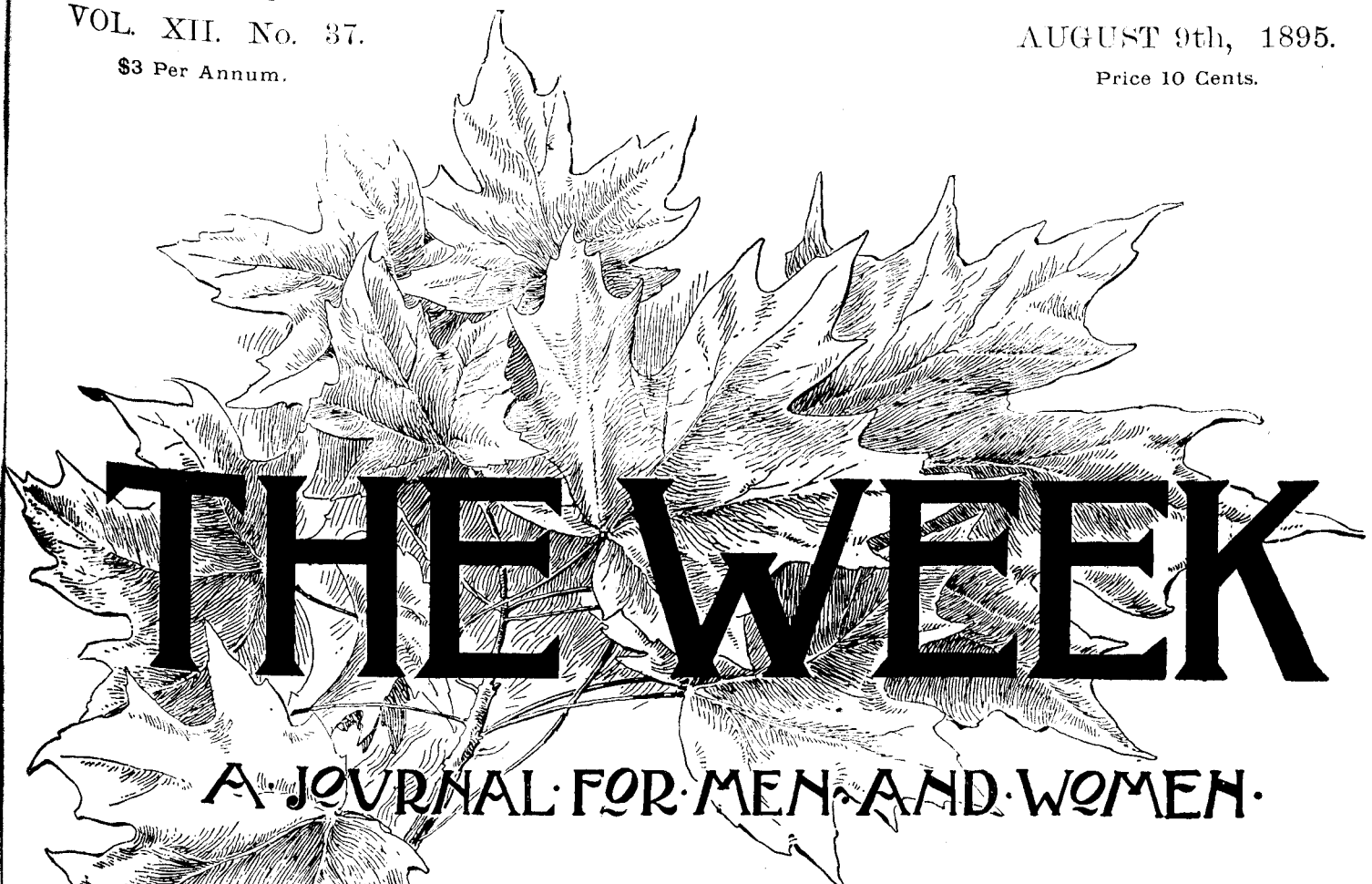
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, August 9th, 1895.

No. 37.

## Contents.

	PAGE.
CURRENT TOPICS.....	867
LEADERS—	
The Jury System.....	869
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Summer Colonies.....	Ernest Heaton, M.A. 870
Criticisms of Some Magazine Articles—Part IV.....	Fairplay Radical. 871
Nile Vignettes: IV. Luxor to Aswan.....	Alice Jours. 872
The Pussy Woman: Some of Her Peculiarities.....	Camradia Kipps. 874
Socialism Versus Individuality.....	875
The Human Pineushion.....	Alchemist. 875
Parisian Affairs.....	Z. 876
Montreal Affairs.....	877
At Street Corners.....	Diogenes. 879
POETRY—	
Summer Song.....	Doreen Campbell Scott. 878
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—	
Agnostic.....	Robert Cuthbert. 879
BOOKS—	
The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.....	880
Mr. Thomson's Old Man Savarin.....	Archibald Lampman. 881
Briefer Notices.....	881

## Current Topics.

The appointment of Dr. George R. Parkin as headmaster of Upper Canada College is a felicitous one, and one too, we venture to predict, that will go a long way towards restoring to the institution its ancient prestige, the uncalled-for pessimistic forebodings and prophesies of Mr. Goldwin Smith notwithstanding. Dr. Parkin was for several years head master of the college at Fredericton, New Brunswick, in which Province he was born, and is consequently a native Canadian; and his past successful career justifies a belief in his capabilities for filling the position conferred upon him acceptably. We learn that Dr. Parkin will sail for Canada on the 22nd of August.

"Nothing comes out more distinctly from the results of the general election," says *The Spectator*, "than the need of having some better machinery than that of a general election for discriminating the special points on which it really turned." This remark is caused by the fact that some of the defeated Gladstonians say that the late election did not really turn on the question of Home Rule at all. Whether this is or is not the fact we do not now inquire. No doubt the Unionists did all in their power to make Home Rule the very pivot on which the voting should turn. No doubt, as *The Spectator* says, it was the issue which had been uppermost between the two parties for the last ten years. But it is not so clear that the Gladstonians did themselves, at the last, "accept that as the main issue." To onlookers at a distance they, or some of them at least, seemed to try rather hard to substitute several other issues. But to return to the point. *The Spectator* says, "We ought undoubtedly to have the means of referring separately all the greater questions to the arbitration of the people, and then we should know what the people do care about and what they do not care about." Two ways suggest themselves in which this might possibly be done. Each voter at the general election might, in addition to the names of the rival candidates, be supplied with a card of questions to be answered, in regard to the most important issues at the time before Parliament and the country, and the answers to these might be tabulated for the

guidance of Parliament. Or each question recognized as great might from time to time be submitted separately for the approval or the contrary of the electors.

### What is a Member of Parliament?

Each of these proposals suggests at once half-a-dozen difficulties, each of which in turn seems almost insuperable. If the elector is to vote on each question separately, how is he to know which candidate may be relied on to carry out his wishes? Shall each candidate be required to announce, and have printed on the voting card, his opinion on each of the test subjects, leaving it for each voter to choose the man who agrees with the larger number of his own views? Or, in the case of the plebiscite on one distinct question, shall Parliament be bound to legislate in accordance with the decision of the majority, or give place to one which will? What a perpetual series of upsets and elections we should have, to be sure. And then where would the sphere of the statesman come in, if the business of Government and Parliament is but to record on the statute-book the decisions of the majority? Shall his ability be used simply on the platform and through the press in shaping the opinions of the electorate to correspond with his own? The case may seem somewhat simpler when we suppose the single issue to be submitted to the arbitrament of the people, as it arises. But think of the turmoil and the expense! The latter, however, when we come to think of it, might be in a large degree counterbalanced by the saving effected through the curtailment of the long debates which are now carried on at the cost of thousands of dollars daily to the people who pay the bills. There would be little use in debating at length in Parliament a question which was to be decided by the people, not the members. The whole subject is beset with so many difficulties that we shall probably have to content ourselves for a good while to come with the present method, however unsatisfactory and inaccurate. As a matter of fact, it seems pretty clear that under this method the political fortunes of the late and the present Ministries were really decided by the aggregate results of an electoral campaign in which the decisive votes were those of masses of electors each one of whom voted in view of his own special interest or hobby; this one for or against Home Rule, his neighbour for or against Local Option, a third for or against Disestablishment, a fourth for or against abolition of the Lords' power of veto and so on to the end of the chapter. The one thing certain is that the *againsts* greatly outnumbered the *fors*.

### Toronto's Water Supply.

Once more the question of the city's water supply is prominently before the City Council, this time let us hope for final and efficient action. Most thoughtful citizens must be now pretty well convinced that the tunnel scheme is really the only practicable and sure method by which the city can be permanently supplied with water of the best quality and in ample quantity, for all time to come, or at least so long as the waters of the Great Lakes shall hold out. The arguments in favour of the scheme recommended by the Engineer have seemed to us in the past to be practically unanswerable. Their force is now greatly increased in view of the double danger which undoubtedly threatens us, from the rapid fall-

ing of the water in the lake, which renders the present means of supply more or less uncertain, and the startling shallowness of the water covering the pipes, with the consequent exposure to damage by accident. In fact, we are informed on good authority that one of the two pipes on which the city relies for its supply is already brought so near the surface by the constant fall of the lake level that it may become useless in the near future. It would surely be worth almost any sacrifice on the part of the people of this city to be finally freed from a condition of uncertainty in regard to the purity and sufficiency of the water supply, and to be assured of an abundance of the cool pure water from the depths of Lake Ontario to which we are now happily accustomed. As to the proposal of the Aqueduct Company to supply us with water at so much per gallon from new and untried, and not unlikely inadequate and impure sources, it is not to be thought of for a moment.

Reform Proposals  
in the  
United States.

The day is past, probably never to return, in the United States as in Canada, when the political forces were arrayed solidly in two hostile camps. It is true that the attempts which have been made across the border to organize a third or a fourth party, with a distinct platform, to operate as a rival of both the old parties, moving on somewhat similar lines, has not hitherto been very successful, as witness the stay of progress which seems to have reached the Populist party, which, for a time, promised so much. The tendency of these independent movements seems to be to break up into smaller bodies, each working for a single object, *e.g.*, the Prohibition Party. There is, however, small reason to suppose that any party, following the old methods, with a single plank for its platform, can ever gain sufficient strength to control legislation, even through holding a balance of power. The leaders having become, we presume, convinced of this, considerable attention has of late been directed to a movement looking to a union of "Reform Forces." A National Conference to that end was recently held on Staten Island, lasting for five days. A Committee on Resolutions, comprising representatives of Populists, Prohibitionists, Single-Taxers, State Socialists, and Direct Legislationists, reported a revolutionary platform, which was adopted almost unanimously by the delegates present and is now being discussed in the "Reform" press, at local gatherings of the various bodies represented, and generally by all who are interested in the new movements of the day. It seems to be understood that another convention will be held before the beginning of next year's campaign, for the final adoption or modification of the union platform.

The Amalgamated  
Reform Platform.

Following are the resolutions spoken of in the foregoing paragraph. They have not been received with universal favour by the press of the various organizations whose special hobbies are included in this most comprehensive and truly radical "platform." But they are worthy of study as a sign of the times, a curious and highly suggestive embodiment of the novel ideas in legislation and government some of which are making considerable headway among the people not only in the United States, but to a greater or less extent in other democratic countries:

"As a basis of a union of reform forces.

1. Direct Legislation, the Initiative and the Referendum in national, state, and local matters; the Imperative Mandate and Proportional Representation.
2. When any branch of legitimate business becomes a monopoly in the hands of a few, against the interests of the

many, that industry should be taken possession of, on just terms, by the municipality, the State, or the nation, and administered by the people.

3. The election of President and Vice-President, and United States Senators, by direct vote of the people, and also of all civil officers as far as practicable.

4. Equal suffrage without distinction of sex.

5. As the land is the rightful heritage of the people, no tenure should hold without use and occupancy.

6. Prohibition of the liquor traffic for beverage purposes, and governmental control of the sale for medicinal, scientific, and mechanical uses.

7. All money—paper, gold, and silver—should be issued by the National Government only, and made legal tender for all payments, private or public, or future contracts, and in amount adequate to the demands of business.

8. The free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1."

Election Methods  
in the South.

While a wave of partial reform appears to be passing over New York and Brooklyn and other cities in the North, which have hitherto been famous for political and municipal corruption, in the South the old order of things seems still to prevail. According to the *Jacksonville Times-Union*, election fraud has been reduced in the State of Florida to a system so simple, comprehensive, and complete that it would seem as if the very priesthood of corruption could ask nothing further. The system indeed, as described by that journal, a marvel of effectiveness. The County Commissioners not only appoint all the election officers from their own party but from their own particular faction of their party. As a rule, "no other qualification except subservience to the will of that faction" is required. Their lists usually include a few prominent and trustworthy appointees, but these, we are told, are "not intended for service, but for display only." They are not legally compelled to serve and their places are generally taken by associates. The mode of operation is thus described:

"Three inspectors and a clerk, all chosen from one party or faction, all closeted in a little apartment without windows or any openings through which the public can see what is being done on the inside—this is the picture of the average polling-place during a Florida election. No person antagonistic to the party or faction of the inspectors is permitted within. No watching is possible from without. . . . If they wish a candidate elected, all they have to do is to declare him elected, and he is elected. They can credit him with as many of his opponents' votes as they choose, and there will be no possibility of proving the fraud."

The "Sweat-  
Box."

One of the hall-marks of a high civilization is seen in the self-restraint which enables a people, and especially their officers of justice, to treat an accused person, no matter how dark the case against him may appear, as innocent until he is proven to be guilty. So long as there is room for doubt the accused should unquestionably be given the benefit of the doubt. The application of torture to a suspected person with a view to eliciting or compelling a confession, assumes the guilt which it seeks to prove and so violates the fundamental principles of British and, we had supposed, of American justice. No words can express the abhorrence which every true man must regard the perpetrator of such deeds as those of which Holmes, the arch-murderer, as is generally believed, has been guilty, and no punishment inflicted by way of deterrent and warning to others can be too severe, provided the guilt is clearly established. But no demand of outraged humanity for justice can warrant the return of civilized men to the old methods of torturing those supposed to be capable of giving effective testimony. In what respect is the ordeal to which, one after another of those who are suspected of knowing something more than has been told about the murder of one or another of those who are supposed to have been Holmes's victims less than a mode of torture and of very severe torture? To subject a man, or more outrageous still, a woman, to hour

after hour of cross-questioning by police-officers and detectives and lawyers, until strength of body and mind is exhausted and the wretched victims are almost, or quite ready to make any statement or admission required, is a return to some of the worst methods of the Star Chamber or the Inquisition, of which American officials ought to be ashamed. What reliance can be placed upon testimony extracted from exhausted and terrified men and women by such a policy, especially when a liberal percentage of falsehoods in regard to what other witnesses are saying is deliberately added to the bullying procedure?

\* \* \*

### The Jury System.

WE have before us two magazine articles dealing with juries and their treatment. T. D. Crothers, M.D., in the July number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, gives us what he calls "A Medical Study of the Jury System." The main object of his article is to show that the irrational mode pursued in the selection of jurymen, and the unsanitary circumstances in which they are very often placed during the hearing of the trial, are singularly well adapted to secure a body of men quite unfit for the proper discharge of the duties entrusted to them. Chosen usually from the ranks of those who are accustomed to daily vigorous exercise in the open air, jurors are as a rule called on to perform duties for which they are, to begin with, by habit and lack of education unqualified, and they are required to perform these duties in close and ill-ventilated rooms, during a number of hours per day which is far beyond their normal powers of attention. Habituated to regular meals of plain food, they are often for days in succession forced to use rich and more or less indigestible viands which make up the courses at a modern hotel. In brief, through vitiated air, over-eating and under-exercise, and the complete breaking-up of all his bodily and mental habits, the jurymen is, long before the end of the first day, and in a growing degree on each subsequent day, brought into a physical and mental condition which renders him as unfit as possible to exercise the close attention, the calm judgment, the cool discrimination, which are required in the very highest degree by the duties of his office.

In the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Harvey N. Sheppard, under the heading, "The Wrongs of the Jurymen," after pointing out some of the remarkable varieties in the mode of treating jurors in different States, dwells more particularly upon the great hardship to which they are in most cases subjected in consequence of being secluded from ordinary intercourse with the world, and kept under rigid restraint continuously day and night during the progress of the trial, often for uncertain and prolonged periods, without food or sleep. Usually, moreover, while bound individually by solemn oaths to give a true verdict, according to the evidence—a condition demanding the best personal judgment of each man—they are, by reason of the hardships imposed, apparently for that very purpose, placed under strong temptation to set aside their personal and conscientious convictions and agree upon a compromise verdict—often, it must be upon one which is actually contrary to the individual convictions of some—in order to obtain relief from the discomfort imposed by the strange compulsion.

Under these circumstances it is not at all wonderful that there is a general reluctance on the part of citizens to perform an important duty of citizenship by serving occasionally on juries when called upon. We are not sufficiently familiar with the court rooms to be in a position to form an opinion whether and to what extent this reluctance tends to throw the responsible duties of the jurymen in Canada into

the hands of classes of citizens not the best fitted by education and intelligence to divest themselves of prejudices and pronounce intelligent and just judgments, "according to the evidence," as one or both of these writers evidently think is the fact in the United States. We have an impression, however, that some of the worst hardships, such as the locking-up over night, denying access to friends, etc., are falling into disuse in this country, and that the courts are readier than they formerly were to adopt the more rational course of dismissing the jurors when, after a reasonable period of conference and discussion, they declare themselves unable to agree. We hope, too, that another old custom, that of requiring a degree of ignorance of the particular case in hand, such as, in these days of newspapers, argues a low level of intelligence, or of mental activity, is gradually becoming honoured in the breach.

But after making all due allowance for the imperfections of jurors in consequence of the many disabilities under which they are so often placed, we do not think many Canadians will be able to agree with Dr. Crothers in his very unfavourable estimate of the ability of the average juror to weigh and analyze evidence, and a true verdict give on the matters of fact involved in ordinary cases. It was not without wise reasons that our forefathers forced from the unwilling hands of an autocratic monarch the concession of the right of every citizen to be tried by a jury of his peers. One would like to hear the opinion of experienced judges in regard to the qualifications of our average juries, as tested in the practice of the courts. The writer whom we have quoted is of opinion that farmers, mechanics, and other men whose daily employments are supposed to develop the muscular rather than the mental powers, are incompetent in consequence to serve as jurors, especially in cases in which the evidence is complicated and the issues more or less obscure. The "average jury is," he thinks, "unable to pass judgment on, or even to comprehend in any adequate way, many of the questions submitted to it, such as motives and capacity of the mind, and the power of control, the analysis of conduct, and the conditions and influences which have been dominant in certain acts; the application of the law, and the distinctions of responsibility and accountability, etc." When to all this is added the confusing and bewildering pleadings and passionate appeals of opposing counsel, the nice distinctions and hypotheses given in the charge of judges, etc., such jurors are, Dr. Crothers thinks, often brought into such bewildering mental confusion that "the wonder is that they are able to reach any verdict that even approximates the levels of human justice."

We do not know how accurately this strongly worded description may picture the mental condition of an ordinary United States jurymen, but we feel quite confident that it is far from being correct as a rule in regard to Canadian juries. In the first place, Dr. Crothers greatly under-estimates the mental acumen of the average farmer or mechanic. There is a vast deal of acute and valuable mental training in the world besides that given in the schools. Many a man, as he follows the plow, or rather as he turns from one to another of the varied employments which fill up the life of the modern farmer, undergoes a rough but real process of mind-culture which is not always so inferior—nay, may very often prove itself not at all inferior for practical uses, in developing soundness of judgment and acuteness of perception, to that of the schools. We very much question whether the sturdy common-sense and shrewdness developed by such habits and processes will not often be found to result in wonderfully correct balancing of conflicting testimonies, and wonderfully acute interpretations of hidden motives.



There is a profound utility, in the furtherance of the ends of justice, in the provision which secures to every accused citizen the right to be tried by a jury of his *peers*. Perhaps this is sometimes too much lost sight of. A comparatively unlettered farmer or mechanic may not be in the best position to estimate the subtleties of thought and the peculiarities of motive of the professional and scholarly man, but when the individual to be judged is one of his own class, the chances of a correct judgment may often be greater with him than with a philosopher as juror. At any rate, it will be long we venture to predict, before a free people will be ready to surrender the right of trial by jury, to accept as a substitute the expert judgment of any one man, however trained in weighing evidence or however skilled in analyzing motive he may be supposed to be.

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### Summer Colonies.

**PITCHFORK** Nature out of the door, and we all know the result. The people who flock into the cities try to bring Nature back to their midst in parks and boulevards, but once a year, at least, all, who can afford it, strike out to seek her where she is to be found, and to spend the hottest months of the year in an atmosphere that is free from smoke and the rush of city life. The votaries of fashion in the Eastern States renew the round of gaiety and display of gowns at Naragansette and Bar Harbour, but, however pleasant these resorts may be, they cost more money than the average family can afford, and they do not supply the complete rest and change of living, which those, whose lot it is to bear the wear and tear of city life, require.

The study of the different features and tendencies of summer travel naturally belongs to those persons, who are interested in railways and hotels; but we, the uninitiated, can find food for serious and interesting reflection in some of the more apparent features of the subject, which lie before our eyes.

The last census returns show an enormous increase in the city population of the United States. Between the years 1880 and 1890, in the State of Illinois alone, while the rural population decreased by 114,000 the urban population during the same decade increased 862,529 or more than 66 per cent.; again, it is a well-known fact that there has been an enormous increase in nervous diseases consequent on the strain and excitement incident to life in a city, and many are wisely coming to the conclusion that prevention is better than cure. The climate in the cities of the Southern States, indeed in most of the cities in the United States, especially where there is no body of water near at hand, render it almost a necessity for women and children to migrate to the country in the hottest months, just as families in India move up to the hills. At the same time, the country has been growing richer and consequently there has been a large accession to the number of those, who can afford to travel.

Side by side and parallel with the growth of cities, the increase of wealth and the desire for travel, as might be expected, we find an extraordinary increase in the travel of people in search of climate. The railway companies report each winter a heavier traffic to Florida and California, subject, of course, to fluctuations arising from extraordinary causes; and we have the authority of the General Passenger Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway in saying that there has been a remarkable growth during the last fifteen years in the summer travel to the Great Lakes, not only from the adjacent but also the more distant cities of the United States.

These considerations emphasize strongly the great value attaching to climate, the importance of a careful study of the summer wants of the average city population and the necessity for organized effort to encourage and direct the stream of summer immigration. Florida and California have practically a monopoly in the reputation for a mild winter climate and this is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to them every year. But we search in vain for any wide advertisement in the press or railway pamphlets of the best summer climate on the continent.

From a gentleman living in Galveston, on the Gulf of

Mexico, we learn that the people of Texas more and more every year look to the Great Lakes as the most desirable summering ground, and through the Central and Southern States this idea seems now, in spite of the absence of advertisement, to be well established.

The importance of this fact is gradually dawning upon the people of Ontario and a new hope is springing up in the towns situated near the water, who had begun to lose heart by the drainage of their people to Toronto. Barrie, on Lake Simcoe; Cobourg, on Lake Ontario; Goderich and Sarnia, on Lake Huron, are all beginning to wake up and realize the value of their natural attractions, and there are developments and rumours of developments for the accommodation of summer visitors.

Generally speaking, throughout all the region known as the Great Lakes the climate near the water is delightful, but nowhere on this continent, we might say, in the world, can be found a more delightful and health-giving climate during the summer months than on the east shore of Lake Huron. The prevailing winds are from the west and north-west, and are rendered wonderfully cool and soft by a passage of five hundred miles across Lakes Superior, Michigan and Huron. The summer months are uniformly fine, while the high elevation of the coast line precludes all possibility of malaria.

The wants of the average city family during the summer months may be summed up as follows: Fresh air, proximity to water, congenial social surroundings, amusement and, above all, a rest from house-keeping—at a moderate cost.

The cheap, summer hotel is not popular, the restrictions are irksome, the fellow-lodgers are an uncertain quantity and the quality of the food is generally not what it might be. As a consequence, the summer cottage finds more favour with those who can afford to get away for a few months, and many, for the sake of privacy, like the amphibious tourists from Canadian cities to Muskoka and the St. Lawrence, put up with rough cooking without servants in a cottage of their own, rather than endure the discomforts of a cheap hotel. To meet this want, at Crystal Springs, near Buffalo, and Huronia Beech, near Sarnia, a number of cottages have been built with a central hall near by, which serves the double purpose of a ball-room and a restaurant, and the success of both these enterprises would seem to justify our opinion that a skilful perfection of this system would most completely provide for the migratory wants of the great mass of city dwellers on this continent.

A most suggestive object lesson is afforded by the Humbertstone Club, near Port Colbourne, on Lake Erie. In 1888, we are informed, a gentleman from Tennessee, attracted by the advantages offered there for a summering ground, purchased five acres and built a cottage for himself. Among his friends he formed a summer club, and there are now twenty-eight cottages, costing from three to four hundred dollars, occupied by families from Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Virginia and Louisiana. Every year they come in a special car, bringing with them their own caterer, who dispenses meals in a central pavilion.

From this will be seen the importance of appreciating the principle of social attraction, which forms so prominent a feature in the colonization of new countries.

Not only is this important as showing the value of collecting and printing the opinions of satisfied visitors for the purposes of advertising, but also, as suggesting the wisdom of constructing cottages in groups or colonies, which will naturally lead to the formation of such associations or clubs as that which has been so successful at Port Colbourne—a practice which should be stimulated by every possible means.

We have, then, a number of towns in Ontario situated upon the Great Lakes all anxious to secure the favour of the summer visitor. Are these towns in reality rivals of each other, or are their interests identical? Should they keep each other at arm's length, or would they not rather be benefited by co-operation in the attraction of visitors? This is a very important question, for the investment of capital is delayed by the want of a system to direct visitors. It is necessary that we should first have a clear understanding of the conditions, which must be taken into consideration before we can give a rational answer.

We might briefly mention some of the points having a direct bearing upon this subject, which occur to us at the moment of writing.

There is practically an unlimited supply of families throughout the cities of this continent available as summer visitors to Canada, with sufficient money put aside from their earnings for an annual holiday. While many people go to the same place year after year for their summer outing, there are, perhaps, more, who like novelty and a change, and it has sometimes happened that visitors arriving at some of our towns, without making due enquiry beforehand, have been turned away from lack of accommodation. There is a need for personally conducted excursions to our summer resorts; for the father and grown-up men in a family, as a rule, are not able to leave their business to escort their families, for whom, in the unhealthy cities of the south, a change during the summer months is an absolute necessity.

Summer holidays, like Christmas, come but once a year; and no one likes to run the risk of disappointment in the enjoyment of their annual outing. Consequently, it is most essential that the information provided be complete in every detail, and at the same time command the confidence of the people, while the advertising leading up to this information should be aggressive and go into the homes of the people through the medium of the daily papers, for many would be thus induced to travel, who, at present, stay at home. Again, it is important that a careful study be made of all questions appertaining to the building of cottages, the management of colonies, and the wants of summer visitors in the way of entertainment and amusement. In this last respect there would seem to be much room for education. The inhabitants of the smaller Canadian towns are too often narrow-minded and blind to their own interests. For instance, while Sarnia has in the last few years expended from \$15,000 to \$18,000 in the development of parks and otherwise making the town attractive to visitors, the authorities of another town on the same lake, with far greater natural advantages, allow the streets to be used as a grazing ground for all the cows of the district. Might we not, in view of these considerations, conclude that the work of summer colonization would be more effectively carried out on broad lines than by the unassociated effort of individual towns?

The Canadian Pacific Railway have adopted the policy of building first class hotels to stimulate travel on their line. It is possible that they might undertake the less costly work of forming summer colonies upon the cottage system. It is unfortunate that the less progressive Grand Trunk Railway Company control the best water fronts in Ontario. Failing the railways, the work of construction and colonization could be effectively carried out by a syndicate composed of men who live among the prospective visitors and could thus be best able to influence custom. In the meantime, however, an association might advantageously be formed by the first class summer resorts. The functions of such an association would be: (1) To study and exchange ideas on the work of construction, colonization and entertainment. (2) To establish a system of collecting the opinions of satisfied visitors in each summer resort. (3) To publish a pamphlet containing accurate and detailed information together with the testimonials of visitors. (4) To establish a regular system of general advertising in the newspapers of the cities both in Canada and the United States. (5) To arrange for personally conducted excursions from the more distant parts to a general centre—say Toronto, where the tourists could be met by a representative from each summer resort. (6) To act as an advisory board to the municipal councils in the matter of making the towns attractive to visitors.

The utility of such an association can scarcely be overestimated. The prestige of one town would attach to the others and the combined reputation of all would be most effective in breaking new ground in the more distant centres. Besides, as we have pointed out, the perfection of the machinery for the attraction of visitors would afford a great incentive to the work of construction, and the formation of joint stock companies for this purpose. As a business enterprise, the work of building summer cottages at a cost of from three to five hundred dollars a year and renting them at from seventy-five to a hundred dollars a season, requiring, as it does, little or no skill in management, as compared with an hotel, would seem to offer sufficient inducements to capitalists. But it is to be regretted that the inhabitants of the smaller Canadian towns available as summer resorts, which have remained in a

stationary condition for some years, have the reputation, not without some show of reason, of being lacking in enterprise, especially the merchant class, who, from the indirect benefits they would receive, might be expected to be most keenly interested. Public spirit cannot, in a business way, be taken into consideration. It appears, then, more than likely that, if the work of construction is not taken up by the railway companies, for any large operations upon these lines, we must look to American capitalists; and there is little doubt that an association, which could influence summer visitors at their homes, would receive generous concessions from the municipalities to which they direct their attentions.

It is difficult to overestimate the importance of this subject to the lake towns in Ontario or, indeed, to the whole Province. It is true that the summer visitor only remains with us a few months, but he is a cash customer; he spends money freely, and in more than one town in Ontario American families have made a permanent residence of the Canadian home purchased in the first instance to spend the summer months. The increase in the home demand for the necessities of life is a benefit to the surrounding farmers, while the merchants are greatly benefited by the increased sales of their goods and the circulation of cash. The wide opportunities afforded to our neighbours to study our country, its advantages and resources, cannot but have far-reaching and beneficial results both to themselves and the country at large.

ERNEST HEATON.

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### Criticisms of Some Magazine Articles— Part IV.

PRELIMINARY TO REVIEWING MR. GLADSTONE'S ARTICLE  
IN "THE NORTH AMERICAN"—LORD CLARE'S  
GREAT SPEECH.

BEFORE criticising Mr. Gladstone's article in *The North American* for October 1892, "A Vindication of Home Rule," it is necessary for the sake of clearness, and also because Mr. Gladstone has falsely represented it, to give an outline of the great speech of Lord Clare of Feb. 10th, 1800, in the Irish House of Lords on the motion for the proposed Union. It took four hours to deliver, "and produced an effect on the Peers and on the audience which latter was uncommonly numerous," never surpassed by any delivered in a legislative assembly" (Dunbar Ingram's History of the Legislative Union—shilling edition, p. 145). Lord Clare came from the Celtic race, and was a very able man. He had been many years in the House of Commons and was then Lord Chancellor.

His speech exceeds 20,000 words—space being limited, my extracts must therefore be brief. I have taken pains to give the leading points of present interest, and may add anent my forthcoming review of Gladstone's article, that over one hour has been given to get a single important fact correctly.

In 1886 the London *Times* published two one-shilling volumes containing all the letters which had appeared in its columns during that year anent Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and on the Irish question generally; and it added Lord Clare's great speech. My extracts are mostly in his exact words with a few notes interspersed. He faced a cultured audience, some being bitter opponents; therefore he would be more careful as to his facts. It was a grand address, displaying great ability and a judicial mind. He evidently possessed great moral courage, and spoke the truth regardless of giving offence.

He commenced by fearlessly stating that the opposition to the Union was caused "by faction and intrigue, if not by recommendations of open rebellion" . . . "Nothing but union can save this kingdom." . . . "The existence of her independent Parliament has gradually led her to complicated and bitter calamities." . . . "When I was in the House of Commons I stated that the growth of faction . . . would inevitably reduce us to the alternative of separation or union. . . . I have, during the last seven years, uniformly pressed upon the King's Ministers the urgent necessity of union. . . . Before the connection with England "Ireland never enjoyed a state of domestic security or a government capable of protecting her inhabitants from violation in their persons or

property." . . . "For centuries the English Pale was not pushed beyond its original limits—the common observation was, that they who dwelt west of the River Barrow dwelt west of the law." . . . The Reformation took no root in Ireland. . . . Elizabeth, after a "war of seven years, effected the complete reduction of the island which till this first conquest had been divided into a number of licentious and independent tribes." . . . "The accession of James I. was the era of" (complete) "connection between the sister islands, then for the first time were English laws universally acknowledged." . . . Before the accession of James I. Ireland never had anything like a regular government or parliamentary constitution. In the reign of Edward II., the descendants of the first English settlers had a provincial assembly which was called the Parliament of the Pale—the colonists of the Pale considered it an insult to be summoned to attend them." . . . "From the introduction by James of his Protestant colony, the old distances (sic) were forgotten, all rallied around the banner of the Popish faith, and looked upon the new Protestant settlers as the common enemy. I repeat without the hazard of contradiction that Ireland never had an assembly which could be called a parliament until the reign of James I." (This refutes one of Gladstone's numerous historical inventions.) "After the removal of Strafford the native Irish began the insurrection of 1641, and were with few exceptions soon joined by the (old) English colonists and lords of English blood." "After a contest of eleven years . . . in which the whole island was desolated, the insurgents were subdued." "The rebellion of 1798 would have been a war of extermination if it had not been for the strong and merciful interposition of Great Britain." (Very few are aware that the embodied Catholic militia, with rare exceptions, fought loyally to Wolfe Tone's wrathful disappointment, and helped to suppress it. At the outbreak there were very few British troops in Ireland. Then as now, the Irish soldiers were faithful to their salt. It is a noble, national characteristic.) "Cromwell collected all the native Irish and transplanted them into Connaught, and forbade them to repass the Shannon on pain of death." (This is an overstatement, because 20 years afterwards the population was 1,100,000, of whom two-thirds were Catholics, consequently there must have been an immense proportion of the latter who did not go.) "The confiscated land was distributed among the officers and soldiers of Cromwell's army in satisfaction of arrears of pay, and among the adventurers who had advanced money to defray the expenses of the war." He then refers to the subsequent Act of Settlement of Charles II., by which three-fourths of all Irish property, including what had been previously allotted in Cromwell's time, was vested in commissioners to be re-distributed, including among "innocent Papists." (The total acreage of Ireland exceeds 20,000,000 statute acres.) "7,800,000 acres was set out to English adventurers, nearly to the total exclusion of the old inhabitants." (This was a mistake; see Fitzmaurice's Life of Sir W. Petty, who surveyed the confiscated land, and had a great deal to do with the apportionment. He estimated that about two-thirds of the land had belonged to "Papists and sequestered Protestants." At the final settlement in 1672 the Catholics recovered 2,340,000 Irish, or 3,767,000 English acres, the "Protestants" and churches got 2,400,000 Irish, or 3,864,000 English acres, and other miscellaneous claimants 460,000 Irish, or 740,000 English acres, making a total of 8,371,000 English acres. Adding one-third for unconfiscated land, this brings up the then used land to 11,160,000 acres. It is certain that the utilized acreage did not exceed those figures in 1672. "Of all that claimed innocency, seven in eight obtained it. Of those adjudged innocent, not one in twenty were really so. Many of the Roman Catholic nobles—the prime fomenters of the civil war—got back their own lands and others in addition, but thousands of those that they had misled lost everything.")

Lord Clare continues: "After the expulsion of James II. from England the old inhabitants made a final effort for the recovery of their land. The Parliamentary commissioners reported in 1698 that those outlawed for that rebellion owned 1,060,000 Irish, or 1,706,000 English acres—less than one-half of what they held—which were sold towards defraying the expenses of the war. (The average rent was only 68 cents per English acre.) He spoke highly of the volunteers of 1779, but "the appeals to them by angry politicians were

dangerous and ill-judged and established a precedent for rebellion which has since been followed up." He then went into the history of the arrangement of 1782 between the two countries. "A majority in the Parliament of Great Britain will defeat the Minister of the day, but a majority of the Parliament of Ireland against the King's Government goes directly to separate this kingdom from the British crown. If it continues, separation or war is the inevitable issue." "Every unprincipled adventurer commences his political career on an avowed speculation of profit and loss" (consider what the quarrelling Nationalists now say of each other).

He then referred to the temporary insanity of George III. and the factious conduct of the Irish majority in collusion with the English Whigs. "With respect to the old code of the Popery laws there cannot be a doubt that it ought to be repealed, but it should have been taken up systematically by the Ministers of the crown, and not left in the hands of individuals as an engine of power and popularity." He then quoted verbatim the requests of the leading lay and clerical Roman Catholics. An Act was passed in 1793 conceding all that they had asked for, "and in addition they were enabled to hold every office, civil and military, under the crown, with the exception of about forty, without taking the oaths or subscribing the declaration as required from every other class." (Practically the only really great grievance remaining was the not allowing Catholics in Parliament, but all knew that Catholics in an Irish Parliament meant civil war, for it was certain that persistent efforts would be made to despoil all who held land which in preceding centuries had belonged to Catholics.) He then referred to the Lord Fitzwilliam episode which Mr. Gladstone has so perseveringly falsified. "It is now ascertained that he came to Ireland with full instructions not to encourage the agitation of further claims on the part of the Irish Catholics."

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

#### Nile Vignettes: \* \* \* IV. Luxor to Aswan.

KEEPING any talk of Luxor until our later stay there, we take up our river journey again when the daylight on the fourth day we make our southward start.

Everything tells of our approach to Nubia. Sky and hills radiate with a whiter intensity of light; the shining skins of the men who toil all but naked at the long-armed shadoofs are of a deeper, more coppery brown. The shadoof with its hard human labour, has replaced the sakkiyehs, the wheels that worked by an ox or ass, and guided by a child, perched aloft above the wheel that empties its circle of water jars into the trough, are seldom seen above Luxor.

At ten o'clock we land at Esnet, the river bank all bright with green arches and red Turkish flags, signs of the Kedhive's progress which have preceded us all the way from Assint.

Walking up through the streets of the town, we enter a yard and find ourselves standing on the level with the capitals of a row of great pillars. These capitals resemble Greek acanthus ones, and indeed, they, and most of the portico of the temple which is all of it that is excavated are of the Roman period. We can go down by a staircase into the gloom of the hall of columns, but the rest of the temple is covered by the modern town, and there seems no prospect of its excavation.

Walking back to the steamer, I nearly frightened a small girl into fits by attempts to buy a flat silver disc, covered with Arab lettering that hung from the neck of the child she carried. She finally took to her heels, baby, disc and all. By the late afternoon we had landed at Edfoo, where the inhabitants certainly failed to endear themselves to us.

They began by objecting to having side saddles put on their donkeys, which caused confusion at the start, and to make matters worse, the starting place was a narrow lane where we were soon hopelessly jammed. A friendly youth who generally had an eye to my welfare, had chosen to mount a camel, and to my dismay bore down upon me with amiable inquiries.

Camels being my especial bete-noir, I wildly protested against his neighbourhood, and he sheered off, with injured feelings.

However, the way was short, and we were soon dis-



mounting before a pylon that for massive grandeur almost rivalled those of Karnak. Massive grandeur is everywhere. In the great courts, one opening out of the other, and all leading on to the inner shrine, carved out of one block of red Aswan granite, where lived the sacred hawk, emblem of Horus, who was here worshipped. We wander through row after row of dark inner chambers, and then as they grow more spectral, we start to climb the great pylon for the sunset view. Up, up through the darkness past endless little rooms of unknown purpose, and then out on the wall-surrounded top, 112 feet high.

The green Nile valley, the white house tops, the brown desert, lie below us all mistily golden. There is nothing novel in it to mark it out from other views, and yet, how dear its familiarity, how unfailling its charm.

We linger until we see the shadows growing darker and deeper in the great courtyard below.

Outside the pylon gate we can look down on the uninviting crowd of donkeys and men, and presently when we emerge from the great dark deserted temple courts, that crowd engulfs us with wild clamour.

Some six or seven of us had decided to walk back, and nothing would persuade our own followers that this was not an utter repudiation of the claims of backsheesh, while the unattached owners of animals clamour their virtues.

The crowd begins to look formidable and is certainly unpleasant in noise and proximity. But an Egyptian crowd has ever a great respect for a stick or even umbrella, especially when wielded by three such strong arms as those of our escort.

Our big Irishman clears the way with his stick and soon we are free of the crowd and able to enjoy our evening walk. Somehow a walk is the rarest of amusements in Egypt, and I can almost count those that I took during my three months there.

The next morning, between ten and eleven, we rounded in under a steep point crowned by the roofless pillars of a temple, the only one to be seen in such a situation at least below the first cataract. This was the temple of Thotmes III. to those of Ombo, famous from the days of Thotmes III. to those of the later Ptolemies. A year or two ago these ruins were nearly hidden by the sand, as well as threatened by the river current, but a strong embankment has been built, and the work of excavating is now going on. A steep hot walk it was up the shadeless, dusty road that led to the height, but once there one was well repaid by the peculiar interest of the double temple. Two separate entrances, two parallel sanctuaries, mark the singular impartiality with which the powers of light and darkness are treated. Horus, the hawk-headed god of light, held sway on one side, and Sebek, the crocodile-headed god of darkness, on the other. From its elevated position the doorways and lines of pillars frame in perfect glimpses of river and hill.

From these and from the steps and terraces that gradually rise towards the interior I am reminded of the platforms of some of the Pompeian temples.

It was interesting to watch the work of excavating going on. Rows of brown children carried the baskets of soft earth, that were filled by men, to throw into the still gaping hollows of the new embankment.

This soft earth, originally Nile mud, is much prized in cultivation, and in the temples around Luxor one constantly sees men digging it out, for the mere sake of being allowed to carry it off to their fields.

For some reason, perhaps because of being on foot, people were that morning especially hard to get back to the boat, and while the whistle was vigorously blowing and the reis performing a war dance of exasperation we were all watching a French lady's languid stroll down the road. As we go on that day, the river seems to narrow in with higher hills and every now and then we see fantastic shapes of granite. At last that green island, with the long white hospital buildings, those groups of native boats drawn up below the town, and the white town itself, shut in with its dreary hills—it is Aswan.

Perhaps I might have liked Aswan better if the fiercest and chilliest of north winds had not constantly blown during our three days there—Aswan, where every one assured us we should feel the heat so much.

It spoils the beauty of the glorious tropical moonlight, it turned the descent of the cataract into an inferno-like

desolation of whirling sand, and twisted black rocks and cold grey foam of waters. It all but spoils the beauty of Philae, tearing away the reflections of its temples and palms that almost always lurk in the still waters around it.

That day they were wind-lashed and grey and over temple vistas hung that air of utter desolation which a grey day gives them. Egyptian ruins must have Egyptian sunshine.

Poor Philae, was it better to see it like that, now that its loveliness is threatened by the hand of modern engineering. When we saw it its fate still hung in the balance, but now that it seems certain that the great reservoir of the future is to cover its columns for all but a few months of the year, who that has seen the island can think of its fate without a sigh. Let us trust that the material prosperity brought to Egypt by the reservoir may be great, for truly the sacrifice involved is not small.

Philae appeals to one's fancy as the last stronghold of the old gods. Here in this remote Nubian island their worship was maintained until A.D. 450. Everywhere about the ruins are traces of the Christian church of St. Stephen, that took possession of the temple of Isis and Osiris. Everywhere, too, are charming bits of bright carving and hieroglyphic, pale, clear blues and reds and yellow, preserved by the marvellous dry air.

It is only part of a day that we spend at Philae, and a week would be too little. Most of the ladies of the party go up by the funny little train that runs from Aswan to above the cataract. The men go on camels, and we all meet and lunch in "Pharaoh's Bed," as that little square gem of a temple perched on a rock above the river is called.

It was afterwards, when sitting upon the rocks, that we looked down upon a bit of Modern Egypt. At the landing beneath us, on the opposite bank since early morning, a guard of honour from the Aswan camp had been drawn up awaiting the Kedhive's arrival. Now at a bugle call, the ranks form up, and as these long steamers appear round the bend of the river, the band breaks into the Kedhivial Hymn. We can see each tiny figure distinctly—the red fezed officers dusting their boots with their handkerchiefs. Of the long-robed group of native dignitaries, one shows conspicuous in brightest green, a sign of holy descent.

The leading boat draws in, a lane is formed, and one uniformed figure walks quickly up towards the train ahead of the group of officers. Poor, foolish, young Kedhive, he had hurried back from Korosho, in a panic at the proximity of the Dervishes, and was now on his way to Cairo, to partake of the wholesome but unpleasant dish of humble-pie at the hands of Lord Cromer for his manifold discourtesies to the English officers of Aswan. But that is last year's history, and we will only hope that the young ruler may have learned more discretion for the future.

When the Kedhive had departed we all crowded into four heavy open boats for the descent of the cataract. It was inexpressibly weird and desolate, those black, tortured, twisted rock forms—that tumult of waters—the wild, brown figures that leaped, and dived and swam among the rocks and rapids.

They say that these cataract Arabs were perfectly astounded by the river lore of the Canadian voyageurs. They had always been so certain that no one save themselves could understand *their* cataract, that to see strangers calmly take possession and management, was a great blow to them.

One of the men of our party lost his straw hat in a gust of the fierce wind, and was not overpleased when a gigantic Nubian chose to swim off with it to him, wearing it on his head.

As we came nearer Aswan we were more under the shelter of the rocky hills and islands.

A deep red sunset burned its way out through the grey, and silhouetted the black crags against it. The Nile was giving us of its best to atone for the gloom of the day.

Although the boundaries of Egypt still go as far as the second cataract, there is about Aswan every feeling of a frontier town. It is a strange sensation in the present day to find oneself so near the domains of savagery, and blood-thirsty cruelty. Read "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp" if you want to know what this rule of the Dervishes means, and learn to hope for the day when this blot upon the world may be wiped out.

Everywhere one sees the kharki, uniformed, slim black

Nubian who, under English officers, make such splendid soldiers, loving fighting like the Irishman, for the fun of it. These troops have an encampment of their own near Aswan, where they live settled with their families.

Unfortunately, owing to a small pox alarm we could not visit it and see the wild dances and half heathen rites with which they celebrate Friday, their Mohammedanism being but a slight veneer to their old African faiths.

Everywhere about the town we see wild looking figures clad in a few rags of dull desert colour, and with wild mops of tight black ringlets, reeking with castor oil.

These are the Bishareen Arabs, who remained faithful to Egypt during the Soudanese war, and who now as carriers form the only means of intercourse with those dark regions. Driven out of the Soudan, they flocked to Aswan, and their privations have been fearful. Last year, the English officers started a subscription to save them from starvation.

The bazaars with their Nubian and Soudanese wares are an unending interest. Beads in every shape and form—bead girdles of the Nubian women's dress—beads mixed with lumps of coral and amber and all sort of shells. Then there are every variety of uncouth musical instrument, which are such fearful and evil smelling things to pack. One of the best and most costly of these are the ivory Mahdi horns, made of a single tusk and outlined all over with delicate black patterns. After much bargaining we obtained one of these, and a Mahdi dollar, a silver coin of about the size of a half-crown, with Arab lettering on it. How hard it was at Aswan to turn and retrace our steps northwards again, and how much I have always regretted that we did not go on to the second cataract.

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### The Fussy Woman: Some of Her Peculiarities.

AMONG the various *fin de siècle* names given to anything it seems difficult to diagnose, "nervous prostration" seems to be an increasing favourite. Some women seem to rather pride themselves on the possession of easily shaken nerves, as they consider it makes them attractive. Of course there are times when nervousness in women is admired by men; for instance, Edwin likes to have Angelina cling to him for protection if she sees an infuriated dog approaching, or when they are going across a dark bridge. There are also times, though, when Edwin does not look so leniently upon her timidity, namely, after the season for walking on the bridge by moonlight is over, and, as a married man, he is comfortable ensconced in his arm chair with the latest novel. He then endeavours to point out the absurdity of being alarmed at going a short distance through well lighted streets. Fortunately, however, in these days of bicycle riding and healthful outdoor occupations for women, a feeling of pride in easily shaken nerves is not nearly so prevalent as formerly.

Fussiness, which is a form of disordered nerves is still to be found among women, more particularly with the overworked housewife; and doubtless the manifold petty cares she is harassed with tend largely to cause this.

The most aggravating of all fussy women is she who takes her amusement painfully, or at least if amusement does not have that effect upon her, her method of enjoying it certainly causes considerable discomfort to her companion. If she is at the theatre she immediately begins to wonder if there are any fire escapes in case the building should take fire. Sitting near a pillar she is morally certain it is not safe, "it really looks too thin for a support." Having speculated upon these probable disasters to her heart's content, her attention is diverted by the audience for a few moments, and pace reigns. Only temporarily, however, as hearing rather a noisy entrance at the back of theatre, she is certain a chair has broken down, and immediately becomes skeptical as to the enduring powers of her own, but finally concludes it would have broken down already had it not been safe. This settled to her satisfaction, it dawns on her that the atmosphere is close, and she feels sure she will be nearly dead with a headache, quite oblivious to the fact that it is the "atmosphere" she is creating that is causing the mischief. Then, having summed up all the calamities that could happen her, her thoughts fly upwards. She suddenly recollects that she forgot to give orders for breakfast. For a few minutes she

is tortured with visions of the servant wildly speculating what to get, as she affirms that this worthy being of a rather matter of fact nature may conclude, in the absence of orders, that nothing is wanted. Becoming reconciled to this omission, her thoughts then turn to the children. She hopes to goodness they will not play with fire, as that is the one thing she feels nervous about. Or else she fears that Bobbie or Jackie's cough is a croupy one, and hopes he won't be worse before she gets home, as nobody there would know what to do in such an emergency. And so she runs on in a conjecturing sort of a way, anticipating all manner of ills, though as a rule her forebodings don't seem to have much effect upon her, as it has become almost second nature to her to "speculate" in this imaginary manner. She seems prepared for any "visitation" if anticipation is worse than the reality.

She cannot really enjoy the play either, as she continually makes whispered remarks about the dowdiness of some of the stage gowns, or perhaps the blending of colours that offends her eye. If not this, perchance there is a table cloth which may be a little "on the bias," which she keeps wishing they would straighten. Towards the end she begins to wonder what time it is, and wishes they would hurry up that last act, as she feels sure the last car will have gone. When finally it is over she gets up and walks leisurely out, surveying the audience as she goes, evidently unconscious of her recent hurry to get away.

Shopping with a fussy woman is about equally enjoyable. Half the time she does not know what she wants, but wanders vaguely into some shop seeking for inspiration. If she finally decides on a dress, she pulls over nearly every piece of material in the shop, as one is too thin, another too heavy, until she has driven the unfortunate who is endeavoring to please her into a state of stony despair. Before making up her mind she fingers the various pieces she is choosing between about a dozen times, and holds them up in every conceivable light, appealing for advice which she usually disregards. If she really decides not to get anything, she gets out of it by asking for some colour they have not got. Another favorite pastime of hers is pricing things which she has no intention of buying, handling them and putting on a thoughtful look as though she had quite made up her mind, but finally throwing them down with a resolute air and a "I won't mind to-day, thank you."

Travelling usually affects her in one or two ways. She is either so afraid of losing the train that she arrives half an hour before time, which she spends in conjecturing what disaster can have taken place; or else she errs on the other side and rushes to the station barely in time to get on board and consequently takes an hour or more to get settled, not, however, before she has had several "frights" caused by the conviction that she has left half her belongings behind.

Almost the worst state of all is when she is out driving as then she becomes absolutely demoralized. If she is sitting anywhere near the driver she makes convulsive grabs at the reins whenever she fancies danger ahead. Every time a corner is turned she gives a hysterical gasp as she conjures up visions of fragments of human beings, herself conspicuous among the number, dotting the roadway. She is constantly admonishing the driver to hold the reins tighter as the horse really looks as though it might run away, whereas he is probably the meekest of steeds and has no such designs. If she sees a small stone ahead she magnifies it into a boulder and begs the driver, to steer clear of it. She is continually on the lookout for dangers, and when she notices a carriage coming in the opposite direction implores the driver to turn in as she feels positive the wheels will clash, and keeps her eyes glued on them until they are safely past. In short, driving, to a fussy, excitable being like this is, or seems to be, a continual agony, to say nothing of the effect her doleful prophecies have upon others.

Anticipating burglaries is another weakness the fussy woman is prone to. If you are in the middle of an interesting conversation she interrupts you with a sepulchral "What's that!" at perhaps the closing of a door or window down stairs, and then proceeds to breathlessly relate all the dreadful burglaries she has been reading about lately.

A trip on the water is usually a source of terror to her also, as well as discomfort to whomsoever she is with. If there is a soft breeze blowing she magnifies it into an incipient hurricane, and makes up her mind which life belt she

will choose "in case of accidents." Should she have any small people with her she makes their lives miserable by keeping them glued to their seats, or else allots a short walk within eyeshot. If they happen to elude her vigilant eye for a moment she rushes frantically after them, with the parting words that she is sure one of them has fallen overboard but is in no wise reassured to find them peacefully watching the water instead of trying to get into it.

Some types of fussiness are, of course, caused by an exaggerated idea of duties to be performed, and a feverish desire to accomplish impossibilities. Such women wear themselves to what is graphically described as "fiddlestrings" and for lack of necessary gumption which seems foreign to their natures, take even their pleasures sadly, and seem utterly incapable of making the best of what they have. Those who are forever borrowing trouble do so simply from force of habit, as the ills they so much dread are merely phantoms of a disordered imagination. If women realized that fussiness could be controlled just as effectually as a hasty temper we should have fewer irritable women and better natured children. The following trenchant lines by Oliver Wendell Holmes contains good advice on this point :

"Don't catch the fidgets ; you have found your place  
Just in the focus of a nervous race,  
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,  
Full of excitements, always in a fuss."

And the result would be greater comfort and enjoyment for themselves and those with whom they are thrown.

Probably equally trying, though in a different degree, is the placid woman, whom it seems impossible to move. To an energetic being this type is simply incomprehensible and one feels tempted to resort to anything short of dynamite in order to put some life into her. These stolid mortals are generally somewhat fatalistic in their way of looking at things as they think it is no use to bother about what will be. In contradistinction to her fussy sister she listens to "a tale of woe" with a placidity that is extremely exasperating to the former. Whether that *bete noir* of women, a mouse, would affect her is doubtful. If it did, however, the probabilities are that she would merely get into a safe position and continue her conversation as though noting had occurred. The stolidity with which this type takes her pleasure is equally, if not more trying than the excitability of the fussy woman. One would be almost inclined to prefer a mummy on such occasions, as, in that case, nothing could be expected. If you look to her for a responsive smile at some *jeu d' esprit* or daring pun, a bored sort of look, which seems to be chronic with her, is the usual result.

Between the two foregoing, a happy medium would be the ideal. A temperament with enough energy to undertake anything, and sufficient vim to enter into the spirit of the moment, balanced by keen sympathy and tact is a desideratum. The two latter qualifications giving the necessary insight to the making of a congenial companion, as it enables her to see and appreciate from another standpoint than her own. In short as Pope defines it :

Blessed with a temper whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

Fortunately, for the comfort of all, the fussy women do not preponderate.

CAMARADIA KIPPS.

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### Socialism Versus Individuality.

ALL the early Socialists, St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, and their followers, sought, by their socialistic schemes, to destroy human individuality. Their justification was that they identified individuality with selfishness ; and inasmuch as communism or socialism is the opposite of individualism, it is an unselfish or altruistic system. There never was a much greater mistake of judgment than this. Individuality is primarily that which differentiates one man from his fellows, and individualism in practice is the free use of those qualities or properties whereby he is differentiated, untrammelled by any opinion, combination, or other restriction of his fellows. Men never were, nor are they intended to be, alike in physical properties or in mental and moral endowments. They are born different, they acquire differences in the process of education, they make themselves different even in the struggle against adverse circumstance. It is no compliment to a race when a stranger cannot tell

one member from another, when Caesar is very like Pompey, and Pompey is very like Caesar, especially Pompey.

Bob is a strong, handsome fellow and a good workman, clever, quick, industrious. Tom is more or less a morose weakling, turning out poor work, and he is stupid, slow, and lazy. The socialistic system utilizes Bob's individuality for the benefit of Tom, which the latter doubtless appreciates to the extent of becoming more stupid and lazy than before. Dick has a taste for the beautiful and a love of nature, so, in his spare hours, he makes a little garden about his communal cottage and fills it with beautiful and fragrant flowers. Harry has no aesthetic taste, and spends his leisure time in vacant idleness. He does not want Dick's garden for himself, because taking care of it means work, but, inasmuch as that garden differentiates Dick from Harry, it is an individuality of his, and must be given up. Who is the selfish man, the individualist that does good work and beautifies the world, or the communist that levels merit and destroys beauty ? The logical outcome of socialism is savagery, in which to possess a better breech clout than his fellows is a crime, and edible roots are weighed out at the same rate to large and small appetites.

Individuality is not necessarily selfishness. There was striking individuality in St. Simon and Fourier, in spite of their errors. What great benefactors of humanity continued to live in the cell of monk or nun, or came out of a Shaker community ? The Christ never sank His individuality, His personality as the Master, and He left His apostles in the possession of all their sinless peculiarities. The socialist cuts down all the living trees about his church because they have the impertinence to grow each in its own way, some healthier than others, more branchy, more leafy, flower-bearing, fruit-bearing, while the rest exhibit neither. He replaces them with boards or iron railings, all exactly alike, and admires his handy-work. Yes, Mr. Socialist, you have at last achieved uniformity, but it is the uniformity of the dead. The logical outcome of communism is stagnation or living death. You can't force a man to live for others. He will only do so when his individuality, raised to the highest point, becomes the individuality of Christ. Socialism means bringing men down to the spirit and condition of the lowest strata of society. The strength of the chain is that of its weakest link, and we all know what that link is. The Marquise may sit down with the petroleuse, but he will never make a Marchioness of her. The world does not want levelling down ; if it can be done, it wants levelling up. There must be butchers and bakers and candle-stick makers, tillers of the soil, and hod-carriers, and drain-diggers till the millennium, and perhaps after. Where are John Burns and the rest of them going to get three decent men from ? They dare not ask us to make a serf of the Irishman, the heathen Chinese, the Coolie, or the Kanaka, for is he not a man and a brother, as much entitled to his social equality as the lordly American book agent and patent rights man ?

Every good man is willing to give his fellow a leg up, but objects when that leg spurns the helper to the ground. The redeemer mixes with the submerged of every kind, but unless he walk on a higher plane than they, he can be no redeemer. It is individuality, the something in him that is not in them, that enables him to be a redeemer. He must show them the better life in himself before he can win them to the better life, teach them, through himself, what faithful work is, what cultivated intelligence, what strong will, what endurance of evil, what trust in God. We have to learn in this world, and for the next, where one star differeth from another star in glory, what it is to honour men greater than ourselves, to tread down the evil passions of envy and jealousy, the heart burning and brain poisoning covetousness in the soul of the lazy poor, giving honour to whom honour is due, and in lowliness of mind esteeming others better than ourselves. The socialisms of demagogues will never be.

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### The Human Pincushion.

I DON'T know whether you know me, sir ?" said the new client mysteriously as he entered the office of the freshly-fledged attorney and sat down in a chair. The circle of acquaintances, and particularly of clients, of the man of briefs and borrows, being none too large, he admitted the question by a strong gaze of inquiry. The

client was in appearance a mere lad—a farmer's son, toughly-built and freckled, and with an air of slightly exaggerated, but not insincere, frankness on his face.

"The man I work for won't pay me my salary and I want you to collect it for me," he continued. "The work I do is pretty hard and I ought to get paid."

"What is your occupation?" asked the lawyer.

"I am the Human Pincushion."

"The what?" exclaimed the other.

"I had better show you," was the answer, "if you'll shut that door," and he rapidly unbuttoned his vest and other clothing and bared most of his leg.

"I stick pins into myself at shows," he said, placing his forefinger on a mass of small red spots above the knee.

"Stick pins into yourself!"

The lawyer stared at the red spots in astonishment.

"That's my business."

"How far do you stick them?"

"O, all the way," he answered, with the same professional modest pride. "See here," and, pulling up his sleeve, he stuck one into the flesh of his lower arm and, to the horror of the onlooker, hammered it up to the head by a blow of his fist. "Look at my calf," he continued, "see those big marks. There is where I stick knives into me."

"Great Heavens!"

"Don't you think I ought to get paid my salary?" the Pincushion asked in melancholy triumph.

"For that kind of work I should say so. How do you stand it? Do you put cocaine on the skin?"

"No, sir. I feel it as much as you do. If you pinch me, I feel it just the same as anyone."

"Have you been at it long?"

"Nine years."

"How is it you have been able to go through it? What is the secret?"

"It's my strong mind," the Pincushion replied with an air of calm superiority. "I have puzzled all the doctors and the universities," he said, punching another pin into his arm. "I can put a hatpin through both of my cheeks."

"But, conscience, man, this must be bad for your health. It will kill you. I'd stop it if I were you."

"I've done it for nine years, and I'm as sound as ever."

"But you run a risk of coming into a blood vessel now and then."

"No, sir; I have a book that tells me about these things. Sometimes I strike a vein and then it spurts that high" (he put his hand some six inches above his arm), "but it goes down in a little. Isn't my boss a mean man? I only struck one man meaner than him. He didn't handle me right. He was a mesmerist travelling round and I was making his name. When we struck a town, he came out on the stage, you know, and asked for some gentleman to step up and get mesmerized. I jumped up the first, of course, and he'd mesmerize me—that is, he didn't; it was a fake show. I'd laugh at him while he was ordering me round till he stuck a pin into my arm and then of course the crowd thought him great. But he didn't handle me right."

"What do you mean? Did he stick them in wrong?"

"No, he wouldn't let me go to the same hotel with him and wouldn't speak to me when any one was round. Hermann the Great didn't treat me that way when I was with him!"

"You have been with Hermann? He had some good tricks."

"But some of his tricks was pretty bad. I know some fellers that has a long way better tricks, but they can't go on the stage because they can't talk. Hermann can talk you into anything he likes. Would you like to see me stick a hat pin through my cheeks?"

"No, no," hastily answered the other. "But tell me how you learned this unearthly business?" visions of some torture school, Fagin's den, or "L'Homme qui Rit" deforming gang, presenting themselves.

"An old Indian learned me when I was a boy out Denver way. He took a fancy to me."

"In Colorado?"

"Yes, my father had a farm at Sharon Springs. There was plenty of Indians round. The old chief used to do it with sharpened thorns in his tent when I was hanging around. It took me a year and a half to learn, and I did it with pins instead of his thorns. I have a silver plate in my stomach

I got from him too. I can write your name on my stomach in pins if you like."

"A silver plate in your stomach?"

"Yes, to protect my entrails."

"What size?"

"Eight inches by four."

"Oval?"

"Yes, sir. He bequeathed it to me. He took a great fancy to me, the poor old man, and always told me he would make my fortune. He learned me how to strengthen my mind so as to put the pins in. He inherited that from his grandfathers ever so far back, and his silver plate too. It kept the Indians that had it safe from arrows and bullets, and the Indians thorns to have a mighty lot of respect for the old man and his used to have a plate, and his mind was set on them himself. Well, he got very fond of seeing me round and didn't like to have me out of his sight. So one summer night I was sleeping in his tent when I was waked up by a noise and saw a light and three Indians there with the old man. One of them was a doctor from Denver—a fine doctor I can tell you—and the other two was beating little drums and singing in their way. It was awful, for the old chief was dying lying on his robe. He hadn't time to speak, but he was lookin' at me like a father, and said a word then and died lookin' at me as grey as ashes. I was in a fright, of course, but you can think how scared I was when they all got up with a howl and turned around to me. They caught me and tied up my mouth before I could shout, and even if I could they'd have drowned it, because they drummed and shouted themselves, and tied me hand and foot in the middle of the tent beside the old man. Then the doctor cut the silver tent out of him and began to cut me. At the first touch of the knife I fainted dead away and heard no more of their infernal racket, and when I woke it was morning, the silver plate was in my stomach, all the Indians were smiling, and the doctor told me the old man had made my fortune for life. Since then I don't have to work—only to stick pins in myself—and then I can make my ten dollars a week easy."

The profound pathos of the old man's affection was apparently lost upon his beneficiary. ALCHEMIST.

### Parisian Affairs.

FRENCH TROOPS IN MADAGASCAR—DISASTROUS RESULTS OF THE ATTEMPTED COLONIZATION OF ALGERIA—THE FRENCH PEOPLE TAKE A PESSIMISTIC VIEW OF THE EUROPEAN SITUATION—REPORTED UNSETTLED STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE FAR EAST; RUSSIA WILL NOT BE ALLOWED TO ANNEX CHINA—PECULIARITIES OF LANDLORDS' LEASES IN PARIS—THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS IN FRENCH NORMAL SCHOOLS—CIVIL SERVANTS AND PENSIONED FUNCTIONARIES—"THE HATTER IN THE RUE RICHELIEU" AND HIS SCALES.

"SIRE, I have found one moiety of your army under earth and the other moiety above it—but in the hospitals." Such was the report of a royal inspector to his monarch. Some out-spoken French papers say that it is exactly the position of the French troops in Madagascar. Their advance is slow, not only due to the natural disadvantages of the country but to the shortage in men and transport *materiel*. Happily, chartered British ships do their best to transport the missing necessaries. It is climate the French have chiefly to fight against. Generals Heat and Rain are on the side of the natives, as Generals Frost and Snow are on the side of the Russians. If the French cannot conquer the Hovas before the heavy rains set in their expedition must end for the present year. In the meantime more men—volunteers—are called for and of course more money must be expended. Some of the sick soldiers have arrived in Paris—all wrecks, worse even than in the days when the invalid soldiers returned from Tonkin. The assertion is made that no man under 25 years of age can hope to fight the climate—in the best season. That will not induce emigrants to pitch their tents there.

Apropos of the French colonies. Two literary writers, in search of "human documents," Messrs. Paulhan and Leyret, became, the first an amateur beggar, and the second set up as an amateur publican, and have published their "experiences"—at once useful and entertaining. To study the Colonial question in Algeria, M. Le Roux became a colonist. He was glad to retire, and more so when, after

selling off live and dead stock, the account balanced itself. He has just published his "impressions" and experiences and they form a lamentable litany of miseries. It was in 1830 that France acquired Algeria by conquest; she never started a plebiscite to ascertain if the natives approved of the change. From 1830 to 1848, that is, during the entire reign of Louis Philippe, Deputy Desjobert brought forward his annual motion in Parliament that the French should throw up Algeria. His bones ought to rattle in presence of M. Le Roux's volume. Algeria has cost France, during the last 64 years, eleven *milliards* and a half of francs; and it has to be kept in order by a whole *corps d'armée* numbering 37,000 men! And the results? "Everywhere helplessness and failure," writes M. Le Roux, whose literary standard cannot be questioned. The "natives are a perpetual danger and the colonists themselves dislike us," continues M. Le Roux. The military administration of Algeria was a failure, so is its civil government, the combination of the two would resemble fire and water, but the residents of all the evils would prefer the military rule.

The architects who make the plans for the barracks in Algeria so arrange that in that torrid climate not a ray of the sun shall escape falling inside the building—an order of architecture excellent for Lapland. Despite the groans of the colonial expansionists, M. Le Roux asserts that the French are not a race created for colonization; first of all, they have an aversion for babies and French mothers think it akin to unnatural that their children should ever emigrate farther than from their native city into the suburbs. The French, continues the author, have not the aptitude for colonial administration; when they do emigrate it is to South America they go to a State where French bureaucracy is unknown. A Frenchman when he emigrates or "embarks" does so very frequently for his country's good in a way, and when he arrives in a French colony the officials conclude he must have had some pressing reasons for quitting *la belle France*. There are some poets, observed Banville, to whom heaven has refused the gift to rhyme; so there are some peoples to whom Providence has withheld the gift of colonizing. Ingres was a famous painter, but he wished rather to be honoured as a violinist, though he could only poorly scrape.

The French do not at all take a rosy coloured view of the European situation, hence many journals have become pessimistic. They feel that important changes are pending. The political crime that conspired to murder Stamboulof, will in due course have its Nemesis. It has burned a stigma upon the Bulgars that will cling to, and dog their future. The horrible assassination, while necessarily getting rid of the Coburg, will not bring Russia a whit nearer to Constantinople. Spain, in death grips with Cuba, must, whether victorious or defeated, retire permanently weakened from the struggle, and unfit to take a prominent part in the question of Morocco, that Germany is on the point of opening. Then the era of chipping diplomatic successes at the expense of England, and making light of her power, have gone. The Franco-Russian alliance has not brought France one whit nearer to the repossession of Alsace, nor has Germany the slightest intention of making a present of that ancient part of Fatherland.

In the far East, matters are far from being settled: Russia well knows that she will not be allowed to annex the Chinese Empire, as she accused Japan of ambitioning. Be assured when the full treaties are produced, between China and Russia on the one hand, and China and France on the other, Lord Salisbury will have a few words to say, and Germany also. By then it is to be hoped, Japan shall have been paid the 400 fr. millions, the first instalment of the war indemnity. That will enable her to command a splendid navy, which one day, and, perhaps, not distant, will have to measure itself with that of the Muscovites. Perhaps Japan may have help by then. The Chinese loan is said to have been covered three times over—once will suffice. The money must all be sent to the far East in gold, but as the Japs are only to be paid in silver, the Celestials, who are thus money-making bimetalists, will gain a nice little sum under the score of change.

A marriage contract is not more minute in matters of binding details than is a landlord's lease of an apartment in Paris. The bail is generally for three, six or nine years, the contracting parties being free to continue or to withdraw at the expiration of the term. As a rule, the only change a landlord makes is to increase the rent—a little, if he considers

the apartment pleases you. Of course you are angry, but in the end knuckle down, when you reflect upon the *ennui* and expense a flitting would entail. The lease regulates the conditions of residence for all the tenants—of whom there may be five, ten or twenty in the house. All coal, water and delivering of marketings must be effected at a fixed hour; children may or may not be accepted when letting; neither will cats, dogs or "animals making nuisance noises"—poor Pol is here aimed at. One tenant was presented with a pair of tiny Mexican dogs, "Pipo and Pipa"; they weighed 2½ lbs. each; though small they were very quarrelsome and their peculiar cries—they never barked—were rasping for the nerves of the other tenants. The owner was asked to send away the pets, he only kept them more sternly. Next he was summoned to court, when it was ruled that "Pipo and Pipa" were "animals indulging in cries," and must be expelled within 24 hours. For every day's delay a fine of 5fr. would have to be paid, and at last the police would be called in to remove "the little strangers" to the pound, and if unclaimed, or coming under the *Pasteur loi des Suspects* would run the chance of the Lethal Chamber.

During the five years ending 1892, there has been a diminution as compared with the previous five years, of 173 teachers trained at the Normal Schools, of which each department has one. The decrease is not very important, and rather points to the fact that the national schools are now supplied with teachers, and there is less demand in the market for their services. When the Republic took up the subject of national education, which Danton asserted to be the next great want for man after his provision of bread, there were more schools than masters to conduct them. Further, by the new military law, obligatory military service no longer exempts teachers; they must become soldiers, just like the theological students. To escape military service, many young men studied either for the church or to become schoolmaster. The reduction in the load of subjects pupils were expected to learn, has given general satisfaction, and to none more so than the medical inspectors of the schools. Once a week at least, the doctor examines all children attending the school, and if ill orders them home, or to hospital. If the teacher suspects a pupil to be unwell, the doctor must be visited. If male teachers are likely to prove scarce there is no lack of schoolmistresses; there are at least 6,000 having their diplomas, awaiting vacancies.

France occupies the first rank in the number of its civil servants and pensioned functionaries. It is a French glory and its cost is wholly French. From the salary of every civil servant, five per cent. is deducted for the pension fund; the state makes good the rest. In 1855 the civil servants received in salaries 241fr. millions for 30,764 persons. In 1872 their number was 49,095. In 1855 the pensions amounted to 30½ fr. millions. In 1893 the salaries amounted to 517 fr. millions; the number of servants to 82,037, and the pension fund, 63 fr. millions. That's the way the money goes.

A hatter in the Rue Richelieu was surprised to receive a police summons to have his scales and measure controlled; he replied he never employed either in his business, but out of respect for the authorities he bought a *metre* and had it hall marked; the cost of the operation was about one penny; he declined payment; later the Treasury summoned him to pay the penny or an action would be taken against him. He has this year been called upon to have the metre controlled; but as there are two official standards, each differing, the hatter has asked which he is to select. Z.

### Montreal Affairs.

MONTREAL appears to have got well within the murder belt. For nearly a decade there was no crime of this nature committed in this city; but a change has come over the scene and there are at present incarcerated in the jail no less than five persons awaiting trial for murder. Two of these are sisters accused of murdering the illegitimate child of one of them; the others are Shortis, the Valleyfield fiend, Demers charged with the murder of his wife, and Gauthier, who shot his mistress to death the other day in a house of assignation. This latter was a brutal but simple enough crime; but the Demers tragedy is one that it would take the eminent Sherlock Holmes himself to solve. The husband is under arrest because by a process of exclusion



the authorities came to the conclusion that no one else could have killed the woman, but of direct evidence against him there is hardly a trace. Mrs. Demers was found dead in her room early in the afternoon and the evidence of the doctors as to the contents of the stomach, and the setting in of the rigor mortis, go to establish that she was killed some hours before the body was found. The husband went to his work at six in the morning, and did not leave the factory where he was employed until his brother came to tell him that his wife had been found dead. If, therefore, he is guilty he must have done the deed early in the morning. But three witnesses swear positively that they saw the woman alive on her back porch not an hour before her dead body was found. The theory of the Crown is that they must have been mistaken; and the doctors intimate that it is exceedingly improbable that in the short time elapsing between the time when she was seen and the discovery of the remains, the early stages of the action of death on the body could have been so far advanced.

The Shortis case will become a celebrated one. Judge Dugas, of this city, accompanied by two leading lawyers, has been in Ireland for the past six weeks taking evidence as to the insanity of the murderer; and they have found plenty of it. Half a dozen of his kinsmen in the immediate degrees of relationship have been at various times imprisoned in lunatic asylums; and the young man's possession of homicidal mania appears to have been well known in his home. On one or two occasions he even shot at people. Yet his parents, knowing all this, and desiring apparently to get rid of the trouble of having him on their hands, shipped him out to this country to become the agent of the worst set of murderers known in this district for many years. Morally they are accessory to his crimes. It is probable that he will escape hanging, for independent medical testimony supplied by experts at the request of the Government also establishes his insanity. And in this fact there will have to spend the remaining years of his miserable life in the horrid confines of an asylum for imbeciles, it appears there rests the pretext for a jeremiad about discrimination in favour of the English and against the French in the administration of justice. *The Quotidien* of Levis is the discoverer of this latest outrage. In its last number it said:

"Chatelle! Shortis! The two murderers are of different origin, one is Canadian, the other is English. Justice for Chatelle was summary. His trial was but a form of justice. There was haste to hang him. For Shortis it is slow; he has the benefit of every form of procedure which can lead to a verdict of irresponsibility. Is it because he is an Englishman? All the acts of Chatelle showed him to be insane. There was no effort to ascertain his real mental condition; what is sought is a rope to hang him as quickly as possible. The acts of Shortis show him to be, on the contrary, an accomplished murderer, enjoying the fulness of his mental faculties. So that it is not attempted to discover insanity in the murderer himself. To find it, it becomes necessary to seek it in his family. Let us hope that the list of maniacs sent from Ireland will have no effect towards proving the insanity of the murderer of Valleyfield, if insanity is not shown by his own actions."

Of course this is all very absurd in itself, but it is suggestive as showing how determined French-Canadian journals are to find opportunities for stirring up bad feeling against the English. The *Presse* of this city last fall tried its best, by inflammatory articles, to make the conviction and execution of Chatelle the groundwork for an outburst against the English; but found it impossible to arouse any indignation among the people at the treatment which had been dealt out to that wretch. The *Presse* is one of the most mischievous sheets in the Province, and is doubly dangerous because of its immense circulation. It was due to its influence that two years ago, the last meetings of the great Christian Endeavor Convention had to be held under the protection of a guard of thousands of young men from the western part of the city to prevent its members from being insulted by ruffians from the east end purlieus. The anti-English feeling of this journal has its origin in nothing nobler than an attempt to detach French support from the English papers of this city and deflect it to its own gain. All the English papers, with the exception of the *Witness*, which is under the ban of the church, have a large and constantly growing French constituency. Indeed they are indispensable to the

educated French-Canadian, because without them he could not keep himself informed on the general news of the nation and the world. And it is for the purpose of checking this growing influence of the English press that the *Presse* labours industriously to divide this Province into two hostile camps divided by language. Fortunately there is no likelihood of it achieving any great measure of success.

To pass to other subjects, the political world in enlivening itself. The contest for Montreal centre seat in the legislature will be a most interesting one. The Liberals have put an excellent candidate in the field in the person of Dr. J. J. Guerin, who, though still a young man, has achieved eminence in his profession and has both the knowledge of politics and the speaking ability to make him a valuable addition to the list of Irish-Canadian public men. He is to be opposed by C. A. Macdonell running as an independent Conservative. I have already in this correspondence commented upon the very marked feeling of hostility to the Taillon Government in this city, consequent upon its imposition of discriminating taxes on Montreal and its loan policy by which the Province's three per cent., bonds were sold in Paris at a discount of 23 per cent. enabling the bankers who were handling it to pass it over at once to another syndicate at a profit to them of \$487,000. Mr. Macdonell will likely take pains to repudiate these two features in the Government's administrative record and may win, although the chances are regarded as being against him. In Dominion politics the Liberals are opening a vigorous campaign. Mr. Laurier is to deliver a "programme speech" at a big political gathering at Sorel this week, and he will then go to the lower parts of the Province and afterwards to Eastern Ontario. Mr. Laurier will devote himself exclusively to campaigning in various parts of Canada until the House meets next January. The Conservative leaders in this Province are not likely to do much during the Parliamentary recess, for they cannot speak with stirring up the school question; and they are anxious not to give an excuse for those in the other Provinces who are opposed to Federal interference to hold counter meetings. All the Ministerial papers have called upon the people to suspend agitation pending the calling of Parliament; and it is said that the Bishops have also been urged to advise this course upon the clergy. It is a new thing in the Province to have the brakes put upon oratorical rashness; but the Conservative leaders in this Province know they stand on the brink of a precipice and that it becomes them to go warily.

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### Summer Song.

Sing me a song of the summer-time  
Of the fire in the sorrel and ruby clover,  
Where the garrulous bobolinks lilt and chime,  
Over and over.

Sing me a song of the strawberry-bent,  
Of the black-cap hiding the heap of stones,  
Of the milk-weed drowsy with sultry scent,  
Where the bee drones.

Sing me a song of the spring-head still,  
Of the dewy fern in the solitude,  
Of the hermit-thrush and the whippoorwill  
Haunting the wood.

Sing me a song of the gleaming scythe,  
Of the scented hay in the buried wain,  
Of the mowers whistling bright and blithe,  
In the sunny rain.

Sing me a song of the quince and the gage,  
Of the apricot by the orchard wall,  
Where bends my love Armitage,  
Gathering the fruit of the windfall.

Sing me a song of the rustling, slow,  
Sway of the wheat as the winds cool,  
Of the golden disk and the dreaming glow,  
Of the harvest-moon.

—Duncan Campbell Scott in *Scribner's Magazine*

At Street Corners.

THE good sense of the working men of Toronto, and also their moderation is shown by the Trades and Labour Council. At the meetings of this body reports on the questions of the day are brought in and duly discussed in a judicial way that would do credit to any assembly. Nine times out of ten the decisions arrived at are such as commend themselves to one's reason and acceptance.

But I cannot understand the attitude of the Council on the Rosedale drives question as voiced by Mr. O'Donoghue in a recent letter to the *Globe*. Mr. O'Donoghue is not, I believe, any longer in the ranks of labour. If I am not misinformed he holds a position under the Ontario Government, and is only retained in the Council on account of his unparalleled eloquence, and because he understands certain administrative details respecting which most of the members are not so well informed. But he makes himself the mouthpiece of Labour in condemning the scheme to improve the Rosedale drives. Now, there is no doubt that these drives through the ravines would add to the attractiveness of the city, and whatever does that benefits labour in the long run.

Something has been said about the desirability of making a law to forbid the newsboys selling papers on the street cars, but I am not sure that such a law is called for. To begin with, I think if you took a vote of all the little fellows in conclave assembled, they would, to a boy, vote for permission to board the cars and carry on their trade there. I am of opinion that it is one of the delights and charms of their not too happy life, and that it gives them opportunities for the practice of athletics such as are very useful to them. Moreover, it has yet to be proved that there is any great danger in the practice. The proportion of accidents is probably not greater than it would be if a prohibitory law existed.

The instinct of self-preservation is about as strong in a boy as it is in anybody, and those who have boys of their own are soon taught that this instinct is best strengthened by giving it opportunities of use. You cannot be forever after a boy, telling him not to do this and not to go into that place or the other. He has to learn by experience, and he generally does learn. So many newsboys have risen to positions of respectability and eminence that one would hesitate to place vexatious restrictions in the way of the courageous, determined, manly little fellows.

From what I hear I judge that people are getting tired to death of Mudgett, the murderer, alias Holmes, Howard, etc. This unearthing of his deeds at Chicago, or the attempt to unearth them is, no doubt, all right, but it is terribly long winded. One of the effects of the exposure will be to make it necessary for the officials of life assurance companies to unite a good deal of the wisdom proverbially attributed to the serpent, to the harmlessness of the dove. Like the serpent they must be sinuous, and wind themselves into the motives of people who want to insure, with the preternatural sagacity of a Sherlock Holmes. It will be almost a saving for the companies to keep a moderate staff of first-class detectives.

I hear considerable wonder expressed at the small amount with which the City Council subsidizes the Ontario Central School of Art. They were asked this year to give the school \$750. They only gave it \$500, which was quite too bad. They give the Technical School ten times \$750, though there is no evidence whatever to prove that the \$7,500 is any better spent or more urgently needed than the modicum of cash doled out to the Art School. The Ontario School of Art is the only effort made in a public way in Toronto to teach that which is of the greatest importance to a manufacturing city. If the Toronto City Council wish their city to be behind other places in the competition of the day their policy of niggardliness toward art can be understood. It can scarcely be understood otherwise.

Dr. John Ferguson, of this city, has a capital article in this month's *Popular Science Monthly*, on the "Nervous System and its Relation to Education." I always read what Dr. Ferguson writes, because he is a man who thinks before he puts pen to paper, and his writings give us the conclu-

sions of a very sane and capable mind. His paper in the magazine alluded to should be read by all who are engaged in the work of education.

Friends who have visited Lorne Park this season tell me that they have much enjoyed the pleasant atmosphere of the place. As the summer residence of a number of Toronto people, who appear to be a very happy family, it seems already to have surrounded itself with many associations of a delightful character, and the summer cottages, many of them of a very artistic and comfortable variety, are ideal retreats from the grind of city life. The scenery of Lorne Park is, I am told, most picturesque, and its proximity to the lake and to railway accommodation make it a very convenient resort for dwellers either in Toronto or Hamilton. On Sundays it is highly popular with bicyclists, who get a capital dinner at the Louise Hotel on very reasonable terms.

DIAGENES.

\* \* \*  
Letters to the Editor.

AGNOSTIC.

SIR,—To many minds the word "agnostic" is a term of fearful import. Why it should be so regarded I am at a loss to understand. It is simply the Greek equivalent for the word ignorance. In the issue of THE WEEK, for July 5th, there is an interesting article on the "Death of Dr. Huxley" from the pen of Prof. William Clark, in which he ascribes the authorship of the term *agnostic* to Prof. Huxley. Where and when, Prof. Huxley did not know, he did not hesitate, frankly, to confess his ignorance. To express his mental attitude under such circumstances, he employed the Greek word *agnostic*, "I do not know." His strong sense of honesty would not permit him to pretend to a knowledge of anything, where, according to his comprehension of what constituted knowledge, it did not exist, so far as he was concerned, as a subjective possession. In that condition he fearlessly and honestly affirmed himself to be an *agnostic*, or, in other words, to be ignorant.

In his most interesting lay sermon on "The Physical Basis of Life," "If any one asks me," says Prof. Huxley, "what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, I simply reply by stating that I do not know, that neither I, nor any one else, have any means of knowing, and that I have too keen a sense of the value of time to trouble myself at all about a question of lunar politics. For returning such an answer, I do not think that any person is, therefore, justified in calling me an infidel."

In relation to all such questions of the nature of lunar politics, Prof. Huxley freely employed the word *agnostic* to indicate his ignorance or absence of knowledge. Laplace, the author of the "Nebular Hypothesis," has truly said, "What we know is little, what we are ignorant of, immense." Life is altogether too short to acquire but the merest atom of knowledge, in respect of quality of what is to be known. It is an inevitable feature of knowledge that the more we know the more ignorant or agnostic we must feel ourselves to be. For that reason Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer were, and are, the most modest of men. Relatively, to other men, they are giants, comparatively as to knowledge. But, when they contrasted their knowledge with that which they did not know, or of which they were ignorant, their humility is sublime in the face of it. I will venture to affirm that Professors Goldwin Smith and Clark, who, for the varied character and extent of their mental requirements, are not surpassed on this continent, have the keenest sense of the littleness of their knowledge as compared with that which they do not know. Indeed, every increment of knowledge only enlarges the idea and sphere of our ignorance. God being infinite, how can we condition or limit Him in human consciousness?

If we could, there would be an end to His infinity. To know God under limitation, that is of comparison, by which we may perceive a likeness or difference, and the only form which really constitutes knowledge is utterly impossible. To say that it is impossible for the finite to know the infinite under terms of relation which is the only function of science or knowledge, should not entail violent abuse and ostracism which in the time when the Inquisition had full scope, meant death. In history there is nothing more painfully sad than poor Galileo, at the age of seventy years, on his knees before

the authorities of the Inquisition compelled to affirm what he taught and knew to be truth concerning the motion of the earth, was a lie.

Thank God, we now live in different times when a better state of things prevails; when the great instructors of mankind are no longer in bodily fear on account of the message of truth that God has given them, through their peerless intellects, to deliver to the world. The intolerant spirit, however, although powerless, when compared with what it once was, still remains and manifests itself under cover of such epithets as *infidel*, *atheist*, etc.

"Beware of such men, they are dangerous, have nothing to do with them, if you value your own priceless privileges." Such is now the common thunder of bigotry. Only the other day I was taken to task for contributing my mite of praise to the memory of Prof. Huxley, now a conspicuous name amongst Britain's honoured dead. Surprise was confessed that I should sound the praise of an *agnostic*. I immediately replied by saying, "There are many things or subjects on which, or concerning which, you have no knowledge." "Yes," he said, "that is quite true." "Now, to say you were *agnostic* in reference to those things would be the same as to say you are ignorant in regard to them." "You admit that freely. Then, to honestly admit you are ignorant you confess yourself, like Professor Huxley, to be an *agnostic*." It is our moral duty to treat our honest opinions and convictions as the near and dear little ones rightfully born to us, which we must not heedlessly and carelessly let die, but on the contrary give them free and fearless scope and expression, so that they may be productive of the fullest good in the interests of truth and mankind, and thereby to the remotest posterity subserve the grand purposes of God. Prof. Huxley, throughout his life, was persistently and honestly faithful to that principle. He performed his part in the world to the best of his ability—faithfully and well.

His use of the term *agnostic* or *ignorance* was simply indicative of his intense zeal and sincerity to work in the sphere and light of truth.

According to Prof. Huxley, "true religion and true science are twin-sisters, the separation of either from the other means the death of both. Science prospers directly in proportion as it is religious, and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of their intellects than of the direction of their intellects by an eminently religious tone of mind."

Such testimony coming from the man himself at once stamps him as the very essence and active principle of a noble and dignified religion. The higher and more intellectual our religion the more worthy it must be of God. Any religion divorced from morality Prof. Huxley could not respect, and he did not hesitate to proclaim his aversion to such a religion. In his whole composition there was nothing irreligious. He was the implacable foe of injustice, humbug and everything in the shape of what he considered to be dishonouring to religion and to God.

*Agnostic*, as applied to Prof. Huxley, should in no sense diminish our respect for the man, but, on the contrary, enhance it. I do not, for a moment, believe that Prof. Clark mentioned the term *agnostic* with that object. I am incapable of forming an estimate of Prof. Huxley as high and on a par with that of Prof. Clark for him, but I am very sensible the people are only too numerous who apply *agnostic* to Prof. Huxley as a term of reproach. Those are the people whose minds require to be disabused.

ROBERT CUTHBERT.

### The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.\*

A REVIEWER, in taking up a reprint, almost invariably feels that he is about to reiterate what has already been said many times in its praise or blame. However, the majority of the reprints issued in dainty, yet substantial form, in "Bell's Indian and Colonial Library," deserves something more than a mere passing notice. We have already read with pleasure, three books by George Meredith, in this admirable series, and look forward with eagerness to the long list by the same author, promised shortly by the publisher. Of all Meredith's novels, none

holds for us a keener fascination than "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." Every chapter is interesting. It has more genuinely poetical prose than any other of his works. Sir Austin, the father of Richard, moves through the book a strangely austere, kindly, "Scientific Humanist," who has set out to bring up his boy on a "system." The boy, a noble-hearted, impulsive, wilful lad, from the start shows that his nature will be cramped and warped by no system under the sun. It may be, and is, put into operation, but the result, to borrow Goethe's simile, is as though an oak were planted in a beautiful vase; the roots expand, the vase is shattered. Its usefulness is at an end and unfortunately the young oak perishes. So was it with Richard Feverel. We are sorry for his young life; we admire his heroic impulses; and we anticipate calamity, which falls crushing in the end. The novelist in this story has worked a very broad plane, and has exhausted it. He has dealt with all classes, from the English farm servant, stupid, ignorant, faithful, to the English lord, noble, austere, and proud of his race; these and all intermediate types are skilfully drawn, but, of course, with Meredith's eccentric pen. The book, too, contains many exceedingly wise reflections on life and society; reflections evidently not written with didactic purpose, but which nevertheless compel the reader to pause and consider the great problems that meet us at every step. But the most skilful piece of work in the book is the love scene between Lucy and Richard. The author has seen fit to entitle that chapter "Ferdinand and Miranda," and it is, no doubt, due to a careful study of the tempest that he has gained the power to reproduce the spirit of Shakespeare's innocent children of Nature. The reading of Clare's Diary is likewise a fine piece of work, and it would be indeed a careless reader who could peruse that chapter unmoved.

All through the book fine contrasts of humour and pathos rivet the attention, and, as is usual with Meredith, we have a brilliant climax in the closing chapters. The book is not without its flaws, not of workmanship but of taste. English society may be what it is painted, but it would be far better to leave undrawn such characters as Lady Mountfalcon. She, and the society in which she moves, compel the writer at times to border on the indecent, and one would prefer to see a novelist of George Meredith's power leave that kind of work for the author of "Dodo" or "The Woman Who Did."

### Mr. Thomson's Old Man Savarin.\*

CANADIAN artistic impulse has hitherto manifested itself chiefly in poetry. The appearance therefore of a volume of short stories by a Canadian is a matter of peculiar interest, and should be hailed with familiar satisfaction. This country is rich in material for fiction, so rich that there is enough of it to furnish all the novelists in the world if they only had access to it; and we are waiting for some of our countrymen to develop the talent and energy to take hold of it. Of the fourteen stories which make up Mr. Edward W. Thomson's book "Old Man Savarin," nine are on Canadian subjects, and they give some idea of the variety of scene which presents itself to the student of Canadian life. We pass in review sketches of the quaint French riverside manners of the Upper Ottawa, the wild life, the survey and the lumber camp, a story of the mystery of mingled races in "Great Godfrey's Lament," of the humorous peculiarities of the Highlanders of Glengarry in "The Privilege of the Limits," the character of a queer old Waterloo veteran in a western Ontario village, and a burning touch of the intense U. E. Loyalist spirit of former days in the tale of "John Bedell." These stories are written not by a foreign litterateur who has scoured this country on the hunt for new sensations, but by a Canadian who has lived in the places the very scent of whose pines and the pure breath of whose atmosphere he brings before us, and worked with the people whose simple humanity and genuine talk lend humour and life to his pages.

These are genuine stories, some of them very humorous, and told with delightful skill, as that of the "Privilege of the Limits," in which an old Glengarry Highlander manages to escape for a few days from a debtor's prison without infringing the letter of the rules; some of them tenderly

\* "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." By George Meredith. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

\* "Old Man Savarin and other Stories." New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

pathetic and full of sweet and delicate humanity, made doubly interesting to us by truth of local colour, as "McGrath's Bad Night" and "Little Baptiste," and "The Shining Cross of Rigaud."

Mr. Thomson is not one of those writers who depend for the success of their pieces upon a studied deftness in the use of language or the piling up of artificial phraseology. His mode of expressing himself is very simple—often extraordinarily simple, but it is the kindly offspring of genuine conception, and direct spontaneous feeling, and sometimes in his easy way he will give forth a stroke of imagery containing a world of meaning in a single phrase, often something particularly apt to a Canadian ear, as where Angus McNeil says of Godfrey, that "the blue eyes of him would match the sky when you'll be seeing it up through a blazing maple on a clear day of October," or of his father that "he was always silent as a sword." Mr. Thomson has also a clear grasp of character, as is instanced in the very definite pictures he gives us of the old Highlander McTavish, of the McNeils in "Great Godfrey's Lament," and of John Bedell, a character which will be quite well appreciated by anyone who knows the old refugee folk of the Niagara District.

But Mr. Thomson's stories are not all Canadian. There is an ingenious tale of a stratagem by which two Russian Nihilists escaped capture by the police, and three tales of the American Civil War, also manifestly the fruit of personal experience. These last are amongst the most effective in the book. The reader will not soon forget the deadly scenery, the strain and excitement of "The Ride by Night," and the following sentences of description from "Drafted" will serve to show how Mr. Thomson can write:

"Beyond the screen of pines Harry could see the tall canvas ridges of the officers' cabins lighted up. Now all the tents of the regiment, row beyond row, were faintly luminous, and the renewed drizzle of the dawn was a little lightened in every direction by the canvas-hidden candles of infantry regiments, the glare of numerous fires already started, and sparks showering up from the cook-houses of company after company.

"Soon in the cloudy sky the cannonade rolled about in broad day, which was still so grey that long, wide flashes of flame could be seen to spring far out before every report from the guns of Fort Hell, and in the haze but few of the rebel shells shrieking along their high curve could be clearly seen bursting over Hancock's che-ring men. Indistinguishably blent were the sounds of hosts on the move, field guns pounding to the front, troops shouting, the clink and rattle of metal, officers calling, bugles blowing, drums rolling, mules screaming—all heard as a running accompaniment to the cannon heavily penetrating the multitudinous din."

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

#### BRIEFER NOTICES.

*Alice Lauder: A Sketch.* By Mrs. Glenn Wilson. (London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.) "In time when thought and experience should leave their unalterable stamp on those soft and malleable outlines, Alice Lauder might be a striking and interesting looking woman, at present she was merely a sunburnt, badly dressed, awkward and unfinished colonial girl." Such is our introduction to the heroine, and it is our pleasant task to follow this young lady through the phases of her transition from a dowdy Australian school-girl to a social success, and from a poor would-be singer to an admired and gifted heiress. The book is written in a pleasant flowing style and sails refreshingly clear of the problems of social or intellectual being. The local colouring throughout is well done, and the only word of disparagement we can find to say is that the author speaks better for the characters than they do for themselves. The book is divided into two parts and the first is particularly good in its artistic finish and suggestion. Its closing scene is prophetic, when we leave Alice alone and sad, having just refused for art's sake the hand of a charming Englishman.

"Then you won't give up any time for my sake," he says to her. "I am disappointed." He walked away feeling hurt and bitter and leaned out into the garden.

Alice in the awkwardness of the situation plays gently on the piano and finally glides into Mendelssohn's 47th psalm. "She played a few chords and began the recitative in a low and nervous voice; but by degrees her voice seemed to gain new life from the music, and rose in the soprano part with all the lift and spring of a mountain starting in the sunshine.

"Oh, for the wings—for the wings of a dove,  
"Far away, far away, far away I would sore."

Outside the storm burst and in all the elatter of the descending rain Alice heard Campbell's step.

"Good-bye, again," he said, "and thank you. You have made me understand. That was beautiful, and I know now what you mean. Good-bye, and perhaps some day we may meet again."

With this meeting again, some day, ten years later, the second part is taken up, and when we next meet our heroine she is spending the season at a naval station in the Southern Pacific, and taking her place in the gay, if somewhat provincial society of the island. Here we learn that Alice has inherited riches and has become the friend and protégée of a great lady. It is a true axiom that on the throne of the Casars, the soul is less active than elsewhere, and it is with a feeling of disappointment that we recognize that there are few exceptions to the rule. Alice's tone has perceptibly lowered and she knows it herself though her author refuses to see it. It is here and with the consciousness of having failed utterly that our heroine meets her old lover. The rest of the book is taken up with the usual accessories to the delay but inevitable conclusion, and we can hear the remonstrances of the "Shrieking Sisterhood" as Alice decides that art for art's sake is a lofty but somewhat isolated ideal.

*The Burden of a Woman.* By Richard Pryce. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.)—This is a story of low life, and of the life which is lower still. Cleanly and pleasant reading throughout, however, unbesmirched by the touch of realism so called, which has so often, in the words the author applies to a loose young woman's conversation: "Frolicked with sordid details, and jiggled upon shameful things, capered on all that is sacred, and played hopscotch with modesty." The key-note the title gives, the motif is no mystery after the fourth chapter. It is the not very original one of showing that the surest prelude to a life of irreproachable purity and peace, is to begin by giving rein to the baser passions. "It isn't what a woman does that makes her good or bad, it is what she is." The characters speak the well-known dialect of colourless compromise between polite English and bad spelling, and somehow suggest to the reader persons "of our own class" set for purposes of the story to uncongenial rustic occupations. There is an interesting dressmaker—Mary Redwing—with "grey eyes, gentle in their expression," a manly young farmer of the transparently honest and rigidly righteous type, also a neighbouring farmer's daughter with "bold outlines" and otherwise very unpleasant. A quiet pleasant light plays about Mary and her little girl; so thought Peter when he turned his contemplative gaze around the neighbourhood for a wife. Then came the revelation of her dark past, and his uncompromising morality revolted, while his love remained unaltered. How Mary's secret became common property and the result is prettily told; we are quite three centuries from the days of Hester Prynne and little Pearl. Even poor Peter gulps and proposes—only to be refused. Driven back to his solitary farm-house he becomes a prey to a particularly gruesome old relative, who "converts it into a miniature cemetery of funeral cards," and converses upon sepulchral subjects only. So intensely life-like is the portrait that you experience a growing discomfort and increasing certainty of upsetting the "presentation" work-box with the shells, in the face of its mistress' prim angularity. Even masculine endurance has a limit; so that Hannah Rees, waiting in the background with her bold outlines and black eyes, is unfairly rewarded—for the moment at any rate—by catching the upright Peter on the rebound. Not a pleasant young lady this to follow on a walk. "What colours were flaming in the trees! The fierceness of them suited her mood. There was orange that was like fire, and crimson that was like the colour of the blood she had smeared upon the flower, and the berries that hung from the mountain-ash were scarlet as sin." This is a specimen selected from many happy little bits of description, by which, with light and sympathetic touch the author indicates rather than describes the course of the changing seasons, as they subtly intertwine with the no less variable moods and purposes of man. Thus is a graceful setting supplied to a rather too obvious plot, the result being a little book, if not strong, yet entirely pleasant and readable.

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## Art Notes.

It has been my intention for some time to write a few notes about a man who seems to me to possess, in a superlative degree, the gift which is particularly rare in these days of photography and of photographically emulated portraiture—the gift of painting with masterly freedom and painterly emphasis the image of his fellow-men. To the uncultivated a portrait which has for its basis the half truths and untruths of a photograph is all that is desirable; and this relish for the unlovely results of portraiture executed by partially mechanical means is not altogether to be wondered at when the painters themselves are so deplorably deficient as draughtsmen as to acknowledge that their power is inferior to that of a camera. But the advent of such a master as Sargent instantly demonstrates the supremacy of the hand of genius even in an art where "likeness" or imitation plays so prominent a part.

John S. Sargent was born at Florence, of American parents, in 1856. He has painted little but portraits, although his "El Jaleo," a Spanish dancer on the stage, with a background of guitarists, was one of the first pictures to bring him prominently before the notice of the public. Speaking of his "Portrait of a Young Lady," in the Salon of 1881, that subtle critic, Henry James, says:—"It seems to stand for more artistic truth than it would be easy to declare—to be a masterpiece of colour as well as of composition, to possess much in common with a Velasquez of the first order, and to have translated the appearance of things into the language of painting with equal facility and brilliance. The language of painting, that is, the tone in which Mr. Sargent expresses himself, and into which a considerable part of the public—for the simple and excellent reason that they don't understand it—will doubtless be reluctant and unable to follow him. Those who have appreciated his work most, up to the present time, exhibit no wish for a change, so completely does that work seem to them, in its kind, the exact translation of his thought, the exact 'fit' of his artistic temperament." Of the precocity of Sargent much has been said, and it is true that in the annals of the painters of old there were few who exhibited at an earlier age the power to render into the paint-

er's language the facts which their acute vision had seen and noted. At the age of twenty-one Sargent showed at the Salon a brilliant and freely painted portrait of his master, Carolus Duran, in which the versatile Frenchman is depicted in a lounging attitude and displaying the lace-frilled cuffs which he affects. Of the Portrait of a Young Lady already referred to, which was also an early work of his brush, Henry James says, "it offers the slightly uncanny spectacle of a talent which, on the very threshold of its career, has nothing more to learn." And, this being the case, the marvel is that in succeeding years Sargent should have been able to hold his position at its somewhat dizzy height, and continue to display not only the power to paint, as he did in the days of these early portraits, but to paint, without the slightest diminution of power, portraits of totally different conception and arrangement and yet equally consistent with the bent of his peculiar genius. It is creditable to him, too, or rather it is a clear evidence of the depth of his convictions, that in the fluctuations of the taste of the rather fickle votaries of art, who are prone to be affected by every wind of aesthetic doctrine, he has held on in a straight course and has allowed his talent, without any effort to widen or disperse its sympathies, to carry out its own natural process of evolution.

E. WYLY GRIER.

With the July number of the New York *Art Amateur* came a charming landscape, "The End of the Day," by Robert J. Wickenden, and an equally pretty study of Golden Rod, by Paul de Longpre. There are the usual eight large pages of Working Designs for Wood Carving, China Painting, Embroidery, etc. Among the numerous articles are "Hints About Sketching," "Drawing for Reproduction," "Among the Wild Flowers," "Palettes for Fruit Painting," "The Decorative Vines of Summer," "Water-Colours for Mineral Painting," "Hints on Furniture and Woodwork," "Talks on Embroidery," and "Flowers and Plants in the Home." All these articles are splendidly illustrated. The artist for the month is Robert J. Wickenden, and there are three examples of his work shown. In "My Note Book," the editor devotes most of his attention to the present craze for "Old English Masters."

\* \* \*

## From the Dark Valley.

A YOUNG GIRL RESCUED FROM AN EARLY GRAVE.

Pale, Listless and Weak, the Victim of a Hacking Cough, She was Apparently Going into a Rapid Decline—A Case of Deep Interest to Every Mother in the Land.

From the Cornwall Standard.

It is now a common thing in this locality to hear the people acknowledge the wonderful benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it is not to be wondered at that the Druggists find the sale of this remarkable medicine so large and yet constantly increasing. We could give any number of instances of splendid results following the use of Pink Pills, but so many of these are well known to many of our readers as to not need recapitulation. However, now and again a case of more than usual interest arises, and we will give the particulars of one of these for the benefit of the public at large. Some years ago a young girl of 14, a daughter of Mr. Leon Dore, a well-known and respected resident of Cornwall, began to show serious symptoms, and caused her mother great anxiety. She was just at the critical period of her life, and medical aid was called in and everything done to help her. But it appeared to be useless, and week after week she continued to grow worse, until it was evident she was fast going into a decline. A hacking cough set in, and the poor girl, who was formerly plump and healthy-looking, with bright rosy cheeks, began to waste away, and in a few months was merely a shadow of her former self. Her mother had about lost all hope of saving the young girl's life, the



"Was merely a shadow of her former self."

doctors being apparently unable to check the ravages of the mysterious disease. At length the mother's attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and, she decided to give them a trial. A box was taken, and, as the girl did not show any visible signs of improvement, her mother was on the point of discontinuing the medicine when a neighbor persuaded her that a single box was not a fair trial, and induced her to continue the Pills. By the time a second box was completed there was some improvement noticeable and there was joy in that small household, and no more persuasion was needed to continue the treatment. The use of the Pink Pills was then continued for some months, by which time the young girl had completely recovered her health and strength. To-day she is the very picture of health, and the color in her cheeks is as bright as it was before her illness commenced. To those who saw her during the days of her illness and suffering, her recovery is little short of a miracle. Mrs. Dore freely gave the *Standard* reporter permission to publish an account of her daughter's illness and recovery. She said she could not find words strong enough to express the gratitude for the miraculous cure this great life-saving medicine had effected in her daughter's case, and she hoped her testimony might be the means of leading others similarly afflicted to give them a trial.

After writing the above, the reporter again called on Mrs. Dore and read it to her, asking her if it was entirely correct. She replied that she would like to give even stronger expression to her appreciation of this wonderful medicine. She further said that Pink Pills had greatly helped herself. She had been suffering from the effects of an attack of la grippe, and the Pink Pills had restored her to health. Her daughter also expressed her gratitude for the extraordinary change this medicine had wrought in her health.

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Chess Corner.

Resuming this department, our Chess Editor hopes to prevent all mistakes by repeating problems, a la Forsyth, and adding checkograph style to games.

He boldly offers Steinitz's latest work to the first player proving unsolvable problem; also Chess Button from Baltimore, for first impossible move (in game).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS.

690-Q x P ± 691-Bsq 2acc. 3 ±

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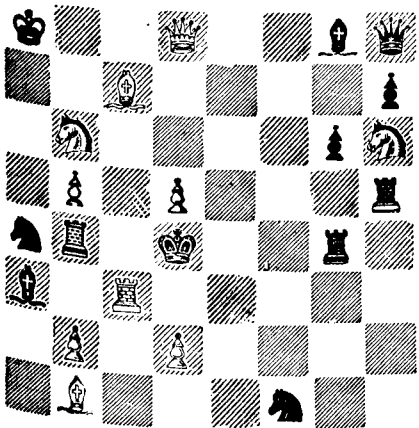
My money on Lasker!

Should any readers desire to play a few games by correspondence, we hope to find opponents for them.

PROBLEM No. 701.

Mate in 2, by H. Hosey Davis, viz.:

10 Black - 2 pts. (K2Q2bq, 2B4p, 1N4pN, 1P1P3R.



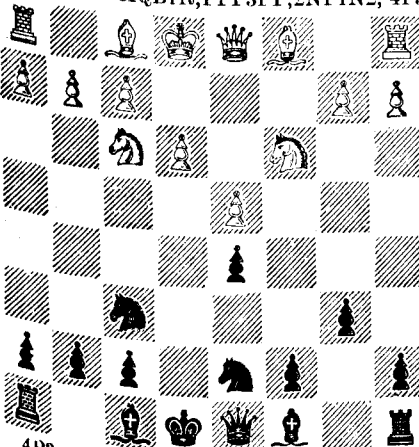
nr1k2r1, b1R6P1P5B3n2)12 White+2Ps. White to play and mate in two moves.

AUSTRALIAN CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

In the 6th game, Mr. Esling again declined the Queen's Gambit and wins, ... Our No. 701, thus:

Table showing chess moves for Wallace vs Esling, including White and Black pieces and move numbers.

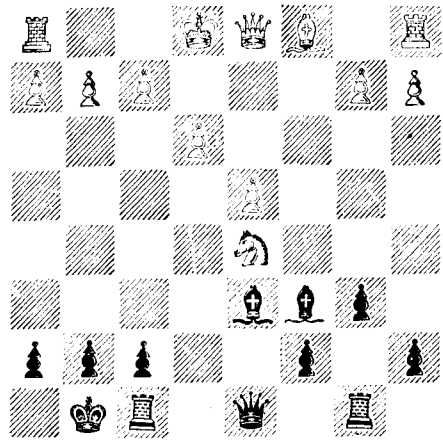
WHITE (R1BKQB1R, PPP3PP, 2NP1N2, 4P3.



4P3, 2n3p1, pppln1p1, r1bkqblr) BLACK, = 7 B Kt5 8 Kt K5 9 B QB6 B Q3 Castles. R QKtsq 66t Pw tm 6n, 57, 12,

10 Kt xKt B xKt wd 3d, 11 B xP Kt xB pv, 12 Kt xKt B QB3 Mv dm,

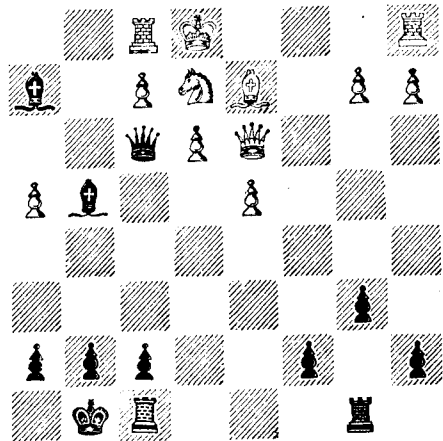
WHITE + P (R2KQB1R, PPP3PP, 3P4, 4P3.



4N3, 4bpl, ppp2p1p, 1kr 1q1r1) BLACK - P.

13 Kt QB3 Q KKt4 vM 4y, 14 P KR4 Q xKKtP ZH yY, 15 R KBsq B Q2 8866 md, 16 Kt K2 B KKt5 MW dG, 17 Q Q3 B KR7 44N nZ, 18 B Q2 Q KB6 33V YP,

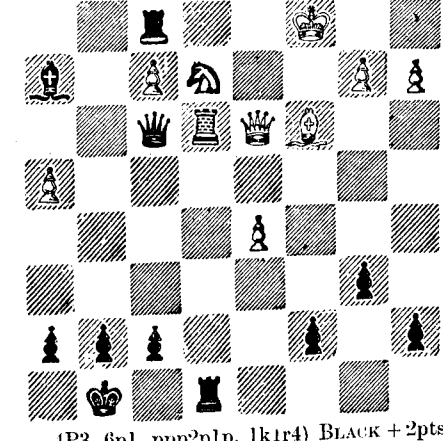
WHITE (2RK3R, b1PNB1PP, 2qPQ3, Pb2P3.



8, 6p1, ppp2p1p, 1kr3r1) BLACK, =

19 B B3 KR Ksq VM 65, 20 Q Q2 R K5 NV 51, 21 P Q5 QR Ksq Dv 25, 22 Q Q3 B R6 VN GR, 23 Castles. B xR 5533 R66, 24 R xB R xP 4466 XO

WHITE (2R2K2, b1PN2PP, 2qQB2, P7.



4P3, 6p1, ppp2p1p, 1kr1r4) BLACK + 2pts.

25 P xR Q xR ch FO P66† 26 K B2 Q KB7 33U 66X 27 K Q2 Q xRP UV XH 28 Q KB5 Q K2 Nx He 29 Q KB3 Q K5 xP eE 30 Kt Q4 Q xQ wD EP 31 Resigns. 1 hr, 25 min. ill

(8.b3K1PP.2qP1B6N7P9p1.ppp2p1p.1kr1r4)

Kindly send critical notes, to the games, for future publication, and acknowledgement.

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## Periodicals.

Some of the July numbers of the *Open Court* contained a forcible and interesting rejoinder to Mr. Carnegie's and Senator Lodge's articles in a late number of *The Forum* on "The Annexation of Canada," by Prof. J. Clark Murray, of McGill University, Montreal, one of THE WEEK's esteemed contributors. In his answer to the question, "Can Canada be Coerced into the Union?" Professor Murray sets aside the probability of annexation by military force as one foreign to the spirit of American civilization. He deprecates Mr. Carnegie's assertion that Canada is a menace to the peace and security of the United States, and believes, on the contrary, that its annexation would only add to the dangers of internal disintegration, while her independence would remove her from the wholesome restraint exercised by Great Britain in her many international complications. He scouts the idea that British institutions are calculated to produce a detestation of the republican idea, claiming that they are practically more republican than are American institutions. He is doubtful whether the commercial war would have the coercive effect intended, and regards it as substantially equivalent to a demonstration of physical force. Finally, he thinks, such measures, even if successful, would not be calculated to strengthen the friendly feeling which now exists between the two countries, and would leave Canada, even if conquered, more of a menace than it possibly could be at present to the interests and welfare of the American Republic.

Herbert Spencer opens the August *Popular Science Monthly* with the fourth of his papers on "Professional Institutions," in which he shows that the functions of the orator, poet, actor and dramatist are all developed from the acts of the primitive tribesman in welcoming his victoriously returning chief. Andrew D. White, writing on "The Continued Growth of Scientific Interpretation," describes the battle by which reason conquered tradition in English theology. In an illustrated article on "Art and Eyesight," Dr. Lucien Howe shows that artists are by no means exempt from the irregularities of vision that other persons have, and hence that, to see their pictures as they see them, one must for the moment induce the same irregularity in his own eyes. In the series on the Development of American Industries since Columbus, John G. Morse describes "Apparatus for Extinguishing Fires," with many pictures of apparatus, ancient and modern. Prof. E. L. Richards sets forth the importance of "The Physical Element in Education." Under the title "The Motive for Scientific Research," an editorial in an earlier number is criticised by Hubert L. Clark. It is many years since the lyric Muse has been admitted to the Monthly, but in this number we have some lines by David Starr Jordan, addressed "To Barbara," with a portrait of a charming little girl. It is all strictly scientific, however, for the verses relate to heredity. Garrett P. Serviss points out many celestial wonders in a trip "From Lyra to Eridanus." Prof. John T. Stoddard gives a full account of "Argon," the new constituent of the air. Dr. John Ferguson writes on "The Nervous System and Education." Gustave Le Bon discusses "The Work of Ideas in Human Evolution," showing their immense power in the form of tradition and their tremendous force when newly accepted. There is a sketch with Portrait of Charles Upham Shepard, the mineralogist, who collected at Amherst College the finest cabinets in America. In the Editor's Table there is a reply to Mr. Clark's article, in this number, a tribute to Prof. Huxley, and some remarks on Mr. Spencer's declination of the honour offered to him by the Emperor of Germany.

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Literary Notes.

George Allen, London, will publish in August a book of unpublished Ruskin drawings. These sketches were made about fifty years ago, and their subjects are all Italian. Some are in colours, and all will be produced in facsimile.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce that they will shortly issue a new monthly devoted to sports and pastimes, and called, with the concurrence of his grace the Duke of Beaufort, "The Badminton Magazine of Sports and Pastimes." The first number will be issued in August.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing this week "Some Old Love Stories," by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., with a frontispiece-portrait of the author. The book deals with Carlyle and his wife, Hazlitt and Sarah Walker, Abraham Lincoln and his wife, Ferrierson and Marie Antoinette, and Mirabeau and Sophie de Mounier.

Macmillan & Co. will publish during the summer a little book by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, who is best known, perhaps, by her verses. "The Flower of England's Face," however, as this book is to be called, is in prose, and is a collection of papers describing her wanderings through unfrequented spots in England, Scotland and Wales.

Conan Doyle's new novel, "The Stark-Munro Letters," which has been appearing serially in *The Idler*, will be published in book form by Messrs. Longmans in September. Rider Haggard's novel "Joan Haste," as we previously announced, is promised next month by the same firm. It will have some of the illustrations which accompanied its serial publication in the pages of *The Pall Mall Magazine*.

Messrs. Longmans and Co. have in the press "The Life and Times of John Kettlewell" by the author of "Nicholas Ferrar: His Household and His Friends." It will have an introduction by the editor, the Rev. T. T. Carter, M.A., honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; besides details of the history of the Non-Jurors. The same publishers also announce under the title "Pagan Ireland: an Archaeological Sketch," a handbook of Irish pre-Christian antiquities by Mr. W. G. Wood-Martin, author of "The Lake Dwellings of Ireland" and other works.—*Literary World, London.*

Roberts Bros. will issue shortly a translation of "My Sister Henrietta," by Ernest Renan, with seven illustrations by Henri Scheffer and Ary Renan. The story was written years ago, privately printed in an edition limited to 100 copies, and circulated by Renan among his intimate friends. Mme. Renan has now concluded, however, to give it to the world. The pictures will include a view of Renan's birthplace in Brittany, and one or two Syrian pictures. The book itself is a growing tribute to a devoted sister; it is said to contain, also, some of Renan's most felicitous essays in description and portraiture.

\* \* \*  
Personal.

The "Max Nordau," whose book, "Degeneration," created such a *furor* throughout the civilized world, is really a Mr. Simon Sudfield. From *The Westminster Gazette* we learn that he is a son of Gabriel b. Oser b. Sincha Sudfield, a celebrated Hebraist.

Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith has had the honour of a sitting from the Queen for Her Majesty's portrait which is to appear in the historical picture of the Queen placing the wreath upon the coffin of the late Sir John Thompson. Mr. Russell has had the honour of photographing Her Majesty for the same picture.

"Max Nordau" has, we are informed, declined several tempting offers from American editors to continue his "Degeneration" strictures in their columns. At present he is engaged on a novel which will be followed in due course by a drama for the Lessing Theatre, Berlin.—*Literary World, London.*

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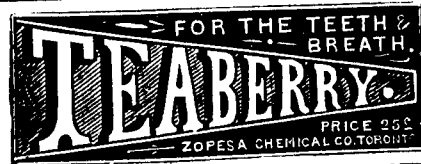
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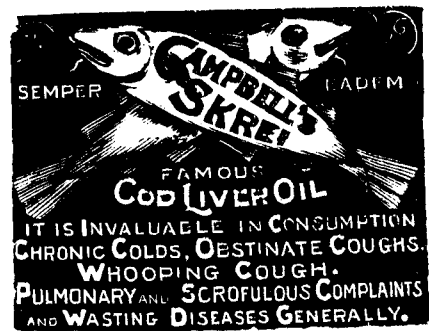
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## Publications Received.

Helen Choate Prince. Story of Christine Rochefort. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

James Morier. Adventures of Hajo Baba and Co. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

A. G. Bradley Wolfe (English Men of Action Series). London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

Harry Lindsay. Rhoda Roberts. London: Chatto & Windus. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

Geo. Meredith. The Egoist. London: Geo. Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

Chas. Kingsley. Hypatia (Pocket Edition.) New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

Ida Lemore. Matthew Furth. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

E. Pauline Johnson. The White Wampum. London: John Lane. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

Jesse Lynch Williams. Princeton Stories. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

William Scoville Case. Forward House. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Bliss Perry. The Plated City. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Henry M. Field. Our Western Archipelago. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Mary Tappan Wright. A Truce and Other Stories. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

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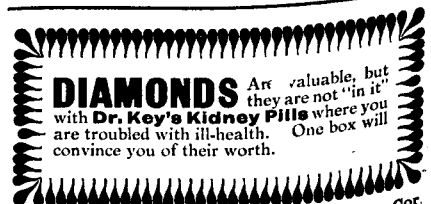
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Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
- Banks** { Bank of British North America, 24 Wellington Street East.  
Bank of Montreal, Corner Yonge and Front Streets.  
Bank of Toronto, 60 Wellington Street East.  
Canadian Bank of Commerce, 19-25 King Street West.  
Dominion Bank, Corner King and Yonge Streets.  
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Quebec Bank, Corner King and Toronto Streets.
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Copp, Clark Company, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Methodist Book and Publishing House, 29 Richmond Street West.  
Rowse & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.  
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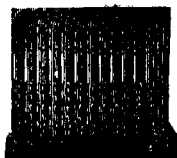
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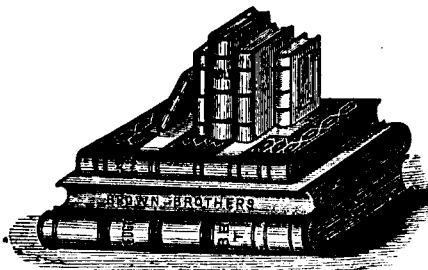
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