

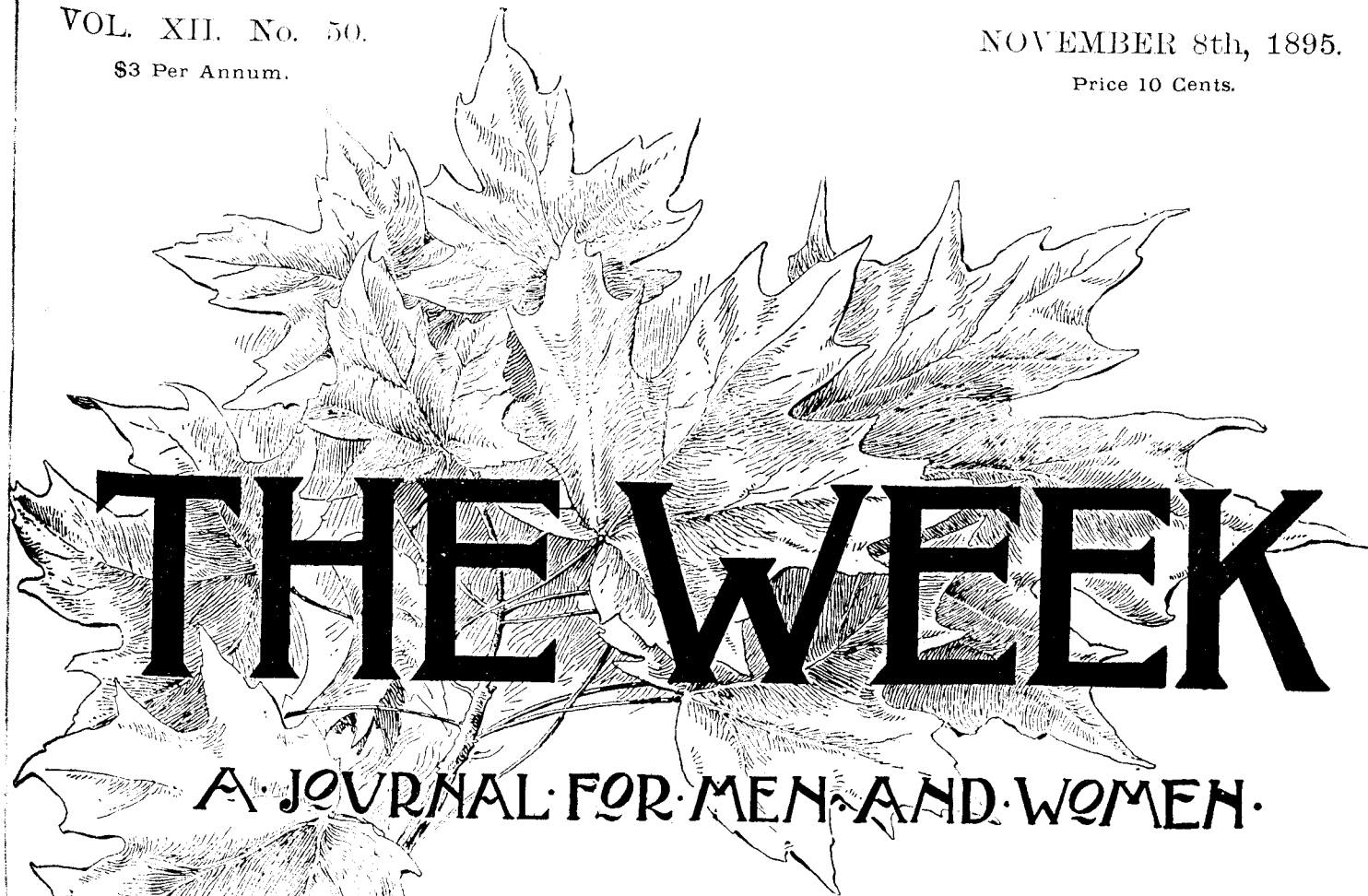
This Number Contains: Delenda est—Fudge, by Principal Grant; The School of Ritschl, by Rev. Herbert Symonds; Poetry and Patriotism, by Professor MacMechan. Leader: Parish Politics.

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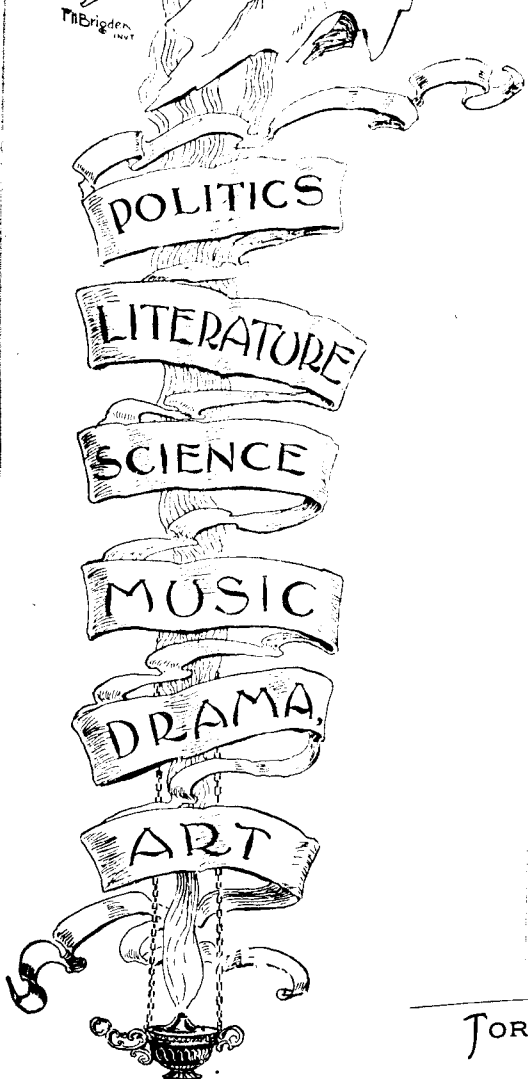
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, November 8th, 1895.

No. 50.

## Contents.

	PAGE.
CURRENT TOPICS.....	1187
LEADERS—	
Parish Politics.....	1188
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
The Canadian Historical Exhibition 1897.....	1186
Delenda est—Fudge.....	1188
Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry: A Peep Behind the Scenes.....	1189
Poetry and Patriotism.....	1190
The School of Ritschl.....	1191
Music and the Drama.....	1192
Art Notes.....	1192
All Street Corners.....	1193
Parisian Affairs.....	1194
Montreal Affairs.....	1197
Periodicals.....	1197
Literary Notes.....	1200
POETRY—	
Milking-Time.....	1189
Apsis.....	1195
BOOKS—	
English Lands, Letters, and Kings.....	1195
Recent Fiction.....	1196

## Current Topics.

Mr. Chamberlain and the "Slender Thread."

Yesterday's papers contained a brief report of a speech made by the Colonial Secretary at a banquet given in London in honour of the opening of the Natal Railway. This speech is not without a certain significance. Such a speech by a Minister of State would have been impossible, say, ten years ago. It is not very long since a formidable party in England held and promulgated the doctrine that the Colonies were a source of weakness to Great Britain, that they added nothing to her prestige or influence, and should be cut adrift. Now we have one of the most prominent members of the Cabinet maintaining that upon the opinion of the Colonies regarding Great Britain's policy during the next few years depend the future of the British Empire. Mr. Chamberlain went on to speak of the slender thread which united the great Colonies with England as a thread capable of carrying a force of sentiment and sympathy which would be a potent factor in the history of the world, just as a slender wire would carry an electrical force capable of moving machinery. He heard on all hands that Imperial Federation was a vain, empty dream. He would not contest this opinion; but men must be blind who did not see that it was a dream that impressed itself on the mind of the English-speaking race—the sort of dream which, somehow or another, becomes eventually unaccountably realized. The signs of the times were already in the direction of such a movement.

The London Conservatives.

On Friday last the new club rooms of the London Conservatives were formally opened by Sir John Carling in the presence of three Ministers of State and a great gathering of Conservatives from far and near. We are informed that the Club has made rapid progress during the past year and has now over eighteen hundred members. It is expected that many more names will be added on account of the attractiveness of the Club's new quarters. The Club has an energetic and able

President in the person of Mr. William Gray to whose well-directed efforts and untiring zeal it is greatly owing that the present handsome and commodious premises have been secured. Mr. Gray and his fellow officers have every reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their opening day. The arrangements were complete and well carried out. The Club evidently knows how to manage things.

Something  
Definite.

The speeches made by the Ministers at London on Friday were good. They did not conflict with one another, and there was no uncertain sound about them. In these particulars the Conservatives have the advantage over the Liberals. We know exactly where they stand on the trade question: the National policy is firmly adhered to and their faith in it is shown by the fact that no opportunity is lost to prove that were the Liberals to come into office that policy would be promptly swept away. On the Manitoba School Question an equally definite stand was taken: if in the end the minority has a grievance which is not remedied by Manitoba itself the Federal Government will take all reasonable and proper methods to have that wrong righted. It is the first duty of an Opposition to frame a clear and definite policy and lay it plainly before the people. It is not enough to point out the mistakes of the Government and expose its corruption and dirty deeds. All this is necessary. But something more is required, and that something is a policy about which there can be no doubt, and which everybody can understand.

La Patrie's  
Eccentricities

The eccentricities of La Patrie, whose formal repudiation by Mr. Laurier seems to have given great satisfaction in Montreal, continue. In a recent issue, in its comment on the unveiling of the Chateauguay battle monument, it deplored De Salabery's course in joining the British army at a time when British and French troops were fighting one another. This has drawn a reply from Benjamin Sulte, who, after defending De Salabery, says: "For a long time past I have been neither American, nor French, nor English, but French-Canadian, or, if need be, Canadian purely and simply. That is the reason why I write the present article. It would be a curious thing to force me to place France above my own interests or my operations. By what right could that be done? Our accounts were settled with the Mother Country in 1763 by a shameful bankruptcy, the costs of which we paid. I have no desire to see a renewal of that régime. The Frenchmen who now live in Canada know that we are much better treated in Canada than they are in France. There is a limit in being French, after all." It was La Patrie that a few years ago based a series of furious articles against the Montreal Seminary on the donation by that institution of funds to aid in the erection of the Nelson monument in 1808. If La Patrie, as it says, represents the ideas and the beliefs of the old Liberal school, it is well that the Liberals of to-day have out-grown them.

Cardwell.

Now that Cardwell must be fought for, it may not be amiss to consider what the Government has lost and what it would probably have gained by opening the constituency in 1893. Every one conceded then that a collector should be appointed for the most important harbour in Canada, and that, if the vacancy were not filled by the principle of promotion, no one is better fitted or better entitled to it than Mr. White. Nothing apparently blocked the way but the apprehension that a Conservative of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy's stripe might be the choice of the constituency. That caused delay, and one delay succeeded another till the knot was cut by Mr. White's resignation. Had the Government taken action in 1894, what would it have lost? At the most, one seat; and, with its majority, that would have been a flea-bite, which would have been forgotten long before this. On the other hand, it would have gained credit for courage, and that would have done good to the whole party; it would have retained the respect of the commercial men of Montreal; it would have respected the spirit of the constitution; it would have respected the feelings of a faithful friend, and it would have done its duty. By its inaction what has it lost? It has announced that the principle "to the victors belong the spoils" will be carried out in its most odious form in Canada, that "the spoils" include the business interests of the whole country, and that these must be subordinated to party interests as long as the party chooses; that it is better that the port of Montreal should have no collector for three seasons rather than the party should run the slightest risk of receiving a check; and—more alarming still to every lover of the British Constitution—that the principle of the independence of Parliament, the very keystone of our liberty, may be trampled on, year after year, without apology. We are inclined to think that the Government has lost more than it is aware of. It must have lost the respect of Mr. White, of his friends, of the commercial men of the country, and of the largest class to whom party is secondary to good Government, and in whose eyes all shuffling—whether in a man or in a Cabinet—is contemptible. It has lost caste, and in all probability it has lost Cardwell.

A Danger to the State.

"What do you do for a living," a drunkard was once asked? "I am engaged in the Temperance Cause," the poor wretch managed to hiccough. "What do you mean, sir?" "Well, you see, my brother is a temperance lecturer, and he takes me round with him as 'the awful example'!" At present Cardwell serves as our "awful example" of an evil more insidious, more dangerous, more destructive to the life of the State than drunkenness. We are a nation of freemen, simply because we believe that we have a free Parliament; and we continually boast to our American cousins that our Executive is dependent on a vote of the House of Commons, and, therefore, that the moment the Government, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, goes wrong, that moment it must go. But, what becomes of our freedom, if Parliament is not free; if one member has in his pocket the promise of a collectorship, another the promise of a penitentiary wardenship, another the promise of a judgeship, another the pledge that if he cannot carry his constituency he will be appointed to the Senate, and half a dozen others have hints of other offices which are dangled before their eyes when they should be thinking only of their duty to their constituents and to the country? This is the worst form of debauchery conceivable. The whole country

is debauched, for wickedness done in the High Court of Parliament filtrates down to every class in the community. Tolerated in one Government, it will be imitated by the Provincial legislatures, and the next Government will "better the example." What is the remedy, then? Simply this, that it must not be tolerated. The country must utter a condemnation so loud that the deaf shall hear. But, we are told, if the Grits get in, they will do the very same. Such an argument means that the evil must be permanent; that may go on to any lengths, and that there is no such thing as conscience in the people. If there is to be no punishment for wrong doing, then the sooner we give up the form of electing representatives the better.

Cardwell and Mr. McCarthy.

Reverting to the case of Cardwell, if the Government believed, in 1893, that the constituency desired to approve of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy's course, on what ground was it denied the opportunity of doing so? Its member had been elected in 1891 for the whole Parliamentary term; but he was anxious to retire, and the commercial interests of the country would have been served by his retirement. Bye-elections are welcomed in Britain, showing how the tide is running. The Government is warned or encouraged by them. But, in Canada a constituency is muzzled until the Government has "fixed" things so that its real voice may not be heard. On the other hand, Mr. McCarthy is declared to be insignificant because he has only one follower. On the other hand, another constituency is not allowed to speak lest it may strengthen him. Such a course, instead of weakening Mr. McCarthy, has the very opposite effect. A powerful Government appears to be afraid of him, and, therefore, how formidable he must be, is the argument of thousands all over the country. Had Cardwell spoken for him, it would have meant little. Had it spoken against him, he would have received a mortal blow. Cardwell, in any case, should have been allowed to speak.

The Toronto Garrison.

The Toronto Garrison paraded on Sunday afternoon last for divine service. It was the largest and finest parade ever seen in Toronto, and was witnessed by vast crowds of people whose interest in the imposing function was intense. Many of the spectators were evidently astonished at the remarkably fine appearance of the men. A garrison parade is an event of such infrequent occurrence that the public is somewhat taken by surprise at the imposing spectacle. It is finer than is expected. The fact is these parades should be of frequent occurrence. The excellence and value of our volunteer service needs to be impressed more strongly upon the people. It is an important and essential part in the national life of the country and should be generally recognized as such. There is no better corrective to the all-pervading commercial spirit which at present animates and controls our country than a touch of the martial spirit. Such a spirit inspires the order of virtues in which a commercial society is apt to be deficient: imagination, patriotism, self-control, appreciation of greatness. The church parade is a good thing and should be encouraged. There is no "money in it," which is an immense moral advantage. To possess, or share in, or regard something the chief object of which is not to make money—how grateful it is to the weary mind and heart! Let us have these parades often. They will stimulate our halting national pride, and promote the growth of a sound and lively patriotism.

Major-General  
Gascoigne.

The new commander of the Canadian militia has already established himself as a favourite in militia circles, and is regarded generally as a man of tact and sound practical sense. It was once remarked by a man of discernment that what accounted for the unpopularity of Englishmen in the Colonies was their assumption that they could teach the colonist everything from milking his cow to governing his country. General Gascoigne does not appear to be a man of this kind. On the contrary, he is most appreciative, and, what is more, is quite ready to express his appreciation. Immediately after the church parade of the Toronto Garrison on Sunday last he sent a note to Lieutenant-Colonel Buchan requesting him to express to the permanent force as well as the active militia his "extreme satisfaction at the remarkably good turn-out" he had witnessed that afternoon. "Not only," continued the General, "did the number present on parade exceed my expectations, but the general smartness and magnificent appearance of the troops, as well as their steadiness and evident knowledge of drill and training, gave me the highest gratification. I am proud to have the honour of commanding such troops." These are strong words, but no one who was fortunate enough to witness the parade can say they were not well deserved. We are proud of the Toronto Garrison, and we are glad to know that so distinguished and able a soldier as the present Commander can speak of the force in such warm terms. Words of warning and advice from a man so ready to appreciate all genuine effort are the more to be heeded and acted upon. At the Garrison dinner given to General Gascoigne on Saturday evening, he pointed out, in the course of his excellent speech in reply to the toast of his health, how necessary it was that the officers should "take themselves seriously," and that it should ever be their aim to set a good example in every way to their men. They must be prepared to make sacrifices, sacrifices greater even than those made by their forefathers, so as to make the country believe in their earnestness and steadfastness of purpose. The General struck the right note here. We hope his words will be laid to heart.

We publish in another column an interesting article from Principal Grant, which, coming from the source it does, demands every respect and consideration. He takes strong exception to the article "Delenda est Carthago" which appeared in THE WEEK on the 25th ultimo. We fear the Principal has not understood the purpose of the article. Probably the fault was ours, but the fact is there. The tone of the article was defence, not defiance. "I admit that there is a possibility of an American political party betraying the country into a war with Britain before the sober sense of the American people had time to assert itself." These are Principal Grant's own words. In spite of Fudge he sees the danger too, and that is "one of the reasons why he is unalterably opposed to annexation." So far the Principal agrees with our article. Where he disagrees is in our statement that the struggle is inevitable. He thinks it is only probable—that is all there is between us. Our purpose in writing the article was to warn, as far as we could do so, writing so far away, the English people of their extraordinary infatuation. They think the Americans are like themselves. They are not. The war of 1812 was brought on by exactly the element in America who are promoting a warlike feeling now. The honesty of the Englishman is not at first a match for the astuteness of the American. He is more than equal to it ultimately, but too often history has shewn what terrible losses have been received because English diplomatists

trusted to the influence of good feeling where really there was bad feeling. Touching Principal Grant's reference to Cassandra may we not ask if Cassandra had been believed would it not have been better for Troy? However that may be, we would be glad if the distinguished Principal were right and our views wrong. We hope we are mistaken in them. But why are the Americans building ship after ship of war? Why are they letting contracts for gun boats on the lakes? Who is it to fight? Are these ships built for toys? God forbid that we should begin a war, but when you see your next door neighbour piling up combustibles near your fence you want to know what he is about. If his record is not particularly good you watch him pretty closely. "Delenda est Carthago" was written after due reflection, and anxious consideration of what our national duty is here. Further, whatever faults the Irish agitators may have they are not cowards, and the Invincibles, as they call themselves in the United States, have a serious and desperate purpose. They have good organization, they can get all the money they want, and they control the American voting machine.

An Ancient  
Family Skeleton.

In the course of his official duty as Governor of Canada, General Haldimand, in November, 1781, wrote a letter to Lord George Germain, of unhappy memory, in which he described the then existing feeling of the French-Canadian population. He stated in his letter that he had observed in the Canadian gentry an expectation of a revolution to take place in the country. As evidence of the fact he referred to a letter which had fallen into his hands from Mons. de Lotbinière, "who after receiving the King's bounty went over to the rebels at Philadelphia." More than a century after the event the descendant of De Lotbinière, the present so much respected Sir Henry Joli de Lotbinière, has felt himself called upon to vindicate the memory of his ancestor. Dr. Kingsford, in the seventh volume of his History of Canada, in order to illustrate his narrative of the events of that date, referred to this letter of Haldimand's which he had disinterred from the Archive Office. Sir Henri de Lotbinière and Mr. Justice Wurtel, at a meeting in Montreal of the United Empire Loyalist Club, lately held, claimed that Dr. Kingsford had made "statements that are wrong," and that "reparation should be made to Sir Henri for any wrong he (Dr. K.) had inadvertently done his family by the passage in question." Dr. Kingsford, in his quality of historian, refuses to withdraw his statement. It seems to us properly so. The question is not, is the historian wrong, but was General Haldimand wrong? Assuming the letter to be genuine, it was undoubtedly of the character ascribed to it by Haldimand. Sir Henri does not believe apparently in the genuineness of the letter. That point cannot be decided now. The Governor was, at the time, quite satisfied that it was genuine, and so the case must rest. But there is this important principle lying at the base of the discussion. Should a public writer be assailed by a member of a family living for arraigning the conduct of a character who passes across the glass of history a century before—especially where he gives authority for his statement and the mention of the name is incidental to sustain an argument? There is something childish in any such contention. What is the use of collecting archives at all if they are to be made subservient to family or individual sentiments at the present day? It is a sobering thought that the events of our lives will have to stand the test of critical examination hereafter. That is the true duty of history, and it would greatly impair the value of any work intended for permanent existence if a writer were to act upon the theory that he must subordinate his writings to the feelings or wishes of his own contemporaries.

## Parish Politics.

THE time is soon coming for a new Dominion election. The Laurier troupe have held the Boards and the Bowell star combination has succeeded them in the appeal "Codlin's your friend, not Shortt." The claqueurs on both sides are getting their work in by applauding everything they hear. The political papers are following their usual tactics of praising the meetings of their own friends and belittling those of their opponents. In order to get at the truth of the situation the patient voter has to subscribe for and read the newspapers on both sides. To do injustice to one's opponents seems to be the maxim of political party writers. To do them justice appears to be a step of which they are afraid. Now if there is one thing that the ordinary public likes it is a fair fight. They like to hear both sides so as to understand something of what they are talking about. But by long suffering they have become painfully aware that only one side of the shield is all that is held out to them. There is a wide opening for some journal with courage and ability enough to be able to say when necessary, "The issue is so-and-so. The Government says *this* and the Opposition says *that*. The facts are *these*. Now judge for yourselves." The poor tired public, sick of coloured and often false representations from both sides, would welcome such a journal. It would be well abused by the extreme party men, but the support of the large mass of the people would be gladly given to it. We are slowly evolving an educated class in this country, who detest the modern caucus system and who despise the misrepresentation they see in party journals. These men do not do their duty because they do not get a chance. Their talents have no opportunity of development in political lines because they find that their services are not required for political journals. If they are not prepared to make the worse appear the better cause they are not wanted. Many a young enthusiast has been disillusioned in this direction very rapidly after his entrance on his journalistic career. There are papers in the Motherland which with all their faults are impartial. Each writer no doubt has his own bias, and it requires a very judicial mind to be perfectly fair. But there are some papers in the old home which are impartial, and the greatest are those which descend least to *suppressio veri*, and are never guilty of *suggestio falsi*. In both these respects our party press has much to learn. While it might be assumed that educated men would be disgusted and alienated by tactics such as those which have been just reprobated, it may be imagined that the bulk of the public would not be so, and they prefer to be gulled. This impression, if it exists, is wrong. It may suit countries where the standard of intelligence is lower than in Canada. But in the Dominion, like Scotland, that policy will not answer. In politics as in trade, "Honesty is the best Policy." The people have got a good deal of practical experience in the way of political education and they are, as a rule, sensible enough to judge between good and evil. What they want to know is *the truth*. The politicians are on trial before their fellow-countrymen, and as judges they want to hear and read the evidence on both sides. But multiplicity of business matters and other extraneous influences keep people from being able to investigate for themselves. Hence the necessity for some impartial oracle to which they may apply. In Canadian political life this is exactly what we have not got. The journal which supplies that need will require a very great deal of courage and intelligence, but the game is well worth the candle.

Another feature of political writing and political tactics to be borne in mind in the coming campaign is the dislike of the average voter to hearing A. B. blow his own horn. Whether A. B. is in the Ministry or not is generally a very small matter except to A. B. himself. In fact, when A. B. is "boomed" for office, the public become suspicious of A. B., and it would be better for that man if he had not been "boomed." Unselfishness is too much to expect perhaps from human nature, but the office should seek the man, not the man the office.

Another suggestion may be made. Words are often said to have been given to conceal thoughts, not to utter them. In Canada there are speakers who act upon this maxim. In England Mr. Gladstone is possibly the greatest exponent of this art. It has led him to his downfall. If politicians only knew it, the people like pluck. They prefer a man who says:—"Yes, I did it, and if necessary I would do it again" to a man who drowns them in a deluge of words and leaves them no wiser than when he began. The first thing to do is to gain the people's confidence. They are no fools, and soon find out whom they can trust. Lord Palmerston in England and Sir John Macdonald here owed much of their influence to the admiration each in his own sphere extorted by his audacity. If there is anything the populace detests it is a hypocrite or a dodger. A straight answer to a straight question will do more to disarm an opponent than all the dodging in the world.

There are questions of supreme importance before the Canadian people at this moment, but they are lost sight of in the party and personal squabbles which are going on. What is being done to induce settlers to open up the North-West? Where is our Immigration policy? Why are so many of our mines neglected? Why is such prominence given to the "oppressed minority" question when everybody knows it is all a matter between the Ins and Outs, and what we all really want here is to develop the country? Once we possess a population of ten or twelve millions Canadians can keep this country for themselves and their heirs forever, as the lawyers say. In Provincial matters the same kind of questions may be asked. Why, for instance, does not Ontario unite to put out of the way the socialism brought upon it by the iniquitous Public School legislation? Why is even one generation allowed to be brought up in practical ignorance of God and the Bible? These are some of the questions we would like to hear candidates discuss instead of their own merits and demerits. Above all, what the public wants to know is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. No more humbug, no more distorting of facts and figures.

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### The Canadian Historical Exhibition 1897.

THE Local Executive Committee of the above Exhibition, to be opened at Toronto on the 1st of July, 1897, received and adopted at a meeting held on Monday, 28th October, a report of a sub-committee on the subject of laying out a financial scheme. The report, which outlines a plan for the exhibition, is as follows:

Your Committee, pursuant to their instructions, have considered the question of a financial basis for the Canadian Historical Exhibition of 1897. Estimates of the intermediate and ultimate expenses may be expanded or contracted between very wide limits, according to the scope of the Exhibition proper; and still more with reference to numerous

incidents and surroundings, without which it would be possible to hold a fairly creditable Exhibition, but the addition of which features would promise a greater return, both in the completeness, interest, and success of the occasion, and also in the prospective financial income to arise from it.

The Exhibition is to be held in public buildings, freely placed at the disposal of the Committee, and available for such purposes with comparatively little expense: a circumstance which obviates the main reason for a very large cost, whatever may be the extent of the field covered.

A Historical Exhibition might be limited to relics, documents, portraits, medals, weapons, clothing, furniture, and similar objects obtainable in Canada and elsewhere from existing collections and by loans from private individuals. Were we to limit our views to this simple historical loan exhibition, it would seem necessary to provide only for printing and correspondence, clerical assistance and similar central bureau expenses in the interval before the holding of the Exhibition, and afterwards, as the date approaches, for a staff of assistants for the work of receiving, arranging, protecting, and displaying the exhibits. This is on the presumption that the transport of exhibits will be provided for, either by government grants from the different Provinces from which they are collected, or by free carriage being offered by the railways, as was done to some extent for the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. On this subject correspondence has been had with the head offices of the different railways, the results of which are not now sufficiently definite to assure us positively that these facilities will be granted. The probability of the railways, displaying a liberal disposition in this respect may be very greatly influenced by the decision of the Committee and the disposition of the public on the point of giving the Exhibition a widely extended scope and interest, so as to create a probability of a large influx of travel being attracted over the railways beyond their usual summer business.

Let us assume in the meantime that these facilities will be afforded; as indeed it seems to your Committee they ought to be, in view of the fact that of the three great railway corporations of Canada, one is the property and under the management of the Canadian Government, and both the others have always claimed the position of being great national highways; which have received, and which still occasionally appeal for, public subventions and legislative assistance.

A sum of about \$2,500 a year for each of the two years to lapse from the present time until the close of the Exhibition might then be sufficient for bureau and administration expenses on the above small scale of operation.

The expense of receiving and caring for the exhibits may be covered on the like scale by an allowance of \$50 a day for the period of the exhibition and for two months before and one month afterwards. On the assumption of a three months' summer Exhibition with two months for previous installation we would estimate this item at a total of \$10,000, making, with the \$2,500 per year for previous expenses, an aggregate of \$15,000.

Of this whole sum, about \$10,000 would be called for before the Exhibition. The remaining \$5,000 would become due from day to day during its course, and would beyond any doubt be covered by gate and other receipts from visitors to the various buildings; together with a margin from the same source to meet the cost of reports and publications to be issued at the close of the Exhibition.

In comparison with the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, whose gate receipts are in the neighbourhood of \$75,000 per annum, it would seem a very modest proposition to calculate on a total of \$15,000 or \$20,000 expenses being fully returned out of entrance fees to the different parts of this three months' summer Exhibition.

We think the prospective receipts would justify a much broader undertaking than the above skeleton scheme. In our opinion the Exhibition should aim at nothing less than a complete presentation of:—

*First.*—The complete story of the discoveries, commencing with those of the Cabots, followed by successors who traced the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, St. Lawrence Gulf, River, lacustrine and interior regions of British North America and of the adjoining regions thus opened up to European colonization.

*Second.*—The archaeology and ethnology of the same countries illustrating native history, laws, arts, and customs, from pre-historic times, down through the historic period of the contact of the native races with European colonization. Also camps of Indian tribes from various parts of the Dominion might be brought together.

*Third.*—The history of Canada, including the illustration, documentary and otherwise, of the relations of her inhabitants under the old regime, the colonial and the present national period, with the neighbouring colonies and states and European nations. In addition to portraits and documents a loan exhibition of ancient pictures, prints, plants, and models of forts, ships, places, and buildings would, it is hoped, be voluntarily contributed, not only from Governments, institutions, and persons in Canada, but from Great Britain, France, the United States, and other foreign countries.

A very important and interesting contribution to the foregoing display might be made, if our Canadian artists in all parts of the Dominion would occupy themselves during the coming two years with Canadian Historical subjects. A list might be made out, and prizes be offered, through the Management Committee, by the various Dominion and Provincial Governments, Municipalities, Boards of Trade, and other bodies, for pictures of historical scenes and incidents painted by Canadian artists, for the adornment of public buildings, or for a general permanent collection.

The result would be that the walls of the Exhibition would be lined with a panorama of pictures, bringing before us a consecutive view of the localities and events of Canadian history. Reproduced by modern processes a volume forming an imperishable record would be created, for the perpetual stimulation of the minds of the youth of the country, for the decoration of Canadian homes, and the elevation of popular taste, and for the education of other peoples in the importance and scope of Canadian history. It would be a valuable supplement and accompaniment to the series of County, Township, and other local and family histories which have been already more than once suggested, and which we hope will also be in the course of preparation during the coming two years.

*Fourth.*—A complete display should be undertaken of the natural history of Canada, mineral, botanical, and zoological. The making of special collections should be encouraged. A compendious illustrated report of great value may be a permanent result of a comprehensive effort by our naturalists at a complete collection at this one place and time. A very interesting feature in this connection, and one of permanent value, would be the conversion of the natural ravine in the park between Toronto University and Park grounds into a botanical and geological ravine, with ponds and flowing water, as a perpetual adornment and an educational adjunct of the University. The sides could be lined with rock specimens, arranged in some order to exhibit the most marked geological features of every Province in the Dominion from Vancouver Island to Cape Breton, with a large portion of the most interesting and beautiful of the smaller flora, terrestrial and aquatic, arranged in a manner to be both ornamental and instructive.

*Fifth.*—The foundation of a permanent national, provincial, or civic museum for the preservation and study of the most interesting portions of the collections got together on the occasion, and of additions invited thereto from time to time. It will be seen that it is possible that this may result incidentally as a sequence of exhibitions even without its cost forming part of the primary scheme of expenditure.

*Sixth.*—Naval and military displays ought to be a most interesting element. A special exhibit of relics, arms, and equipment, battle flags, models of forts, etc., it is hoped will be undertaken by a committee of military experts. By permission of the Imperial Government, a British regiment might be made up of sections from all the regiments which have fought on Canadian soil or on this continent, side by side with a like representation of all Canadian volunteer and militia organizations existing or known in the history of Canada—perhaps in the uniform and arms of the different periods.

*Seventh.*—The event should be utilized as a great national opportunity of intellectual improvement, by a care-

fully distributed series of congresses of scientific and other bodies invited to hold their meetings in Toronto during the Exhibition. The coming of the British Association to Toronto is assured and may be treated as a great feature of the year. The question of the previous or simultaneous meeting of the American Association of Science is now the subject of negotiation. Extremely interesting and fruitful meetings may be held, at other dates during the same summer, of professional and other Associations, to bring out by their discussions the history of Canadian engineering, art, journalism, and literature, medicine, law, missionary and other religious and charitable work, agriculture, navigation, and many branches of invention.

Finally, could there be a more appropriate occasion for calling together representatives of all the Provinces of the Empire in a constitutional congress to debate the history, to lay down authoritatively the constitutional liberties and principles developed in the various Provinces, and those binding together the Empire as a whole? The proper elements of such a congress would seem to be, not merely representatives of the various cabinets and departments, but also law societies, constitutional writers, and universities from every part of the Empire. Valuable results may follow from this meeting in the direction of obtaining an expression of opinion as to the direction and extent to which further development should now go on.

*Eighth.*—Generous provision ought to be made for the proper formal reception and fitting entertainment of the distinguished bodies, officials, and individuals who would be brought together in connection with these occasions, and with the proceedings of the Exhibition as the central part of the national celebration of this anniversary year of Canada.

It may be noted that Lord Brassey is understood to be arranging for a visit by the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia in the same year. For climatic reasons the period of the Canadian Midsummer Historical Exhibition would fall very naturally into the plan of the royal party's progress.

In any case we may reasonably contemplate that the presence of some member of the Royal Family will be accorded for the purpose of representing Her Majesty in opening the exhibition and taking part in this national demonstration by the greatest colony of the Empire. Proper provision must be contemplated for the ceremonies accompanying the occasion.

*Ninth.*—A further element indispensable to the credit and success of this exhibition will be the beautifying, with appropriate statues, fountains, planting, and otherwise of the grounds surrounding the Exhibition buildings in Queen's Park and the approaches thereto. It may be hoped that a stimulus will be given by the approach of the Exhibition to development of a complete park and square system for the city of Toronto, including, among others, the island, waterside spaces, the squares surrounding Government House and the old Upper Canada College grounds, the approaches to the Queen's Park by College Avenue, the Rosedale ravines, the site of Castle Frank and its beautiful approaches from the Don.

*Tenth.*—We ought not to overlook the propriety of decorations, illuminations of the Park and Island, water fêtes, regattas, processions, and similar features. A large amount of volunteer enthusiasm should be enlisted in the preparation of such attractions.

Many of the processions might be made of a historical character, in costume, and accompanied by something of dramatic action, recalling in an interesting way past events and people.

It will be seen that this extended programme, if carried out to the full, will involve a much more liberal scale of preparation than was indicated in our first outline. But it will also be seen that the interest and attractiveness of the Exhibition, as a whole, will be more than proportionately increased and that we may reasonably count upon receipts from entrance fees, and also from publications, and from Government contributions, being correspondingly augmented.

Your committee would recommend that arrangements be set on foot for providing for these expenses at once without waiting for the action of governments or municipalities. Some expenses have already been incurred, and steps should be taken at once to provide for continued action on a larger and more vigorous scale.

We suggest that a leaf might be taken out of the book of the Columbian Exhibition by at once forming a Corporation with shares of stock, and power to issue debentures.

We would propose that the total authorized capital should be made large enough, with its corresponding debenture powers, to cover, not merely an enterprise on the minimum scale primarily referred to, but to allow it to be expanded as public support is offered, to cover the broader scheme here outlined.

We would propose that the shares should be of small amounts, say of \$10, payable by four annual calls of 25 per cent. or \$2.50. For this small amount the subscribers can be confidently promised a personal return in the shape of entrance privileges, say to the amount of \$5, transferable under reasonable limitations; the remaining \$5 to be returned in the shape of copies of the catalogues, reports, and ultimate permanent illustrated volumes contemplated to be issued under the authority of the management.

We recommend that application be made at once for a charter with full stock and debenture powers for the following purposes:—

1. To undertake the preparation and administration of the Canadian Historical Exhibition with the various features outlined.

2. To establish and maintain a permanent Museum of natural products and historical relics.

The funds for this purpose may accrue from an arrangement with subscribers to the debentures, to be issued by the Corporation in contemplation of the Exhibition, to allow the redemption fund arising from the gate and other receipts to be applied to the above purpose.

If one thousand shares could be placed at once by two hundred charter subscribers at five shares each, the expenses of carrying on our work in the meantime will be provided for, on at least the minor scale.

It is suggested that if the proposal meets with popular and legislative approval, a separate corporation might be vested with the powers to undertake, on behalf of the city, a system of park improvements, required to set the Capital City of the Province in order for the due reception of the world on this great national occasion.

A new hotel or hotels will become a necessity to receive the influx of visitors, many of them of a distinguished character, from abroad. This feature may be coupled with the proposed Park Improvement Corporation, with a prospect of making the Hotel Corporation contribute to the expense of the Park scheme and even of the Exhibition proper.

In the meantime subscriptions to be invited to the capital stock of the Historical Exhibition Association in shares of \$10 (subject to annual calls of \$2.50) from citizens of Toronto and also throughout the Province of Ontario, and the Dominion generally.

The above report being adopted and a committee to carry it into effect, charter subscriptions of five shares each were volunteered by Messrs. Charles E. Goad, President Burwash, J. Herbert Mason, and the chairman, O. A. Howland.

### Delenda est—Fudge.

IN THE WEEK of October 25th, a communication appears the main contention of which is that inevitable destiny is leading Britain and the United States "to a life and death struggle." The writer lifts up a prophetic voice to forewarn the Mother Country, and to bid her abstain—as the great duty of the present hour—from paying any more compliments to American visitors. One hardly knows whether to be angry or amused at these Cassandra strains, but at any rate they should not appear in THE WEEK without the writer's name being appended to them. There are Jingos in the States, but they always proclaim their names with their little drum-beat. The redoubtable Mr. Finerty is ready at a moment's notice to march on the "base, bloody, brutal Saxon," but, meanwhile, he manages to keep himself safely ensconced under the star-spangled banner. Mr. Rossa is always ready to drink any amount of beer when he cannot get whiskey, at other people's expense, in token of his unslaked thirst for English gore. And the Honourable William E. Chandler, Senator from New Hampshire, is ready whenever there is a prospect of getting a few Irish votes, to "welcome the inevitable fight" and prophesy its "sure result." Not one of these gentlemen, however, hides his light under a bushel. The most modest of them would be disgusted if his speech were reported with his name suppressed. If we have men of the same stripe in Canada, by all means let



them come out in the open. I am quite sure that they are not to be found among our Senators, M.P.'s, M.P.P.'s, or other representative circles. Hitherto, the great point which we have been able to make with our kin across the line is that they alone have the patent for producing the Jingo, and we frankly acknowledge that Britain shares with them the responsibility for the article. The penal laws of England against Roman Catholics and her former harsh treatment of Ireland are not forgotten, in spite of the fact that a totally different policy has been pursued for sixty years. It will take a generation or two yet, before the old era is covered by the new. Meanwhile, there is the Irish-American vote, and it is folly to suppose that politicians will not angle for it, and that blatherskites will not pander to it, especially if there is the smallest likelihood of getting glory or grog thereby. That there should be Jingos in the States, then, is the most natural thing in the world; doubly so, when it is remembered that the great majority of such a crew are cowards, and that the most arrant coward can crow when he counts twelve to one, and that he knows to be the proportion which the population of the United States bears to that of Canada. But if a Senator metaphorically trails his coat in the mud, a hundred miles or so distant from us, why should we go out of our way to tread upon it, and so put ourselves on the same level with the blockhead? If a newspaper man, in the safe seclusion of a little printing office, declares that "the American eagle can swallow the Canadian beaver and ask for more," why on earth is it necessary for us to shout back "Come and try"; and why, oh why, should THE WEEK give even an unintentional quasi-endorsement to such schoolboy antics, by putting them in unsigned black and white, as if they in any way represented its attitude? I do not want the newspaper man or any of his readers to "come and try." He might get hurt, poor fellow; or, if he could shoot better than I, and especially if he outnumbered me a dozen to one, I might get hurt. In either case, the result would be deplorable, in the eyes of wives and children and a sorrowing country. How much better that he should continue to shed nothing worse than ink, and that we should attend to our own business!

But, we are told, "the Americans see the issue clearly. England's hour of trial is coming," with more of the same stuff. And why is this to be thus? Because, forsooth, of commercial rivalry. "The rivalry of trade knows no religion." It may not, it probably does not, in the smallest village of the land, or between town and town, or between rival manufacturers, farmers, bankers, railroads. Yet, we manage to get along without cutting each other's throats. The principle of competition, in trade or in anything else, is not inconsistent with religion. It is the principle which is the condition of and the spur to improvement. Let the best win, we all say, and England says it most fearlessly. Wherever her flag flies she unites all nations to compete with her on absolutely equal terms. By and by, Canada and the United States may learn to imitate her wisdom. Then, and not till then, shall England's commercial supremacy be threatened. Should it pass from her then, however, she will be content, for it will be for the good of the world.

War between the British Empire and the United States! Whoever among us utters a word to invite so stupendous a saturnalia of folly and crime, let him be—I utter the word solemnly—Anathema! All would suffer, but Canada would suffer most of all. She could not be conquered, but she could easily be overwhelmed for a time. She could not be held, thanks to the spirit of her sons, thanks to her union with Great Britain, and thanks too to the conscience of the American people, who would—on the first opportunity given to them—hurl from power the political party that was guilty of so deadly a sin against all the hopes of the future. I admit that there is a possibility of an American political party betraying the country into a war with Britain, before the sober sense of the American people had time to assert itself. That is one of the reasons why I am unalterably opposed to annexation. For if we were part of the Union, then—in spite of ourselves—we would have to fight against the Mother Country. But, while we live our own life, and no one can deny that we are entitled to do so, we are absolutely safe from so unspeakable a disgrace. There is no possibility of war on the side of Britain or on the side of Canada, because in both countries the Executive is dependent on Parliament, and Parliament would promptly

vote out of power any Government that was suspected of taking the first step to overt war. This being so, our interests, our dignity, and our Christianity all alike demand that the provocation shall never come from us. Whatever others say or do we must keep our senses.

I am almost ashamed of having to admit a possibility on the other side. It is to take Fenians, fillibusters, and fire-eaters serious for a moment. Let us understand clearly that these gentry are not the American people. It is understood in the States as in Britain that it is on the whole safest to allow fools speak out their folly. Hence it is that in London, orators declaim against the Queen, and that in the States—where the democracy is territorial—socialists are allowed to denounce property in land. It gives them relief and nobody is hurt. But, though the possibility is infinitesimal, it is there, and while it is we must hold our own, and—instead of aggravating the disorders in our neighbour's household—seek always the things that make for peace and for his good as well as our own.

My vision of the future is not that of a relentless death struggle between a supposed Rome and a new Carthage. Nations are governed now by ideas, not by traditions of militarism or the spirit of a commercialism which found its advantage in the impoverishment of its customers. The dominant ideas after all are Christian. Blood, too, is thicker than water. I believe that the child is born who will see a moral reunion of the English-speaking race, commercial union based on free trade, a common tribunal and a common citizenship, if not more.

G. M. GRANT.

### Milking-Time.

October's twilight settles on the vale,  
And now the kine wend upward from the marsh,  
Scanning the distance for the maid and pail,  
Obedient to the call, heard 'twixt the harsh  
Complaints of a shy cornerake in the grass—  
The long and green, lush grass of swampy soil,  
That sweeps the laden udders as they pass  
A rotten relic of the settler's toil,  
That lies, unused, as prone as he who felled to spoil.

"Coo-boss! Coo-boss!" The same familiar call  
That lured their dams along the devious trail  
(Like a faint echo, calling—calling all  
The sylvan sprites to seek it but to fail)  
At eventide the stragglers coaxes home;  
And, ever whisking white or dappled flanks,  
At their own pace the laggards slowly come  
In single file and now in broken ranks,  
Each chewing still the cud erst grazed from sunny banks.

"Coo-boss! Coo-boss!" And step by step are seen  
The briar-bush, the willow by the pool,  
The startled frog, the windmill lank and lean,  
The spreading elm, whose branches kept them cool  
In August noons till sultry hours were flown;  
And then the horses in the paddock croft,  
And shaggy Shep, approaching with a bone;  
Above the sty a row of snouts aloft,  
And in the dairy Phoebe churning, singing soft.

"Coo-boss! Coo-boss!" Now here's the barnyard gate,  
Wide open to admit them, fragrant hay  
Protruding from the loft—a tempting bait;  
The brimming trough they sought at break of day;  
A glimpse of comfort in the empty stalls,  
And there the milkmaid, waiting whom she hails,  
With bare, plump arms. "Coo-boss!" again she calls.  
A look of yearning o'er the orchard rails,  
And soon the rich, white milk is frothing in the pails.

Toronto.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

### Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry: A Peep Behind the Scenes.

WHEN a friend gave me the opportunity of being a Roseius for one night during the Irving and Terry engagement, I accepted without bashful hesitation. Seeing and handling the machinery which makes a great drama go, would be a unique novelty. Also I could not but feel that it would mean no little preferment and prestige to be able to write on my card "Late of Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum Company." On Friday evening I presented myself at the stage entrance, and, in company with some forty other "supes," was passed in by cur manager, Mr. Marion.

We bolted down a narrow passage and stairs, and tumbled into the capacious lumber-room where the humbler disciples of the historic art don their vestments. Their various ramshackle properties filled up the corners, and were banked against the walls. Everywhere else were piled up the heavy wickerwork crates and oilcloth covered boxes belonging to the great London company. Sheaves of swords and lances lay here and there, and flung upon the floor were two score suits of mediæval clothes and armour. These we pounced upon, put on the fifteen or twenty pieces in ways never dreamt of in the uninventive middle ages, and drove our little director into a frenzy of Cockney oaths and maledictions. When at last he had whipped us into form, an artistic gentleman provided us each with a modest blush and a manly coat of tan, and we stalked upstairs. There we were as agile and lissome as so many "self-feeders," and knocked chips off every door-post. Occasionally a group of us would get partially locked together, and our clashing and clanging would call down the wrath of the rest of the company. The gang of scene-shifters were flying about, making at us with stone walls and battlemented towers, but we were invulnerable and could take in our surroundings in peace. The space from the footlights to the rear must be as large as the auditorium. It is gilled with drops and half a dozen lime-light lanterns sweep the stage from above with many-tinted beams; hence the brilliant and beautiful colour effects. Carloads of scenery lean against the walls.

The prologue was in progress when we entered. The lady who rises from the mere was standing on a green box, and was being elevated by a windlass. A stage-hand lay low, and held up the golden Excalibur. When the scene was over, and the curtain had dropped for the second time, the joyous expression of religious ecstasy, with which King Arthur had gazed upon the sword, left his face, and, putting on his eye-glass, he stood up with his back to the curtain, and saw that all went well. He was not at all "made up," and the grey tinsure, the square decisive jaws, and bushy overhanging brows came out with all their striking individuality. In his speech he was crisp and monosyllabic, though kindly and genial withal, and pushed through the knots of supes in a manner half abstracted, half intense. When he left a tragic scene his face would work for some moments, and before he went on the character and emotion he was to depict would seem to flow over him, and change him utterly.

I was within touching distance of Miss Terry for some twenty minutes or more. She is more charming off the stage than on, and the whole company dote upon her. She had been putting a few little touches to her make up, and when she was satisfied made a bewitching mouth, half triumph, half self-mockery, at the enamoured "supes." Then she seized one of the tin-pot helmets, and used it as an extinguisher on her maid, winking drolly with mischievous glee. Happening to strike against an oxyhydrogen cylinder, which gave out a sonorous echo, she clasped her hands, and pursed up her lip in comic terror, "Whew," she half whistled, "I'll get my discharge for sure." When she came from the tragedy of the turret-chamber her face was wet with tears. "I'm so tired," she gasped. In the scene where she makes the appeal for a companion, I had the best evidence of her power. I was squire to a big Irishman who had told me it was his first night. His face had been strangely working all through the queen's despairing words, but I had supposed it was only stage excitement. When the time came for us to turn away in scorn, I understood. The knight not only refused to be unchivalrous, but swore into his helmet with fierce Irish emotion, and cursed the whole plot in disgusted astonishment. A little more and he would have forestalled King Arthur as challenger.

All the company are intensely English, from which arose incongruity. A hoary and patriarchal Merlin shoved us aside. "Will you bloom in' supes move youah pigstickahs and kyke-tr'ys and let me ansah my cue?" Then he strode on, and heaved a fatal boding from the depths of tragedy. As for us, we caught our lances in the scenery, got our swords between our legs, and shouted "Death to Guinevere, Modred, Modred," with honest vociferation. Mr. Marion interrupted our tournament in the dressing-room, and refused to let us parade Yonge Street; but his hand-grasp was friendly, and we passed out into the chilly night full of jolly recollections.

A. E. McFARLANE.

## Poetry and Patriotism.

WHEN the Frenchman who cheered the Iron Duke in the theatre at Paris, was asked indignantly why he shouted for a general who had beaten the legions of France, he replied, "*mais, il nous a toujours battus en gentilhomme.*" Probably there never was such a Frenchman, but the story is a good one, and the moral appended is of wide application. For instance, the remarkable thing about our American cousins and their conquests is that once the fighting is over there is no crowing. As is well known, they have always been victorious over the English, the Mexicans, the Indians, the "rebels," and never met with a single reverse; but no American newspaper, orator, or other methods of publication ever refers to these things. Their shrinking, sensitive delicacy about mentioning their own triumphs at Bunker Hill and Fourth of July celebrations almost amounts to defect in the national character. In the hour of victory they are silent. They have always beaten *en gentilshommes*.

Still one sees occasionally in their journals something which possibly might be construed into mild self-assertion. In the Century for September, to give one instance, there is a poem of a distinguished gentleman of Irish extraction, describing a sea-fight between an American frigate and two English ships in the war of 1812. How the fight came about, is not explained. It takes two to make a quarrel, and the Britishers did not haul down their flag as soon as the American hove in sight, as was the invariable custom of the King's navy in those good old days. Possibly the *Cyane* and her consort were emboldened by the fact that they were two to one, and possessed together nearly two-thirds as many men and guns as the American ship. At any rate, they gave battle, with the usual result, that they were beaten, one at a time. The fact is tersely put by Mr. Roche in language which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of energy and polish:

"And the lime-juice dogs lay there like logs  
With never a growl in their throats."

This gem of expression also displays Mr. Roche's learning, for lime-juice was introduced into the dietary of the navy in 1795, to the great improvement of the general health. Only full quotation of the original would do justice to Mr. Roche's poem, but I cannot resist the temptation to lard my plain prose with another literary delicacy:

"The slow *Cyane* came up too late;  
No need had we to stir;  
Her decks we swept with fire, and kept  
The flies from troubling her."

So it stands printed for all men to see in the good old, respectable Presbyterian Century for September; and it must be confessed that seldom indeed does this staid family journal rise to such brilliant and giddy heights. I have ventured to put in italics, the finest line of all:

... and kept  
*The flies from troubling her.*

How fine! Is there not some popular phrase racy of the soil or the gutter, about there being "no flies" on a person? I fancy I have heard something of the kind somewhere. I am not certain, but it sounds like a compliment; and if so, I hasten to assure Mr. Roche that there are no flies upon him or his poetry. He must accept his due. The genius necessary to transplant this flower of speech from the gutter to the family magazine constitutes a class by itself. Mr. Roche may well feel proud of his achievement.

This is not the only poem the world owes to the genius of Mr. Roche, and more are to come. He has written a book, which we may feel confident will exhibit the same marks of culture and power as the poem referred to, and the same indubitable signs of direct intellectual descent from that lucid thinker, the famous Sir Boyle, the father of all the Roches. Many books of poems are printed, and read but by the author and (possibly) his friends; because they are too serious. But seriousness is not Mr. Roche's fault. His Irish vivacity carries him away. Though dealing with battle, murder and sudden death, he rivals the *Bab Ballads* in comic effect. He has not lived in vain. No one has, who in this age of dulness is able to add his quota to the gaiety of nations.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

## The School of Ritschl.

THE references in contemporary literature to the German theologian Ritschl and to "the school of Ritschl" are becoming so frequent that even those who are but slightly interested in the study of theology may sometimes wonder who Ritschl was, and what the school of Ritschl teaches. It is the object of this article to throw a little light upon these questions.

Albrecht Ritschl was the son of a Lutheran clergyman. He was born in 1822 and died in 1889. At an early period of his theological studies he was a disciple of Baur, and a member of the famous Tübingen school, but he soon abandoned both the philosophical postulates which underlay Baur's theology and the historical criticism by which it was supported. He denied that there was such an extreme antagonism between St. Peter and St. Paul, as Baur maintained, and accepted the genuineness of the Acts of the Apostles. Ritschl became a professor of theology at Bonn, and afterwards at Göttingen, where his principal lectures were on Christian ethics (a subject altogether too much disregarded in English-speaking theological schools); but his literary work covers a wide field of study, including such subjects as the relations between Church and creed, Christian perfection, conscience, pietism, theology and metaphysics. But by far the most important is his work on Justification and Reconciliation. The first of the three volumes of which it is composed, tracing at great length the history of the doctrine, has been published in English, the second treats of the Biblical doctrine of justification, and the third is devoted to the interpretation of the doctrine. Expressed in untechnical terms, his subject is "The bearing of Christ's saving work on the mutual relations between the Divine and human will," and the main feature of his doctrine is the denial of the vicarious character of the sufferings and sacrifice of Christ, although Ritschl does not reject the term atonement. "The Christian notion of reconciliation," he says, "can only be understood as a removal of the one-sided or mutual contrariety between the Divine and human will," and this was accomplished not "by vicarious endurance of the punishment due to sinful men, but by Christ's perfect fulfilment, in loving deed and word of the work of His calling, and by his perseverance in it in spite of all opposition, and by His patient endurance of all suffering even unto death." (Black.) The leading thoughts in this conception are that God is ever ready to forgive (He is the Father in the parable of the Prodigal Son); and through the work of Christ man is assured of that forgiving love and is reconciled to God. The point of contact between Ritschl and ordinary orthodox doctrine of the atonement is the recognition of the mediating work of Christ. But in the conception and definition of that mediation he stands alone with his followers.

It has been mentioned above that Ritschl rejected the philosophy which underlay the theory of the Tübingen school. Baur was an ardent Hegelian. Ritschl is a disciple of Kant and Lotze. Kant's criticism involved the demolition of the cosmological and teleological arguments for the existence of God. "Pure reason" supplied no foundation for theology. In like manner Ritschl doubts the possibility of demonstrating God to the speculative intellect. To number Ritschl amongst the rationalists, or to suppose that he desires to reduce the gospel to a philosophy, is a somewhat absurd error, the genuine rationalist (using the term in its literal sense), such as Pfeiderer, is as exasperated with Ritschlism as the Calvinist.

But Kant found a new foundation for the ruined edifice of rational theology in the results of the Critique of Practical Reason. In the voice of conscience lies the testimony to the Being of God, to human liberty, human responsibility and immortality. So also Ritschl holds that God is revealed to man on his religious side, in the experience of the soul. Hence the Ritschlian theology is intensely practical, but hostile to metaphysics—"metaphysical statements as to the absoluteness of God, or existence through or in, or for Himself are of no religious value." On the side of pure reason Ritschlians may not unfairly be described as agnostics.

Ritschl is entirely practical and ethical in his doctrine of the Person of Christ, but he attaches no importance to the doctrine of the hypostatical distinction of persons in the Godhead, or to the ecclesiastical doctrine of the two natures of Christ. On the other hand, Principal Rainy says that

"very emphatically the wholly exceptional and unique character of Christ is acknowledged." (Expository Times, vol. II, p. 7). Dr. Kennedy, in the Critical Review, tells us that "in the first sermon which he preached at Bonn, he insists that all goodness and love in the world lead back to the Person of Christ, as their foundation, who is the Son and image of the Father, and whose deepest essence is intelligible not to the understanding" (note the early emergence of this Kantian position), "but only to that love which springs from Himself."

The Ritschlian school very properly emphasize the importance of the doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven in the teaching of Christ. The neglect of this term in both Roman Catholic and Protestant theology, a term which was ever on the lips of Jesus, is one of the most surprising features of the theology, and can only be accounted for by saying that the teaching of the disciple (St. Paul) has overlaid that of the Master.\* The Gospel itself is defined in our Lord's own teaching as "the good news of the Kingdom of God" and in no other way is it ever defined. The attitude of the Ritschlians towards the teaching of Christ generally, and specially to the doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven is thus excellently expressed by one of the ablest of the younger members of the school, Dr. H. H. Wendt, of Heidelberg. "My interest in the historical treatment of the teaching of Jesus arises from the conviction that the historical Jesus Christ, in His annunciation, by word and deed of the Kingdom of God, was the perfect revelation of God for men; and from the desire that this conviction may, more than ever heretofore, have practical sway in the scientific study and the popular dissemination of Christian truth. The teaching of the Founder of the Christian religion must, with entire consistency, be employed as the standard for testing all Church doctrine and tradition; the highest authority must be accorded to it in regulating our own practical Christian life as well as Christian doctrine. I am firmly persuaded that a resolute return to the teaching of Jesus Himself will be the most powerful and efficient means of promoting and strengthening the Christian religion in our time, and making it clear and intelligible."

It does not come within the province of such an article as this to criticize at length the Ritschlian theology. I may, however, indicate my own opinion that in the anti-rationalism of Ritschl lies its weak point. "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." God reveals Himself through or in the intellect or reason of man, although reason could never attain to the excellency of the knowledge of God in Christ. Reason has in our day dealt some shrewd blows at current theology, and it is therefore the fashion to disparage it. The abdication of reason can only be a temporary phase due to special circumstances, and hence the Ritschlian system, *qua* system, bears within it the elements of its own disintegration.

But no school of theology to-day possesses so many disciples of eminence. There is Schultz in the sphere of Old Testament theology, whose work is both critical and devout; there is Wendt, the interpreter of the "Teaching of Jesus"; there is Kaftan, the apologist of "The Truth of the Christian Religion"; there is Harnack † whose fertile pen has illuminated the vast field of Christian doctrine; there are Hermann and Bender, and others, men of mark and character, whose teaching is enriching with new aspects, the noble realm of Christian theology. I do not deny that it has its dangerous sides. But does any one know of a theology which has not? But I do strenuously maintain that it deserves, and by its ability and sincerity demands our earnest and respectful study. ‡

Ashburnham.

HERBERT SYMONDS.

\* "Even Paul has in reality had a much greater influence in moulding the form of Christian doctrine in Protestantism than Jesus Himself." Wendt, "The Teaching of Jesus." Vol I., p. 2.

† On the special relation of the Ritschlian School to Christian Dogmatics, I may, perhaps, be permitted to refer to an article on "Harnack's History of Dogma" in the Queen's Quarterly for October.

‡ The English reader, thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, and Messrs. Williams & Norgate, of London, may consult the following works: "Old Testament Theology," by Hermann Schultz, 2 vols; "The Teaching of Jesus," by Hans Hinrich Wendt, 2 vols; "The Truth of the Christian Religion," by Julius Kaftan, 2 vols; "History of Dogma," by Adolf Harnack, vol. 1 (other volumes to follow). All the above except the last mentioned, are published by T. & T. Clark.

## Music and the Drama.

MISS ADA E. S. HART is a pianiste who recently returned from Vienna having studied at the shrine of Leschetizky, the distinguished piano pedagogue and musical celebrity in the gay Austrian capital. I heard her play a programme made up almost entirely of modern compositions, by Schütt, Paderewski, Leschetizky, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt, with a Pastorale and Capriccio by Scarlatti. This was at an invitation recital which she gave in the beautiful warerooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer on Saturday afternoon last to an audience of musical people who were apparently more than delighted with her brilliant performance. She certainly has power, endurance and a robust style, although not void of delicacy and grace by any means. Some of her numbers, notably, the Leschetizky Etude, and the Paderewski Variations were played with abandon and fiery brilliance, her scale and arpeggio passages being clear cut and to some extent dazzling. But I did miss that refined artistic repose, musical sympathy and warmth which is never separated from really splendid and poetic playing. "The Schumann Papillons" and some other numbers suffered in this respect, as well as by an unmusical use of the pedals, and the somewhat violent rhythmic accentuation indulged in disturbed one, and prevented a symmetrical distribution of *nuances*. These are but impressions, and playing before such an audience is nerve exciting work, for to be an artist requires a highly sensitive and acutely developed nervous organization, otherwise one would be phlegmatic, a mere monotonous machine. Miss Hart has both talent and skill and I wish her every success in helping to develop a genuine love for music, and the beautiful art of finished piano playing.

On the 13th inst., at eight o'clock in the evening, a song service will be held in the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, under the direction of the choir master, Mr. F. Warrington. Solos will be sung by Miss Ethel Shepherd, Mr. J. M. Sherlock and Mr. Warrington, and the choir will sing several choruses. Dr. Henderson will deliver an address upon music, and it is expected an unusually enjoyable evening will be spent by those present.

I have received from the publishers, Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co., several of their recent publications, and all are got out in the elegant and artistic style for which this young house is noted. "Now and Then" is a rather plaintive, pretty song from the pen of a talented young lady in Toronto, Miss Dora McMurtry. It is not difficult and represents a musical fancy which gives much promise. Both melody and accompaniment are graceful and effective.

"Abide With Me," by C. J. Dixon, is still another musical setting of Mr. H. F. Lyte's beautiful hymn, but it presents little originality, although it could be made interesting if well sang. It is in the key of D flat, is fairly well written on the whole, but the consecutive fifths between the outer voices in the accompaniment on page five (last brace) are neither musical, necessary nor orthodox.

"I'll Wait for Dear Old Jack" is a popular song, or is rather written in the popular style, by Mr. Wm. Caven Barron, of London. It is quite suggestive of two or three English songs of my acquaintance, but it is thoroughly singable, jovial in spirit and would make a capital encore song. Compass from B flat below the staff to E flat 4th space.

"Berceuse," by the same composer for the piano, is a clever poetic little trifle of three pages, makes no demands upon technic, but requires good taste and artistic simplicity of treatment.

"Ebb and Flow," a splendid song by Chas. A. E. Harris, of Montreal, can be had in two keys, C and E flat. It ought to become widely known and appreciated by good singers, and the public, for its genuine charm and effective character.

A concert of much promise and interest will be given in the Massey Music Hall on the evening of the 14th Nov. The distinguished soloist, Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, soprano; Mme. Isidor Klein, dramatic soprano; Mr. Field (of Toronto) pianist, and Dr. C. E. Dufft, basso-cantante, have been engaged, and as the prices are not exorbitant doubtless a large audience will be present.

W. O. FORSYTH.

The monologue recital given by Miss Nelly Berryman at the Toronto Conservatory of Music on Friday evening last was so well attended that the capacity of the hall was taxed to the utmost. Miss Berryman recited her own dramatized version of "The Play-Actress" by S. R. Crockett, and is to be congratulated on the successful manner in which she has selected her material, having condensed the story into seven striking scenes, so well connected that the essential points of the tale are preserved. Miss Berryman was also successful in the delivery of her text. To give the requisite individuality to the ten or more characters represented, without the aid of stage settings or changes of costume, was a very difficult task; yet it was accomplished in a manner which delighted the audience. Miss Berryman will doubtless prove a valuable addition to the staff of the Conservatory School of Elocution.

The second organ recital of the fourth series was given last Saturday afternoon by Mr. W. E. Fairclough in All Saints' Church. Some of the more important numbers on the programme were: Prelude and Fugue in A major, by J. S. Bach; Pastorale in G, Op. 26, by A. L. Coerne; Scherzo Symphonique in C, by A. Guilmant; Pastorale and Verset by Th. Salome; and Scherzo in C minor by Dudley Buck. These compositions were rendered in the able and scholarly style which always characterizes Mr. Fairclough's performance. Miss Ida McLean, the assisting vocalist, produced a very favourable impression by her singing of "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets" from "St. Paul."

On Tuesday evening the first of a proposed series of popular concerts was given in the Massey Music Hall. The artists engaged were Miss Louise Gumaer, contralto, Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor, Mme. La Roche, harpist, and the Mozart Symphony Club. The programme was of a popular nature and pleased the audience so well that the performers were obliged to respond to numerous encores. The attendance was sufficiently large to encourage the management to continue the series.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

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## Art Notes.

THE earnestness of purpose which is exhibited in the Pre-Raphaelite works of Millais is not the only admirable quality which they reveal. The young painter was endowed with extraordinary gifts; he attacked his work with zeal; and the outcome of his industry and talent was a large number of pictures, sometimes crude, sometimes extravagant and over strained, but never insignificant. His works, when with the brotherhood, were very unequal; and, while they reached, sometimes, to great heights of poetic imagination and technical skill, they fell occasionally to the level of painstaking dulness, or light, irregular fancy. His biography shows him to have been wonderfully precocious, and his devotion to study enabled him to gain considerable mastery in drawing while he was yet a very young man. One of the charms of these early pictures of his is their power of characterization—their subtle rendering of types and facial expressions. The minutest details are elaborated with loving care, and if they are not painted with quite the *maicote* of the early Italians (who knew no other manner of painting), they have the charm of an earnest care only one degree less childlike. The art of design or arrangement entered much more largely into the making of Millais' early pictures than his later ones; and he showed powers in that direction which have unfortunately waned in recent years during which they have been little exercised. His subjects were chosen from history and poetry, mainly; but occasionally, as in "The Blind Sister," the theme was evolved from inner consciousness. In this picture Millais' capacity to portray subtleties of facial expression was touchingly demonstrated; and all the minutiae of foliage, flower, bird cloud, dress fabric, etc., do not disturb the central interest—the pathetic story told in the narrow limits of this little picture.

The immediate popularity of "The Hugonots," which was painted when Millais was emerging from the Pre-Raphaelite chrysalis, showed that the public had no æsthetic aversion to the highly wrought character of the work of the brotherhood, but, on the contrary, considered it admirable when associated with pretty faces and sentimental scenes.

There was a gradual change in the technical style of the popular painter from the date of his first publicly acknowledged success. The change was gradual, and at first almost imperceptible, but a period of about ten years brought about so complete a revolution—or perhaps I should say evolution—that it was almost impossible to recognize the later work as being by the same hand that had wrought the “Carpenter’s Shop” and the crude “Orchard” picture. “The Hugonots” canvas contained many fine passages of painting, and there is no denying the tenderness of the sentiment of this lovers’ farewell. Amongst its technical merits is the very fine painting of fabrics, and this was only one of a long line of pictures in which silks and satins were skilfully rendered. He gradually developed a more rapid method of painting. Perhaps, like Velasquez, he was importuned to complete his pictures by an imperious patron; or, like Hals, he hastened them with a view to the payment of his creditors; but, be that as it may, he changed from a laborious painter to a dashing one; and developed a knack of cleverly touching in details with a view to their proper subordination, which was very much in contrast to his former toiling over insignificant trifles.

E. WYLY GRIER.

### At Street Corners.

I AM glad to hear that Mr. C. W. Bunting, of the Mail and Empire, than whom no more genial and manly soul exists, is sufficiently recovered from his late illness to go to North Carolina for purposes of convalescence and recuperation. He will be followed thither by the hearty good wishes of many friends.

The home of what is called Christian Science is in Boston, and there the cult has many adherents. Sometimes the high priests and priestesses of the profession give afternoon discourses, admission one dollar, and crowds of people who have time and curiosity on their hands, and it may be said credulity too, attend and listen open-mouthed to their jargon. Should one venture a question dictated by common sense, he is at once astonished by having a douche of verbiage poured over him, in which, as a rule, there is neither rhyme nor reason, while the devotees who sit by scowl upon him with the true look of spiritual pride upon their countenances.

A friend of mine was once persuaded to seek out the strange doctrine of the so-called Christian Scientists on behalf of his wife who was far from well. An interview with one of the professors of “healing” convinced him, however, that “Christian Science” was chiefly superstitious ignorance, combined with the power to keep on talking without sense or reason. He took down, in shorthand, part of what the “healer” said to him. He was able to do this conveniently because the said “healer” kept his eyes closed.

“Christian Science heals by the truth directed against error and sin and the pride of human reason. What we have to do is to give a sincere healing in the spirit of Christ that shall turn out error, because all sickness is the working of error in the human heart. There is really no sickness but the human heart and mind under the dominion of sin. Tell your wife to throw away all human reason and trust only to the truth as it is given to her, for we believe in one God, one Holy Ghost, one baptism and healing by Christian Science. Oh, my brother, throw away all human wisdom and seek to have divine wisdom in your heart, for, as the apostle says, the fashion of this world passes away. Do not think there is any sickness or evil but sin and you will conquer the appearance of sickness by the power of faith. I will now (pulling out watch) give your wife a sincere healing in faith and truth.”

Then he kept silence for about ten minutes with his eyes closed. After this he said that the fee was \$1, and that my friend’s wife—who was at a distance—would no doubt “feel the benefit,” and could be “healed” at perhaps six interviews. But the unbelieving experimenter never went again.

He subsequently received the following letter from the “healer” which I transcribe verbatim. It must be remembered that this somewhat illiterate man had received a diploma from the Boston headquarters of the cult as to his fitness for the position he held. The letter is as follows:

Dear Brother in Christ,—your letter to hand and I am highly impressed with your thoughts. In regards to your wife views upon christian science she bears as much if not more on the side of material

sense as she dose on the side of the spiritual or else she would give anything that speake the work *god* in a true consepction the benifit of hur human doubt tell your wife that no man can seek another’s error and then try to destroy it with the truth the bible sayes judge not man by his error the error mus be presented to me before I can offer to destroy otherwise I would be hunting after error *jesus* sayed to the woman where is thy accusers they had fled he sayed nither do I accuse you *goe* thy way sin no more and in no case do he hunt for a case to heal but they called after he had passed buy when he turned to them what did he say thy faith hath made thee howl tell your wife if she put more trust in *god* to heal she could not doubt my treatment to heale and could not have so much faith that material sense could heal mater has no power it is amaginary in human sense this is what is deceiven hur after all the time she tried medicine or material she hates to give up and trust in christ to heal when he sayed these things shall man do and greater things shall he do for through man will I heal man and these signs will follow him that believes he shall heale the sick cast out demons rase the dead the dead faith the only death for life is eternal when man is conscious that *god* is his. life and god cannot die it is necessary for your wife to seek insted of warring with the understanding if she seeks the truth will make hur free. I gave you my terms per week I am ready to treate hur case give hur to understand that it is necessary for hur to uncover her sins to be healed and the demonstrater that has power through christ to desern the malady spiritual to destroy it any other would be no heigher than hur own human sense and that is not C. S. you cannot get the truth while you fight against it good by Brother in truth  
Yours C

The foregoing is a literal copy made by myself from the original. It shows more conclusively than mere hearsay, the class of people endeavouring to take into their unsuitable hands the task of healing the sick. There is about it moreover an unpleasant suggestion of Stiggins-like inquisition into private domestic affairs which would prove far from desirable in practice.

I hear from England that Mr. Stead is writing a peculiar Christmas story, which is to bring in Mr. Chamberlain disguised under another name. The book is to be freely illustrated, and Mr. Stead, who appears to work both day and night—frequently taking what sleep he has in a tent on his lawn—is completing it in the midst of many other arduous labours. One can always rely on this clever journalist doing something *outré* and remarkable, and his book on Chamberlain, of whom he has a very high opinion, is sure to make some stir.

DIAGENES.

### Parisian Affairs.

THE REASSEMBLING OF PARLIAMENT—PLENTY OF BURNING QUESTIONS TO SETTLE—THE PASSING OF THE SWALLOWS AND THE COMING OF THE CHESTNUT MEN—ALMANACS AND PROPHECY—EVERYBODY PROVIDED FOR—THE ARMENIAN QUESTION—UNPOPULARITY OF THE SULTAN—PARISIAN STREETS BECOMING DANGEROUS—FRENCH AMBITION IN THE NAVAL WAY—HYPOCRITICAL PEACE—M. RIBOT CLEVER BUT NOT QUITE POPULAR—THEY CALL HIM TOMMY ATKINS.

THE reassembling of Parliament, ordinarily an exciting, or rather a bustling time, was, on the present occasion, rather humdrummy. Now there are plenty of burning questions to answer, and of subjects to debate, but interest in them is not of any intense character. Take Madagascar; its settlement is discounted. The Chamber will not repudiate the treaty ratified by the Queen; nor will its conditions be modified. That means the protectorate, and so saves France from the perils of an annexation which would rekindle the war and place France at loggerheads with the powers that have commercial treaties with the Hova Government, executed in 1885, as the consequence of Shervinton’s Hova war against the Sakalaves and French, defeating both. The Queen’s husband and ex-premier will be banished to Tunisia or Reunion, along with the Home Rule Malagasy chiefs. She will be provided with a new husband, fifty years younger than the politically departed. Perhaps M. Cambon, who organized Tunisia, will accept being “uncrowned king” of Madagascar, and put all things administratively straight. As to the blundering and mismanagement of the expedition, that is already wiped out. Console the survivors by giving them free grants of land—estates, as was the old Roman, and that is the present Russian system, and that the Italians apply in Abyssinia. The English, Germans, and Americans will soon monopolize the trade of the Island for the French are not likely to quit Paris for Tantanarivo. Better an absinthe and a light heart on the Boulevards than “gold galore,” jangle fever, and ceaseless showers in Madagascar.

Sentimentalism over the departure of the swallows is compensated for by the arrival of the chestnut men, the sweeps, and the "almanacs for the new year." The chestnut roasters, who have now their own syndicate—like the scavengers and undertaker men—and so up-to-date display nothing poetical. The small boys say they receive two nuts less for a sou this season as compared with last; but everything rises in Paris. The sweeps are a very robust fraternity, the embodiment of health, and when they roar "down" a chimney, what lungs! They would waken a seven-sleeper or Endymion himself; the cats skedaddle with a six boot-jack thrown rapidly; they, sweeps, are *fumistes*, and so related to a very large section of society. The almanacs of a high-price grade have climbed down a little in price, and the cheaper outputs have improved covers and ameliorated type. The illustrations are better, which is a drawback to some lovers of pictures, as their very badness was a title to distinction and preservation. It is to be hoped that the new almanacs will not, like "Christmas stories," appear, say in August, five months before their chartered time. The prophets of the almanacs hold the record; the peasantry swear by their predictions; they fall back on Araga's maxim: "the prophets cannot possess the precious faculty to be invariably wrong." There are almanacs for all sorts and conditions of men; one, for lunatics, lays down: "it will be fine to-morrow if it do not rain." School boys have their almanac which, by tearing off a sheet, tells the number of days from vacation. "Without a good almanac," said Bernard de Gordon, "there can be no doctor; hence, calendars that name days for taking a purge, bleeding, etc., and interments—and even for beating your wife." Such exist in the land of Confucius.

The Armenian question never occupied any important place in the minds of the French. They would never bombard Constantinople for the beautiful eyes of the Armenians, nor would Russia; they would leave that to England; and when she was entangled with the Mussulman, make hay while the sun shone. England is completely isolated; her friends are not visible. She must only rely on an invincible navy, or join the triple alliance. She has so many enemies and rivals ready to despoil her; her wealth is so enormous, that it brings water to the mouth of the covetous. The English fleet would do well to remain at Lemnos, for the reign of the present Sultan cannot be long. So unpopular is he with his subjects that any morning they might "suicide" him. If any outbreak of Moslem fanaticism occurs again, Turkey must go, bag and baggage. It would not be bad, at the same time, to dismember that other inert mass, the Chinese Empire. Russia is only too willing to commence both operations. No deluge need be feared to come after the dissection of the two effetes. The powers ought to be able to accomplish the partitions *en bloc*, and thus save "protectorates," and other kindred polticing. Who thinks now-a-days of Poland?

The Paris streets are becoming very dangerous, even for experienced citizens. The plethora of pedestrians is due to the absence of underground or overground railways; hence the revival of the old project of tunnels for citizens beneath the crushing corners. It is a wonder the accident insurance companies do not increase premiums, or that the journals do not offer the one thousand pounds prize to persons run over and killed, having a copy of the paper in their pocket.

The Greeks were tired of "Aristides the Just" being perpetually bawled into their ears. To remove the nuisance they banished him. Now the people are tired of the "Carmaux" strike. It is the history of permanent battlings between employers and employed since years. The present that rages has, however, a new feature, and may point a moral and adorn a tale to the strikers, who appear to be mere pawns in the hands of extreme politicians. The hands of a glass factory struck, no one clearly knows for what. The manager, aged 73, and who rose from the ranks, was objected to; he was determined and his co-directors stood by him; the "outs" attempted to shoot him and nearly succeeded. He had new hands recruited from every part of France, and re-lit three of the several furnaces; it was useless having more as, as unable to execute clients, orders, they naturally entered into contracts elsewhere. That kills the local glass trade first of all. Further, the directors *coûte que coûte* will not part with the new hands; thus 600 skilled workmen are permanently reduced to beggary, and all had

their comfortable cottage, garden, and fair wages. This year the wine crop is excellent in quality, but not in quantity—pumps are plentiful—so there is a shortage in demand for bottles. Then Germany, that has hand labour 40 per cent. cheaper than in France and abundance of coal, now manufactures all types of French wine bottles, and, despite protection duties, exports her bottles and secures the French trade in France. Last week has been invented a machine that blows glass as perfectly as the human lungs, and necessitated by strikes in other glass works. Truly, the 600 outcasts are to be pitied, for their trade being peculiar, the chances of obtaining other employment are few indeed.

France has made up her mind to dispute the supremacy of the seas with England, while along with her closely bound ally, Russia, she will look after land questions. France will henceforth build ship for ship every year, against England's out-turn; eighty-three millions francs *extra*, for next to an indefinite number of years, will be asked of the Chamber by the Minister of the Marine. Will he get them? It is quite possible, because anything intended to have at *perfidie Albion* now-a-days, will be very popular with the nation. What will be the action-reply of My Lords of the Admiralty to this? The British people, are they still lulling themselves in a false security? Are they to go under for the sake of maintaining that continental Dead Sea apple—hypocritical peace? Germany appears to be taking in sail against the coming hurricane. Except declaring that the sword alone can retake Alsace, that historical slice of Fatherland, William II., is considered to be suspiciously quiet. England is also viewed as dealing too slowly with the Stokes murder; the assassin, Major Lothaire, must be handed over to the Philistines to be hanged as high as King Haman. Then a Britisher can truly say—*Civis Romanus ego sum!*

M. Ribot, the Premier and Minister of Finance, is a very clever man, but not exactly popular, as he is reproached to be "Kowtow" towards England; hence the satirical journals never fail to represent him in the uniform of a Tommy Atkins. Floating Treasury bills to the amount of eighty-one million francs, carrying 4 per cent. interest, will soon be falling due or renewable. He quietly issued new Treasury scrip for that sum at 2½ per cent. and notifies his readiness to pay off the eighty-one millions francs. He thus saves 41 per cent. annually for interest. Z.

### \* \* \* Montreal Affairs.

FOR some three years we have had in this city French operas produced in a theatre specially prepared for it by companies imported from Paris. The risks of such an enterprise are great and the financial losses have hitherto been somewhat heavy; but the determination on the part of the wealthy French Canadians to establish this artistic bond between this city and Paris has served to keep enthusiasm up to the point of generosity. The losses in past years were due rather to inexperience in the management than to lack of support; and there are high hopes that this season there will be a balance on the right side. It is not probable that any of the shareholders in the Opera Francais expect to make money out of this venture; they will be content if they do not lose any. They are really investing a large amount of capital and taking a risk of losing it for a purely artistic purpose; and they merit warm commendation. I think that if our English-speaking population were dependent upon the generosity of its wealthy members for its opportunities of hearing opera in its own language there would be but little of it sung here.

The performances of the Opera Francais are of great merit. The artists are always carefully selected from the second-class talent of Paris—the best is, of course, beyond the reach of the Montreal purse—and last year's company contained some four or five singers who, in voice and in talent for acting, easily surpassed the average much-advertised comic opera performers who pay Montreal a visit from time to time with catch-penny operas, doomed to an ephemeral existence. The company this year is said to be better than the one of last year: and in that case musical Montreal is in for a winter's enjoyment. The orchestra, made up principally of local players but strengthened at weak points by European artists, is a superb one. The best musical writer on the Montreal press says of it: "With twenty-five artists

who could each play a solo on his instrument, a perfect balance of the parts for the French music, and a leader of power and talent, it is always a pleasure to listen to them. In fact for a small orchestra it is as perfect as it need be. Their individual playing is marked by every shade of orchestral style and effect, and their ensemble work is crisp, vivacious and homogeneous." All the standard comic operas are played: and occasionally grand operas are attempted with a fair measure of success. We have already had "Carmen," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Il Trovatore" this season; and "Faust," which was the great success of last season, is to be produced later on. The performances are largely patronized by the English; and their effect must be to increase the knowledge and the love of music in this city. Besides English folks find it an excellent way of extending their acquaintance with the beautiful French language.

The French-Canadian race, though regarded as unenterprising by their English fellow-countrymen, can put us to shame in not a few things; and one is in their generous appreciation and support of literature and art. Their constituency is, of necessity, a small one, for the habitant as a general rule has only an elementary education, yet the French-Canadian artists, writers and musicians do not lack due rewards. I suppose the isolation of the French-Canadians is partly accountable for this condition of things; they have to look for recreation of this nature to their own people, or across the Atlantic to Paris, which is a far cry; whereas English-Canadian labourers in the various fields of art are crushed beneath the killing competition of the United States. The establishment of an illustrated weekly of merit should not be impossible of achievement in Canada; yet every publisher who has attempted it has lost money and we have no publication of this kind in Canada to-day. Yet there is a prosperous French-Canadian illustrated weekly, *Le Monde Illustré*, which has long been established; and it gives its readers capital illustrations and good literary matter, much of it original; and indeed the literary qualities of the French-Canadian press, daily and weekly, far outrank those of the English press, while its weakness as a purveyor of news is marked.

It was intimated in these columns some months ago that Sir William Hingston would probably ere long be urged to be a Conservative candidate for Parliamentary honours in this city; and the prophecy promises to be verified earlier than was expected. Several of the Cabinet Ministers were in the city last week and after conferences with local party leaders went back to Ottawa convinced that the party in this city needs attention if it is not to become demoralized. In order to restore it to its old happy condition of union and invincibility many things are proposed to be done. Mr. White is to get the Collectorship, and an English judge is to be appointed to the Court of Appeals. This, it is thought, will remove the disaffection among the English Conservatives. Sir William Hingston is to be the party candidate in Montreal Centre; and Mr. F. D. Monk in Jacques Cartier, young Mr. Girouard, the choice of the convention, making way for him. These are strong nominations, particularly Dr. Hingston's. It is probably true of him, as the Witness says, that he would poll every vote that could conscientiously be cast for the Conservative cause. But the calculations may be spoiled by Sir William's refusal to enter public life; he is not thought to be much in favour of the proposition. And in any case he might be beaten, for the Liberal candidate, James McShane, though not to be mentioned in the same breath with him, has an extraordinary following in St. Ann's Ward, which is the populous section of the division of Montreal Centre.

The verdict of guilty in the Shortis case is in accordance with popular opinion in this city; and the petition for clemency will not be largely signed. Shortis impressed those who met him as a wilful and reckless youth, who had never taught himself to govern his appetites and passions. A good deal of sympathy has naturally been exerted for the parents of the boy, who crossed from Ireland to be present at the trial; but there was much within the observation of Mr. Macmaster in his address to the jury that the father, who had given evidence that he had left the boy's bringing up entirely to his fond and indulgent mother, was not wholly guiltless of responsibility for the Valleyfield tragedy.

There are four Senatorial vacancies from this Province. Three of them were previously filled by Englishmen; but the *Moniteur* of Levis announces that it is going to place

itself outside the party breastworks if French-Canadians only are not appointed to these four positions. It tells Sir Adolph Caron and Mr. Ouimet that it is a grand time for them to show that they are not men to sacrifice the rights of their province. Thus the campaign of ostracism goes on; but not hereafter to certain victory as in the past.

### Apsis.

Oh loved and lost! will the coming years,  
Bring aught that will e'er atone;  
For loss of the trust, past sordid cares  
That once was ours alone.

Lost, through the malice of slanderous foes  
Lost—while beloved, and lovely still!—  
No grief, of all earth's myriad woes,  
Can strike my heart so deep and chill.

With thee is lost the light of life  
That led to hope—to peace—to God—  
Through earth's wild field of woful strife  
While by me, thy light footstep trod.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

### English Lands, Letters, and Kings.\*

THIS book is one of a kind which cannot be too highly commended, inasmuch as they give a correct idea of the past of English history, and this in a style so vivid that it is not only easy and pleasant reading, but is far more likely to remain in the memory than a mere dry narrative of historical events. The author has shown great skill in weaving personal details of the men and women who were concerned in the history of the period which he describes.

First comes the renowned Bishop Berkeley, who is sketched briefly and vividly, although in no more than eight pages. Fentley receives still less space, yet we have our memories of him awakened. To Pope more considerable space is properly given, and Mr. Mitchell seems to us to be both critical and fair, as a writer on Pope should be, and he leaves in our minds, as nearly as possible, the right of impression of what Mr. Alexander Pope was and did.

In chapter ii. we pass "from Stuart to Brunswick"—a passage which will be differently regarded by different readers, but which, at least, brings us to such names as those of Richardson, Fielding, Thomson, Gray, Walpole, and Johnson. Here, too, we have delicate and firm criticism with which we generally agree—for example, that Fielding, with all his coarseness, would probably do less harm than the sentimentality of Richardson, in spite of the great Dr. Johnson. We are glad, too, that he sets Thomson higher than the Poet of the Seasons has stood of late; although in regard to Gray, we think we should like to speak more warmly, although he did write so little. His sketch of Horace Walpole is excellent.

Johnson comes in at the end of the chapter, but cannot be thus quickly despatched, so he has the whole of the third chapter very properly given to him; and we get a very good notice of the great man and of his friends and of his doings, especially of his club, and the great Mr. Gibbon, and poor Oliver Goldsmith. Mr. Mitchell is partly appreciative, but not wholly, of Boswell. If he remembered what Macaulay said, he might also have told us, for he could hardly have forgotten, what Carlyle said. Boswell has given us our best biography. Even Macaulay said: "Eclipse is first, the rest nowhere"; and we agree with Carlyle that so ardent a hero-worshipper was not a mere flunky, but had something better in him.

The next chapter begins with a Scottish historian, and justice is done to David Hume; but, unless memory has gone wrong with us, the author makes a mistake in speaking of Smollett's history as a continuation of Hume. This is the form in which a bit of it appears in the standard editions; but this was not the intention of the writer. Smollett, if we are right, wrote a complete history of England, which was only moderately successful. After the success of Hume's, which stopped at the revolution, the booksellers chopped off the latter part of Smollett's and added it to Hume's; and so we got Hume & Smollett's history.

\* "English Lands, Letters, and Kings: Queen Anne and the Georges." By D. G. Mitchell. Price \$1.50. New York: Scribner's, 1895.

But we are only half through this very pretty volume and we must hasten to mention some of the remaining contents on Miss Bunny, Hannah Moore—once such a distinguished lady now almost forgotten. Then comes poor old George III. with all his undeniable virtues and equally undeniable weakness and obstinacies, sadly ending his days in darkness. Then come Fox and Pitt and Sheridan, notable figures, and here made to stand quite livingly before us; and the poor "boy Chatterton" and Lawrence Sterne, who gets rather sharp words from Mr. Mitchell, and not undeservedly, for all his wit and cleverness. Macpherson, of Ossian, is treated quite amiably, Crabbe not quite so well as Byron would have done it, Cowper excellently; so also White of Selborne, Miss Edgeworth, Beckford, Rogers, the banker poet, Coleridge and Charles Lamb. The remarks on Wordsworth are so excellent and discriminating that we wish we had room to quote them. But what has become of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott? Do they not belong to the Georges?

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## Recent Fiction.\*

THE title of the first book on our list is very unfortunate. It gives an impression of the character of the book which is entirely undeserved and is derived from a minor episode occurring towards the last few chapters. Every now and then, through the story, one asks one's self, "When or where is the bride going to appear?" When she does come she is like one of Banquo's ghosts who—

Come like shadows, so depart.

The sub-title is a true description of the work. The adventures and mis-adventures of the Weir family are very fully told. The heroine of the story, Margaret Weir, is the person who tells it. Her personality can be exactly imagined from the book. She is of a sensitive, retiring disposition, an observer of what goes on around her and a loyal daughter and sister. Her life from her childhood is described in her own words and her character is consistent throughout. With a male reader she leaves the impression that she would be a good, honest, loveable wife, one who could be depended upon for better or worse, in sickness or in health. The foil to Margaret Weir is Mary Jane (or May, as she would have herself called) Timmins. She and "Mag" are girl friends—young women companions and more or less unconsciously rivals. May's selfish little soul betrays itself all through her life and yet one cannot help sometimes liking the little wretch. Old man Weir and old man Timmins owned neighbouring farms, and old man Timmins usually got the inside track. The episode of the sale of Old Ned is most feelingly described. Eventually old man Timmins sees poor old man Weir under the sod and even then further gets the inside track. How he does so will be learned from the book itself. The wounded feelings of the Weir girls at seeing their father's simplicity taken advantage of can be exactly sympathised with by many a person who retains recollections of similar sentiments. Around Margaret Weir are grouped her brothers and sisters, each individual of whom is distinctly drawn. The patriarchal head of the clan, old Squire Weir, is a staunch obstinate old U. E. Loyalist. He is a representative of a generation now almost extinct. The reception given by him to Lemuel Wilkinson, Sr., a Yankee pedlar, is very amusing. Mr. Wilkinson's account of the attractions of his show is exceedingly entertaining. One fact is brought out by his descriptions and that is, the tribute paid by him to the loyalty of the Canadian people. Smart as he is, he knows that one way to catch them is to praise Her Majesty the Queen. He himself looks after Lemuel Wilkinson, but he knows quite well that the way to get at the heart of the farmer's wife and children and through them at the farmer's pocket is to appeal to their loyal devotion, and he acts accordingly. Margaret Weir's friend, Helen Urquhart, and her brothers play a very considerable part in the narrative. We honestly confess that to us this part of the book is weak, but helps to lead to a description of the petty jealousies and *cliques* which are found in all

small places. No one could have written this book who had not lived in a small Canadian town. The characters are many of them clearly drawn from life by a keen observer. Mrs. Less and her brats of children have certainly had an existence which was not entirely imaginary. The people with whom the teacher "boards around" will be recognized by many a poor fellow who recalls just such families. We have read this book very carefully, first because it is by a lady, and secondly because it is by a Canadian lady. That there are faults in the book is partly owing to the triviality of the life led by the characters. But it is an exact reproduction of the existence which is being led every day in our smaller towns and villages. The eccentricities and peculiarities may be a little too much accentuated but not very much. Every person who has been condemned to listen to village squabbles or to be asked to take sides in social rivalries will acknowledge the truth of the descriptions in the pages of this book. We hope the author will devote her undoubted powers of drawing character to subjects which are loftier in tone. We are happy to welcome a new worker in Canadian fiction, but we would like to see her delve in a different mine. We are sure there is a future before her, but not in the path shown by this book.

Boys are the same all the world over, and stories of pluck, bravery, and adventure will always appeal forcibly to youthful minds, indeed to more mature ones. When these stories are placed in an agreeable historical setting they become all the more attractive, and are read with an eagerness which cannot but leave a powerful impression on the mind of the boy reader. Among the writers of to-day, whose books are written especially for boys, none is more popular than G. A. Henty, and deservedly so. Mr. Henty's books are books for boys in every sense of the phrase, books which amuse, entertain, instruct, and elevate the mind of youth. In "The Tiger of Mysore," which we have before us, Mr. Henty is quite up to his usual high standard. He writes of India, the home of the rajahs and the ranees, of India in the old days of the Company, of India as the country was towards the close of the eighteenth century. He gives us a story of the war with Tippoo Saib, that cruel son of a cruel father. Tippoo Saib, the Sultan of Mysore, who was accidentally killed during the siege of his capital, Seringapatam, in the year 1799, was the son of Hyder Ali, the great Mohammedan chief, who, for so many years, opposed the English in India. Tippoo was also a Mohammedan, a religion which he forced upon all prisoners of war. By deeds of demoniacal cruelty he won for himself the title of "The Tiger of Mysore," and was held in universal fear and hatred. While Mr. Henty's work contains much historical information, the interest centres about the search made by the hero, Dick Holland, for his father, a prisoner of Tippoo. Captain Holland had been shipwrecked, some years before, on the Indian coast, and carried into the Mysorean country, where he had remained ever since. Dick's mother, who would never believe that her husband was dead, trained her boy carefully with the view of sending him, when old enough, to look for his father. The boy, accompanied by a young native, named Surajah, at last starts out, making his way into the Tiger's den, the city of Seringapatam, where, by a display of remarkable power, the two soon find themselves in high favour with Tippoo. They are made officers of the palace, and remain some time in his service, visiting the hill-forts, where Dick hopes to find his father. No news is obtained, however, and at last the two leave Mysore, taking with them a young English girl, who had been for seven or eight years a slave in the harem. Young Holland, however, again returns to the country of Tippoo Saib, where his efforts are finally rewarded, for he discovers his father, whom he rescues from his prison in one of the hill-forts.

The book is full of incident and adventure, and the leading characters are all well outlined. One could almost wish, however, for a more intimate acquaintance with Tippoo Saib, who, however cruel he might have been, was a skilful statesman and a stratagetic warrior. The Rajah, Dick's uncle, is a splendid specimen of the Indian manhood. One of the most attractive characters in the book is that of the Governor of Savandroog, the hill-fortress where Captain Holland was confined. The hero himself is depicted all through in glowing colours, while Surajah, his companion, is a youth equal to every emergency. "The Tiger of Mysore" is a volume well worth placing in the hands of any boy.

\* "The Unexpected Bride. The Story of an Old-Fashioned Family." By Constance McDonell. Chicago: Donohue, Henneberry & Co., 407-425 Dearborn street.

"The Tiger of Mysore." By G. A. Henty. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.



## Periodicals.

William Dean Howells writes delightfully in the November number of Harper's on "Literary Boston Thirty Years Ago." In this paper we are given a pleasant glimpse of the Bostonian's literary work and society as it was in the sixties. Since then, according to Mr. Howells, the city has depreciated in literature, while it has been growing in wealth and population. Mr. Howells writes: "I do not think there are in Boston to-day even so many talents with a literary colouring in law, science, theology, and journalism as there were formerly; though I have no belief that the Boston talents are fewer or feebler than before." The series of articles, by Edwin Lord Weeks, on India, is concluded, the writer giving us some impressions of Anglo-Indian life, making a careful study of the British resident and his influence upon local traditions. Poultney Bigelow's articles on "The German Struggle for Liberty" are continued, this month's paper dealing with the Napoleonic invasion of Russia. Richard Harding Davis contributes a humorous account of a visit to Corinto, an out-of-the-way Nicaraguan port. The number is replete with interesting fiction. Mr. Hardy's novel, "Hearts Insurgent," is concluded, while Louis de Conte's "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" is continued. There are also short stories by Frander Matthews, Owen Wister, Harriet P. Spofford, and Julian Ralph.

In Scribner's for November, Mr. Robert Grant closes his excellent series of papers on "The Art of Living." The title of this last paper is "The Conduct of Life," and in it Mr. Grant comments on and criticizes the American of to-day. Society in New York is severely scored by the writer. Mr. Grant says:—"We find as the ostensible leaders of New York society a set of shallow worldlings, whose whole existence is given up to emulating one another in elaborate and splendid inane social fripperies," and so forth. The paper is one well deserving the thoughtful consideration of every American. Royal Cortissoz writes on the landmarks of Manhattan, the article being well illustrated. In "Some Thanksgiving-Time Fancies," we have a series of full-page illustrations, relating to the subject of Thanksgiving day. These illustrations are drawn by Howard Pyle, B. West Clinchist, Henry Mac Carter, J. M. Gleason, and W. R. Leigh. C. Riborg Mann contributes a short paper on Professor Von Helmholtz. Joseph Jastrow writes concerning the logic of mental telegraphy. There is a short paper on Florian, the celebrated wood-engraver. E. Benjamin Andrews continues his "History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States" dealing, among other topics, with the rescue of Lieutenant Greely, in the year 1884, the New Orleans Exposition, Mr. James G. Blaine, the "Plumed Knight," and the career of Grover Cleveland. Will H. Low writes on "Frederick MacMonnies," the well-known American sculptor. George Meredith's interesting novel, "The Amazing Marriage," is continued, and there are also short stories by Harry Perry Robinson and Bessie Chadler. The poetry in this number is contributed by the Canadian, Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, who has frequently written for THE WEEK, and Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. H. C. Bunner.

The serial "The Seats of the Mighty," is continued in this month's "Atlantic Monthly." This novel by Gilbert Parker is one full of interest, and written in this clever author's best style. Lafcadio Hearn in "After the War" gives us a series of short letters regarding Japan and China. George Birbeck Hill contributes the fifth paper of "A Talk Over Autographs," in which the writer brings these interesting talks to an end. "In Harvest Time" is a story by A. M. Ewell. Robert Swain Peabody writes about the Italian Renaissance, dealing with the Renaissance of classic architecture which, in Italy, began at Florence with the schools of Brunelleschi and Alberti. Later on another school, under Bramante, arose in the north, these two branches of the Renaissance finally combining to reach their highest attainment at Rome. Miss L. Dougall, the distinguished Canadian novelist, contributes a story "The Face of Death," which is a bright sketch of two old

Scotch women. There is a paper by Walter Mitchell on "The Future of Naval Warfare," in which the writer comes to the conclusion that no one power can obtain the absolute dominion of the sea to the exclusion of the others. Chapters seven to ten of Miss "Craddock's" serial, "The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain," follow a short poem by J. V. Cheney. Mr. Woodrow Wilson writes about Walter Bagehot in an essay entitled "A Literary Politician." Anything concerning the late Mr. Bagehot is always of great interest. There is a careful review of two German books of criticism, "Wir Frauen und Unsere Dichter," by Laura Marholm, and "Menschen und Werke," by George Brandes. Rowland E. Robinson is the author of a story, "The Apparition of Granther Hill." There is a survey of the work done by Mr. John Burroughs in the field of literature. Mr. Burroughs, as a writer, dealt with Nature, treating his subject in a half-scientific and half-poetical way.

The Century Magazine for November opens with a continuation of Mr. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." He now writes of Napoleon, the Emperor of the French, narrating the declaration of the Empire, the "descent into England," and the coronation of Napoleon I. The third coalition is described, as well as Napoleon's grand army and his talent in strategy. There is a characteristic story by Bret Harte, entitled "The Devotion of Enriquez." Bride Neill Taylor contributes a convent story "On Account of Emmanuel." W. D. Howells writes on "Equality as the Basis of Good Society." Mr. Howells argues strongly against social inequality, an inequality which it is the custom of the world to justify, just as it was once the custom of the world to justify slavery. The article is imbued with a high ideal, but an ideal which seems almost impossible to attain. But Mr. Howells writes very hopefully, for, he concludes, "the level, when we have it, will be the highest yet attained by the exceptional few. The purest ideals of the philosopher and the saints are not too fine to be realized in the civility which shall be the life of the whole people, and shall come home to their business and bosoms." There are two views on the great national issues of the day, a Republican view by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, and a Democratic view by ex-Governor Russell. There is an autobiographical sketch of the painter, Vibert, accompanied by a short story, descriptive of one of his paintings, "The Missionary's Story." Eleonora Kinnicutt gives us a graphic account of the Deaconess Hospital of Kaiserwerth, the first training-school for nurses of modern times, and of its founder, Theodore Fliedner. We have a story from the pen of Chester Bailey Fernald, "The Tragedy of the Comedy." Royal Cortissoz contributes the first paper on "Mural Decoration in America," treating especially of work done by La Farge, Sargent, Abbey, Dewing, and Simmons. M. G. Van Rensselaer writes on Robert Louis Stevenson and his writings, paying many a delicate tribute to the dead author. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's serial story, "Sir George Tressady," begins in this number. J. Ranken Towse contributes an article on the great actress, Eleonora Duse, and Mr. James Bryce writes on the much-discussed Armenian Question.

The Review of Reviews for November contains, as one of its special features, a paper on the late M. Pasteur, the scientist, giving the views of Professor Percy Frankland and the late Professor Tyndall, on the life-work of this eminent Frenchman, and the value of that life-work to the world. The paper is divided into three parts, the first being introductory, narrating especially some events in his life. In the second part Professor Frankland gives an account of Pasteur's achievements in the world of science, while in the third Professor Tyndall makes an estimation of the value of his discoveries. This estimate of Pasteur's discoveries was written by Mr. Tyndall in the year 1884. Mr. Tyndall wrote: "In the investigation of microscopic organisms, the 'infinitely little,' as Pouchet loved to call them, and their doings in this, our world, M. Pasteur has found his true vocation. He may regret his abandonment of molecular theories; . . . he may think that great things awaited him had he continued to labour in this line. I do not doubt it. But this does not shake my conviction that he yielded

to the natural affinities of his intellect, that he obeyed its truest impulses and reaped its richest rewards, in pursuing the line that he has chosen. . . ." Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor, writes on the recent progress of Italian cities, presenting to his readers a capital review of the growth and improvement in the leading cities of Italy, special attention being given to Milan. In writing of this city Dr. Shaw says: "Whatever may be said in criticism of ruthless changes wrought by the ambitious municipal authorities of other Italian cities, there can be little complaint brought against Milan for the manner in which it has adopted the modern régime. It has won the right to be enrolled with the well-administered cities of the world." In regard to municipal reforms it may be mentioned that the Milanese consider one of their streets, the new Via Dante, to embody, more completely than any other street in Europe, the best principles of construction. Horace B. Hudson contributes an article on the recent convention of the Episcopal Church of the United States. This convention was held at Minneapolis, and is noteworthy as being the first time that this Church has held its representative assembly as far west as the Mississippi river. The article is well written, and is accompanied by numerous illustrations. The field of international sport is treated of in a short paper by Henry Wysham Lanier. All the regular departments of the magazine are as full of interest as usual, but in regard to the reviews of November periodicals we are surprised at the amount of attention devoted to such a fourth-rate publication as Munsey's Magazine. This shows a lack of sense of proportion on the part of the editor.

The Arena opens with a richly illustrated article by the Editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, entitled "Strolls beyond the Walls of Chester." This article about "Chester-on-the-Dee" is both descriptive and historical. The illustrations accompanying it are reproductions from scenic photographs, and are printed on excellent paper. Senator John T. Morgan endeavours to show why the Southern States want free silver. "The Sociality of Jesus' Religion" is the title of a paper by the redoubtable Professor George D. Herron. Professor Herron deals with his subject in a manner, which is, to say the least, extremely vigorous. "In religion as a thing of itself," declares the writer, "Jesus was not interested; rather, He looked with profound distrust upon what was then, and is now, both officially and popularly understood by religion. A religious cult was something he could not tolerate." In reference to the Council of Nicea we have this startling statement from Mr. Herron: "The Nicene Council, from which the Church received its theology, was so shamelessly immoral, so without sense of right and human honour, as to outrage even Constantine's sense of ethical decency." Mr. Herron goes on to say: "It is a long and downward journey from Jesus to Athanasius, longer by far than from Athanasius to either Hildebrand or Calvin." This is a matter of opinion. In an article of this kind one would expect to find copious footnotes giving authorities for the sweeping statements which are made with such dash and vigour. But they are not here. Alfred Milnes, M. A., writes on "Vaccination," this being the second paper in which he strives to prove that vaccination is an error, and compulsory vaccination a wrong. Helen H. Gardener, in "A Battle for Sound Morality," deals with the age-of-consent question, commenting on the law as it exists in the several American States. "Hell no Part of Divine Revelation" is the title of a thoughtful paper by W. E. Manley. Professor Frank Parsons, in writing on the subject of "The People's Lamps," presents a formidable array of figures and statistics regarding the cost of producing light in public plants, the cost of production in private plants, the distribution of operating cost and so forth. "The Unrighteousness of Government, as viewed by a Philosophical Anarchist," is the somewhat remarkable title of a paper by Dr. C. C. Rodolf, a paper which is well worth reading. Margaret B. Peeke, in "Practical Occultism," writes on the will and its training. "In Foro Conscientie" is a story by Dr. Willis Mills, dealing with the social problem. We note that with the December issue the subscription of the Arena will be \$3 instead of \$5.

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The November issue of The Canadian Magazine contains much of interest to Canadian readers, and to all Englishmen for that matter. The principal articles are contributed by such well-known men as Principal Grant, the Hon. J. W. Longley, of Nova Scotia, and the Hon. Wm. Proudfoot. Principal Grant gives a review of Mr. Castell Hopkins' recent work, "The Life and Work of Mr. Gladstone." The Hon. J. W. Longley presents a sketch of the British House of Commons, while the Hon. W. Proudfoot narrates the Legend of St. Alban, who is generally claimed to be the proto-martyr of the British church. There is a well-illustrated article by Mr. W. J. McLeod, dealing with the Kingston Penitentiary, which is an excellent description of the institution itself and of its discipline. Mr. Harry W. Brown, B.A., contributes a review of Arthur Stringer's two volumes of poems, "Watchers of Twilight," and "Pauline." Mr. Stringer is a young Canadian, whose writings give every evidence of poetic talent. Mr. John W. Cunliffe, of the Montreal Gazette, writes about Sir Henry Irving's new play, "King Arthur." Mr. Dan A. Rose presents some views on the Canadian Copyright question, giving the Canadian Copyright Association's side of the problem. There is the first half of a two-part story by Mr. Thomas Swift, "Adele Berthier," a story of old Quebec. Rev. W. J. Leamon writes on "Benjamin Kidd's Parley with Religion." Mr. R. Gourlay, in "A Decade of Fads," speaks about the new woman. Short stories are contributed by Lee Wyndham, Maud Ogilvy, and Daphne Dare. There are several poems in this issue, written by Reuben Butchart, Agnes Maule Machar (Fidelis), John Stuart Thomson, and others.

St. Nicholas this month enters upon a new volume, presenting some very attractive reading for young people. William O. Stoddard and J. T. Trowbridge contribute the opening chapters of their new serial stories. In "The Swordmaker's Son," Mr. Stoddard tells a story of boy-life at the time of the founding of Christianity. J. T. Trowbridge's serial is entitled "The Prize Cup." The story "Teddy and Carrots," by James Otis, is continued in this number. Mr. Arthur Hoerber contributes a well-written and splendidly illustrated article on the famous French painter Jean Léon Gérôme, in which both the painter himself and the work he accomplished are

considered. Mr. Hoerber closes his article with a few words of hearty encouragement in addressing his boy-readers: "Such has been the career of Gérôme, and thus has he, by hard work and by keeping one purpose in view achieved great results. What he has done any lad may aspire to do. Not to all will come his success, of course; but to the youth entering on his life-work nothing should seem too great for which to strive. The future is in his own hands if he will but apply himself steadily and honestly to his task." There is a brief sketch by Laurence Hutton of his three dogs, Punch, Whiskie, and Mop. Franklin Matthews contributes an article descriptive of the launching of a great vessel. In addition to the articles and serials mentioned above there is the customary allowance of poetry and short stories, all combining to make a success of this first number of the twenty third volume of St. Nicholas.

The Ladies' Home Journal for November is replete as usual with interesting reading. Elizabeth W. Bellamy's serial, "The Luck of the Pendenings" is concluded in this number while the first part of a two-part story, by Mrs. Burton Harrison is commenced. Edwin S. Wallace, the United States Consul at Jerusalem, contributes a paper on "Girl Life in Modern Jerusalem." Mr. Wallace writes: "The life of the average girl in the Holy City is fatal to development into that true womanhood which is the beauty, the glory, and the salvation of a life and a nation." Emma H. Heath writes about "Fanciful uses of Crêpe Paper." There is a sketch by Robert J. Burdette, "The Relief of the Slamrack." General Sheridan's widow, and the daughter of General Houston, Mrs. Margaret H. Williams, receive attention in two brief papers. The twelfth and concluding part of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs' "Paradise Club" appears this month. The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst deals with the headship of the father of a family. Louise Stockton gives an outline of the proper way to organize a literary club. The potato, our daily food, is attacked by John Gilmer Speed, who asserts that it is quite deficient in nitrogen, and as a diet is therefore wholly unsuitable, being a great cause of dyspepsia and indigestion. This view is supported by Dr. Cyrus Edson, and commented on from a domestic standpoint by Mrs. S. T. Rorer. The music sheet in this month's journal is the "Constellation March," by Thomas Clark.

Outing for November opens with a paper by R. G. Taber, who writes about Labrador. Jean Porter Rudd contributes a story of the Tyrol, entitled "Over Finger Joch." There is a sketch by J. Day Knap on "Duck Shooting on Great South Bay." "A Ceylon Tracker" is an interesting narrative by F. Fitzroy Dixon, who writes about an elephant hunt. "Windward" tells the story of a sail "Through an Autumn Gale." The papers by E. M. Aaron on Jamaica are concluded. Mr. Aaron, in these papers, has given a most entertaining account of a bicycle trip through "Banana Land." Edward W. Sandys tells of the capture of a large maskinonge in Rondeau Harbour. "Lenz's World Tour Awheel" is continued in this number. Sara Kennedy's story, "A Bit of Blue Ribbon," is concluded. The recent international athletic games in New York are described by William B. Curtiss, the president of the A.A.U. George H. Moses continues his articles on "The New Hampshire National Guard." Walter Camp gives a forecast of the American football season of 1895. Short stories are contributed by Chas. E. Taylor, jr., and Paul Pastnor. There is the usual monthly record of all that is going on in the world of sport during the past month.

The complete novel in this month's Lippincott's is by Harriet Riddle Davis, and is entitled "In Sight of the Goddess." The story is a tale of Washington life, the characters and scenes being well brought out by the writer A. L. Benedict, M.D., contributes a paper on medical education. There is a paper, "Our Fullest Throat of Song," by William Cranston Lawton, who writes in this paper about the poet Lowell. There is a short paper on rapid transit, the Brott system of rapid transit being outlined by the writer. By means of this system a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour is assured. One of the most interesting articles in the

number is a sketch by David Bruce Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald writes about an invasion made by oyster pirates on oyster-grounds belonging to Maryland. This invasion was successfully met by the police sloop, and the conflict of these opposing forces is the subject of Mr. Fitzgerald's paper. The remainder of the number is, for the greater part, taken up with brief sketches and stories, among the contributors being T. B. Exeter, Owen Hall, Marjorie Richardson and William Thomson.

Robert Garfield's paper on the Russian Jews in the east end of London opens the November issue of The Quiver. Mr. Garfield explains their presence in London as due to their natural spirit of unrest, and love of wandering. They find in England the freedom which they never have in Russia. The Rev. G. A. Chadwick, Dean of Armagh, gives us "A Harvest Thought." The late Rev. J. R. MacDuff writes about Enoch in "The First of the Pilgrim Fathers." "Munster and its Tailor King," is an excellent little paper written by A. E. Bonser. Sarah Wilson talks about "Our Wooden Churches." In the fiction department there are several short stories. "Hard Driven," the serial by E. S. Curry, is continued, in chapters nine to twelve, while "The Warden's Daughter," by S. S. Bone, is concluded. The Rev. William Burnet discusses "Minor Morals." These are the chief contents of this number of The Quiver.

The Free Trade Monthly and Economic Review is the title of a new Toronto periodical, the first volume of which begins with this month's number. The object of this monthly, as is stated in the opening editorial, is to advocate Free Trade principles as distinguished from what is known as a Protective Policy. Among the subjects treated in this first number are "Free Trade and Protection," "Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson and the Grand Trunk Railway," "The New Man," "Displacement of Economic Forces in Canada," "Life Insurance," "Immigration," and "The Movement Citywards." The subscription price is one dollar.

## The University of Toronto Quarterly.

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CONTENTS OF THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

THE SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHY, by F. Traen, B.A., Ph.D.

ASTREE, by T. Squire, B.A.

SOME PHASES OF ALTRUIA, by R. H. Coats, 395, and other articles of interest.

N.B.—Address all communications to THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY, University College, Toronto.

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Almost Dead.

PITABLE CONDITION OF A YOUNG GIRL IN TORONTO.

A Mysterious Illness—Doctors Were Unable to Give Her Any Relief—Her Uncle's Story of the Case.

From the Toronto News.

The remarkable recovery of Cora Gray from a mysterious illness that baffled two of the best known physicians of West Toronto has been the subject of a good deal of talk among the residents of Bloor street and Brunswick avenue.

Learning of the case a News reporter called on her uncle, Alpheus Ramsay, who is the proprietor of the Bloor street shoe store, at the corner of Brunswick avenue, and with whom she has lived since infancy.

"Everybody about here knows of the case," he said, "and I will be glad to tell any sufferer all about it, but I would rather not have it published."

When the reporter pointed out that he was in a position to let thousands know and probably be the means of giving them information that would lead to their recovery, he began to hesitate, and finally he gave a brief account of the girl's miraculous restoration.

"My niece is more like a daughter to me. She has been in my care since she was a child, and when she was taken sick a few months ago I was heart-broken. I got two of the best doctors in the west end to prescribe for her, but their medicines made her worse instead of better. She lay in bed week after week, looking like a corpse, eating nothing, and apparently wasting away in a mysterious manner. Her blood was thin and poor, and almost every day there was a change for the worse. She could not take the doctor's prescriptions, for she sickened at taste of them. While I was in this state of worry and anxiety a man came around one day delivering pamphlets and he threw one into my shop. I picked it up and read an exact description of the illness with which my niece was suffering. The remedy prescribed for the cure of the malady described was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for a box and Cora took them in a mechanical kind of a way. Well, sir, when she had taken them four days a change came over her. She began to eat with a relish, and every day she seemed to gain fresh strength. She adhered faithfully to the directions, and took four boxes. By that time the roses had returned to her cheeks and she was a different looking girl. She discontinued taking the pills and later the same languid feeling began to creep over her, so she bought another box and is now as bright and well as ever she was.

"That is the whole story," added Mr. Ramsay. "There may not be much in it for others, but I believe these pills saved Cora's life, and while I am not anxious for publicity on her account, it may be that other sufferers will be benefited by hearing of this remedy. I cannot speak too highly of Pink Pills. I recommend them to everyone I know, and I take them myself."

Mr. Ramsay is one of the best known men in his neighborhood. He is the superintendent of the Sunday school of Concord Congregational church, and has the confidence of the entire community among which he lives. He has spent two years in business at his present location and his business has grown so much that he is about to remove to larger premises in the Douglas block on Bloor street, near Bathurst.

His statements as to the young girl's condition are amply corroborated by residents of the locality, and up that way there is a boom in Pink Pills.

Any sceptic who has the inclination to visit Mr. Ramsay will be courteously received, no doubt, and the circumstances frankly related. His gratitude for his niece's recovery leads him to make the most enthusiastic statements regarding the efficacy of the remedy that saved his girl's life.

WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

It is quite within the memory of those who survive the past generation, the not-to-be-destroyed preference some of the polite lady folk had to hand-sewing. Let the circumstances be recalled. Our forefathers and mothers had been accustomed to employ the seamstress. Garments were cut throughout and then submitted for full wearing completion to the watchful care of the sewing-room superintendent. Frocks and frock-coats had the diligent eye-service of those employed, and the critical examination of the employers during the progress of manufacture. At the completion of the set wardrobe work, stitch and hem were scrutinized with judicial exactness. A change fell one day. Mr. Howe discovered that a convenient spot to locate the eye of a needle was at its point. The result was the introduction of the sewing machine. A fine illustration of manners changing with the times was here speedily furnished. Not an article of apparel would be regarded as "in proper form" unless stitched upon the sewing machine. Ladies and gentlemen were in close company following the latest departure. Today there is scarcely a gown or suit of clothes made without the assistance of the machine. The same change in public taste is observable in the adoption of prepared clothing. A few years ago tailor-made garments were the only style worn. But as in the case of the sewing machine a sudden demand arose for prepared clothing. Senator Sanford, of Hamilton, had been busy for years perfecting patterns. Perfect fitting suits were placed upon the market and at once met with approval. The change was a great one, but so well and cleverly were the garments made that it required an expert to point out the difference between Oak Hall clothing and the tailor-made article. Mr. Pirie, the Toronto manager, displays this legend in the windows of his house: "Our best customers are the tasty and economical." It goes without saying that Mr. Pirie will furnish fit and fabric to all who visit Oak Hall.

\* \* \*

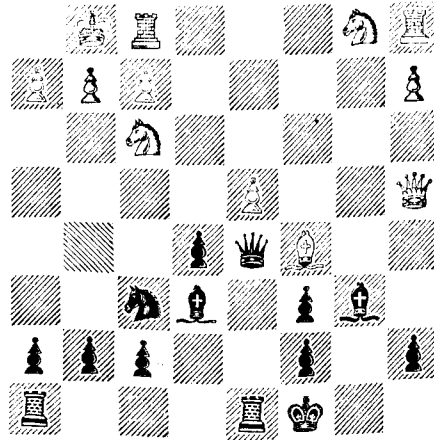
Chess Corner.

ECHOES FROM HASTINGS.

An Evans Gambit, is game 714.

Table with columns: TSCHIGORIN, STEINITZ, White, Black. Rows 1-14 showing chess moves like 1 P K4, P K4, WE, ew, etc.

(1KR3NR,PPP4P,2N5,42Q,



3pqB2, 2nb1pb1, ppp2p1p, r3rk2)

Table with chess notation and numbers: 15 Q R6 ch, K Kt1, Aj+, 32; 16 Kt xP, Kt Q2, Pw, pd; 17 Kt QB3, Kt xB, 22M, du; 18 Q K2, Q Q3, jW, vn; 19 P xKt, Q xP, Du, nu; 20 Kt R4, Q Kt4, MA, ut; 21 Q xQ, P xQ, Wt, mt; 22 Kt xB, RP xKt, Ak, ak; 23 Kt B6 ch, K Kt2, wu, 2b; 24 Kt xR ch, Rx Kt, m4, 84; (1KR4R PPP4P 88, 6pl 3b2pl ppp2pkl 4r3)

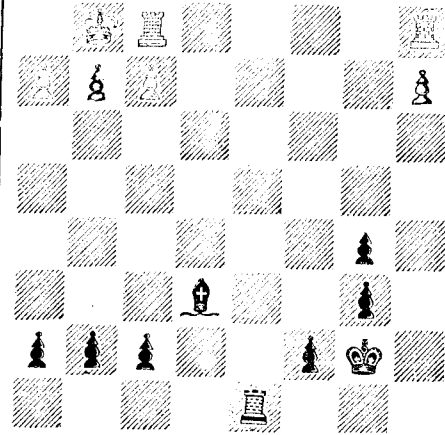


Table with chess notation and numbers: 25 P QR3, P QB4, SJ, cu; 26 P B3, KB3, XP, bm; 27 KR Q1, R QR1, 6644, 41; 28 K B2, R R5, 77X, 1A; 29 K K3, P KR4, NO, hz; 30 K Q2, P Kt5, OV, tB; 31 P xP, R xP, JB, AP; 32 R(Q1)QKtR xR, 4422, B22; 33 R xR, P QKt1, 1122, kt; 34 R QR1, P Kt 5, 2211, tB; 35 K B2, K Q4, VU, mv; 36 R Q1 ch, K B4, 1144, vw; 37 R Q8, B Q4, 14 4, ov; 38 P KR4, K Q5, ZH, wD; 39 R QKt8, B K3, 42, vo; 40 R Kt7, P Kt3, 2b, gq; 41 R Kt5, P Kt6 ch, bt, BK+; 42 K Kt2, P B5, UT, uC; 43 R Kt4, K Q6, tB, DN; 44 R Kt6, P B6 ch, Bk, CM+; 45 K Kt1, K K6, T22, NO;

Black wins by capturing pawns. (6K218P1k1pp117psp1b2R3p13)

Editor Jones (Belleville) suggests Toronto tourney in January or February.

Vergani, the tail-ender, shares with Lasker the distinction of having downed the drawing master, Schlechter.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM.

713.—B Kt 2 Drawer 584, Port Hope.

Alphabetical key-board for chess notation: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8; a b c d e f g h; j k l m n o p q r; s t u v w x y z; A B C D E F G H; J K L M N O P Q R; S T U V W X Y Z; 11 22 33 44 55 66 77 88

KEY-BOARD

"The Sister Dominions," by Mr. J. F. Hogan, M.P.—an account of the honourable member's impressions and experiences during a recent extended tour of Canada and Australia—will soon be issued in a volume of 300 pages by Ward & Downey.

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Literary Notes.

Digby, Long & Co. announce a fourth edition of Mr. Hilton Hill's novel, "His Egyptian Wife," with the ending changed to suit the wishes of some American readers.

Grant Allen calls his new novel, "The British Barbarians," a "Hill-top novel," because it is "one that raises a protest in behalf of purity." The Putnam's will publish it. The same house will issue "Old Diary Leaves," a story of the Theosophical Society, by Henry S. Olcott.

Hutchinson & Co. have in preparation "The Book of Beauty," consisting of writings and sketches, among the contributors of which are Mr. Kipling, Hall Caine, Lord Houghton, Mrs. Beerholm Tree, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, Burne-Jones, Luke Fildes, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Whistler, and other noble artists and authors.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. are about to publish a one-volume edition of the complete poetical works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Various waits not before embraced in the late Professor's volumes of verse are to be included. The text will be preceded by a biographical sketch and, we are glad to note, an index of first lines will be added.

An extremely useful publication to students and teachers alike is Mr. Ray S. Lineham's "Directory of Science, Art, and Technical Colleges, Schools, and Teachers in the United Kingdom," just published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. The data is carefully compiled and classified, and a review of educational movements from the year 1835 to the present season is included.

Forthcoming volumes in Henry Holt & Co.'s Buckram Series will be "Sir Quixote of the Moors," by John Buchan, telling of the experiences of a French knight among the Scotch Covenanters when they were being hunted by the English dragoons, and "A Man and His Womankind," by Nora Vynne, bearing on the problem contained in the danger of woman's unselfishness fostering man's selfishness.

The experiences which "A Vagabond" contributed last year to The Westminster Gazette will be published immediately in book form by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., under the title of "An Original Wager." The "Vagabond," it will be remembered, in consequence of a bet, lived for six weeks in France, earning his living during that period simply and solely by utilising his sporting proclivities.

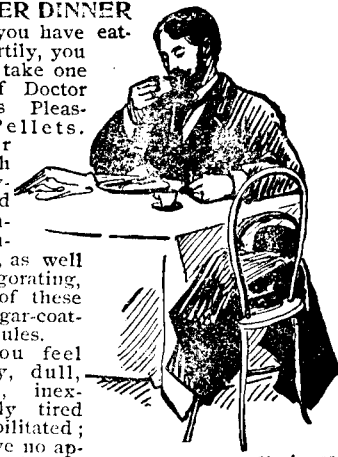
S. R. Crockett is a broad-shouldered giant of six-foot four. He is thirty-four years of age and was born at Little Duchree, in Gallo-way. His parents were small farmers who rented their land, and worked it for their maintenance. The first edition and an unusually large one, of Mr. Crockett's new novel "The Men of the Moss-Hags," was exhausted on the day of publication.

The Frederick A. Stokes Co. announces something new in the way of a magazine. It is called The Pocket Magazine, being of a size to slip conveniently into a man's overcoat pocket. It will be printed on uncalendered paper in beautiful big type, and cost ten cents a number. But the price is not the only attraction—the list of contributors is the drawing power. Among them are Messrs. Rudyard Kipling, S. J. Weyman, Brander Matthews and Conan Doyle, while among the ladies are Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett, and Mrs. A. K. Green. Each number will be complete. The editor is Mr. Irving Bacheller, of syndicate fame.

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Publications Received.

- Mary Beaumont. A Ringby Lass and other stories. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Daniel Defoe. Colonel Jacque. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Daniel Defoe. Journal of the Plague. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- F. Anstey. Lyre and Lanct. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Samuel Pepys. The Diary, with Lord Braybooke's Notes Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. VI. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- William Potts. From a New England Hillside. Miniature edition. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Sir John Lubbock. The Pleasures of Life. Miniature edition. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. The Oxford, English Dictionary. Part Vol. III. Deject—Depravation. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- F. H. King. The Soil (Rural Science Series.) New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Sir Walter Scott. Woodstock (Longman's English Classics) New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Charlotte M. Yonge. The Long Vacation. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- J. S. Fletcher. Where Highways Cross. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Sidney Lee, Editor. Dictionary of National Biography. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Dr. Jas. A. H. Murray, Editor. The Oxford English Dictionary. Part Vol. III. Depravative—Development. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Dr. Jas. A. H. Murray, Editor. The Oxford English Dictionary. Part Vol. IV. Fee—Field. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Anna L. Bicknell. Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Palmer Cox. Brownies through the Union. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- S. Weir Mitchell. A Madeira Party. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Eldridge S. Brooks. A Boy of the First Empire. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

\* \* \*

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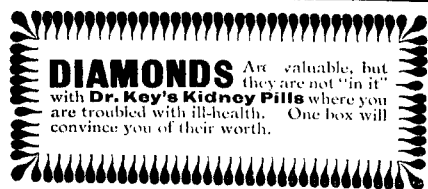
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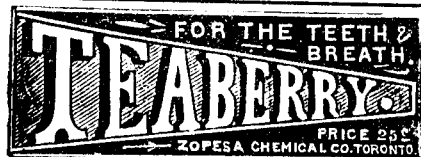
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## Personal.

Under authority of the act of Congress, providing for a joint Canadian and United States commission to enquire and report on the feasibility of establishing deep waterways between the great lakes and the Atlantic Ocean, the President appointed James B. Angell, of Michigan; John E. Russell, of Massachusetts, and Lyman G. Cooley, of Illinois, as American commissioners.

Eugene Field, who died on the 3rd inst. at his residence in Buena Park, has earned a unique reputation as a writer of verse. His strong points were humour and pathos. He was distinguished by his love for children, who inspired much of his writings. Field was a contemporary in western journalism of James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye, and had in the spirit and peculiarly western qualities of his work something in common with both. They all saw together the vicissitudes of pioneer journalism in western towns and absorbed the spirit of the humorous crudities of that unformed stage of American society.

\* \* \*

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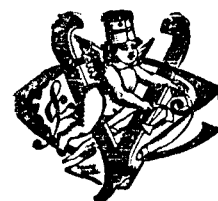
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- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.  
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The James Building, 75 Yonge Street.
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.  
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.  
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Bookbinders** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.  
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The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.  
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- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent free.
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- Teas** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
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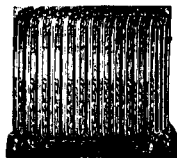
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