

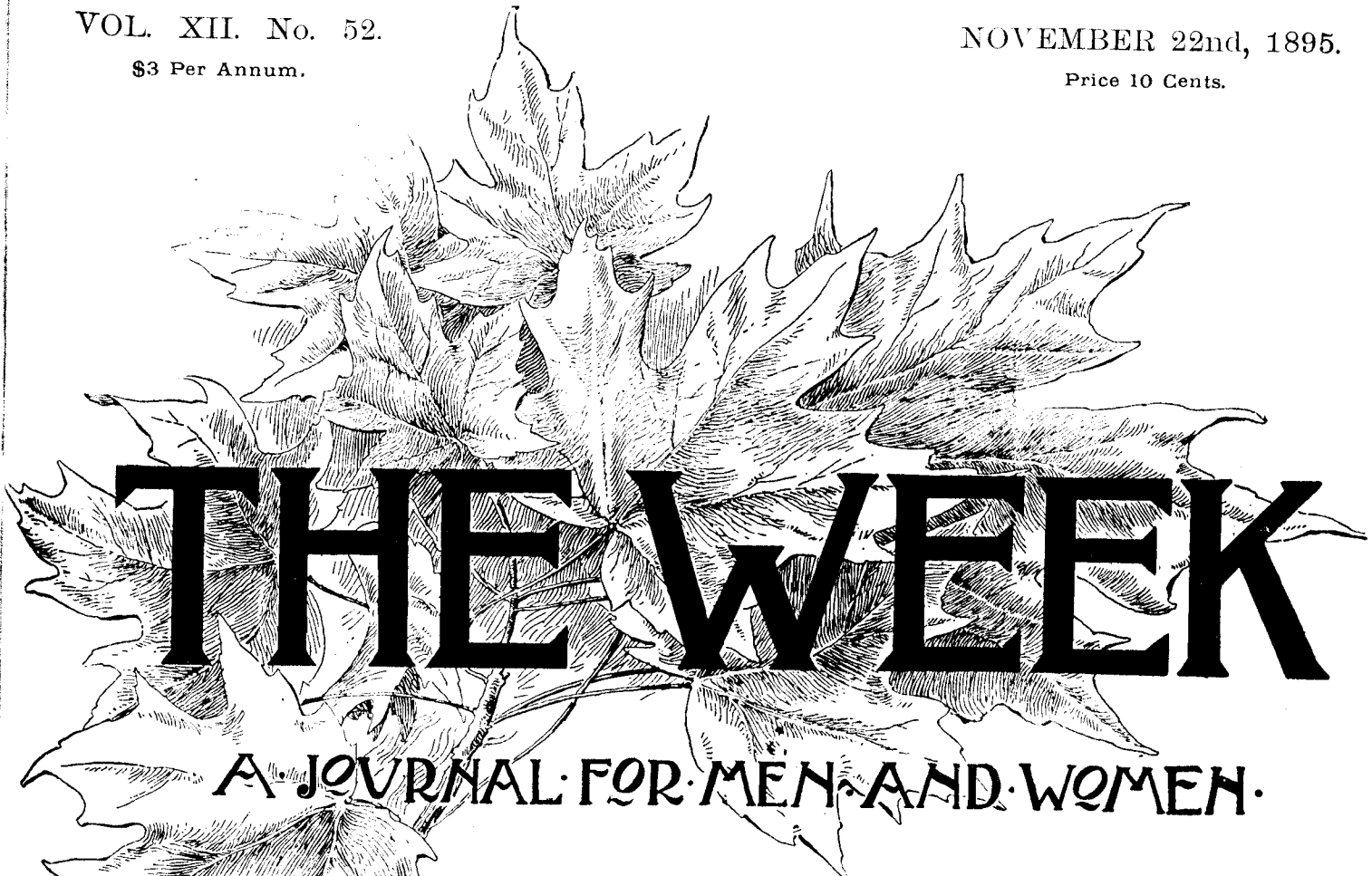
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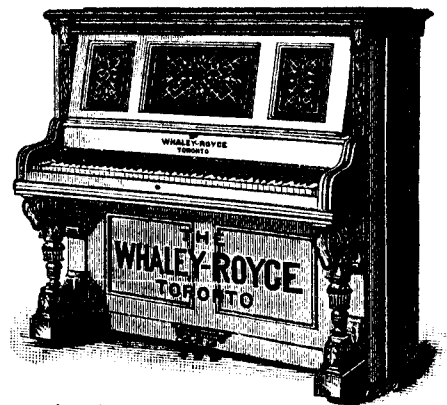
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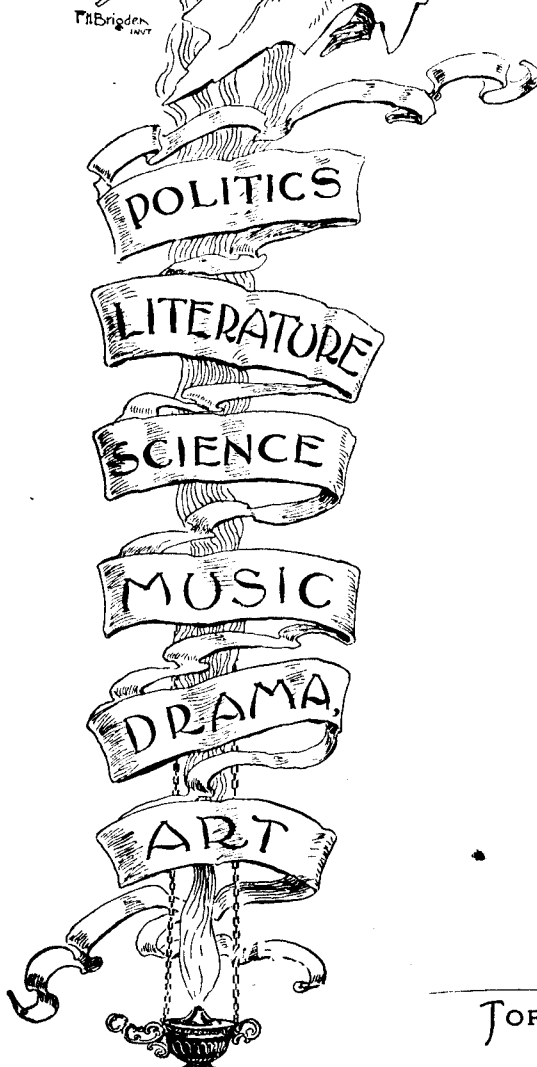


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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, November 22nd, 1895.

No. 52.

## Current Topics.

Political  
Affairs

The chiefs of the two great political parties of Canada have been making long speeches at large meetings, during the past seven days. We have read all these speeches with care and attention, and if our understanding has not been enlarged by the operation it is probable that the fault is ours, and not that of the speakers. On Thursday last Mr. Laurier addressed the electors of Jacques Cartier at St. Laurent, and on the same day at Smith's Falls three Ministers of State addressed the electors of the North Riding of Leeds and Grenville. On Saturday at Caledon East a Liberal Convention was held at which Mr. R. B. Henry, Warden of Peel, was elected to contest the much discussed constituency of Cardwell, in the Liberal interest. Whilst Caledon East was all agog with its convention, Mona Mills was equally excited by the advent of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, M.P., and by the meeting of the Cardwell McCarthy Association before which the leader of the third party delivered a strong and effective address. On the same day Mr. Laurier again addressed the electors of Jacques Cartier but this time at Lachine. He was accompanied as before by the candidate, Mr. Napoleon Charbonneau, and by Messrs. Tarte and McShane. Hon. David Mills, M.P., was also present and made a short speech in the course of which he said that Mr. Laurier was the legitimate exponent of the doctrines preached by Baldwin and Lafontaine. Alderman Beausoleil, M.P., stated at this meeting that the country was passing through "a crisis simply terrible in its effects." The worthy Alderman must have a very nervous and imaginative temperament. It was on this occasion that Mr. Laurier so vigorously refuted the charges of disloyalty made against himself and his party. He declared amid the plaudits of the large audience that it was his first duty as a loyal Canadian subject of the Queen to further the best interests of Canada. At Cannington on Tuesday the campaign in North Ontario was begun by holding a convention of the Liberal-Conservative Association to nominate a candidate to carry the party standard at the coming bye-election, which takes place on the 12th December. Mr. J. A. McGillivray, Q.C., was the choice of the convention. He at once announced his intention of taking off his coat and working like a beaver for the next three weeks. In the evening a public meeting was held at which Mr. Foster and Dr. Montague delivered addresses of considerable interest. No reference was made to the Manitoba School Question. The Ministers took it for granted that their audience was well-informed on the subject.

The Situation in  
Turkey.

The news alike from the European and the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan is still of a very grave and disquieting character. The more recent cable messages state that Armenians are being massacred everywhere in Asia Minor. More than a hundred thousand are reported to be dying of starvation and exposure. The agitation against the Christians of Northern Syria is extending, and there have been massacres near Aleppo. Anti-

Christian placards have been torn down by the police at Scutari, Albania, where a dangerous agitation is said to be in progress. The Kurds have made two separate attacks upon the Armenians at Gurun. The weary negotiations of the past months have produced nothing except a more profound agitation, which now seems likely to end in an outburst of anarchy throughout Armenia, Macedonia, Anatolia, Arabia, and even Crete. Notwithstanding reports to the contrary it is still doubtful whether any serious impression has been made on the Sultan. It is thought by some of the well-informed that his Majesty is a fanatic, by others that he believes himself beyond the reach of Europe, as many of his private advisers certainly do, and by yet others that he is striking out in blind terror at all whom he suspects. It is asserted that the Mussulman mob believes that the Palace will not punish its outrages. As we have already stated the six Powers, who wield among them the effective force of Europe, have, with the full consent of the United States, represented to the Porte that the disorders must be stopped at once by military force, or the Powers will be compelled to take measures of their own to bring them to a close. The Sultan is said to be alarmed to the verge of insanity at the assembling of the foreign fleets at Salonica Bay, and that he has sent urgent messages to the Valis of the disturbed districts ordering them to suppress the disorders. But this is probably only another subterfuge. The work of calling out the army reserves continues slowly. There seems to be much difficulty in finding proper equipment, ammunition, and supplies for the men when they are assembled. The situation is further complicated by the Young Turks' movement. It favours a constitutional government, and it is said that much of the onslaught upon Armenians is permitted so as to distract attention from the Mohammedan agitation against the Sultan. The revolutionary movement is spreading in spite of the extraordinary efforts made to suppress its leaders. The life of the Sultan is in danger, and the Ministers have all been threatened. The navy is disturbed to such an extent that the Minister of Marine dares not go on board a war vessel. None can tell what a day might bring forth. At first the sympathies of Europe were wholly with the Armenians. But they have forfeited to a very large extent the sympathy originally extended to them by embarking in frankly revolutionary projects. They have done all in their power to aggravate the situation. The problem to be settled is the deposition of the Ottoman caste, and there is no means conceivable of settling it peaceably except a demonstration of visibly irresistible force.

The Sultan's  
Letter.

An incident that is unparalleled in the annals of English diplomacy occurred on Tuesday evening last at the Conference of the Colonial Agents in London. This was the reading of a letter from the Sultan of Turkey to Lord Salisbury, begging him to make a speech that would offset the one he delivered on the occasion of the banquet given by the new Lord Mayor of London. Lord Salisbury referred to the impropriety of reading the letter at the Conference, but he took advantage of the occasion simply to grant, so far as he could, the request made by the Sultan. It appears that His Majesty has been very much pained by the Premier's recent Guild Hall speech and by the expression of the opinion that the promised reforms in Turkey would not be executed. In his remarkable letter he says:

"The only reason why Lord Salisbury should thus throw doubts on my good intentions must be the intrigues of certain persons here or false statements made to cause such an opinion." After intermediate observations, his Majesty says: "I repeat that I will execute the reforms. I will take the paper containing them, place it before me, and see that every article is put in force. This is my earnest determination, and I give my word of honour. I wish Lord Salisbury to know this, and I beg and desire his Lordship, having confidence in these declarations, to make another speech by virtue of the friendly feeling and disposition he has for me and my country. I shall await the result of this letter with the greatest anxiety."

What Lord Salisbury really thinks of this pathetic message it is difficult to know. He remarked that the terrible Armenia problem is quite as much the want of competent men as it is the want of adequate laws. "The powers will doubtless do their best," said the Premier, "but do not imagine that the deep-seated diseases in the Empire can be cured by a wave of a magician's wand. The results of long years of error must be paid for, and the cruel law is that those who will pay are not those who were originally guilty of the offence." We are afraid that the Sultan cannot be depended upon. He is hardly a free agent to begin with, and this is not the first time by any means that he has made promises equally solemn and equally pathetic. His letter is more a tribute to the influence Lord Salisbury wields in Europe than an indication that the desired reforms will be promptly carried out.

An Amiable  
Illusion.

The London Spectator characterizes as "an amiable illusion" the idea that a constitutional revolution is possible in Turkey, and that the Empire might be governed under any Sultan by a representative body. This eminent journal, the opinions of which are always worthy respect and consideration, states that the Arabs, who will hardly obey the Ottoman Khalif, would certainly not obey an elected body sitting at Constantinople. Arabia, Syria, part of Anatolia, Tripoli, and Egypt would be at once lost to the Turkish dominion. The Christian electors throughout the Empire would immediately demand arms, and if they were once armed, civil war would rage in every province, while the army, which now holds society together, would fall into absolute and most dangerous anarchy. The Spectator points out that the coherent force of the army consists in this, that seventy per cent. of its men and nine-five per cent. of its officers are Ottomans by blood and creed, a dominant caste accustomed to rule, and ready to die rather than give up ruling. A free Parliament of all creeds, and the sway of a dominant caste, with its legislation controlled by its own Sacred Law, both together, is an obvious impossibility. "The Asiatic mind believes, too, that power comes from God, and not from the people; and while it wishes for justice regards limitations of authority as unendurable fetters which prevents justice from being done. If there is to be a revolution, it must proclaim a new Sultan; and that, as all men can see, will be only a postponement of the ultimate catastrophe, which, in the changed conditions of the world, is bound speedily to arrive." The Ottoman caste, brave as it is, and able as many of its leaders are, cannot go on ruling an Empire.

The Times and  
the Colonies.

The London Times of the 7th instant has an interesting editorial on Mr. Chamberlain's speech at the banquet given by the Agent-General of Natal to celebrate the completion of the Natal-Transvaal Railway. As we have previously remarked, it was Mr. Chamberlain's first public appearance in the capacity of Secretary of State for the Colonies, and his

speech was anticipated with peculiar interest. The Times remarks that he has never appeared to greater advantage or dealt with great Imperial interests in a more admirable manner. He carried the whole group of Colonial problems into the serener air of statesmanship. It has seemed easy in England to show that material interests were all making for the separation and disruption of the Colonies; and the fashion has been to ignore and deride the part played by sentiment and imagination in the affairs of men. Hence it became a note of advanced thought to regard the separation of all the Colonies as inevitable, and a proof of political wisdom to expedite the process by pouring scorn upon the sentiment which the Colonies themselves fervently manifested. With respect to the great change which has been effected in the current mode of regarding Colonial questions, The Times says it corresponds with the great shifting of opinion upon the general principles of economics and politics. Trade has been found to follow, not so much the flag as the language and traditions of England. The old distrust of Imperial greatness lingers, as Mr. Chamberlain notes, in the impatience with which some still hear of Imperial Federation. That impatience, says The Times, would have some justification were there to be found any marked insistence upon a definite scheme of Imperial Federation. "The strength of the idea lies in its vagueness. The time is not ripe for translating the aspiration, or—as Mr. Chamberlain does not object to call it—the dream into concrete arrangements. The dream is, however, as he justly says, one which has fired the imagination of millions of men in many climes, and is, therefore, to be reckoned with as a potent factor in their lives. A dream so welcomed is one of the most solid realities." The Times concludes by saying that the working out of the ideas of Imperial unity which have made such notable progress of late years must be the business of the immediate future. If approached in the spirit Mr. Chamberlain displayed at this notable banquet, amid the applause of his audience, there is reason to hope that the solution may be the consolidation of great bodies of English-speaking peoples into a powerful and enduring federation.

The Atlantic  
Service.

According to a cable despatch of Tuesday last, it is reported and generally credited in the official circles of London that the Imperial Government has decided to join Canada in the establishment of a fast trans-Atlantic service. We are glad to state that this report has been confirmed. Active steps will speedily be taken towards establishing a steamship line equal in speed and in comfort and appointments to any line on the Atlantic. When Canada possesses such a service it will soon take its place as the favourite route not only with Canadians but with many Americans. Fast trains would run in connection with the line from New York, Boston, Chicago, and other American cities, in the winter to Halifax or St. John, in the summer to Montreal or Quebec. It would become, before long, one of the greatest highways of the world.

The Lowe  
"Insurrection."

The settlers in Lowe Township, of the Province of Quebec, object to paying their taxes. They are chiefly Irish, we understand, and so have had large practice in the Emerald Isle in the art of not paying. They have paid little or nothing since 1878, when the municipality of Wakefield and Lowe was divided. The County Council has been set at naught and mocked, its notices trampled under foot, and its agents despitely treated. For some time Lowe Township has been entirely without municipal government. It has had

no representation in the County Council, and the Township Council has been dissolved more than once to avoid meeting its obligations. The priests have interfered on behalf of the law, the courts have passed judgments against the recalitrants, and the bailiffs have been sent to serve notices. But the settlers in Lowe Township were not to be moved by such trifles as these. They shut the bailiffs up in cellars or hounded them out of the district. A squad of police were sent on to protect the bailiffs, and now it has been found necessary to send on troops to protect the police. The taxes are to be collected at the point of the bayonet, as it were. At last accounts a compromise was hinted at. It seems probable that a new Township Council will be organized, that most of the troops will speedily be withdrawn, and that the taxes will be paid.

"Squaring Off" the United States.

If there is one thing more surprising than another in our friends, the Americans, it is the persistency with which they cling to the idea that Canada, at heart, desires annexation to the Republic, and is only waiting for the time and opportunity to throw herself into the arms of Uncle Sam. The New York Sun regrets that Canada is not yet part of the American Union. It would like to see the United States "squared off" by Canada's coming in. Here is what it says:

"the first quarter of our century there was a great domain added to the territory of the United States through the Louisiana purchase. In the second quarter another vast addition to our territory was made through the acquisitions from Mexico. In the third quarter yet another extensive addition was secured through the purchase of Alaska. So far, but only so far, the fourth quarter of our century has been unlike each of the three preceding quarters, in that it has brought no addition to the territory of the American Union. It seems to us that the last of the quarters of the century ought to be at least as good for us as the other three were. We are pleased with the news from Canada that an independence party of a republican kind is on the stocks there. Canada is a region of a good shape and size, lying alongside of this country, the only part of the North American continent that is under a foreign yoke, a royal dynasty, a European flag. If it were to unite with us before the end of the fourth quarter of the century it would be happy for the first time. By this union the 19th century would be rounded off, and our country squared off, as neatly as one could desire. There would be something to show in America for every one of the four quarters of the century."

The Toronto World makes these amusing remarks the subject of an editorial in which it is pointed out that Canada cannot lend her assistance to "squaring off the United States," because she has, "with no little pleasure and enthusiasm," committed herself to "another idea still more inspiring and gigantic than the one set out so beautifully by the New York Sun. The Dominion of Canada," continues The World, "is an integral part of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. It is of much more importance to the world at large that the British Empire be rounded up than that the United States be squared off. The United States is local and confined to a single continent. The British Empire is cosmopolitan, its sway extending over every continent, and on every sea in the world. An Empire with such vast and remote possessions requires a right of way through every continent. The Dominion of Canada is a necessary part of the Empire; and however badly the United States requires squaring off, the Empire cannot and will not consent to any squaring off that interferes with her own autonomy." With these sentiments THE WEEK is quite in accord. The only thing about The World's editorial to which we can take exception is its title, "The Voice of the Tempter." There is no temptation to Canadians in annexation.

The Montreal Witness.

The Witness celebrates its jubilee this week. It was first published in a little court off the old Exchange Hotel, as a small four-page sheet, and now after half a century marked by the usual trials and vicissitudes which beset newspaper life it is published in what is, all things considered, the most commodious and pleasant newspaper office in Canada, while in size it has grown to ten and sometimes twelve pages daily. The Witness has a unique position in Canadian journalism, and one which has been won and is maintained in the face of very heavy odds. Montreal would appear to be the most unlikely place in Canada to look for a newspaper which is an aggressive champion of free trade, prohibition, and evangelical Christianity. It has for twenty years been under the condemnation of the Roman Catholic Church, and this limits its field almost to the circumscribed constituency of the English-speaking minority. Yet despite this, it circulates widely and is prosperous. It is in every sense of the word an independent paper, as it claims to be; and it discusses all public questions with absolute fearlessness and with marked ability. Courage and sincerity are indeed the prime characteristics of its editorial page; and they are qualities not as common as they should be in Canadian journalism. The Witness, following the custom of other journals, will celebrate the anniversary by publishing a special issue in which the history of the last five decades will be reviewed.

How to Lengthen Our Days.

In the person of M. Laisant, Paris has a firm believer in the maxim that the best of all ways to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night. By means of the electric light, he states, we have, since 1878, prolonged the day by two hours; that is, abstracted them from the night. This energetic and enterprising Frenchman is now occupied with making artificial stars. One of a million candle power is said to be capable of illuminating as if in broad day-light three quarters of a square mile. A dozen or two of these electric stars would illuminate the whole city of Toronto. Then it could be called not only "Toronto the Good" but also "The City of Light." Our Paris correspondent says that astronomy is destined to play an important part at the next exhibition. There are to be electric stars twinkling with such brilliancy that even Dr. Watts, were he to revisit this world, might be excused wondering "what you are." Then M. Deloncle has taken the moon under his charge and will let the people have a peep at it at a distance of one yard for the small sum of one franc. All this ought to excite Jules Verne very much. Where is he and why is he so silent?

### Canada's Thanksgiving.

THIRTY-ONE years ago at the Conference at Quebec the foundations of the Dominion of Canada were laid. In 1864 thirty-three men from Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland met to consider a scheme for the union of the British North American Provinces. From the time of the rebellion of the southern colonies of Great Britain and the formation of the United States of America far-seeing loyal men in the northern colonies had felt and advocated the necessity for such a union. The consolidation of the fragments of British power in America was the primary object they had in view. But behind that was a result which only very few anticipated—namely, the founding a new nation. The immediate result of the deliberations at Quebec was the union of only four of the Provinces. In one generation that union has expanded into seven Provinces and five districts with unorganized terri-

tories of enormous extent and mighty possibilities. Those first four Provinces had an area of five hundred thousand square miles—a good beginning, as big as France, Germany, and Italy put together—the Dominion has almost three million five hundred thousand square miles, seven times as much as when it began. The whole population of the Dominion at its commencement was three millions and a half, it is now five millions. The population has not increased in the same ratio as the territory has been acquired, but it must be remembered that if it had done so our people would now be over twenty-two millions, which, however anxious we may be to see the country peopled is more than could reasonably be expected. The material improvement in all directions has been most gratifying. It is not our object to dwell upon this side of the story, other hands have done it well. The great change which we wish to point out is in the spirit of the people. There is a Canadian sentiment in their heart. Out of every ten thousand people in the Dominion over eight thousand six hundred are native Canadians. Of the remainder all but three hundred are natives of the British Isles. This means a population sprung from the same soil, having the same aspirations, and all thinking of the same country as their home. Before Confederation the inhabitants of these Provinces were struggling into light. The sturdy pilgrims who sought to fear God and honour their king kept their hearts brave and their powder dry. They cleared the forests, drained the swamps, built railways, dug canals, and combated the rude powers of nature. All the while they preserved alight the sacred fire of British liberty and British institutions. When their hard fight with elemental forces was ended their generation had nobly done its work. The task of the next generation was to consolidate and extend the heritage these hardy pioneers had left. Now our turn comes. What is our task? Surely to hand down to our children what our fathers handed down to us. Never to surrender one foot of Canadian soil, and what is more, to abide in the principles and allegiance which they were proud to own. We have to complete what they continued. There is still one Province to bring into our fold. Newfoundland before another year must be part of Canada. We have to provide an outlet for our great North-West. We have to encourage an immigration into that territory of the same good British and Irish stock which has brought us where we are. We have to keep before us the ideal of a powerful Anglo-Canadian commonwealth—an integral self-respecting and therefore respected portion of the mighty British Empire. We have to keep alight on this continent the torch of true constitutional government—one by and for the people, not by and for the mob. These are the tasks left us by our forefathers. These are the ideals we must stand by ourselves and for which we must train our children.

A Thanksgiving is not much use unless we resolve to properly use the cause of that Thanksgiving. During the last year we have had peace and plenty. Our natural resources are our forests, our farms, our fisheries, and our minerals. The two of these elements of prosperity which can be referred to annual examination are our farms and our fisheries. In both during the past year there has been every ground for thankfulness. The forests are each year growing less, but their place is more or less taken by standing crops. The minerals we know are here, and their development has only begun. Truly our lines have fallen in pleasant places. We have abundance. Our people are on the whole prosperous. It is true we suffer like all countries from the evils of our age, because it is impossible to escape

the operation of universal laws. But we claim to have here a realization of the Horatian lines:

auream quisquis mediocritatem  
diligit, tutus caret obsoleti  
sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
sobrius aula.

The greatest happiness of the greatest number is secured by the avoidance of extremes and if we have no very great individual fortunes, so we have no very great extended poverty to balance them. When we, therefore, gratefully take part in Thanksgiving services let us at the same time resolve to do our utmost to be worthy of the mercies we have received and to hand down to our sons our national escutcheon unshaken, our country undiminished, and our flag unvanquished.

### The Cost and the Profit of Liberty.—I.

THE cost is certainly great. Every step in the progress of a nation to full liberty costs. The development of Canada shows that. Its public expenditure, when the executive was independent of the popular branch of the Legislature, amounted to a mere trifle. With responsible Government came more taxation. Confederation widened our liberty but increased our expenditure. When we undertake all the responsibilities of a nation a demand will be made for new outlays. Quite true, but who would vote for going back to a military régime, or to the Constitution of 1791, or to the days of the Family Compact, or to the condition of isolated Provinces, separated from each other by hostile tariffs? So, to shrink from sharing the responsibilities as well as the privileges of full nationhood, is to prefer slavery or dependence to the freedom of manhood. The only questions to be considered are: (1) Will it cost us less to incur the responsibility alone or in alliance with the wealthiest Empire in the world? (2) Will it be more natural to share the cost with our Mother Country or with a foreign nation?

The example of Canada shows that liberty costs. The example of the United States is even more telling, because it has attained full liberty. The first cost was prodigious in blood and treasure. For years the land was drenched in blood. The paltry tax which occasioned the War of Independence would not have amounted to one-thousandth part of the expense of the war. Thereafter, the cost of the Federal and State Governments greatly exceeded the expenditure of colonial days. The United States found it necessary to have a fleet, and the war of 1812-15 proved its efficiency. Britain at the time was the acknowledged mistress of the seas, and while every one believed that the United States land forces could over-run and capture Canada, no success was looked for on the ocean. But the men-of-war that had swept the navies of France and Spain out of existence found different metal in their kinsfolk. By designing its ships on sound principles, by building them of the best material, by arming them with a greater weight of metal, and giving them guns of longer range, and by providing more numerous crews and first-rate sharpshooters on the fore top, the United States gained glory where failure would have been no disgrace. Then came the final struggle, from 1861 to 1865, for freedom from the slave power. Then, as Lincoln put it, for every dollar wrung from the bondman's unrequited labour for two hundred and fifty years, God exacted another dollar and more. The cost was incalculable, but it had to be incurred. The government of the world is conducted on just principles, and these will be vindicated. What is the United States now paying for the necessary expenses of nationhood? Its annual military and navy expenses are \$80,000,000, and it also pays out \$140,000,000 to some 900,000 pensioners, though more than 30 years have gone since Lee surrendered his army and Jefferson Davis tried to escape in petticoats. No one seems to think the amount excessive, either. If we were part of the United States, what would our share of this expenditure come to? To \$17,000,000, annually, as we are one-thirteenth of their population. As it is, a Canadian pays about one-seventeenth of what his neighbour considers necessary for national unity and national honour. Yet the United States has no possible enemy on land, and no colonies or dependent races outside its own continent to care for.



That is what our next-door neighbours consider their freedom worth, and they would pay twice as much rather than be "a dependency." The fact that they are able to pay it so easily shows their wealth as well as their spirit, and shows that liberty has a magic power of opening out new channels of development, formerly unsuspected. The disproportion is actually greater than 17 to 1, because every State in the union has, in addition, a militia force, in some cases admirably equipped, whereas in Canada the whole military outlay is borne by the Federal Government. What is the explanation of this startling disproportion? Is it that our neighbours are seventeen or twenty times as rich as we? Impossible. Have we not been told, by the highest authorities, that we are prosperous, while they are suffering under financial depressions. Is it that they are spending too much? They are the best judges on that point, and they do not think so. On the contrary, both parties are pledged to an increase of the navy and to additional coast defences, while an attempt to lessen the pension budget was speedily stopped; and even if not one dollar should be spent on pensions, our share of the war bill—in the event of our joining the States—would be six or seven millions annually, instead of one. No, the simple explanation is that we are "a dependency." Britain pays the bill for the whole empire, the bill, by the way, being less than that of the States, and when there is trouble on our Atlantic Coast or in Behring Sea, or in any part of the world where our sailors, travellers, traders or missionaries go we shout for British frigates and gun-boats, and at the same time point with pride to our "National Policy." If we separated from Britain, impelled by the instinct that a grown up people should be independent, what would the cost be? Let the example of the States, of the smallest European country, or of any one of the eighteen Central and South American Republics supply the answer.

Can this condition of things last? It cannot. Do we profit by it? We do not. What should be done? I shall try to answer this question in another communication, contenting myself at present with the remark that I am not going to propose an immediate annual expenditure for militia and naval purposes of twenty, or seventeen, or six, or even of two millions.

G. M. GRANT.

### Canada's Relation to Imperial Defences.

THERE are many people who would like to see Canada contribute something towards the maintenance of imperial defences. As a matter of sentiment, such a policy would meet with popular favour; but it is human nature to get all you can without paying for it; and the average voter in this respect is very human. At the same time it is difficult to see that we could be any better off, so long as Great Britain treats us as generously as she has done in the past, if we did add to our present burdens by making an annual grant to the British Exchequer for this purpose.

If, however, we cannot contribute money we can contribute men. The inhabitants of the Colonies are under existing regulations excluded from the British army and navy. Not long ago a British man of war, off Newfoundland, had to refuse a number of men who wanted to join the navy, and this incident has drawn attention in England to the fact that in the Maritime Provinces are to be found some of the best sailors in the world, and that many of these men, who wish to see service, have gone to the United States.

Would it not be a graceful act upon the part of our Government to make overtures to the British authorities with a view to having the regulations of the British army and navy altered so as to allow recruits to be enlisted at any rate in the Eastern portion of the Dominion? Such a course might appear a little inconsistent in view of the fact that we are spending money to encourage immigration; but it is a well-known fact that the Maritime Provinces have not increased in population, and that their young men do not migrate to the western part of Canada but to the neighbouring States. The presence of Canadians in the standing forces of the Empire cannot but tend to draw more closely together our relations with the Mother Country.

Colonel Otter is advocating the training of Colonial non-commissioned officers and men at Aldershot and other military schools in Great Britain. Might we not reciprocate in the matter of military training? We have, at Kingston, a mili-

tary college which has been acknowledged by the army authorities in Great Britain to afford as good, if not a better, training for army officers than can be obtained in the English training schools. Without increasing the machinery or the expenses a much greater number of pupils could be accommodated. But according to the terms of the act of Parliament, regulating the conduct of Kingston Military College, cadetships are limited to British subjects whose parents, or themselves, have resided in Canada for three years preceding candidature. If this restriction were removed the cadetships throw open to boys residing in Great Britain, and the commissions obtainable from this school increased in number, in course of time many English parents would see the wisdom of sending their sons to be trained for the Imperial Army in Canada instead of sending them to a "crammer" to be "coached" for Woolwich or Sandhurst at home.

Under the present system in England everything is staked upon competitive examinations. If the lad fails in this he is sent to the Colonies, often with disastrous results. If young Englishmen were to receive their military training in Canada, they would, at the same time, receive a broad education in acquiring knowledge of the country and making friends here, which, in the event of failure at the examination, would be of incalculable value, should they decide upon making their home in this country. This is the true solution of the farm pupil problem.

ERNEST HEATON.

### Manitoba and the National Policy.

NEARLY two years ago, in this journal, I predicted that the religious question would be foisted upon—or, to use a less offensive term, find its way into—Dominion politics in time, to cover up the real question at issue, tariff-for-revenue, during the coming elections. Although accused of too fertile imaginative powers at the time, we now find the Manitoba School question very much to the front and the National Policy very far behind, in fact hardly an issue.

In the face of this fact it is interesting to note that Principal Grant prefaces the first of his letters upon Manitoba Separate Schools with a dilation upon the immense resources of soil and climate of Manitoba and asks the question, "Why has Manitoba not advanced more rapidly?" Though he lingers lovingly round this once promising baby of material progress he is at last forced to rush off in answer to the petulant whimpers of this ill-favoured baby of religious strife. As we read we find that it is not long before he yields to the cries of this much-spoilt child and joins with the political nurses of Confederation in cuddling, cajoling, in fact bowing down to it, in the hope of returning to the first baby of material progress and save it from its rapidly approaching death. He cries wheedlingly, "Peace! Peace!" to this baby of religious non-religion, when history since Confederation shews there is no peace. In the meantime, as this historical apologising proceeds, the National Policy fixes its deadly fangs yet more securely in the throat of our fair Canada, and the once bright, bouncing baby of material prosperity fades, and soon, it would seem, must the apologists take a well-earned rest, and mourn with the bitter "might have been" over the graves of the once bright, happy hopes of our fair Dominion.

How long can Manitoba, and, indeed, the whole of Canada, continue to buy in a market at from thirty to forty per cent. dearer than the English market which they are controlled by and sell in?

How long can five million Canadians, scattered over a continent nearly as large as that of Europe, continue to bear the burden of education, enormous, however economically administered, with the extravagance of separate schools added to that burden?

How long can an agricultural country, for Canada is nothing but an agricultural country from end to end, bear the burden of being taxed in order to subsidize fleets, for the purpose of bringing the products of other countries in grossly unfair competition with their own products?

It is the last straw which breaks the camel's back. Upon one occasion, an old Scotch minister, when he heard of a certain bill before the British Parliament, stated "that he felt inclined to step into the middle of the street and swear oot loud." The last of these questions I have asked

would tempt him, or any thinking man, to climb on the housetops and swear permanently.

Archbishop Langevin, however, takes no interest in the bread and butter question of his flock. Whatever befalls, he informs us, he will not have Godless schools in Manitoba. We must be in a truly appalling plight here in British Columbia?

It is stated that to keep our Heavenly Father in Manitoba schools, the reverend gentleman sends degradation and ruin into thousands of Quebec homes in the shape of a lottery scheme, one of the most damnable of all forms of gambling.

It may not be out of place here to ask the Archbishop if he has been as active in getting God's word, the Bible, into Quebec homes as he has been in getting the devil in the shape of lottery tickets?

It is stated, also, that the public appropriation given to keep the schools in Manitoba in operation five days a week, was used to keep the schools open two days and the remainder used for the support of Roman Catholic churches. If this is true, it would seem that this lottery scheme is not so much to keep the schools in operation as to repair the deficit in priests' salaries caused by the withdrawal of the appropriation.

I have been asked to discuss this question upon the broad platform of national life, but all the national life we can see at present is the question of priests' salaries upon the one hand, and commercial stagnation, owing to the National Policy, upon the other.

It is an old saying that, if some men are given enough rope, they will hang themselves. Of this I am assured, that when the facts are brought before the Roman Catholics of Canada they will utterly repudiate any connection with the instigators of the present trouble and the vital questions of peace, efficient non-sectarian schools, and a sweeping away of the N.P., with its great crowd of suckers, will be taken up with a vigour that will astonish the unpatriotic priests of Manitoba.

Below the surface of Canadian life can be detected a strong current of condemnation of the present methods of handling the affairs of the Country, and I am not alone in the conviction that the present contemptible attempt to win the "solid Roman Catholic vote of Quebec" will fail. In Quebec will be found a deep-rooted discontent with the present pernicious system of restricting commerce, for they are tired of witnessing the continued exodus of their countrymen, and a very independent vote on the tariff-for-revenue ticket may be expected at the coming elections.

In Ontario will be found a much broader national spirit and a wider acceptance of the fact that nothing but a determined stand for political principles and economic administration will save Canada from becoming a second Newfoundland in financial history.

As for the Prairie Province she is shrewd enough to know that when the true facts of the present trouble become public property she will win friends. It cannot be doubted that Manitoba will maintain a firm stand.

It is true that a search over the political field does not reveal any leader who seems to have power to grapple with the present situation, but we can rest assured that the emergency will reveal the man. If rumour be true a voice from this Western Province, of no uncertain sound, will be heard in the Dominion Parliament after the next elections.

Truth, though beautiful in its simplicity, is, also, complex in its inter-ramifications. It is a gentle, winning mistress when faithfully and bravely followed, but bristling with countless retaliatory thorns when disobeyed. A school-boy might liken truth to a cat,—all right when stroked the right way, but mighty unpleasant when stroked the wrong way. We find truth in the law of compensation, "as we sow, so, also, must we reap." If we place our hand in the fire our hand is blistered. The tragic historian tells us that truth is an eternal stream dyed with the blood of nations.

Truth may be likened to the circle caused by dropping a stone into a smooth surfaced pool of water. The circle is ever differing in magnitude and locality, but it is always a circle. With this as an illustration we perceive we may have a little and a big truth, and from this we can legitimately deduce that if an individual quarrel means waste of energy, and, if continued, disaster, a national quarrel will bring precisely the same results.

If it is true that an individual quarrel can blast individual hopes it follows that a national quarrel can blast national hopes. If it is true that an individual must reap disaster if he sows it, it is, also, true that a nation must reap disaster if disaster is sown. If it is true that if individuals persist in fighting instead of living and working together they will starve, a nation will, if it persists in fighting instead of working, starve, and all the sophistries let loose by the powers of evil will not stay Canada being governed by this same law, and lack of public spirit and political cynicism will but hasten the reaping of what was sown during and since Confederation, and the crop we are sowing is national death and extinction.

THOMAS CHALMERS HENDERSON.

Abbotsford, B.C.

### The Valley of the Qu'Appelle.

AN October morning with the early sunbeams capering in a capricious flood of molten glory over the queer little zig-zag town of Qu'Appelle which attaches itself by one hand to the line of C. P. Railway, and with the other beckons you countrywards over billow-like waves of parched stubble, where day shadows play at hide-and-seek about tall stacks mounded upon prairie fields.

A pair of dancing horses gaily scampering over the brown trail whereon lagging birds flit: little rifts of colourless summer, frayed ends, as it were, of the fulness and song of the season fast fading away. And the driver? Such a rollicking Eye you never saw—he handles the ribbons with a graceful *abandon*; he hangs over the seat with a threatening suicidal ease, trolling out fragments of tune that fall and join in the passing breeze and is lost in the mad clatter of the horses' hoofs upon the roadway which is as hard as asphalt pavement.

A little bend here, a brave curve there, a decline further on; again a level stretch where the sunshine defies the shadows and the glory of the autumn day filters through and shames fur wrappings, stealing into the the heart and therein stirring all the pulses of emotion until you almost shout: "Oh, the North-West autumn! oh, the incomparable North West air!"

"Strath-Carroll." We are told it is a stopping place. Strath-Carroll! We repeat the mighty name with awe; we prepare our minds for family crests and posterns, for drawbridges and mailed knights, for *faive Judye's* shrouded in ivy bowers! We draw up at Strath-Carroll and the drawbridge is there; it spans a thread of water below the "castle." But the castle puts on no effete airs; it is whitewashed even to the apex of its thatched roof, and the family escutcheon is formed of an upturned washtub which reposes upon a postern leading to far-reaching pasture fields. The mailed knight was represented by a small boy just arrived at the dignified age of trowsers. But the *Judye faive!* She was there and no mistake.

She appeared at a side door just as the rattle of the wheels broke on Strath-Carroll, bearing in her plump arms a bundle of — mats! Her yellow-bronzed hair was coiled high above her shapely shoulders and through the flying dust her bared arms gleamed white and shining.

She shook the mats and her pretty head,  
"You're late again my lad!" she said.

And the rollicking Eye grew tender as well as thirsty, and while stooping from the drawbridge to drink from the stream, that pretty maid, still shaking the mats, heard whisperings that our time-shrivelled ears wot not of, and the slenderest thread of memory rose up dimming our eyes for the moment and made us forgive Her Majesty's mail the momentary delay.

On again and the trail begins to dip perceptibly. The blue-grey haze hovering and lifting itself in front of you, you say is a line of hills; but as you approach you marvel to find it is a broad lake; then the lake melts, and some sort of magic creeps into the view transforming the expanse, and your eyes meet a rim of horizon barring the illimitable beyond, and below you lies the valley of Qu'Appelle.

So startling comes the sight of the tiny town nestling cosily in the heart of the hills that your mind goes back with a bound to the awesome hours when, lighted by Aladdin's



wonderful lamp, you ventured into the mysteries. The rolicking Eye is the magician about to lead us to the wonderful cave. The "brakes" are adjusted to the wheels and we begin to go down, down, down. The road winds itself into a tangle of bush that darkens and deepens and leads you down, down, down. All at once you emerge from the decline and the trees, and find yourself in a level bit of roadway that isn't straight, and that dodges you, beginning nowhere and ending everywhere. The leaf of water lying motionless draws into its reflective depths pale green naves and dark green aisles that link themselves along the mountain side. The hills rise up and point and tower and multiply until the huge earth wall, overshadowing the little nestling town, seems like an army of brown giants frowning down upon intrusive footfalls.

Hark! A sound of music, and lo! from the hillside pours out a hundred horsemen, each bearing a blue, or yellow, or red flag. Astride gorgeously caparisoned ponies they come: Indian chiefs leading; their swarthy faces daubed with yellow ochre and vermilion dyes; the long black hair ornamented with gopher tails and prairie wolf teeth; gaudy beads and tinsel ornaments flashing in the sun; their bright blankets gracefully falling from beaded saddles, and the long lariats of shaganappy trailing upon the ground. Following these come various-sized boys, clad in uniform, the garments of to-day—the Caliban—the link that binds the savagery of the past to the civilization of the present. Whipping up the native ponies the cavalcade comes on, and following after comes a large wagon, "a democrat," blowing itself hoarse. It is the Indian Band from the Industrial School and we are told (in gaps of sudden stoppages between the lusty tooting of the big horn and the tiny, swarthy bugler blowing his fat cheeks into bladders) that "*Monseigneur* is coming: oui, vrainment, *Monseigneur* iss come."

Sure enough, down the bush-hedged hillside dash two outriders, and surrounded by his priests and seated in a handsome carriage comes *Monseigneur*. At his approach all heads are bared, every knee is bent to receive the blessing. A volley is fired, the little ponies rear and prance until the smoke clears, the procession falls into line behind the carriage of *Monseigneur* and the fascination of that scene draws us, enchains us, catches us, and we form a fragmentary thread of the human woof. The Eye deserts us here, but we keep bravely on. We glory in no red ochre and no resplendent feathers waggle above our bewildered brow, nevertheless we are atoms attracted, caught up and swallowed in the greater whole.

The trail winds its way along the sentinel hills, it curves itself above the chain of little lakes lying so still beneath us. The band is playing "*Vivat, vivat*," and the sound goes swinging and eddying up the broken hills from whence it is hurled back in a hundred echoes, falling sweeter and fainter and is lost in the meshes of the sunbeams following after. A sudden bend in the trail and as if by enchantment a cross appears in mid air before and above us. The glow of the autumn day envelopes the crest of the hill with a mist-like dimness, and there upon the battle-ground where a century of superstition sowed savage hate and rancour—there rose the sign manual of Peace! And the mind shrinks and grows weak, knowing its poor human weakness and meanness, ah, poor humanity with all its gaudy trappings and frippery becomes, a tawdry *shamed* thing in the presence of that divine Sign.

The sun was beginning to teeter upon its zenith, "like a falling star," when the white buildings of the Mission Industrial School broke on our sight. The windows blood-red blurs from the blinding sun, and upon the walls, through the hop vines which trailed along the verandah, a shadowed pattern was woven in tangled fantastic shapes, like an outline drawing by some elfin hand.

A well-known smiling face above broad shoulders appears in the open doorway. Father Hugonnard it is kneeling to receive his Archbishop, and around him grouped grey-shrouded forms, the Sisters, eight in number, their out-reaching hands breathing a wordless welcome, but at that instant, from two hundred children's throats, bursts a song of welcome. They welcome him, they the children of the savage *red-man* whose simple reason was steeped in the darkness of superstition so few short years ago; who:

"'Gainst form and order they their power employ,  
Nothing to build and all things to destroy."

The Indian Industrial School at Fort Qu'Appelle was opened in October, 1884. The reverend Father Hugonnard was appointed Principal of the school, two Sisters of Charity were placed in charge of the Home, and a farm instructor secured, who was to teach the Indian boys agriculture in theory and in practice. Accommodation for thirty boys was provided. A start was made with six (unwilling) pupils. The parents were suspicious, the times were troublous, rebellion was rife; the white man was looked upon as a usurper and an enemy, and a wave of doubt seemed to lift itself between the hope and the fulfilments of rescuing the savage children. The work called for tact, patience, firmness and a high degree of hope.

Those entering the school were generously supplied with food and clothing; the applicants were many, but having secured the bait the lads would slip slyly away to the camp, to once more take up the wild ways of their people. The effort of subduing the natural roaming instinct was indeed disheartening, but the young missionary did not despair. He would follow after his rebellious boys, coax, urge, reward and win them back, to perhaps find on his return with one detachment that another, during his temporary absence, had taken "leg bail," and a return march to the camps was again a necessity. Then the old squaws would haunt the school, squatting about the doors, bewailing the loss of their *papooses*, making demands, and following up such demands by wailing threats, which, however, were usually assuaged by a good dinner.

The little barbarians entering the school filthy, naked, hungry, idle, resisted the efforts of the good Sisters to whom the thankless task of cleaning the bodies and enlightening the fallow minds fell. They continued to decamp and it was deemed necessary to put down with a firm hand the spirit of roaming. The boys who came and were clothed and fed must remain. The first runaway lad would be made an example of. Agreeably to the usual plan, one day two lads were missing. The services of a North-West Mounted Policeman were called in—the well-known fear of the *red-skat* being sufficient to show the Indians there was no humour intended in regard to the rules of the school. The constable rode up to the tepee (the runaways were brothers) and asked that the lads be sent back to the school; the squaws denied the presence of the boys, but a bright black eye betrayed itself from the tepee skin cover, and the officer stooped to place a hand upon a suspicious looking bundle of rags. The trembling little culprit gave one wild cry of grief as he was lifted up—dead! Poor, timid, rebellious little heart, that, like a wild bird, broke its wing against prison bars.

Notwithstanding repeated defections, the school increased rapidly in numbers, and in 1886 it was found necessary to build a large wing. One hundred Indian boys were now settled and contented: they grew submissive and obedient as they realized the vast difference between their present surroundings and their past wandering life of the camp. The parents witnessed the happiness of their wild offspring, they saw them growing healthy, rugged and contented, and they found Christianity no barrier to filial affection—they began to look upon the white man as a friend.

The chiefs of the tribes (Assiniboines, Crees and Sioux) now clamoured to have the young squaws admitted to the school; old squaws came many weary miles bearing *papooses* in their arms, demanding the *Sinsapa* to make them "wise like the *Mconias* squaw!"

This was encouraging. The wing lately added was enlarged, other Sisters volunteered for the work, the rescue work, and in 1889 nearly two hundred children—of both sexes—were enrolled as pupils, and, fully equipped, had entered the world of civilized beings.

Carpenters, shoemakers, blacksmiths, bakers' shops were erected and a practical man placed in charge of each; these various trades were taught the boys, and, of course, agriculture as well.

The Indian girls were trained in household work; they were taught sewing, hand and machine knitting, spinning, weaving, etc., each work being performed under the eye and direction of a sister. The girls' work-room is fitted with a number of sewing and knitting machines; the play or recreation room has games, etc., arranged, and an organ where you would find, if you peeped in when the day is done, a quiet-faced nun, surrounded by a happy group, all joining in a general burst of song.

An immense garden lies below the buildings, known far and wide as "Father Hugonnard's garden." There the native wild fruits have been nursed and tended and grow in great profusion; strawberries, raspberries, currants, black, white and red, gooseberries, and plums; here giant vegetables are found and it is to "Father Hugonnard's garden" much of the fame of our root crop is due, for at the various Territorial and Manitoba fairs they have carried the palm in first prizes, year after year.

Not alone in horticulture does this mission school excel—the Indian children in competition with our boasted public schools rank not only side by side, but recorded are the names of the savage children of the plains interwoven, prize winners in writing, drawing, map-moulding, plain and fancy needlework, etc.—this, in a line with those of an hundred generations of civilized and cultured people. At this mission school is formed a brass band composed of Indian boys. Under competent instruction they have won a place of honour second to none; at the late Territorial fair winning *first place* in the "open to all competition" of Indian bands under patronage of the Governor-General, indeed it was this band welcomed His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen by the strains of the National Anthem on the opening of the Fair—a significant tribute indeed when tendered by the once wild children of the West. From the school those Indian children go out into the world redeemed members of a brave but wandering race. They have abandoned all the old savage wandering habits, having all the bravery and endurance of their type with the broader enlightenment, wisdom, and education of ours. The boys adopt the trades and pass into the future well armed for the battle of life; the girls are preferred as domestic servants to the foreign importation, being modest in demeanor, attentive and respectful, while they are strict and honourable in their morals. During my visit to this institution it was my privilege to be present at a musical and dramatic entertainment given in honour of His Grace the Archbishop.

The little dark skinned performers—painted little heathens less than four years ago—appearing before and *entertaining* a cultured audience brought up and born in the lap of refinement and education. It is incredible, but it is true. The plays were beautifully presented, one wee girl of just nine summers, "Justina" by name, showed wonderful dramatic ability. The native gift of oratory belongs to the Indian—it is his by a divine gift.

In the audience was *the raw article* too! A row of swarthy braves squatting upon the solid floor, enveloped in gaudy blankets, gewgaw brass ornaments; and their stolid, expressionless faces, turned to the children with some touch of parental pride that oozed through and defied hereditary disdain, they watched the performance with a dignified calmness that bespoke a well satisfied stomach!

The working plan of the institution is as follows: Half of each day is devoted to book lessons, half to the various trades there taught. The girls and boys have separate rooms for study and play, but it is like an enlarged family, each member has a separate pursuit and all pursuits tending to a common object. The dormitories are models of neatness and cleanliness, rows of brass-knobbed little beds, draped white and pure; class-rooms, play-rooms, bath-rooms, closets all white and shining. The gymnasium, which is fitted up with vaulting bars, swings, dumb-bells, etc., is also used as a concert hall.

It is a pretty sight when the dining-hall doors are thrown open and at touch of a bell, the children led by the teachers, come in single file from opposite sides. During the meals they are allowed to talk as much as they please, and what a chatter it is! What a babel of sound! The meal progresses, the larger girls and boys waiting on and satisfying the inner wants of the smaller. At one end of each of the eight long tables stands a sister, her busy fingers carving, cutting, distributing; two hundred little tongues going; two hundred little brown faces aglow with delight. The clatter of the dishes grows less, the clatter of the tongues louder, a touch of the bell again and instantaneously perfect quiet reigns. A few words of blessing pronounced (as at the beginning of each meal), and with perfect order the children troop back to the different rooms.

The chapel is built in the main building and in the third story; it is large, dim, awesome. There each morning mass is said, and it is a sight never to be forgotten to see

there in kneeling rows, before the Altar of Faith, those little savage ones—to hear them, as one voice, repeating the pleading prayer:

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive —."

Verily there is much to forgive, poor, robbed people! But what an exchange, what a payment! Education for ignorance, Christianity for unbelief, the Gospel with the divine promise.

Other denominational schools are doing a like good work—it has been my privilege to view the working order of the Fort Qu'Appelle Mission School only.

The Government of Canada has shown a wonderful foresight in the Indian policy, and its gigantic success redounds to the affectionate memory of a great mind and a great and good man—the late Sir John A. Macdonald.

MARY MARKWELL.

Regina, N.W.T.

\* \* \*

### Canada's Harvest Song.

*Dicite in psalm, et in his dicite psalm.*

Canadians join your voices  
In anthems loud and long,  
The land in peace rejoices  
With jocund harvest song.

Our fields so richly fallowed,  
Our lands so bravely tilled,  
Have had their increase hallowed,  
Our barns are more than filled.

A Western song comes soaring  
From out the fields of grain,  
Their boundless yield outpouring  
With wealth beyond contain.

With cheers our shores are ringing  
And shouts of joyful glee,  
The fishermen are singing  
They're back at home from sea.

The lumberman has floated  
By many a rapid stream,  
His mighty logs devoted  
To mast or ponderous beam.

The miner in the mountains  
And far off deep ravine,  
Has shown us the fountains  
Of glittering metal's sheen.

Thus all have done their duty,  
All working to one end,  
This land in all its beauty,  
'Tis ours to mar or mend.

Then chant your anthems proudly,  
To God your voices raise,  
Sing now, Canadians, loudly,  
And all His mercies praise.

R. E. K.

\* \* \*

### At Street Corners.

THERE is not a nicer man going than Jack Softley, only occasionally the milk of human kindness in him gets a little soured. I saw him the other morning at the corner of King and Yonge streets looking rather grim, and on my enquiring the reason of this unusual aspect he told me the following story:

"You know, old man, what a domestic creature I am. Well, Mrs. ——— (mentioning his wife), asked me to call at a store along here to enquire about the character of a servant girl. It was awkward, you know, but what could I do? Our kitchen had been suddenly vacated and Mrs. ——— couldn't go down, and an applying candidate for our situation had given the store-keeper as a reference. Well, I went to see the fellow—a fishy-eyed sort of customer—and begged him so far to oblige me as to tell me what he knew about Norah O'Shamus. And do you know, although I could see the beggar knew all about the matter in hand, he turned

on his heel with his turn-up nose in the air, and said, with a fine assumption of dignity, "I don't know anything about servant girls, my wife attends to that sort of thing."

I said, "O you'll get over that Softley, your fishy-eyed friend probably models himself on somebody, and he fancies that is the way his prototype would act." I told him of a few examples where the strongly marked character of a man impresses itself on all the persons in his employ. His managing man apes him, so do the clerks, and even the porters or errand boys catch the infection and wrap up parcels and sweep the warehouse as they suppose "the governor" would. "Now this fishy-eyed fellow probably copies some dignified man whose manner he can see, but whose character he cannot understand," I concluded.

Softley by this time was mollified, and we went together to see L. R. O'Brien's delightful water-colours at the back of Bain's shop. There are some very charming examples there, and both Softley and I wished that our purses were better fulfilling their office of holding money, in order that we might invest in some of these bright picture-treasures and carry them off to adorn our walls. I see, by the way, that cards are to be had at Mr. Bain's through which an open sesame to Mr. Dickson Patterson's studio is to be obtained, and Softley began to tell me of how he had seen a portrait of Judge Burton by that artist, which he much admired, at the rooms of the Society of Artists, on the occasion of their recent open evening.

I hear that Rev. H. H. Woude, minister of the Jarvis Street Unitarian Church, is giving consecutive lectures on Shakespeare to the teachers of the public schools. Mr. Woude is said to be a very competent Shakespearian scholar. His lectures are, I understand, well worth hearing, and enlivened by the exercise of a considerable faculty of dramatic reading.

I beg to suggest that some one adequate to the task should give the public school teachers a lecture or two on manners and deportment. There is a great lack of them in the rising race of Toronto public school scholars, and I think it arises in great part from the hazy notions on manners possessed by their teachers. While one would deprecate mere surface polish, it would be delightful if we could make our school mams and school misters into gentlewomen, and gentlemen.

Considering the number of office-buildings that have recently been erected in Toronto, it is not surprising that office accommodation can be had at a very cheap rate. I do not see how the scale of rents is to rise at present.

The persistent aqueduct-promoters who wish to make their stock productive by getting themselves and their project endorsed by the corporation of Toronto, should, in the interests of the city, be sent about their business at once. Some of those who formerly were considered to be adherents of the cause have severed their connection with it, but there are one or two aldermen, viz., Messrs. Leslie, Bates, Jolliffe, and perhaps another, who would apparently give away our water franchise for next to nothing, and who should be severely left alone at the coming civic elections. I am glad to see that the Trades and Labour Council is sound on this matter of civic franchises being vested in the city and not traded off for the benefit of private individuals.

This matter of the lake level going persistently down is a serious one not only for navigation, but on account of the danger to the city's water supply. If it goes on there will be a difficulty in getting water enough into the pumping well and the inhabitants will have to be put on short commons if we do not have to take to the water-carts and horns once more. Why does not the Government do something in the matter? If we are only suffering from the result of natural causes—which, by the way, nobody seems to understand—we shall probably get relief from the untoward conditions in a few months. If, on the contrary, the sinking

of the water results from injudicious action in unduly widening and deepening the lake's outlets to the sea, the sooner something is done to obviate the drain the better. But surely the best brains and experience in the country should be set to work on the problem.

The visit of the British Association in 1897 will be a great event, and it is greatly to be desired that Toronto may prove itself on that occasion to be an adequate host. If the meetings go off successfully they will be the biggest advertisement the city ever had. We ought to have a highly ornamental Mayor for that year, and it is to be hoped that one of the things we shall be able to show our visitors will be the best waterworks system on the continent. Our street-railway system cannot fail to meet with their approval, though I understand Mrs. Hall Caine said the other day that she considered it and the telegraph poles the only detriments to the city's perfection.

DIAGENES.

### Parisian Affairs.

**F**IXING the date for the death of the new Cabinet seems to be the chief occupation, or play, of the Opposition. Some give it eight, others thirty days. It is the thirty-seventh ministry since the foundation of the Third Republic—so appetite comes in eating. M. Bourgeois, the Premier, is a very popular man, clever, rich, and with an unblemished past—no small advantage in these *chéquier* times. He is a Radical, but not an iconoclast: as there are radicals and radicals. His ministry, doomed to death, but fated, perhaps, not to die. President Faure, in requesting M. Bourgeois to form a ministry may show that he has been wise in his generation. It is not bad to allow the advanced republicans to have their shuffle of the political cards. It will stir up hoary departments, and clear away many administrative cobwebs and much mouldiness. The electors will look on and judge if, in the matter of work, they are worse or better than their predecessors. The moiety of the present parliament's life has expired: nothing can be shown in the way of work, so the Radicals cannot do worse than that at their best. But M. Bourgeois can do a great deal of good, and place his opponents in a fix by placing on the order of the day several vital measures that the deputies prefer to shirk. He can compel legislators to vote and so let their constituencies do the rest. He will propose the long-kept-back Income Tax bill, with a progressive poundage. The country is in favour of that solution for the confused state of the nation's finances. He will not touch the present commercial régime, but he will see that the peasant land owners, numbering six millions, shall not be subjected to any differential taxation.

Respecting other knotty points, the Madagascar question is of importance. If "annexed," and deputies are swinging round to that solution, the war may recommence, and foreign governments with treaty rights will object. It would necessitate the formal occupation of Egypt by England, who, in any case, may be there viewed as a fixture. Russia does not like either Radicals or Liberals, but her relations with France will not be less cordial on that account. However, all is very chaotic about foreign questions just now. England is being well laughed at and twitted upon her isolation: "Thou has wished it George Dandin." Continentals are jubilant at the fall there, my countrymen. She has waked up, perhaps, from her Rip Van Winkle sleep; after rubbing her eyes, will she have the sense to play the fox, and let events slide, while vigilantly following them, and keep arming herself to the teeth? She has happily escaped from the Armenian alliance with Russia and France, and must cease to play policeman for the world; let her do as do the others; her opportunity will come; but she must tread cautiously. The coming smash in the Turkish Empire will not unite all the Powers unanimously; for, despite alliances, and unco. cealed hate of England, each is playing for its own hand. Let her prove true to herself and nothing can make her rue. But she must arm on sea and land with a Robinson Crusoe bloated fulness of armament. In due time she will be able to make the responsible parties pay for the music. If she cannot be respected—make herself feared; aiding herself, heaven will, of course aid, and the world will note her "new departure." And she has no time to lose. She can moderate the coming blaze.

The Carmaux strike is a deplorable mess; since six months 800 strikers have been living on trade fund help. The government has taken the initiative to arbitrate; that step ought to have been adopted long ago. At present it appears to be too late. The men originally struck, not on a demand for augmented wages or reduced labour hours, but to dictate their will on a point that really involved the handing over of the government or the management of the manufacturing to the hands. The company met, replied by a lock out, and a stern refusal to reject such usurpation. The director lost no time, he engaged hands all over France, and in time lit three furnaces; the others will follow as the injured business will find fresh clients. The company declines arbitration, as the law sanctions no such settlement as to permit the hands to control the management of the works; and under no account will it dismiss the new employees, whose timely help enabled the company to rescue its property and capital from ruin. The dispute has been aggravated by extreme politics being mixed up with the quarrel.

People would do well to note the verdict of Switzerland, the result of the *Referendum* vote just recorded against the intended law, to centralize the military forces of the Cantons. There are twenty-two of the latter of unequal size, but representing a total area of the Republic of about 20,000 square miles; the population is three millions, seventy-one of whom speak German, twenty-one French, and the remainder Italian, plus Romanshe in the Grisons. Each Canton prides itself upon having its own independent administration. The Cantons form a parliament consisting of a national council of 145 members, and a council of state of forty-four members. United, these constitute the Federal Assembly; the latter elect seven members to form the Federal Council or Executive. Be it observed, *en passant*, this was the plan proposed for France after her defeat by Emile Girardin, who hounded his countrymen to make the 1870 war with the cry, "A Berlin!" When the Legislature votes a law it cannot be proclaimed till referred to the manhood vote of all the Cantons, to accept or reject, by the absolute majority. In 1874, though each Canton had its own military contingent, it was agreed in the interest of the commonweal, to centralize the cantonal forces by according some of their cantonal rights to the Federal Assembly, in order to better utilize the Republic's total army of 300,000 men. But the Assembly desired to have the unrestricted control of the total army; the Cantons now kicked; they were going to be simply converted into military prefectures. A majority of 77,000 votes decided, on Sunday last, not to alter the 1874 law of partial centralization; only five out of the twenty-two Cantons supported the innovation. But the vote has another significance, perhaps the true one; the electors saw in the demand the beginning of centralizing all the institutions of the country—banks, railroads, provident institutions for the poor, and the worn out army of the labouring classes. Each Canton will then retain its autonomy.

The costermongers of Paris, 63,000 in number, who live by hand-cart selling of vegetables, fruit, meat, etc., have formed a syndicate; they pay a small tax to the city and receive a brass medal with a perforated number in exchange. But there are costermongers and costermongers. Another section of them, with a basket on each arm, go about from door to door, selling fruit, vegetables, poultry, cheese, game, fish, etc., as "bargains." They rise in time to own a hand-cart and may ultimately set up a green-grocer shop. Now, that nomadic tribe has solicited the Prefect of Police to tax them to be allowed to form a syndicate and to be supplied with that *open sesame*—a perforated medal.

The death of the Duchesse de Pomar, and by second marriage, Countess of Caithness, at the age of sixty-five, from asthma, deprives the Spirit and Unseen Worlds of their priestess. She was a Creole, and so beautiful; the Duc was a rich Spaniard, who received that title from the Pope. The Countess boasted that she passed a great deal of her time conversing with the great departed; she had a boudoir specially arranged in which she chatted with Mary Queen of Scots; then she dressed always to resemble the unfortunate queen, and called her mansion in Paris "Holyrood House." Being extremely rich, "her toilette was chiefly composed of diamonds." She had no end of flatterers. She was charitable also, and encouraged all "Spirits"; her salons were more crowded than select, but always worth a visit. She did no harm, and amused a great many. May she be a Mahatma.

Z.

## Montreal Affairs.

AN interesting personal letter from E. W. Thomson to George Iles has been published in a New York literary publication, in which the writer of "Old Man Savarn" makes the somewhat startling declaration that there is no such thing as a French-Canadian dialect. He says:

"When you reflect on the so-called French-Canadian dialect of English, you will perceive that it is not a dialect, but simply broken English, varying as to correctness according to the acquaintance of the individual with a language which is not his mother tongue. A dialect of English, such as the Scotch, or Irish, or Yankee, or that of the Tennessee mountaineers, is, I take it, some well-established form of the language, common to a multitude of people bred similarly and mostly living in one district. It is a local language, varied little in its usage by those nurtured in it. But French-Canadian English varies with almost every user; its degrees of correctness range between the exquisite literary English, slightly modulated by French tones, that is spoken by such finished orators as Mr. Laurier or Mr. Chapleau, and the scarcely intelligible English of a habitant beginning to practice in the foreign tongue. Here is no local fixed form of English; here is no dialect; here is nothing but a great variety of cases of broken English, in some of which the language is spoken with perfect facility."

Strictly speaking the point is well taken, but while technically there may be no French-Canadian dialect of English, practically there is. The French-Canadian who approaches the mastery of the English, by purely conversational methods, without the help of lexicon or grammar all make the same amusing errors of pronunciation and construction, so that two men living five hundred miles apart, with about the same experience in speaking English, use precisely the same style of expression. More than this, river men, woodmen, and labouring men generally, who have no occasion to try to learn English until grown up, rarely get beyond a certain point, and the result is that in those portions of Ontario and Quebec where the two races meet there is to all intents and purposes a dialect. In this same letter Mr. Thomson says that Mr. Howells is in error in giving William MacLennan credit for being the pioneer in writing stories of the French-Canadian people. That honor, Mr. Thomson says, belongs to Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, a Vermonter, whose French-Canadian Antwine, in "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovell's Camps," is, says Mr. Thomson, perfectly represented as to his racial peculiarities, his broken English, and his individuality, which is one of the most lively and amusing, I venture to say, in American literature.

Though the appointment has not yet been officially gazetted, Mr. Robert S. White is Collector of Customs not in prospect but in fact. Bearing in mind that it is the custom in Canada to fill these positions with men whose services to the party in power have been valuable, there can be no criticism of this appointment. Mr. White will make, without doubt, a conspicuously efficient collector. The merchants of the town, however, tried hard to get the position for Mr. O'Hara, the Assistant Collector, who, during the past three years, has given great satisfaction by his efficient administration as acting-Collector; and forwarded a strongly worded petition to Ottawa in his behalf. It was not to be, however.

Miss Lily Barry, who, for some years, has been an associate editor of *Once-a-Week*, now *Collier's Weekly*, of New York, has taken up her residence here and will engage in journalistic work. She is under engagement to supply a series of articles on Canadian matters to *Harper's Bazar*. Miss Barry is a Canadian, coming originally from Ottawa.

A book in which Montreal—that is literary Montreal—is somewhat interested is the "List of Books for Girls and Women and their Clubs." It is edited by George Iles, formerly of this city, and Mrs. Reynolds, and is published for the American Library Association Publishing section by the Library Bureau, Montreal, and was the result of a request by the President of the Montreal Woman's Club for assistance in choosing a library. The book gives a list of books in fiction, biography, history, travel and exploration, fine art, music, geology, botany, chemistry, philosophy, psychology, economic, social and political economy, in all embracing about 2,100 volumes, with brief comments. Each of these departments has been edited by a specialist. Three of these special editors are Montrealers. The fiction section, the most important one, covering forty pages, was done by "A reviewer for the Nation," in other words, Mrs. John E. Logan, of this city. Prof. J. Clark Murray supplies Philosophy and

Prof. Penhallow, Botany. The department of belles lettres and poetry is edited by G. Mercer Adam, formerly of Toronto. The book is therefore largely Canadian. Valuable appendices give hints for the formation and an outline constitution of a Girl's Club

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## Art Notes.

I HAVE before me as I write a reproduction in photogravure of what is perhaps the finest of Millais' portraits—that of Mr. Gladstone. The statesman is represented in his D.C.L. gown. The head is turned towards the spectator at an angle with the body which almost makes it appear that he is looking over his shoulder. The right hand is resting on a book, which is supported upon the knee. Only the upper portion of the figure is included in the picture, so that it is what is commonly known as a half-length. So much for the composition of the picture; but what is much more difficult to describe is its superlative qualities as a masterpiece of painting, and as a presentment of an extraordinary personality. I am looking forward to the pleasure of reading Mr. Castell Hopkins' book about Gladstone, and I shall be curious to see if, after its perusal, I have a more complete grasp of the significance of this intellectual giant than I have after tracing the lineaments of his face as depicted by Millais. Certainly it was a happy fate that decreed that this leader of men should be painted by an artist whose skill would present to the world a noble image of his subject. So many masterful men whose intellectual powers has shaped the destiny of nations have passed into the inane, leaving behind them no graven or painted record of their physical aspect. Or perhaps the case is still worse; they have left an incredible record, a dubious portrait. I sometimes think that it had been better if Shakespeare—the physical Shakespeare—had been left entirely to our imaginations than that he should be libelously hinted at in some two or three (probably posthumous) entirely respectable, but utterly common-place, portraits. I am a firm believer in the doctrine that intellectual force shows itself in the features of the face or in the general conformation of the head; and the pictures of the poet, while they may perhaps indicate truthfully the cut of his beard, are but faded and feeble pictures of the head which was the seat of such inspired mental activities.

In the course of the artists' career as a portraitist he has painted a vast number of notables; and not being quite such an epicurean as Watts, nor so exclusively devoted to the portrayal of masculine humanity as Holl, he has ranged over an extensive field of character and type. His versatility is undeniable; his little Lady Bettys and Lady Gladyses are as sweet and winsome as his statesmen and lawyers are imposing and dignified. No sitter comes amiss to him. His picture of his friend Hook, the marine painter, is amongst his finest productions. The genial painter is represented standing, palette in hand, clad in a Norfolk jacket of coarse texture and pronounced check. The head is admirably modelled; the movement is natural, and the painting is singularly free and bold. How often those portraits are the most successful which are done for friendship's sake!

E. WYLY GRIER.

## MR. L. R. O'BRIEN'S WATERCOLOURS.

In the little gallery behind Bain's bookshop, Mr. L. R. O'Brien has gathered together a goodly array of watercolours, extending over a number of years and a variety of subjects.

No. 19, "Yale, British Columbia," and the two called, respectively, "Lake Louise" and "Kicking Horse Pass," are the earliest of the series, and the "Yale," to my mind, is the best of the trio. They all belong to what may be called the Rocky Mountain period of Mr. O'Brien's development. In fact it was the Rocky Mountain period of much Canadian landscape, when the far West was first brought within appreciable distance by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the imagination of the landscape painters was fired by the ambition to paint the unpaintable; the unpaintable, at any rate, in watercolours or without the genius of Turner. George Meredith epigrammatically remarks, through the medium of one of his people, "Barriers are for those who cannot fly."

Happy the man who, not being endowed with wings, realizes the limitations of things. Mr. O'Brien has made a gallant leap for it, but he has not succeeded in getting over the wall. His failure, however, is three parts success. His faithfulness and loving care for truthful record of facts seen and known, in those Rocky Mountain pictures, should strongly appeal to those whose minds work, as it were, from the details to generalities.

From the "Yale" and its companion pictures one passes to several others in which the interest is not artistic, but topographical and antiquarian. One knows so well the polite interest of the enquiry, "And where is that?" accompanied by a smile and explanatory wave of stick or umbrella. Mr. O'Brien's "Rye" and "Canterbury" fully answer the question and satisfy the craving for exact knowledge. But they do more, and in the "Canterbury" especially a personal and decorative note is struck, which adds infinitely to the value of the composition in the tall poplar trees, their stiff lines striking through the picture. I should not feel in the slightest degree dissatisfied, if I knew there never were any poplar trees near Canterbury. And, in the "Rye," the skill in handling complicated surfaces is remarkable and happy.

But Mr. O'Brien's interests have changed. In his later work he seeks more for the decorative and atmospheric aspect of things. He has descended from the topographical and panoramic to a simpler line and a homlier choice of subjects—subjects which might be anywhere, barring the necessary essentials of character, which are nowhere in particular, but, partaking of wider elements, are everywhere. Mr. O'Brien is now searching for the larger aspects of nature and in this appeals to a more artistic understanding, a more general cultivation.

No. 6, "Wind and Weather," is the last example wherein is realized with force and directness the passing mood of a gusty day. Mr. O'Brien no longer encourages the vanity which cares for pictures in proportion to the number of its own ideas it finds in them. With an absorbing earnestness and powers acquired by long training he is striving to express his convictions of the value, as a foremost value, of pictorial qualities. It is this "impressionistic" note, if I may use a term to many ears of frightful import, which enhances the value of his later work. In this subjective mood he will show to many people what they have never seen before. He will open their eyes to the rich colours left by the retreating tide on stone and sand, to masses of foliage silhouetted against the sky, to the sun or grass, to the pleasant line, to sea and shore.

HARRIET FORD.

On next Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock, the medals and certificates, won by students at the Spring examination of the Central Ontario School of Art and Design, will be presented at the Toronto Art Gallery.

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I had a little chat with Mr. Mansergh the other day just before he left Toronto for Chicago, where he will inspect the new drainage canal and make acquaintance with the metropolis of the West. Mr. Mansergh expressed himself as highly pleased with Toronto and its neighbourhood. He goes away seized of all necessary information as to our water problem, and his report, which, I suppose, will come early in the new year, will be looked for with intense interest.

I have been buttonholed half a dozen times by friends who are anxious to get my support for the civic reform scheme which has sprung complete in a few nights from the brains of a few earnest and able, though rather imaginative, men. But the worst of it is that a satisfactory civic system cannot be evolved in that speedy way. If it could we shouldn't have the past history of this continent dotted all over with the failures of municipal government. There is but one way to improve civic government and that is to improve the electorate. The outcome of the present effort will probably be the extending of the aldermanic term of office to two years, though three would be better, with a proper proportion retiring every year. In this way some continuity of civic purpose might be counted upon.

DIOGENES.



## Music and the Drama.

A GREAT many professional musical people, actors and actresses, should never marry. This I firmly believe. The papers have constantly accounts of divorces and re-mariages, and they are becoming shockingly common. How many artists are we not all familiar with through frequently seeing their names in the papers, who have two or three divorced wives or husbands, as the case may be, and all living? I believe I could name a dozen at this moment. Perhaps the nature of their calling has something to do with this; travelling, appearing in public so much, and all that, which destroys domesticity and consequently real affection. Be this as it may, it is deplorable for many reasons.

I fully intended going to hear a Service of Praise in the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., but not having a programme at the time it entirely slipped my memory. Besides several choruses and quartettes, and solos by the choir and members thereof, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Henderson, gave an address on "The Psychology and Power of Music," and also one on several favourite hymns and the circumstances attending their composition. The programme is before me now, and it is a most interesting one. I am told that the addresses were excellent, and that the choir, under Mr. Frederic Warrington's leadership, never sang with more truthfulness of expression and spirit. Splendid voices, among which being several well-known soloists, such as Miss Ethel Shepherd, Mr. J. M. Sherlock, Mr. F. Warrington, the choir-master, and others, constitute the chorus, and with a good organist (Mr. Arthur Blakeley) and clever leader, it is only natural to suppose that the singing would be of a superior order.

On the same evening the choir of the Church of the Redeemer (Mr. Walter H. Robinson, choir-master) gave a most interesting concert which was much appreciated by a large audience, but I was not present, so can give no impressions of my own. The reputation of the choir is the best, however; of this I am certain. One Sunday evening in the early summer I heard it, and at that time the singing was spirited and musically effective, although several of the members were not present. It should be even better now, for Mr. Robinson is a conscientious, exacting drill-master, and aims high.

America seems to be well supplied with great violinists at the present time, three being Marsick (who plays here with Miss Augusta Robinson in the Massey Music Hall next Tuesday evening), Ondricek, and Rivarde (who appeared at the Foresters concert on the 19th). These are three eminent soloists, and what with Paderewski, Joseffy, and Bloomfield-Zeiser, it looks as if the country would not suffer for pianists either. I am glad to know that the latter great artist is to be here during the winter, she having been engaged by the officers of the Mendelssohn Choir to play at their concert in February. Fannie Bloomfield is one of the greatest pianists living, and plays with intense impetuosity. She has the power and brilliancy of Carreno. This is praise indeed, because the latter two artists have long since been regarded as in the very front rank of great players. That Bloomfield will make a great success here I have not the slightest doubt, and I am delighted to know of her engagement.

W. O. FORSYTH.

The concert given in the Massey Hall on the 14th inst. attracted a large and brilliant audience. The artists who took part were all more or less familiar to the Toronto public, and the large number of recalls given served as a sufficient proof that the expectations of the auditors were realized. Mr. H. M. Field opened the programme with the first movement from Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 53 (the Waldstein sonata, not Op. 52 as stated), while later on he played compositions by Chopin, Sapellnikoff and Liszt. His rendering of these numbers, though at times rather pedagogic than poetical, was marked by clearness and brilliancy of execution as well as by great delicacy in the lighter compositions, particularly in Chopin's Berceuse, Op. 57. The numbers were also for the most part well chosen, though the remaining movements of the Waldstein sonata would have fallen much more grate-

fully on many ears than did that intolerable bore, the fourteenth rhapsody of Liszt. Dr. Carl E. Duff's fine voice was heard to advantage in Massenet's "Vision Fugitif," but the other songs chosen by the artist were unworthy of his powers. Mme. Klein gave as her principal number the aria "More Regal in his low Estate" from the "Queen of Sheba," and succeeded in deepening the favourable impression she produced when heard here last winter. She was encored after each appearance. In a smaller hall, which would not make such exorbitant demands on mere strength of voice, Mme. Klein would be heard to still greater advantage. Of Mme. Lillian Blauvelt there is little new to record. As usual she delighted the ears and the eyes of everyone, giving pleasure even when singing indifferent music. Of her rendition of the beautiful aria "Connais tu le pays?" from "Mignon" it is scarcely possible to say too much, for anything nearer perfection can hardly be imagined. It was absolutely entralling, a dream of delight never to be forgotten. So difficult was it to shake off the spell of this number that the remainder of the concert became almost a blank.

Last Friday evening Mr. Reehab Tandy, the newly-appointed professor of voice culture and singing in the Toronto Conservatory of Music, gave a song recital in the music hall of that institution, assisted by other members of the Conservatory staff. The long and exacting programme, including numbers in many different styles, gave Mr. Tandy an opportunity of displaying to advantage the large compass and great power of his robust tenor voice. The recital was evidently much enjoyed by the large audience present.

The concert given in the Massey Hall on Tuesday evening, in honour of the Congress of Foresters, drew a very large audience. The Society had, with commendable enterprise, secured the services of Achille Rivarde, violinist, supported by Aime Lachaume, pianist, Agnes Thomson, soprano, and James F. Thomson, baritone. M. Rivarde proved himself a splendid violinist. His tone is fine, and his execution superb, the most difficult passages being played with apparent ease, and with the greatest clearness and accuracy. It is as an artist, however, rather than a virtuoso, that he deserves praise; not that he is at all lacking on the technical side, but because his playing is characterised by pronounced honesty, and is entirely free from trickery. His soundness as a musician was also shown by the admirable character of the selections played, though it is greatly to be regretted that, owing to the evident preference of many of the audience for lighter music, the Bach and Beethoven numbers were omitted. The selections played included two movements from Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor, a fantasia on Russian airs, by Wieniawski and Grieg's Sonata in G minor, the latter composition being performed in conjunction with M. Lachaume. The pianist rendered, in addition, two movements from the "Moonlight" sonata of Beethoven and some shorter pieces, all of which were played with much feeling and brilliancy. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson were greeted with loud applause. Mrs. Thomson's voice has lost none of its sweetness and is under excellent control, though unfortunately, on this occasion, her intonation was not always perfect. Mr. Thomson sang in a broad, vigorous style, displaying a voice of good quality. In "Honour and Arms," though comparison was naturally provoked with the rendition of many eminent vocalists, Mr. Thomson won a commendable measure of success.

On Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., a Musical Thanksgiving service was held in the Church of the Redeemer. The choir rendered Dr. Garrett's "Harvest Cantata" and "Lift up your Heads," from the "Messiah." Much credit is due to the choir-master, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, for the very satisfactory manner in which the choruses were sung.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

The Metropolitan School of Music, Ltd., gave its opening pupils' concert for this season in the Masonic Hall, Queen street west, on Tuesday evening of last week, in the presence of a very large and enthusiastic audience. Taken as a whole the entertainment was a model of excellence, the selections given being of a most judicious and admirable

character, and if ambitious they were well within the powers of the executants. That is a point worthy of note, and indicates good judgment as well as good taste. Teachers represented on the programme were the Music Director, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, piano; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, Mrs. Klingenfelf and Mrs. A. B. Jury, vocal; Mr. Heinrich Klingenfelf, violin, and Miss Lauretta A. Bowes, elocution. In the matter of piano playing, pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth have in the past so well established that gentleman's reputation as a teacher of the most artistic qualifications that much may be taken for granted so far as the concert under notice is concerned. The Misses A. M. Helmer, Ruby E. Preston, Mus. Bac., and Ethel Martin were the pianists. They differed materially, not so much as regards finish but in character of performance, and therein was to be observed that the inherent powers of each pupil had been developed along the lines of natural tendency; individuality was preserved where desirable, with the consequence of giving a variety which was most interesting. It was a disappointment that Miss Millie Evison, another pupil of Mr. Forsyth, was prevented by illness from appearing, as that young lady's playing has won her a reputation which specially drew a considerable portion of the audience. The vocal department of the Metropolitan was splendidly represented. Miss Mabel De Gier and Mr. Adam Dockray, pupils of Mr. Robinson, created a most favourable impression by the artistic excellence of their work. Miss Maymie Harrison, pupil of Mrs. Klingenfelf, sang with much charm of intonation and facility of execution, and Miss Maggie Laidlaw, pupil of Mrs. Jury, gave abundant evidence of good natural gifts being well directed. Among the most pronounced successes of the evening was the violin playing of Mr. Heinrich Klingenfelf's pupils, Mr. Chas. Wagner and Mr. J. H. McDunnough. The former played with a wealth of beauty and tone which indicated the true artist in embryo; the latter commands a fine technic and fairly carried away his audience with the brilliancy of his work. In Miss Violet F. McNaughton the Metropolitan School of Music possesses a pupil reader with a great variety of attractions, including a very graceful and pleasing personality and evidently good natural histrionic ability, which, under Miss Lauretta A. Bowes' teaching, gives much favourable promise.

\* \* \*

### Recent Fiction.\*

"SIBYLLA" is a story of a very fine girl whose worth Charles Montcalm does not find out till he has been married to her for some months. He is absorbed in politics and attracts Sibylla through the strength of his character. After marriage she is not sufficiently taken into his confidence, he keeps back from her some matters connected with his disreputable brother, which he fancies would not concern her, and they begin to drift apart. It is only temporary, however, and leads him to a much better appreciation of her, and a deeper love for each other on both sides. Their characters are well drawn and the versatile Mr. Amersham is an interesting study. The description of him, politics being more of a game for him than, as with Montcalm, the business of life, reminds one in part of the late Randolph Churchill.

He took to politics—(this is when fresh from college)—as to a natural element. His first public speech, trenchant, audacious, amusing, showed the true oratorical touch. Such gems are not allowed to blush unseen in the ocean solitudes of modern politics, as he was soon provided with a seat. Taking the tide of fortune at the turn, he had carried society and parliament by storm, and established his position as the rising politician of the day—risen, indeed, and, though still not far from the horizon, bound for the zenith. Good judges admitted him to the select list of impressive speakers—fluent, ready, resourceful—capable, at the right moment, of real eloquence. His method was audacious, but he justified his audacity. Old parliamentary onlookers held their breath, when this modern David came cheerfully out and essayed battle with Goliaths, tall in stature, and formidable with the prestige of a hundred victories. But David's smooth stones were aimed with no faltering hand, and the Goliaths grew uneasy when he invited them to single combat. While he was posing as a Tory he would calmly propound doctrines at which staunch Radicals winced, as revolutionary. His was, he explained

gravely, the modern, the progressive, the Democratic Conservatism, the most truly Conservative of all.

He is fascinated for a time by Sibylla and her worth becomes apparent in her dealings with him. The dialogue which Amersham carries on with some of the butterflies of Society is witty, and the repartee at times delightful. A good answer to an insulting question during a political meeting is put to Montcalm's credit:

"We are here for politics. I am here to explain my political views; you are here to learn them, and to ask such questions as will help you to do so. Such questions I am answering to the best of my power. You are in your rights. But I refuse to be insulted. I refuse to answer questions whose one object is to insult—questions which have no sort of bearing on public affairs—which it is base to ask, and which it would be infamy to answer."

"Under God's Sky" we confess to having found a difficult book to get through. The scene is laid in Marland, a factory district near Manchester, with Rhoda Winbourne—a daughter of a kind but agnostic London doctor whose views she has inherited—for central figure. We are inclined to consider Phenice Heywood, a native of Marland, as the best drawn character in the book. The plot, a slight one, is confused and not very interesting. The story has a prologue, which appeared to have nothing to do with the story till the very end, and the head and tail might be chopped off with no great disadvantage. The relationships of some of the characters are still not very clear to us, though it is on these that the plot is supposed to turn, and we have no inclination to look them up for scrutiny. In short, though some of the scenes are dramatic, and the dialogue in parts natural and easy, the book as a whole is too heavy and too long.

Six stories, all of about the same length, go to make up "A Bachelor's Christmas," and they are a great contrast to "Under God's Sky." Robert Grant's charming, easy style is well known to all readers of THE WEEK, and they will enjoy these bright tales. They are not sensational, nor are they pictures of slum life anywhere, nor are they dialect stories so much in vogue all of them at present, but cheery incidents for the most part, with a strong dash of humour in them. It is difficult to say which is the best, we enjoyed them all, "An Eye for an Eye," and "Richard and Robin" are tragical, but in the others the comic element is in the ascendant. That which gives its name to the book is as good as any. A middle-aged bachelor determines to have as gay a Christmas as possible for once, after he has distributed presents to all his numerous relatives and found how they are going to enjoy themselves. He invites to a dinner and dance all the old bachelors and maiden ladies of his acquaintance whom he cares about. With one of them he was in love some years previously, but had fancied his affection was unreturned. This proves to have been a misunderstanding and the obvious denouement is prettily told. "In Flytime" pictures Tom Nichols vainly trying to escape a Fourth of July celebration by taking an abandoned farm, and narrates how his rest was broken into by a balloon, which he tries to anchor for the sake of the aeronauts. He clutches the rope they let down and feels as if he had seized a comet by the tail:

In an instant the abandoned farm awoke to action. The mastiff bounded along at Tom's heels, barking wildly. Tom's four children, lured from the hay by the hubbub, stood open-mouthed, paralyzed, by the sight of their father being dragged along by this monster of the air. It was not until Mrs. Nichols, with the baby in her arms, flew from the house, crying "Tom! Tom! Tom!" that they added their shrill voices to the tumult, and scurried over the pasture in pursuit. In their wake hobbled as fast as he was able, Uncle Reuben, giving vent to his emotion in a frantic "Whoa, there! Whoa, there!" and last but not least the widow Coffin and Martha flitted along behind, screaming like two agitated geese, their necks extended, and their white aprons fluttering in the breeze.

The book is illustrated throughout by C. D. Gibson, and others, it is attractively bound and the paper and printing are first class in every way.

\* \* \*

### Letters to the Editor.

#### "THE WEEK" ON BARNEY BARNATO.

SIR,—If money be the *summum bonum* of life, then no doubt the remarks anent the career of Mr. Barney Barnato in the last issue of THE WEEK contain much truth. The poor but virtuous plodder, or the wretched but industrious quill-driver might well feel that "all the foundations of the

\* "Sibylla." By Sir H. S. Cunningham, K.C.I.E. Macmillan's Colonial Library. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

"Under God's Sky." By Deas Cromarty. Macmillan's Colonial Library. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

"The Bachelor's Christmas and Other Stories." By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50. 1895.

earth were out of course," and that honesty and industry were very poor equipments for the battle of life.

But surely the teaching of all the wisest and best and happiest of men is that happiness is not dependent upon riches, nor the things that money will buy, although no doubt these may be a means of happiness, howbeit far from an indefectible means.

Christianity takes up all these "broken lights" of the world's wise men, and gives them a perfect expression in the life and teaching of Christ. From this we infallibly learn that Blessedness (a far nobler word than happiness) is dependent upon self-mastery and self-sacrifice, and the acquisition and cultivation of the Christian graces of humility, meekness, purity, patience, a forgiving spirit—in one word, love.

I do not deny that money troubles are very great, perhaps the greatest of all troubles. But I do believe there are multitudes amongst us, who are contented with a competency, and far more earnestly "hungry and thirst after righteousness" than for "thousands of gold and silver."

HERBERT SYMONDS.

Ashburnham, Nov. 16, 1895.

#### THE HYAMS' TRIAL.

SIR,—Probably the Hyams' trial will be terminated before this letter is in print, but even otherwise, as the jury-men are hermetically seated up, the legitimate criticisms of outsiders cannot have any influence in shaping the result.

The objects I have in view are (1) to draw attention to what in the opinion of intelligent outsiders was an error in excluding very important testimony from a case of such involved circumstantial evidence. (2) Also to show how, in time past, great judges have disregarded precedents which handicapped justice, and have made new and common-sense law. (3) The unwisdom of underpaying the judges of our superior courts which prevents our getting the best men. (4) The necessity of having judges of greater intelligence in the difficult cases. From a common-sense point of view it is absurd to ask an average farmer—a man of muscle, but not of brains—to judicially weigh conflicting evidence, extending over days, and after being befogged by counsel. Their eloquence occasionally recalls Sir G. Rose's versified report of a Chancery case in Lord Eldon's time.

"And Mr. Parker made the matter darker  
Which was dark enough before."

All intelligent newspaper readers are aware of recent instances where the administration of justice has been unsatisfactory. In a great murder trial, in which the proof was the clearest that has ever been known in cases of circumstantial evidence, the prisoner was acquitted. In another case, a man who had committed a lesser crime was pronounced to be guilty of murder, although there was no real evidence against him; and it was mainly through the arguments of the Toronto Mail that justice was saved from a case of judicial murder. These instances could be added to; and suggest that (1) there ought to be a more intelligent class of men selected as jurymen in difficult cases; and (2) that by our system of inadequate salaries we often fail to get the best men for judges. With lawyers like the great English judges, to fearlessly mass the facts and inferences, in a clear manner to a jury, it would be difficult to get twelve men to say, on their oaths, that black was white; or that a tarnished white was black: the marvel in such cases is that there should be no dissentients among the twelve.

The following case proves the necessity for taking more care in selecting jurymen. Many years ago I was conversing with a small country-wheelwright who had served as a jurymen on common jury cases. He thus reported his experience to me: "Well (complacently) we gave verdicts for the plaintiffs in the first three cases, and then we thought that the defendants ought to have a turn, and so we gave them some."

On the other hand, London Special Juries are the best in the world, and so far as they are responsible, it is doubtful if there has been a single failure of justice during this generation. By "failure of justice" I mean all the twelve going wrong; solitary cranks—causing disagreements—are always possible.

In the Hyams' case the theory of the crown is that the prisoners caused heavy insurances to be placed on the life of

Wells, the policies being in favour of his sister Martha, who was being courted by one of the prisoners; that they murdered him; and that the greater part of the money was ultimately received by one or both of them. Of late years as all are aware, there have been many instances of insurance murders. As evidence bearing upon the case the crown proposed to prove that the prisoners, just previous to their arrest, had tried to insure the life of Martha Wells, then Martha Hyams, for \$200,000—requiring a premium of \$7,000 per annum—the first payment to be by notes. Mr. Osler's words were (see Mail of Nov 13th): "I propose to tender evidence to show that the accused, or one of them, had proposed to place an insurance of \$200,000 on the life of Mrs. Harry Hyams involving a yearly premium of \$7,000. This proposal was part of a conspiracy to engage in insurance frauds." He urged that the evidence was part of the case of the crown. Deputy Attorney-General Cartwright also urged the admission of the evidence. But Mr. Justice Ferguson, without calling on the defence, said: "I have read and re-read the cases and am of the opinion that the evidence ought not to be received here at this trial." The report adds: "The prisoners were visibly pleased at this ruling." If Mr. Justice Ferguson had admitted the evidence, one of two things would have happened: (1) If the statement as to the \$200,000 insurance turned out to be mere imagination, then the inference would be irresistible that there was malice, and it would weigh with the jury in the prisoners' favour. (2) But if it proved to be true, then it would make clear much that otherwise might possibly be doubtful. Suppose a man is being tried for arson, and that the evidence is wholly circumstantial; common-sense would teach that other attempts by the same prisoner to commit the same crime—whether abortive or successful—ought to be received as evidence; but law is one thing and common-sense is another.

I contend that everything that really throws a light upon the case in hand ought to be admitted as evidence, and that justice ought not to be handicapped. Excluding the light may help either side, but admitting the light makes for the truth, which should be the goal of a court of justice. It is not fair to ask a conscientious jurymen to decide upon a case of life or death, and at the same time to tell him, "We will not allow you to hear some of the most important evidence." At the first trial before Mr. Justice Street (when the jury disagreed) more than one informed newspaper reporter that they thought that this insured evidence should have been received.

Compare the ruling of Mr. Justice Ferguson with that of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, the great English Judge, in 1772. The philanthropist, Granville Sharp, sought to free a negro slave who had been brought from the West Indies to England. In 1729 the then Attorney-General, and also the Solicitor-General, had held that a slave in the West Indies was still a slave when in England; but Lord Mansfield rejected those and all other similar precedents, and decided that as soon as a slave set his foot on the soil of the British Islands he became free. Thus he ruled in favour of justice and common-sense, and that is how justice-fettering precedents should be dealt with.

In the English Superior Courts the salaries of the judges are more than four times greater than those in our courts, consequently they can get the best men for the bench. An effort should be made to increase our judges' salaries, then we also should get our best men.

Toronto, Nov. 16.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

#### MUSKOKA—THE PLACE FOR A SANITARIUM FOR GENERAL PURPOSES.

SIR,—Much has been said and written with respect to the establishment of a Sanitarium for persons afflicted or threatened with consumption. The writer is not posted with regard to all the steps which have been taken to accomplish the desired result. It is now some time since Mr. Gage made his offer to bestow a considerable sum of money, under certain conditions, for such an institution. It is supposed that the Government has agreed to allow a grant of money in support of the movement, and it is known that a committee was appointed to select a place of habitation for the institution. Several places in different parts of the Dominion have been spoken of in this connection as suitable for the

purpose, and recommendations and inducements set forth in behalf of each place. In the spring of the present year the writer, in a communication to the public press, endeavoured to show that for many reasons the Muskoka region was of all places the best locality in which to found a Home for the class of persons mentioned. Without repeating at length the arguments submitted it may be stated that Muskoka for climate, air and surroundings cannot be excelled and scarcely equalled, while its close proximity to the centres of population is a matter of no little importance—an advantage which those who may desire to become inmates of a Sanitarium, as well as their relations and friends will appreciate. It is to be hoped whatever place may be chosen that the unfortunate class concerned will now, before long, see the fruition of what has been already done.

But the object of this letter, more particularly, is to call attention to the fact that the Muskoka district is intended, so to speak, by nature for the establishment of a Sanitarium open to all classes of ailments, other than consumption, who may need a place of retreat in consequence of ill health due to any cause. Muskoka is a land of lakes which temper the air in summer and in much of the winter season as well. It is too well known already to make it necessary to describe its beauties and the varied picturesque views to be seen on every hand. The yearly increasing numbers who come here seeking and finding rest from the toil and turmoil of busy life is sufficient evidence of the great worth of the place as a health resort. Not only from Canada, but from distant parts of the States, come faded men, pale women and sickly children to breathe the absolutely pure air and bathe in the limpid waters and enjoy all the benefit to be derived from boating, fishing and wandering over the beautiful though rugged land. All this is well known to many. But it may not be known that autumn and spring in Muskoka are very enjoyable. Even the winter is not without its attractions. The climate in winter is not more severe than at the front. If the thermometer marks a greater degree of cold the dry air makes it less felt, while the changes of temperature are less frequent and severe.

The writer desires to call attention to these facts with the strong hope that some, or several, philanthropic persons of sufficient means will take the matter up and establish here, in a suitable locality, a Sanitarium with well appointed equipment—a retreat fully equal to the best to be found anywhere in the States. This northern region is naturally the great health restorer for the whole continent and those who may be instrumental in making it available to weary and worn invalids will become public benefactors. There is little or no doubt that the undertaking would pay financially. With proper advertising many would be attracted living in the States as well as in the Dominion.

WM. CANNIFF.

Rosseau, Nov. 14, 1895.

#### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

SIR,—That Christian Science is far beyond the absurdity which "Diogenes" presents to his readers in THE WEEK of Nov. 8th, is amply proven by the fact that in this city alone it has no less than five hundred members and adherents. It is something less than eight years ago since Christian Science was first spoken of in Toronto, and that such a growth should take place is evidence of the solidity and stability of this new faith. The charge that Christian Science is chiefly superstitious ignorance, betrays the writer's lack of knowledge of its simplest teachings, for Christian Science deals sharp cutting blows at superstition of every kind.

The interview which the friend of "Diogenes" claims to have had with a Christian Scientist, and which is reported as it was said to have happened, no more savours of Christian Science than light resembles darkness, and no student of Christian Science who had been properly taught could formulate any such ideas and claim them to be scientific; but I can readily understand one who was seeking to learn something of Christian Science in order to criticize it getting such a distorted thought, for it was even thus even in the time of Jesus. He rebuked them by saying: "Oh dull of ears" and "having ears hear ye not."

As to the letter which is claimed to be a literal copy of the original I have this to say that it was never penned by any Christian Scientist in Toronto, nor do I believe (with

all due respect to "Diogenes" and his friend) that it was written by any graduate of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College. I know of only one graduate of this College in Ontario, and that is the Rev. Isabella M. Stewart, of Toronto. She holds a diploma and the only one in Ontario.

Christian Scientists, wherever found, have one aim in view, viz.: How can I help my fellow-man? They may not have had time to study the classics, nor may they just give the attention to grammar that sensitive mortal ears may require, but they will try to live up to the Commandment, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Many of them may not think of dotting their "i's" and crossing their "t's," but wherever duty calls them they are to be found labouring to uplift the thought of poor mortals to a realization of a sense of security in the eternal consciousness of good which is in all, through all, over all and around all.

In all my experience in Christian Science I have never met an invalid who objected to or even noticed that they were spoken to ungrammatically by those who helped them.

I do not wish to have it understood that I am apologizing for a lack of culture among Christian Scientists for the Science demonstrates perfect intellectual attainments as it does a healthy body. We have in our ranks hundreds of professional men, including clergymen, judges, lawyers, architects, and one time devotees to materia medica. There are also among us thousands of successful business men, and taken altogether you will find Christian Scientists fully up to the average intellectual standard. Should this seem incredible to "Diogenes" my card is enclosed and I will be pleased to furnish any further proof that he may require in substantiation of what I say.

Permit me also to extend a cordial invitation to "Diogenes" and his friend to attend our regular Friday evening meeting held in our Church on the corner of Simcoe and Caer-Howell streets where he will find dozens publicly testifying to the benefits they have received from Christian Science physically and spiritually. He will hear some telling of being healed entirely after being under the care of materia medica for 17 years, others for 10 years; some were to have undergone operations, others were so bad that even an operation could not save them; and so on, one after another they gladly voice what the truth, through Christian Science, has done for them that it may help others. The writer was healed after years of drugging and so was his wife after years of suffering, and since then, about four years ago, we have never had a particle of medicine in our home.

Had "Diogenes" sounded a note of true Christian Science before accepting any statement of it, the peals of truth would have rung out in tones of clearest reason which would have effectually destroyed the denseness which seemed to surround the so-called statement of Christian Science as given him by his friend.

The elements of Christian Science are every hour bringing humanity nearer to the divine Principle of All Good, and we ask nothing further than to be allowed to peaceably worship the living God according to the dictates of our conscience. That we are taught to be peaceable, law-abiding citizens will be seen by the following church rules and tenets:

"As adherents of truth we take the Scriptures for our guide to eternal life.

"We acknowledge and adore one Supreme God. We acknowledge His Son and the Holy Ghost, and man as the Divine image and likeness.

"We acknowledge God's forgiveness of sin in the destruction of sin, and that sin and suffering are not eternal.

"We acknowledge the atonement as the efficacy and evidence of Divine Love and of man's unity with God and the great merits of the Wayshower.

"We acknowledge the way of Salvation demonstrated by Jesus to be the power of truth over all error, sin, sickness and death, and the resurrection of human faith and understanding to seize the great possibilities and living energies of Divine life.

"We solemnly promise to strive, watch and pray for that mind to be in us which was also in Christ Jesus, to love one another and to be meek, merciful, just and pure."

Such are the rules and tenets on which the first Church of Christ Scientist is founded, and surely "Diogenes," after reading this, must see that there may be more in Christian Science than is dreamt of in his philosophy.

A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

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TORONTO.

## Personal.

It is understood that Mr. Hays, the new general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, will arrive in Montreal this week.

A movement has been started among a certain number of Montreal citizens to erect a monument to Louis Joseph Papineau.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, is about to publish her experiences as an Alpine climber, illustrated with her own pencil sketches.

Sir Charles H. Tupper will have a conference to-day with the representatives of the British authors on the copyright question.

Alexander Salvini is seriously ill in Montreal, and his dates for some time have been cancelled. It is stated he has typhoid fever.

The Liberals of Cardwell met at Caledon East, Monday, and selected Warden Henry, of Caledon, as their candidate in the coming contests.

Mr. Laurier, Mr. James Sutherland, M.P., and Mr. C. S. Hyman were given a complimentary banquet at the Richelieu Hotel, Montreal.

Michael Davitt is receiving a steady round of ovations, his line of travel from Sydney to the distant fields of Coolgardie being blocked by enthusiastic admirers.

Oxford men are beginning to send in petitions asking the University authorities not to submit the question of giving women the Bachelor of Arts degree to the vote of the alumni.

Among the passengers who left San Francisco last Friday for Samoa on the steamer Mariposa was Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, who returns to live permanently at her old home at Valima.

Lieut. Winston Churchill, eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, has arrived in Havana, and is seeking permission to follow the operations of the Spanish troops against the insurgents.

Flora McDonald, who helped Bonnie Prince Charlie to escape, will be commemorated by a stained glass window in a church in the Isle of Skye, which will be the first memorial to be erected in her honour.

Samuel L. Clemens, "Mark Twain," the famous American humorist, is also coming in for his share of public attention. He is being banqueted by Mayors and prominent citizens in all the chief cities on his route.

Hon. Senator Sanford is now in the Southern States. His sojourn in the Sunny South will no doubt greatly benefit his health, and fit him to cope more vigorously with his arduous duties in the coming session of Parliament.

Capt. Leontieff, leader of the mysterious Russian expedition to Abyssinia last spring, is trying to float a joint stock company in Paris, with a capital of 400,000 francs, "to carry out the scientific exploration of Africa and the peaceful civilization of the tribes."

At a meeting of the Board of Arts and Manufactures, held in Quebec, Mr. J. C. Wilson, one of the speakers, offered to contribute five thousand dollars towards the construction of an institution in Montreal in which young men might obtain a practical, technical education of the highest and best quality, provided the Government and municipality each gave a like sum.

The Montreal Folk-Lore Society met on Monday, November 11th, this being the second monthly meeting of the season. Professor Penhallow, Honorary President, occupied the chair. The attendance was large and the proceedings were of great interest. Dr. W. G. Beers read a paper entitled "The Last of the Hurons." The central figure of this paper was Zacharie Vincent, *alias* Telarolin, a Huron born in 1808, a pure-blooded son of the great Huron-Iroquois stock. This Indian was a true artist, both in painting and wood-carving. Dr. Beers' paper is to be published, with illustrations, in an American magazine. The next meeting will be held on the first Monday of December.

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## ESTES &amp; LAURIAT, BOSTON.

## Periodicals.

The November number of Poet-Lore contains some very interesting reading. Ella Adams Moore writes concerning "Moral Proportion and Fatalism in Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., in writing about "Nature in the Elizabethan Poets," sums up:—"We have passed through the simple accurate study of nature, through the love of gorgeousness and splendor, through the application of human feelings and interests to nature, and the interpretation of nature by the aid of those. There we stop. The adoration of nature, the obliteration of humanity before her, self-forgetfulness and annihilation, are not Elizabethan. We shall have to seek further for them, among the poets of our own century, the Wordsworths, the Shelleys, and the Keats." Mr. Wm. G. Kingsland gives his second and concluding paper on William Morris, the Poet-Socialist. There is a paper dealing with the democracy of Robert Browning and Walt Whitman. Canto X. to XIX. of Longfellow's Hiawatha are studied in an article contributed by "P. A. C."

The November Blackwood's opens with an excellent paper by a correspondent in China, describing the siege of Wei-Hai-Wei. This is the second paper dealing with the Chinese navy "Ireland Revisited" is the title of a very entertaining sketch by Mr. Alfred Austin, whose contribution should receive careful attention. This paper by Mr. Austin is one of the most interesting contributions conce n-



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ing Ireland that we have read for a long time. There is a delightful story, "After Many Days," by the author of "Mono MacLean." Lieutenant B. Baden Powell writes about ballooning considered as a sport, about ballooning in general, and about a certain ascension in particular. Canon H. D. Rawnsley contributes a sketch of a certain Swiss village, Leysin-sur-Aigle, a village which the Canon calls "The Village of Perfect Health." There is a long installment of the serial, "A Foreigner." Professor John Stuart Blackie is the subject of a well-written essay, reviewing Miss Anna M. Stoddart's recent biography of the great Scotchman. Mr. Walter B. Harris gives an account of "Wanderings in Persian Kurdistan." The concluding article deals with the Highland Land Question, and asks what the Government intends doing about it.

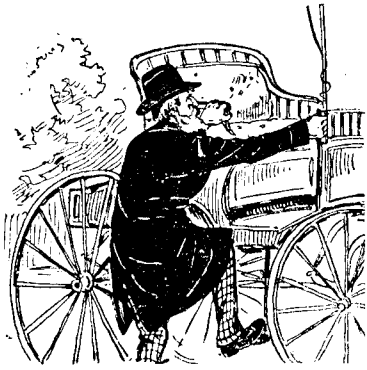
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From the Trenton Advocate.

Mr John Frost's case is a most remarkable one. He is one of the best known residents in the county of Northumberland, being a retired farmer of most ample means, and having financial dealings with hundreds through out the townships. We have known him intimately for over ten years. From him we gleaned the following facts in February last:—"I was born in England and at twelve years of age arrived in Canada with my parents, who settled in Prince Edward county and remained there for three years. We then moved to Rawdon township in the neighbouring county of Hastings. For thirty years I was a resident of Rawdon, three years I resided in Seymour township and I am at present, and have been for the past ten years, a resident of Murray township. For thirty years I have been a martyr to rheumatism. During that time I have been treated by scores of doctors and found partial relief from but one. I have during the same period tried



Getting into my Rig was Agonizing.

innumerable remedies, but all failed to cure me. Scarcely a month passes that I am not laid up and frequently I am confined to bed six or eight weeks, unable to move hand or foot and suffering untold agonies. Two well known doctors told me one time that I would have to have an arm taken off to save my life. I tell you I have been a great sufferer in my time and I would give anything to find relief. My business causes me a great deal of driving and getting in and out of my rig is agony."

Knowing his story to be true and anxious that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should have a severe test, we prevailed on Mr. Frost, much against his will, to give them a trial. He got six boxes and commenced to use them. At the start he smiled at our confidence in the pills. We saw him after he had used the first box and he admitted some relief and said he believed there was something in the remedy. He continued their use and by the time he had finished the six boxes he was as sound and proud a man as could be found in five counties. A couple of months have passed since the cure was effected and we deferred giving a history of the case in order that we could see for a certainty that the cure was permanent. We see him several times a week actively attending to his business and at all times loud in his praise of Pink Pills. All who know Mr. Frost know that his word is as good as his bond. Yesterday we said to him, "Now, Mr. Frost, do you really feel that you are cured of rheumatism? Do you feel any twinges of the old trouble at all?" He replied, "I am cured. The Pink Pills have thoroughly routed the disease out of my system and I feel a new man. The use of the pills has given me new life and I am telling everyone I meet about the cure." Such is the case, and having known Mr. Frost for years the sufferer he was, and seeing him now active, and almost youthful again, the rapid change from suffering to health seems almost a miracle. However, we are not at all surprised, for on all sides we hear of cures effected by the use of Pink Pills. The druggists remark their rapid sale and the satisfaction they give their customers.

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A suburban subscriber asks for some information regarding the manufacture of Prepared Clothing. Some of his questions call for answers that would occupy more space than we are privileged to devote to such communications. One enquiry, however, we can satisfy. He asks how cutters of large establishments secure the data for getting out patterns which are suitable for so large a variety of figures. He is curious to know how the clothier is able to fit so many men of entirely different physique. The solution of this apparent problem lies in the results of long observation and study. In the majority of patterns there are certain rules followed. In others the exact measurements of thousands of figures have been studied and the patterns are drawn after a general idea of the various peculiarities have been found to appear under like conditions. The subscriber can, by writing to Mr. Perie, manager of Oak Hall of this city, obtain full information. The Sandford Company, of Hamilton, are the largest manufacturers in the Dominion, and so wide spread has the reputation and popularity of their Prepared Clothing become that the name "Oak Hall" is now familiar even to the confines of the earth. Oak Hall clothing is worn in Australia, the West India Islands and on this continent from Halifax to Vancouver. The preparation of these garments

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CONTENTS OF THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

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

ASTREE, by T. Spurr, B.A.

SOME PHASES OF ALTRURIA, by R. H. Coats, '96.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SCIENCE OF MINERALOGY, by W. A. Parks, B.A.

CELESTIAL MECHANICS: Ptolemy, Copernicus and Newton, by J. C. Glashan.

THE FALL OF THE ENGLISH MONASTERIES, by G. B. Wilson, B.A.

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

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Chess Corner.

Final position, Game 715, omitted—is R1R2q2 P6K9m2P5b1pP1P1P3pNppp7kr3r1)

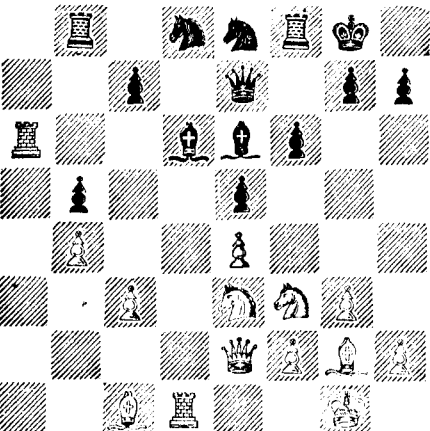
Supplicatory notes to Game 700:

- 6... Why not B Q3 now.
7... P x P? S B K5 ch. QK? Q2!
9... very questionable play.
13 masked attack on KR?
13... Bad oversight.
24 real chess this.
24... K x B, 25 Kt K5, Q Q3, 26 Q AP ch., K R3,
27 Kt K4 ch., K R4, 28 mate forced.
26 Q Kt6 would also do.

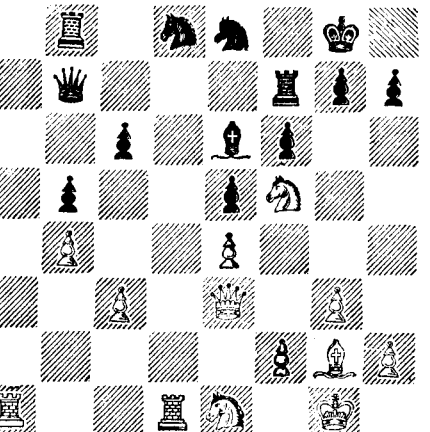
ECHOES FROM HASTINGS.

The great Russian boldly and successfully attacks the French Defence, in game 716,—

Table with chess moves and algebraic notation: 1 P K4 P K3 WE co, 2 Q K2 Kt QB3 44W 2m, 3 Kt KB3 P K4 77P ow, etc.



Continuation of chess moves: 21 Kt Q5 Q Q2? Ov ed, 22 Kt K1 P B3 P55 cm?, 23 Kt K3 Q Kt2 vO db, etc.



1P2P3, 2P1Q1P1, 5PBP, R2RN1K1)

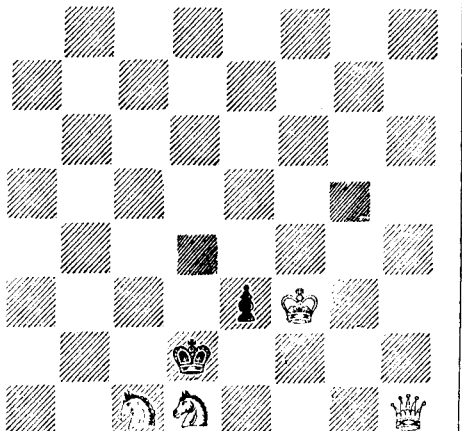
28 Ft Q3 B B1?? 55N o3?
29 Kt xKP P xMt Nw pw
30 R xKt BK3 44 4 3o,
31 Kt Q6 resigns xn ill
(1r1Rnk1q3rpp, 2pNbt2p4f2P5P1Q1P6PB P. R5K1)

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

KEY-BOARD

We hear that some New Brunswickers make game of codfish and Pollock. Prof. Wilnot is president of the newly-formed club in McMaster University. Ex-champion Lasker has forfeited all claim to the title by evading challengers.

THREE-MOVE PROBLEM



716,—White to play and mate in 3 moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM.

715,—R Kt 5—Draw 584, Port Hope.

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Literary Notes.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. announce the issue soon of "Some Memories of Paris (from Blackwood's).

Messrs. Lawson, Wolfe & Co., Boston, have reprinted in very beautiful form Miss E. Pauline Johnson's "White Wampum," and other briefer poems.

A new and corrected edition of "Mental Development in the Child and the Race," by Prof. J. Mark Baldwin, of Princeton, will be published at once by Macmillan & Co.

Macmillan & Co. announce for immediate publication "The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages," by Hastings Rashdall, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Hertford College, Oxford.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new story, which The Ladies' Home Journal is about to begin, is a romance of India really a strong love story—and has for its title "William the Conqueror."

The Star, Montreal, has secured the exclusive Canadian rights to a short serial, "The Young Boss," by Ed. W. Thomson, and will shortly publish it. It is a story of the lumber regions of the Upper Ottawa.

Mr. Wm. Trant, of Regina, a well-known contributor to THE WEEK, has an article in the current Westminster Review on "The Treatment of the Canadian Indians." This paper by Mr. Trant is well worth reading.

Messrs. Hart & Riddell, Toronto, announce the re-issue of Mrs. Harrison's volume of verse, "Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-lis." Mrs. Harrison's book, when first published, received great praise from the English and Canadian press.

Scribner's announce an exceedingly attractive Christmas number. Such well-known writers as Brander Matthews, Joel Chandler Harris, Henry Van Dyke, and Frank R. Stockton will be among the contributors to the Christmas Scribner's.

The new volumes in the edition of the novels of Ivan Turgenev, translated by Constance Garnett, and published by Macmillan & Co., contain "A Sportsman's Sketches." Turgenev began his literary career and won an enormous popularity in Russia by his sketches from peasant life.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for publication, "Sketches from Concord and Apple-dore," literary essays on Concord, Whittier, Emerson, Wasson, Hawthorne, etc., etc. By Frank P. Stearns, author of "Life of Tintoretto," "The Midsummer of Italian Art," etc. With 16 illustrations.

The Cambridge Press will publish two books on the "Pastoral Epistles," one by Dr. J. H. Bernard, of Dublin, the other by the Rev. A. E. Humphreys, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Swete, of Cambridge, is preparing an introduction to the Septuagint, for the use of students.

Mr. George Saintsbury, formerly of Mer-ton College, Oxford, who has just been nominated by the Crown to the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, made vacant by the resignation of Prof. David Masson, has completed his volume on "Nineteenth Century Literature," which contains some of his most brilliant work.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that they will issue in November a book of travel entitled "The Gold Diggings of Cape Horn: A Study of Life in Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia," by John R. Spears, of the New York Sun. The book will be illustrated from the author's collection of photographs, and will contain also an accurate map of the region.

Under the title "Sir John Lubbock and the Religion of Savages," a criticism of the distinguished scientist by the Dean of Montreal will appear in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for December. Lubbock is accused in this article of selecting quotations unfairly, and of ignoring recent researches in support of his assertion that "almost all the savage races" are "entirely without a religion."

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**WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,**  
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## Literary Notes.

F. Hopkins Smith's new novel, "Tom Grogan," will begin in the Christmas number of *The Century*. The labour problem enters into it, and in its plot Mr. Smith is said to have utilized some of his experiences as a builder. C. S. Reinhart furnishes the illustrations.

The late Professor Boyesen's just published article on American humorous habits of speech and writing acquires a pathetic interest from its posthumous publication. In the course of it, he remarks incidentally that "the only contemporary American authors who have really international fame are Bret Harte and Mark Twain."

\* \* \*  
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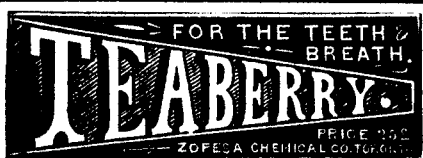
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Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.  
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street.
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
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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.
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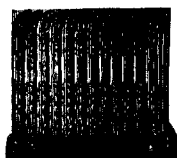
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