

This Number Contains: Grievances, by Principal Grant; When Will It End?, by Fidelis; A Forgotten Result of the Monroe Doctrine; The Collapse of the Dominion Government; Leader: The New Poet Laureate.

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, January 10th, 1896.

No. 7.

Contents.

	PAGE.
CURRENT TOPICS.....	151
LEADER—	
The New Poet Laureate.....	153
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Irresponsible Government and Fixed Terms of Office the Curse of the United States.....	154
A Forgotten Result of the Monroe Doctrine.....	154
Grievances.....	156
When Will it End?.....	156
Parisian Affairs.....	158
The Little Busy Bee.....	159
Toronto's Ice Age.....	160
Montreal Affairs.....	161
Music and the Drama.....	161
Art Notes.....	162
Periodicals.....	169
Our Musical Competition.....	170
POETRY—	
To the People of the United States.....	155
The Dead Loon.....	165
BOOKS—	
The Woman's Bible.....	162
Recent Fiction.....	163
Briefer Notices.....	169
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—	
The Education Question in Manitoba.....	166
Professor Goldwin Smith.....	166
Dr. Goldwin Smith and the Venezuela Question.....	166
Memorial of John Greenleaf Whittier.....	166

Current Topics.

The Cabinet
Collapse.

On Saturday last the Bowell Administration was split asunder, no less than seven of its members simultaneously resigning, leaving only four Ministers with portfolios in the Cabinet. These four are Messrs. Costigan, Ouimet, Caron, and Daly. Those who resigned were Messrs. Tupper, Foster, Dickey, Haggart, Ives, Montague, and Wood. The country has been prepared for a political explosion for some time, but that the explosion should be such a very big one few but the best informed expected. We have every respect and sympathy for Sir Mackenzie Bowell. That his Cabinet has been at sixes and sevens since the Premiership was accepted by him is by no means all his fault. It is probable that only a Sir John Macdonald could have controlled a Cabinet composed of such diverse elements as Sir Mackenzie Bowell's has been. Be that as it may it is clear that in spite of his determination of character and strength of purpose the Premier has never quite had the upper hand, and at last the extraordinary spectacle is beheld of two Ministers being deputed by a number of other Ministers to ask their Chief to resign, and on his refusing to do so they themselves resign. And what is the cause of this amazing conduct, this unprecedented action on the part of these seven Ministers of State? The cause should be weighty, it should indeed be irresistible, to justify such action.

Nothing
Definite.

Mr. Foster's attempt on Tuesday to explain to the House the cause of these sudden and untimely resignations was both feeble and unsatisfactory. If the cause was, as stated, the incompetency of Sir Mackenzie Bowell to fulfil all the duties of Premier, the cause was as apparent to the seven Ministers six months ago as it was on Saturday last. If, as is no doubt the case, the recent bye-elections deepened their impression of Sir Mackenzie's inability to lead, they should have resigned

before the drafting of the Address and before the meeting of the House, and not have waited until their resignations would bring humiliation upon the Government, as well as embarrassment. The Premier has been very hardily used, and we are not surprised to learn that he has many active sympathizers. His adversity has been his opportunity, and he has shown himself a stronger man than we expected. It may be remarked that it was evidently not Sir Mackenzie's fault that there have been so many vacant offices and senatorships. Since he has had a free hand he has been filling them up at lightning speed. Perhaps this activity is a sign that a radical change in high places is near. Indeed yesterday it was rumoured that the Premier had placed his resignation in the hands of the Governor-General and that Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., will be called upon to form a new Administration. The results of yesterday's caucus were not known when THE WEEK went to press, and before this journal is in the hands of its readers the situation may be entirely changed. It is said that Sir Mackenzie is quite willing to serve under Sir Charles, that he desires nothing more than the smooth working of affairs in Parliament and the triumphs of his party.

Messrs.
Caron and
Montague.

Dr. Montague, ex-Minister of Agriculture, has been accused of writing two anonymous letters addressed to the Premier of Canada, accusing Sir Adolphe Caron of having accepted a bribe to promote a bill before Parliament during the session of 1894. The first was written a year ago and posted in Montreal; the second is only a few weeks old and was posted at Smith's Falls. It is said that Dr. Montague was in Montreal on the day the first letter was posted, and that he was at Smith's Falls when the second was posted. This is a curious coincidence, but is in itself of small import. The chief point is that the handwriting of both letters is the same and that experts have declared it to be that of Dr. Montague. It is only fair to Dr. Montague to say that very few, even amongst his political opponents, are disposed to give the charge any credence whatever. Dr. Montague, in declaring his entire innocence, invites a thorough investigation. This should be given at once. The matter is one of great gravity not only to the two men concerned but to the country at large.

The English
Advance in
South Africa.

The history of the English advance in South Africa is a history of a series of blunders. The Cape was captured from the Dutch in the beginning of the century. English settlement was slow for the first forty years afterwards. Then it assumed large proportions. But, as usual, where a civilized race intrudes on savage ground, there were in the meantime constant petty raids by natives on settlers and reprisals by the latter on the aborigines. When the reprisals were more than usually severe Exeter Hall raised its voice in protest, and the Government of the day did all it could to restrain the angry settlers. Some kind of a

peace would be then patched up and a native reserve formed. But as the wave of settlement spread the reserve was again invaded and the process of stopping the settlers' advance had to be repeated. There was no settled plan of conquest or absorption—the Home Government had to interfere in spite of itself. The process is still going on, and just as the Anglo-Saxons in America drove back the savages from the shores of the Atlantic into the bush, and then cleared the bush away and exterminated the savages, so in Africa the native tribes have been and will be similarly dealt with. There is no use in arguing about the propriety or impropriety of such a movement. All that can be done is to guide it and keep it within reasonable bounds as far as possible.

The Anglo-Dutch
Problem.

The situation in South Africa, as far as the English were concerned, was complicated by the European contingent of Dutch settlers who had preceded them. These people had been at the Cape for a long time before the conquest and were after it many of them quite irreconcilable. One feature of their internal polity was their cruel treatment of the natives. The English people as a rule were not cruel. They took the land, but they left the natives their liberty. The Boers took away the natives' land and liberty both and were cruel and harsh task-masters. The English authorities tried to prevent their cruelty and so much friction arose that the Boers, seeing they were outnumbered, resolved to seek fresh fields and pastures new. They retreated more than once to escape the ever-increasing rush of British settlement. They are now making their last stand. Unfortunately, the genius of their institutions are unprogressive and they themselves are slow and backward. They have occupied a part of Africa which is both fertile and rich, and they refuse to allow those settlers whom they have both permitted and invited to enter the country to be anything more than hewers of wood and drawers of water. These people, who are busy, progressive, and energetic, are expected by the Boers to develop the country and get nothing for it. The new settlers have long been dissatisfied and Dr. Jameson's raid was made at their request. The intended combination failed and for the moment the new settlers are non-plussed. But the impulse has been given and if the Boers do not grant liberal concessions the tide of South African feeling will be too strong to hold back. There will be more fighting and there can be only one result. If the Boers insist on the *ultima ratio* they will get it. But probably their knowledge of their own relative weakness will prevent their placing further obstacles in the way of progress. Ultimately, they will learn that it will be for their own benefit. As for the German Emperor, he is like Mrs. Partington. He is trying to keep out the waves with a broom.

The German
Emperor.

No more astounding or uncalled-for event has happened in this century than Emperor William's message to President Kruger. The Dutch were not German subjects. They had no alliance with Germany. On the contrary there are many Germans among the dissatisfied Uitlanders. These men are just as discontented with the Dutch rule as the English, Canadians, or Americans who are out there. The European situation is not so simple that the German Emperor can afford to trifle with it. England has every wish to stand by Germany. The German army and the British navy could dominate Europe. What have they to quarrel about? They have every incentive to hold together. Personally, the German Emperor has

been well treated in England. He has been *feted* and most hospitably received. If he seriously contemplates any active assistance to the Dutch Republic or diplomatic intervention on their behalf England will not suffer. Where she will have the whip-hand is here. All she has to do is to offer an alliance to France on the terms of aiding her to recover Alsace and Lorraine and the offer would be jumped at. The French would ally themselves with his Satanic Majesty if they thought he could secure them their *revanche*. Probably England would have to fight France afterwards, but at all events in the first place she could checkmate Germany in this obvious manner. But England and Germany have no quarrel. Englishmen and Germans agree well enough and of late years have been drawing much closer. This act of the Emperor's seems to have been from his own personal impulse. It is almost on a par with Cleveland's message, and that is saying a good deal. These two war-lords sing a strong duet. It reminds us of Mephistopheles' serenade in *Faust*—discordant, harsh—not human.

Cuban
Affairs.

The reports which reach us from Cuba are so bewildering in their contradictions that it is very difficult to know what is the true state of affairs in the storm-tossed little island. The character and colour of the reports depend upon who sends them. The correspondent who reflects the opinions of the Government generally maintains that the Spanish forces are rapidly gaining the upper hand and that the insurgents will soon be swept from off the face of the earth. He who sympathizes with the rebels maintains the opposite. It seems pretty clear now that a vigorous onslaught has been made in General Campos' line, and that several towns in the neighbourhood of Havana have been captured by General Gomez, the commander of the rebel forces. In the Province of Pinar Del Rio, to which the insurgents are now marching, lie the finest of the tobacco plantations, and these will soon be at the mercy of Gomez. The insurgents have practically no property to lose, because the owners are chiefly Spaniards, so the Cubans have little occasion to spare it, and in this fact lies their most terrible weapon of offence. The Spanish rule has been about as bad as it could be, and we should not be sorry to see it ended. The Cubans have grievances enough and to spare, and though we cannot commend their methods of rectifying matters there is much that can be said by way of apology. If victorious, Cuba will, of course, declare herself a republic, and the United States would, no doubt, claim to be a sponsor. Now as the Dominion is territorially more extensive than the United States, Canada might start a Monroe Doctrine of her own, and claim to be a second sponsor for Cuba. It is the age of scares.

American
Friendship.

It is clear that Great Britain and Canada have some warm friends in the United States, in spite of all that would lead us to believe the contrary. We trust the wish is not the father of the thought when we say that, should England find herself alone and against a world in arms and in sore need, the United States might possibly turn and repent. Under great stress the forces which make for righteousness and wisdom in the Republic might be strong enough to cope with the hideous elements which appear now to dominate the political life of the United States. Already there are signs of a strong re-action against the wild outburst of spleen which disgraced the closing days of the old year. Some Americans are beginning slowly to recognize that Great Britain is their best friend, and that on her preëminence in Europe depends their own salvation.

Toronto's
Civic
Elections.

Mr. Fleming has been elected Mayor of Toronto by a majority of over seventeen hundred. It is difficult to see in what way either Liberals or Conservatives as such are interested in a Mayoralty election. But, however that may be, Conservatives appear to have voted for Mr. Shaw and Liberals for Mr. Fleming, and the Liberal candidate won. Besides the party vote, it is said that Mr. Fleming polled the women's vote, which appears to have been of considerable proportions. He also received the hearty and energetic support of the misguided people popularly known as aqueducters, and of those who favour sumptuary legislation with respect to wine and strong drink. Mr. Fleming has made many promises, the keeping of which will give him no time to waste. In all plans and schemes for the better government of Toronto he will have the support of

Montreal's
Civic
Elections.

Montreal is now but three weeks distant from the municipal elections. The only Mayoralty candidate as yet in the field is Alderman R. Wilson Smith, an exceedingly able man, to whom a strong French-Canadian following is rallying. The city, if it elects a good Council this year, may escape from the road to civic bankruptcy which it has been travelling for some time. The Legislature, at its last session, did the city some good turns. It relieved it of obligations for street widening and land expropriations to the extent of several million dollars; it refused to authorize any further addition to the civic debt, which is now quite up to the statutory limit; and it made very stringent regulations to prevent expenditures by committees in excess of expropriations. As for the accumulated deficit of three millions of dollars, it left the city to get out of this hole, which it had dug for itself, in the best way it could. With rigid economy and ordinary business ability in spending money, Montreal can easily right itself; and it is this feeling that makes the more thoughtful citizens recognize that now is the time, if ever, to break up the ring which has so long been in control at Montreal's City Hall and put in good men in their places. For this reason the elections will be hotly fought, with fair chances for a reform victory.

Mr. Goldwin
Smith.

From different parts of the Dominion we have received a number of letters expressing approval of the remarks we made on Mr. Goldwin Smith in our last number. Two writers only take exception to our remarks, but their position differs but little from our own in the main, as will be seen on turning to our correspondence columns. Want of space prevents us from publishing other letters. One correspondent calls our attention to Mr. Goldwin Smith's article in the *New York Independent* which we had already examined with pained surprise. In this article the distinguished Englishman says: "It is my settled conviction that the true policy would lead Great Britain to retire, territorially and politically from this hemisphere, to bless the union of all her offspring who dwell in it, and to be content to cultivate their good will, and enjoy the benefit of their trade." This is not the time nor is an American newspaper the place in which to give expression to such sentiments as these. We are grateful to Providence that these sentiments are confined to Mr. Goldwin Smith and that they are ever likely to be confined to him. The withdrawal of Great Britain from this hemisphere would be a calamity the extent of which none can measure or conceive. Her connection with the continent is its mainstay, its very salvation.

The New Poet Laureate.

WHEN Wordsworth died in 1850, there was no serious doubt as to who would be his successor; and in that same year Alfred Tennyson was appointed to the post which for forty-two years he adorned and glorified by the production of the great mass of his poetry—from "In Memoriam," published in the same year, to the "Death of Oenone," which appeared just before his death.

When Tennyson was taken from us rather more than three years ago, there were many who hoped that he might be the last occupant of the post, and that no other lesser name might have the title of Poet Laureate attached to it. As three years had passed by and the post remained vacant, it seemed likely that this wish would be gratified. We now learn, however, that the vacant place is filled, and filled by Mr. Alfred Austin. We fear—and we are sorry to say it—that this is largely a political appointment. We do not mean that Mr. Alfred Austin has not poetical gifts of a rather high character; but he certainly is not the first living English poet nor is he a poet who has at all succeeded in touching the heart, or even, to any considerable extent, in gaining the ear of the English-speaking peoples of the world.

We quite believe that a good many persons have read his "Human Tragedy," published more than thirty years ago (in 1862) and that more have read parts of it; and the same may be said of his "Savonarola" (1881) and of his "Gate of the Convent." But these books have no prospect whatever of becoming a part of English literature: and it is quite likely that, fifty or sixty years hence, when students come upon the name of Mr. Alfred Austin, as Tennyson's successor in the Laureateship, they will ask why he is there and what he wrote.

Of course there were difficulties in the way. Mr. Swinburne, for example, was impossible. No sovereign could well decorate a man who had suggested the assassination of another sovereign in vigorous verses. Mr. William Morris, a very considerable poet, has given up poetry for painting, and thus put himself out of the list. Mr. Lewis Morris (or is he *Sir* Lewis Morris?) has a wide popularity, but lacks distinction of thought and expression. But Mr. William Watson is a genuine poet [with whose genius Mr. Austin's can no more be compared than a raven with an eagle. There are, at least, two poets in Canada who have a great deal more of the real poetical afflatus than Mr. Austin—Mr. Roberts and Mr. Lampman.

Mr. Gladstone apparently shrunk from filling the place. Doubtless there were Liberals and Home Rulers who had written verses as least as good as those of the new Laureate. But Gladstone, although he liked very well to promote his friends, yet never appointed a bishop merely because he was a partisan, and apparently had the same feelings about a Poet Laureate. We are sorry that Lord Salisbury had not similar scruples. We fear there can be no doubt that the new Laureate owes his appointment more to his politics than his poetry.

Mr. Austin has been for many years, perhaps all his life, a "consistent" Conservative. He contested an English borough in the Conservative interest. He has been, for years, a contributor to the *London Standard*, the chief Conservative organ. He was correspondent at Rome to that paper during the Vatican Council in 1870 and immediately afterwards in the Franco-German war. In 1883 he became the editor of the *National Review*, so that he has served his party well. But we are rather sorry that he has been made Poet Laureate. We do not mean that he will bring any

positive discredit on the office. He is a man of 60, married, of good character, a graduate of the University of London, a barrister (at least in standing, if not in practice), and things might have been worse; but we are sad to see him in the seat of Tennyson, and we can hardly believe that he is quite comfortable there himself.

* * *

Irresponsible Government and Fixed Terms of Office the Curse of the United States.

THE irresponsibility of government attaching to fixed terms of office, and the sinister and corrupt methods adopted to retain or to achieve office, have, at length, reached a degree of demoralization, in which war with the most kindly, friendly, and loving of nations—their own mother nation—is entertained with a unanimity of sentiment that is, for the moment, simply frightful to contemplate. Equally to the intelligent American as to the intelligent Britisher must this hellish spirit be outrageous and shocking. Such, indeed, is the evolution or growth of evil in its worst form. Already, and as a consequence, we have seen to what extent the nation's financial chastisement has been precipitated. The authors of that chastisement acted with a recklessness that was insane and suicidal. All sense of financial disaster and of moral responsibility was absent. No prevision, no organ of weight, or of ballast, in the ruling mind of the nation. Financially and morally the most powerful nation of civilization that the world has ever known was extravagantly abused and insulted. Such an exhibition of the wild instincts of self-destruction is more a source of sorrow and pain to the British than of any anxiety or apprehension of danger to themselves.

The feeling on the part of the British is an altruistic feeling for the Americans whose destinies for the time being are in unworthy and incapable hands.

To be convinced of that we have only to take the testimony of some thoughtful American writers.

Prof. Van Buren Denslow, of Chicago, writing some eighteen years ago in the *International Review*, on the subject, deploras the non-existence of responsible Government in the United States. His diagnoses of the then diseased condition of the body politic was prophetic of the inevitable moral down-fall and disaster which the nation now presents to the civilized world. Irresponsible Government, with its fixed terms of office, is the one great evil that is prolific of many evil effects, which, according to Prof. Denslow, must issue in national ruin.

"But under our crab system of going forward by looking backward, the only question possible was the utterly pernicious, useless, and infernal one. 'Will you vote to endorse the past record of the Democratic Party, or of the Republican Party?' or, as it soon came to be put, 'Will you vote for the Union or for the Rebellion of fifteen years ago?' This re-opened all the issues of the war, brought our submerged hell up again to the surface, and sent it round belching blood and brimstone through the land. Can a system be more fatal to liberty than one which renders a popular election a national calamity which, instead of instructing administrations, revives civil war?"

"All these evils are inherent, not in republicanism but in irresponsibility—in fixed terms of office."

"I would not attempt to predict, whether through calm discussion or through national disaster and revolution, the American people will be driven to adopt responsible government. But if, as I believe, all irresponsible government is subversive of liberty and of statesmanship, and unfit for a free people, then will every instinct of the American people drive them ultimately to exchange the irresponsible for the responsible form. As it is, in no country do the people feel such an overwhelming sense of the littleness of the men in charge of public affairs. In no country are the officials so conscious that they are contemptible. In no country is there a national legislature and cabinet so rapidly retrograding, so certainly sinking into the hands of men ignorant alike of letters, law, history, finance, and even of the morals and manners of gentlemen."

If that very strong language emanated from any other than an American citizen it would, doubtless, be ascribed to ignorance or prejudice. But coming from one of themselves, and he a learned professor, it is doubly significant. It is the result of honest introspection and analysis.

In the present conjuncture of affairs, after the lapse of eighteen years, the strong language of Prof. Denslow derives the fullest confirmation. Hitherto the Americans have gone through the fearful ordeal of civil war. With a strange apathy they made no adequate exertion to avert such a calamity. The pungent Thos. Carlyle described their then condition as "a foul chimney that must burn itself out." After thirty years accumulation it has become foul again. But this time, instead of brother striking brother, it is the worst spectacle of all, that of son striking mother. Truly, indeed, we may exclaim "the age of chivalry must be gone!" when that is the apparent attitude of our big Anglo-Saxon brother on this continent towards our august mother. The naturally noble, moral, and intelligent of every land, all lovers of freedom, irrespective of nationality, must instinctively pray for the continued stability and prosperity of Britain as the one great force that maketh for truth and righteousness. Towards the better portion of the people of the United States let us manifest an abiding faith and confidence that national chaos, with all its concomitant miseries may be averted.

May the rod for its own scourging, which the nation has made for itself, have its instructive warning so that its practical application may be avoided.

What is noble to them and to us must be mutually esteemed and venerated. Yes!

"What is noble? is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?
There's a dignity in labour
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
They who seek the mind's improvement
Aid the world in aiding mind,
Every great commending movement
Serves not one, but all mankind."

Such is the philosophy of Britain's power before the world to-day. Her just ambition and aspiration are to do good, and not abuse power. The United States ought to be her strongest ally, friend, and brightest hope. To the people of the United States, as to ourselves, we can conceive of no higher and nobler aim and ambition. God grant wisdom to the Anglo-Saxon to espouse it as a living faith, a faith that he would deem it an honour to die for.

ROBT. CUTHBERT.

* * *

A Forgotten Result of the Monroe Doctrine.

THERE is one point in connection with the Monroe Doctrine which is too much overlooked, and which we should like to bring to the attention of thoughtful Americans. This is the enormous deduction which the Monroe Doctrine makes from the general wealth and happiness of the world. Its first consequence is that the mighty continent of South America, which would maintain the entire white race of the world in comfort and prosperity, is nearly wasted and will continue wasted until that far-distant period when the population of the United States, having overflowed Canada and Mexico, finds itself once more too numerous for its habitant, and begins to pour still further southward, and through the Nicaragua Canal into the independent States on the Pacific Ocean. It is the opinion of the ablest naturalists that South America is, on the whole, the richest division of the world, and the one in which the human race, being aided rather than resisted by Nature in producing food, may with its perpetual toil reduced within less exhausting limits, reach the highest level of culture and civilization. A white people which could earn its keep with four hours' labour, ought, on the average, to be a higher race than ours. The continent covers nearly eight million square miles, that is, is equal to forty times the area of France; it contains all climates, especially an unusually healthy variety of the sub-tropical climate; and it may be broadly asserted to be culturable throughout, and owing to its lofty plateaus, to be culturable for two-thirds of its extent

by white men, who do not find either in Argentina or Chili that ploughing kills them. There is nothing which will not grow there, there is no mineral which does not exist in profusion, and the mass is cleft at almost every point by mighty rivers, affording the easiest and cheapest means of communication. The government and ownership of this mighty estate has, however, been left to the habitants of a single corner of the world, the Iberian Peninsula, under whose flags the remaining white sections of mankind are unwilling to settle. At the same time these Iberians, though they may possess many fine qualities, and have done much more in the way of successful work that Europe gives them credit for—for they have, for example, made Christianity, in however undeveloped a form, the single religion of the continent—have displayed none of the multiplying power of the Anglo-Saxon. They have not filled the continent, or even populated it in any true sense of the word "populated;" they have left labour mainly to inferior races; and they have shown a general proclivity to lose their control of those races, at least so far as any effective improvement in their mental status is concerned. Yet under the shadow of the Monroe doctrine, they are able to keep out the more vigorous peoples whose first condition for settlement is that they will dwell permanently only under their own flag and the protection of their own laws. What with antipathies of creed, antipathies of race, and antipathies of civilization, the Spaniards and Portuguese of America practically keep out all races except the Italian, which again confines its emigration to the valleys of a single Republic. Except in the Rio Grande do Sul, a single province of Brazil, there are not ten thousand Englishmen or Germans or Russians settled under foreign rule anywhere south of the Caribbean Sea. Yet Britain and Germany and Russia are filling up at a rate which is the despair of statesmanship, and which will within thirty years be the preoccupation of the strongest and most aggressive Governments in the world.

Take the single case of Germany. The increase of the German population is more than ten millions per generation, in a country which is already overfull, and which offers by no means attractive rewards for incessant toil. Half of it is sand, and another large section will only grow trees readily. The surplus millions are ready to emigrate, they make capital emigrants, and they are keenly desirous of founding a new Germany; but they can find no place where they can found even a colony, and are compelled to let themselves be lost amid the endless multitudes of the United States, whose weight in a generation or two extinguishes all distinctions. There is no German people outside Germany. We have not a doubt in our own minds that, were Germany free to invade Brazil, or coerce Brazil, or make terms with Brazil, Southern Brazil would become a German dependency, as would also Peru, now in her nadir of resources, thus constituting a mighty German State, stretching from ocean to ocean, filling up rapidly from year to year with a population capable of high culture, of managing a great sea-borne commerce, and of adding indefinitely to the wealth and thought and general *civilitas* of mankind. The tropical provinces of the same vast territory, now almost derelict, could be filled in a generation with the overspill of India, to the immense relief of the Peninsula, now beginning to be overcrowded, and the indefinite improvement of all the wild forest tribes. South America would, in fact, within fifty years, be utilized for mankind, as the Pennsylvania Forest has been utilized, with no injury to any one, for neither Spanish nor Portuguese need, or can use, all that vast spaciousness of dominion. A new "America," possibly two, would, in fact, be added to those forces of the world which, whatever else they fail in, do at least provide for the white race, that is, for the most vigorous and hopeful portion of mankind, the means of subsistence, and with them the possibility of high cultivation and of a peaceful and progressive existence. This immense advance is prohibited, in intention finally prohibited, by the Monroe doctrine, and to say that such a prohibition, whatever the other arguments for it—and we know of many—is not a diminution of the world's stock of potential vigour and happiness, is to deny the most direct evidence of experience. We are not besotted admirers of the Teutonic race either in Britain, Germany, or the United States, but that it can utilize fertile territory as no other race can, is a self-evident proposition, which even the rival peoples do not venture to deny. What they say, on the contrary, is, "You are too capable and formidable. Keep away from us."

From this what deduction? There is none to be made. We are addressing Americans, not Europeans, and only wish them, when they press or extol their Monroe doctrine, to see what they are doing to the injury of the world. They have plenty of solid reasons for the doctrine to urge from the point of view of their own interests, and if they had not, it would be sufficient that they think they have. The federation of Europe is still far off, so far as to seem a dream, and no single power has resources sufficient to struggle with the people of the Union in their own hemisphere, in contravention of a doctrine about which they are unanimous. Japan might have done it had she conquered and revived China; but no single European Power will, within any time worth thinking about, make the attempt. The pressure of population on the means of subsistence is not yet severe enough, nor have Canada, the States, Australia, and South Africa yet decided effectively that they will receive no more immigrants from Europe. Mr. C. Pearson thought they were on the brink of this decision twenty years ago; but the temptation of increased strength has so far prevailed over the temptation presented by higher wages and more manageable numbers. It is not as a practical counsel, but as an academic argument, that we make this rough statement of the facts; but still they are facts and facts which the better Americans ought not to forget. A good deal of the world's future is in their hands, and will be materially affected by a doctrine which they regard as a mere defence against the necessity of watching their frontiers or keeping up armaments on the European scale. We have never blamed them, or thought of blaming them, for ordering Napoleon III. to quit Mexico; but still it is well to recollect that in giving that order they affected the whole future of South America, and in fact condemned it to comparative uselessness until such time as they themselves are ready to enter upon what they regard as a large reversionary estate. The reflection will not, we are quite aware, induce them to relinquish the Monroe doctrine, but it may induce them to consider when they apply it, that a doctrine with such tremendous and far-reaching effects should be applied with rigid moderation, and without the assumption that it secures pure good to mankind as well as the United States.

To the People of the United States.

Noble it is and good to help the weak,
If aid be wisely so administered
That, by their own new strength of spirit stirred,
The lame achieve to walk, the dumb to speak;
They are uplifted to a higher peak
Of being, and behold with purged sight
A wider landscape in a purer light;
Then yours with doubled might it is to seek
Abreast with them night's empire to surprise:
Not noble and not good is it to call
Their weakness strong, their imperfection wise,
Turning the nascent freemen to a thrall,
Who on his own right arm no more relies
And now must be supported, or must fall.

Not meanly did your own grey poet, dead,
Enlarge his arms for one superb embrace,
And give the vilest outcast a warm place,
And make a shelter for the lowest head;
His flag of love he valiantly outspread,
And waved it over each untutored race.
Wisely you also give to those a space,
Whose names amongst the nations are not read;
But turn not coldly from the elder's side
Whose years so many noble minds have hymned,
Whose hope in all the night shines on undimmed;
Her goal is one with yours; but moral pride
And solitary aim both falsely guage
The greatest word upon the world's fair page.

Long since into the past the years are sped,
When but one man or tribe was called by God
Against His foes to lift the avenging rod;
Nay; when Jehovah's grand old prophet fled,
And timorously sought to hide his head,
Thinking that he was left in all the land
To crush the heathen god with single hand,
Seven thousand men, the still small voice had said,
Upright before the idol loyal stood
And he must band with them; 'tis now the same;
The brave and simple Anglo-Saxon brood
Will not supinely now divide their aim,
Which for so long has been a steadfast mood,
One in all high resolve, though two in name.

A CANADIAN.

Grievances.

IN reading my WEEK of the 3rd inst., I received three distinct pin-pricks. The first came from the printer's or proof reader's mistakes,* which mangled the article on the "Cost and Profit of Liberty." When "own" is made to read "now," and "devils" is turned into "doubts," and "inter-dependent" becomes "independent," and "continentalism" is changed into "conventionalism," not to speak of mistakes of punctuation which obscure the sense, feelings arise in the mind like those which prompted Kingsley to say that if "we studied the Newgate Calendar, instances would doubtless be found of authors having murdered printers." The second came from the answer of my old friend, Dr. Jardine, to "Canadensis." He says that "Canadians, being members of the British Empire, could not consistently denounce the United States for desiring to increase their territory, inasmuch as England is pre-eminent amongst the nations of the world for acquiring by violence or otherwise territory to which she originally had no claim." The argument is unintelligible, coming from such a man, as also, I may add, the argument in the next paragraph of his letter. If England has done wrong, specify the case, and it will be denounced by good men in all lands. But is a general charge of wrong-doing on her part to shut the mouths of a whole people with reference to a specific wrong done or contemplated by the United States? To Dr. Jardine the plea of "America for the Americans" is "grand and inspiring." Surely it ought to inspire only if "the Americans" are true to liberty and righteousness, and several of the Central and South American States are very far from that. Does "Americanism" mean much the same as Chauvinism? As to where "Grover Cleveland's fidelity to the Monroe doctrine" comes in, when he threatens Britain with war if she does not accept the divisional line between Guiana and Venezuela which his Commission may fix upon, I am unable to see. To almost every impartial authority in the civilized world, the States included, his action is unwarranted by courtesy, by international law, by the golden rule, or by the Monroe doctrine.

But the pin prick was sorest when I read the leader on "Professor Goldwin Smith's latest." It was all right to call attention to his singular contribution to the Olney literature, to analyse its implications, to show its irrelevancy or absurdity, and to call for "an expression of opinion concerning it" from the readers of THE WEEK. But to editorially "warn him now, that if he persists in these opinions *he must not express them here,*" was—unless meant as pure nonsense—to be false to the fundamental principles of British liberty. Has Dr. Smith violated any law of Canada? If so, proceed against him by due process of law. If not, what right has any man to "warn" and threaten him? What is the effect on every "natural" man of impertinent warning? He feels bound to "persist." What, in that case, is the warning voice prepared to do? To mob the offender or ride him on a rail, or—more probably—do nothing?

It is really hardly worth while saying more, but as a friend of THE WEEK from its first number, I must protest. It may be answered that in the States such writings as Dr. Smith's, directed against the country, would not be tolerated. What of that? We are not in the States. We are British, and Britain is

"The land, where girt by friend or foe,
A man may say the thing he will."

A good many people are offended at utterances of Dr. Smith. Well, they are not without resource. In olden times the fine people of Jerusalem were so annoyed at things Jeremiah said and wrote that they threw him into a dungeon. That was their way of expressing their feelings, but we have a different way.

Such an attack on Dr. Smith arouses sympathy for him in every reasonable mind, and imposes silence on those who would like to point out the unreasonableness of his statement regarding the possible use in war of the C. P. R. How can I attack the opinions of a man whose rights are assailed?

G. M. GRANT.

* NOTE: A proof of the article in question, together with the manuscript, was sent to Principal Grant, but unfortunately the paper was printed before the proof was returned. The proof-reader was accordingly without the manuscript for guidance when the forms were being made up. We deeply regret that such egregious typographical errors should have been made in the article.—Ed. THE WEEK.

When Will It End?

WHEN will it end? How long will it last? is the question that has been burning on the lips of thousands, nay millions, as day after day and month after month have brought before our pained and sickened hearts new pictures of the terrible and long-protracted sufferings of the unfortunate Armenians, who, in these last days, seem truly set for "a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men!" What the angels must think of it, after nearly two thousand years of proclaimed "peace and good will to men," we can but faintly imagine. For here, in what we fondly call civilized Europe, the horrors and barbarities of dark ages, which we fondly thought passed away, seem to rise and surge about us, as we read of burning villages; men, women and children massacred in cold blood; streets flowing with innocent blood that cries aloud for the vengeance of heaven, as did the bones of the Waldensian martyrs from "the Alpine mountains cold," according to Milton's immortal sonnet. As he said then, some may well say of these modern sufferers, in their fertile and beautiful land,

"Their moans
Thy vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven!"

And the whole of Christian Europe, with its immense standing armies, can do no more than look on and feebly protest! Well might we quote also a voice akin to Milton's kindred voice, as apposite to the present crisis, with one word of alteration:

"Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
Europe hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters. We are selfish men,
Oh! raise us up; return to us again."

If, indeed, the "voice whose sound was like the sea" could rouse "the Powers" from the indecision and hesitating timidity that seem to paralyse their counsels and embolden the cruel and fanatical Moslem to do his worst, while it is his opportunity, and "get rid of the Armenian question by getting rid of the Armenians."

Few will be likely, in good faith, to dispute Mr. Gladstone's famous saying that The Porte, as it exists to-day, is a curse to Europe and a menace to European civilization. Its deeds of darkness, its barbarous fanaticism, its utter falsity and corruption, its fiendish and insatiable cruelty, have become only too familiar to ears that have grown weary of hearing of them as of a tale that is told! And still the hideous tale drags on, and our helpless fellow-Christians are daily trampled to death beneath the cruel Moslem's heel, while we, "the heirs of all the ages," enjoying all the blessings of a free Christian civilization, can do nothing to help! The long talked of "measures of reform," from which so much was too credulously hoped, have turned out so many iridescent soap-bubbles with which the crafty Turk has been cheating his "most Christian" supporters, for in that light must be considered the Powers which united to prop up the rotten empire when more than a quarter of a century ago it was tottering to its fall, and which combine to sustain it now. Without the present support of the united Powers—united now, apparently, by mutual distrust—Turkey could not continue to stand. And even the echo of the word "reform" seems to have sharpened the sword and whetted the rage for blood of these human beasts of prey, whose degraded humanity makes the spectacle of their fiendish barbarity an element of sadness on which our minds can scarcely endure to rest.

It is not long since a young Armenian student in an American University, who, while a mere boy, had left his father's home beside the old sacred stream of the Euphrates was going about lecturing, at his own expense and risk, in a number of our towns and cities as well as in those of northern New York, in the patriotic but somewhat vain hope that he might, by the recital of some of his people's wrongs, rouse a deeper sympathy with our persecuted fellow-Christians, a warmer interest in the Armenian question. Our Christian people were—most of them—too busy in their own immediate concerns even to look with him at the present condition of an ancient Christian people in that ancient region of Biblical association, over which the ark floated, and where "the world's grey fathers" came forth to "read the sacred sign." Yet what he told to miserably small audi-

ences might have excited a deep and sympathetic interest in many hearts. One or two facts which he told incidentally in his graphic description of the home of his childhood were significant and suggestive enough. One was—that his sister was never allowed to go outside the walls of his father's courtyard without a male escort, and that when she understood American women could go where they pleased without fear or peril she could scarcely realize a state of affairs so completely different from that reign of terror under which the unhappy Armenians habitually live. The other was—that his father, a peaceful teacher in a Christian school, would, on three different occasions, have inevitably been assassinated by brutal robbers had he not, contrary to Turkish law, possessed a small revolver secreted on his person, with which he was able to defend himself. This prohibition to carry arms, of course, makes the Armenian people helpless victims whenever the marauding Kurds choose to descend upon their villages and farms, carry off their cattle and other possessions and not infrequently, out of sheer malignity, burn down their outstanding corn in the fields. Then, when the poor people are suffering from the spoliation, and are, of course, destitute of means, by a refinement of cruelty, the Turkish taxgatherers come down upon them; and as non-payment of taxes is a capital crime, the excuse is ready for a cold-blooded massacre! This is what happened so recently at Sassoun.

The young lecturer, to show the unchanged and apparently unchangeable cruelty of Moslem rule, took a retrospective glance over its record in the present century, noting the bloody footprints she has left on the page even of such very modern history over and above the never-ceasing oppression, the many unnoted imprisonments, judicial murders and secret assassinations which go on for ever. Each time she meets with a reverse in one part of her empire she wrecks her vengeance in another, no matter how peaceful and inoffensive it may be! The first great massacre of the century occurred when, smarting at the success of the Greek cause of Independence, she sent her fleet to the peaceful and loyal island of Chios, where the unsuspecting Christian Greeks turned out to give it a loyal welcome, and thirty thousand of them were ruthlessly slaughtered in cold blood. In the island of Cyprus, the following year, a massacre of the Christian inhabitants, lasted through thirty days of blood and horror. Coming nearer to our own time, in 1850, eleven thousand Armenian and Nestorian Christians were foully massacred in the beautiful district of Lebanon. The Bulgarian massacre of some ten thousand men, women, and children is still fresh in the minds of many, and has, happily, helped to win independence for the Bulgarian principality. Since then the massacre of ten thousand Armenians north-east of Van, and that of two or three thousand Yezidis in S. W. Mosul have occurred at briefer intervals. Only a few months ago, as it seems, the horrors of Sassoun shocked the whole civilized world, and for the last few weeks nearly every daily paper has been stained with the atrocities of the new reign of terror which has laid in ashes so many peaceful villages and slaughtered so many thousands of inoffensive peasantry, like sheep in their pens. It is not too much to say that it has lain like a nightmare on the hearts of all thoughtful and human-hearted people, wherever the news has spread; but, beyond ineffective representations in diplomatic circles, what real action has been taken? A second guardship, after much negotiation, has passed into the Bosphorus and there the matter seems to stand, while we know that at least one hapless Armenian city where the people, wearied with intolerable oppression, have made a desperate stand, is virtually lying at the mercy of these merciless fiends in human shape, and that a repetition of past horrors may at any moment be expected.

And then came the nine-days' sensation of a war scare between the two great Christian nations in whom, surely, lies Armenia's only hope; and in one, at least, of these great Anglo-Saxon peoples, the blood which apparently could not be stirred to action by the unspeakable sufferings and perils of helpless fellow-Christians, has been agitated to boiling point, among our neighbours, at least, over a petty question concerning the precise boundary line of a small South American republic! And over such a remote question as this, if certain rash and reckless spirits could have had their wicked way, the two sister nations to whom is entrusted the leadership of the world's progress would have spent in the "patri-

otic" task of devastating each other's territory, and crippling each other's resources, the power and energy which were surely given them for very different issues! Happily for once the wild and reckless spirits have not had it all their own way. These two nations are bound together by so many ties that a rupture is not, after all, so easy and is attended by consequences of a kind that the American people very readily appreciate. And the dignified attitude and sober good sense, which has, on the whole, characterized the attitude of both Britain and our own country, has met with a deepening response from the real heart and brain of the American nation, so that even those who at first talked most wildly would now probably be glad to have their utterances forgotten. But let us think for a moment of the "insanity" which could originate such a war-bubble, with all its lurid possibilities, and with so light a heart, so little counting of the cost! Britain and America have both grave cause of offence against Turkey; not even the shadow of offence against one another! Ever since the period of the Crimean War Turkey's record has been one long tissue of infamous breach of faith with the Power to which, mainly, she owes her present existence. As far back as 1844 we find Britain's foreign Minister, the then Lord Aberdeen, grandfather of our Governor-General, informing the Sultan that "the Christian powers will not endure that the Porte should trample on their faith by treating as a criminal any person who embraces it." Yet this has been "endured" for fifty years, and is being endured still. Surely the time has come for action, instead of vain protest! Did the British nation possess to-day half of the fire and *elan* of the Elizabethan period, half the simple faith of the time of Coeur de Lion, she would have found a way to save the unhappy Armenian people from the horrors they have been enduring. One of her own subjects, a Canadian missionary, has been brutally maltreated by the Porte's fanatical murderers and as yet we hear of no decisive step taken to punish that insult. Our own people should insist on the matter being taken up at once. We would not be unjust to our own Mother Country, which has long been called the "policeman of the Mediterranean," and has fought so many hard blows for the liberties of oppressed nationalities. But at present she certainly is not manifesting the firm and chivalrous spirit which she has often shown at far less urgent crises. Let us hope that some of the appeals which are being addressed to her by the leading periodicals of the day may have their effect and that she will follow some one of the alternative courses which have been suggested to render harmless, in the only possible way, a power whose bitter and relentless fanaticism towards our Christian faith will never be otherwise repressed.

As for America she too has suffered destruction of her property and injury to her citizens in the recent atrocities. Her mission-property, in which a large portion of her people are deeply interested, has been recklessly destroyed, and she is now demanding an indemnity of half a million; but had Great Britain been the aggressor in this instance would she have been satisfied with this calm and business-like procedure? Would not certain newspapers have been breathing fire and fury and sounding the call "to arms" in short order? Perhaps this is merely in accordance with the tendency of human nature to resent an injury or an offence more bitterly in proportion to the nearness of the blood-relationship. Yet, with all allowances, the contrast is suggestive. Professor Bryce, in a timely article in the Century for November, has pointed out the stake America holds in Turkey in connection with her long established missions and the eminent propriety of her joining with the European powers to close the present chapter of horrors. He suggested several alternative courses for stopping the fury of the oppressor and restoring something like good government to the distracted country. One of these would be the entire detachment of Armenia from Turkey and its erection into an independent principality, as has been successfully accomplished in the case of the other South-eastern Provinces. This is what the Armenians themselves ardently desire, the hope of all their patriotic and thoughtful citizens. But to this he thinks Turkey would never agree, except under the strongest pressure, because an independent Armenia on her borders would inevitably absorb into itself, in time, all her Armenian subjects, whom, despite her hatred of them, she finds so valuable, that, Pharaoh-like, she will not let them go, but forbids them to leave her realm under the severest penalties. Another plan is that of placing everywhere, on behalf of the

powers, resident officials who should oversee and virtually direct the Turkish authorities, a course which would probably be complicated by the same jealousies which at present bar the way to action. Another and perhaps less difficult course proposed is that of appointing in Constantinople a Commission of Supervision to which the Consuls throughout Turkey should constantly report and which should enquire into and bring before the Porte every attempt at oppression. Whichever of these courses should be adopted the aid of the American republic would count for much in carrying it out. The appearance of American gun-boats beside British ones in Turkish waters would, he predicts, do more than aught else to bring the Porte to its senses and to speedy terms than any other possible event, and probably without the firing of a shot! Such a new and nobler crusade, in defence of the lives and liberties of their oppressed fellow-Christians, would give abundant scope for the best chivalrous feeling in both countries in a worthy cause, and the mere circumstance of their standing side by side in defence of the weak and oppressed would do more to cement the brotherly feeling which should prevail between them than reams of diplomatic correspondence, or even the most eloquent after-dinner orations. But if such a calamity were to occur as a rupture and fratricidal conflict between these two great divisions of the English-speaking peoples, to whom, beyond all others, are committed the highest destinies of humanity, it would do more to put back the dial of human progress and give colour to Nordau's evil omen of the world slipping back into "Degeneracy," than any other event or combination of events that could happen or ever happened in the century whose sands are so nearly run!

FIDELIS.

Parisian Affairs.

NO danger is expected now to follow the message of Mr. Cleveland, and both Americans and English here—and elsewhere?—desire to bury in oblivion as rapidly as possible the insane political act of the President. Out of evil, perhaps good. Whether two peoples love each other or not, the event has established that it is difficult to fasten a quarrel on a nation that desires only to live in peace and to trade. Beyond doubt it has injured the cause of Republicanism in general, by exhibiting the possibility of a President being able, of his own will, to provoke a war on a false issue and against an unsuspecting friendly people. The Royalists are ringing the changes upon that. The English colony here mixed upon the most intimate terms with Americans; but astounded at the Presidential act, and followed by the approbation of his fellow-citizens, save most honourable exceptions, henceforth confidence must be measured, and the best intentions will be wrapped in suspicion.

For a moment there was a chuckle, despite the decided disapproval of Mr. Cleveland riding the Monroe doctrine—ignored by Europe—to death, that at last the last hour of the British Empire had sounded. Utopists had already carved out Old England, following hates and ambitions. The calamities in store for John Bull, whose sole crime appears to be that of being a more successful land-grabber than other powers, while surpassing the latter by affording to the world at large all the trading rights and privileges he enjoys himself, were awful. Next succeeded amazement that he did not surrender at once—say: "Don't fire, Colonel; I'll come down." He remained perfectly calm, coolly resolute, and quite prepared till the hurricane passed by—in America. The outburst was too unnatural to live. Another surprise for the French was that Canada was not invaded instanter and that Canadians were resolved to remain Canadians and to die in the ditch, rather than separate—which nothing prevents them from doing if they pleased and when they like—from Motherland. These facts have opened the eyes of the unintelligent foreigner, and have brought home to the American Executive itself that no single power or combination of powers need expect to speculate in a walk-over contest with England. More than ever, she will have to count upon herself and keep her powder dry.

Another, once inflammatory, subject has been interred—that of saving the Armenians and Turkish Progressives from Ottoman inhumanity. They must work out their own salvation. As Russia will not fire a shot to shield the to be massacred classes—the better to accelerate the collapse of

the Turkish empire, France will follow suit. The world has no more sentimental politics; ask President Cleveland. The ambassadors will protest as massacre follows massacre, and the intriguers at the Yildiz Kiosk will laugh more and more; but with this feature, that they are hurrying Abdul-Hamid to his certain doom. It is upon Constantinople that eyes now are fixed for the long expected solution—not upon the dozen guardships and the orchestra of ambassadors.

More interesting to Parisians than either the Anglo-American fiasco or the slaughterings in Turkey, is the case of M. Max Lebaudy, third son of the famous sugar refiner, who was the richest man in France. He left 215 fr. millions to be divided between his widow and four children. He laid the foundation of his own fortune, and he and his wife—who lived perpetually in strife due to unsuitability of temperament—built up the pile, million by million. Avaricious and miserly the widow resided, under an assumed name, at St. Cloud. Her income was nearly two fr. millions a year, and she expended but 6,000 frs. She did her own marketing and cooking, and passed her time in the churches and helping the indigent. She reared her son Max, then a lad of six, up on these economical lines. When 18 he broke loose from that restraint, became a type-Johnnie, plunged into all the fast pleasures of Paris life, raised the wind on post-dated bills, to be taken up when he attained his majority. The rate of interest never cost him a moment's attention; he was the client of every usurer in Paris and the provinces; he bought houses, mines, factories, forests, timber, electrical societies, and companies on a kin for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers. He was followed by representatives of all the tribes of Israel, or by, worse still, Christian sharks of both sexes.

To avoid his running through his fortune, he was placed under the tutelage of a Judicial Council. He demanded, on arriving at 21 years of age—he has just died at 22—to be emancipated from that break on his pace down the road to ruin, which his mother placed upon his conduct: he won his suit; his eminent counsel demonstrated that his mother deprived him of the means to live up to his fortune, one-and-a-quarter million francs yearly; that his debts which he demanded to be checked, and the imposters exposed, did not exceed his revenue. Counsel also laid down that it was good for the interests of society that the possessors of inherited millions should be allowed to disburse them with an extra freedom. The deceased was never naturally strong, and dissipation rapidly exhausted his store of vital force. Having reached legal age, he was drawn, like other conscripts, for three years' service in the army. He was attached as a mule-driver—for he was only a simple private—in connection with his cavalry regiment at Fontainebleau. Really unfit for that hard work, he was transferred to lighter duties. Then rose the cry of "favouritism," and he was hounded by demands for hush-money. He had all this time an important stud, trained horses for the turf, won a *grand prix* of 200,000 frs., that he handed over to the charities, and kept near his barracks a bachelor's home, and, of course, a pretty housekeeper. But his health continued to give way. Military medical boards admitted his constitution was impaired; had he been an ordinary individual he would be discharged; the doctors sent him from one hospital to another, they feared to sign his discharge lest public opinion would accuse them of having been bribed; the Minister of War hesitated to liberate the dying soldier, fearing to be taxed with having a special weight and measure for millionaire privates. At last he was sent to the hospital of Amélie-Bains, where the sick soldiers from Madagascar are concentrated for convalescence. Here he contracted typhoid, which, aided by tuberculosis, emancipated on Christmas Eve the poor cavalry private, whose last words were, alimentation for being the owner of millions and envying the situation of his comrades who have only the regimental pocket money—one sou per day. It was Mlle. Massy, the beautiful actress of the Theatre Francois, who threw up her permanent appointment to care him in his illness, that closed his eyes; his brother was also present. That's the career of a youthful millionaire whose only misery was his wealth. The deceased was nicknamed the "Little Sugarstick," out of compliment to his father's industry. Z.

Paris, Dec. 28, '95.

"The Little Busy Bee."

I AM moved to write a few things about the wonderful insect above named by two considerations. The first is, to dispel somewhat of the popular ignorance in regard to a most useful member of the animal kingdom, which deserves to be better known; and the second is, to draw the attention of my literary fellow-workers to a most interesting scientific pastime, which will tempt them into the fresh air and bright sunshine, giving them exercise of a kind not at all exhaustive, in the indulgence of a pursuit that is fascinating in the extreme. Most people know little more about bees than is embodied in that juvenile song of Dr. Watts', which we so often hear alluded to, usually more in jest than in earnest. Like many other compositions intended for the young and rising generation, this famous song about "The Little Busy Bee," is not so true to nature and to life as it might be, and ought to be. Dr. Watts himself seems to have known little more about this insect than that it is a marvel of industry, which is just as true of the devil as it is of the bee. This fact, indeed, is recognized by the poet in the couplet:

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

It is a curious fact that the very first verse of Dr. Watts' song contains two great errors about the insect whose praise it sings:—

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve the shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower."

In the first place, the bee does not gather honey. It gathers the sweet nectar secreted by the flowers, which is converted into honey by some mysterious process that goes on in the mouth and stomach of the bee. The nectar is transmuted into honey by the busy gatherers of it, and the change takes place during transit from the flower to the hive.

A second error is, that the bee gathers "from every opening flower." It is only some flowers that secrete and yield nectar. Attracted by the aroma of certain blooms, the bees visit them and are invariably rewarded by a tiny drop of the precious liquid of which they are in search.

It may not be amiss to give two or three illustrations of popular ignorance in regard to bees and honey. Thus the idea largely prevails among the general public that bees resemble the devil not only in tremendous activity but also in being of the same prowling nature, and that as he goes about seeking whom he may devour, so also the bee goes about seeking whom it may sting; whereas there is no creature in nature more disposed to mind its own business and give others a good letting alone than the bee. There is also an almost universal tendency to strike at a bee when it is seen near by, and this ignorant, foolish act is the cause of most of the stings people get. The general public should be taught at least some primary lessons in regard to this useful insect, so as to know how to behave properly in the vicinage of bees, and not needlessly expose themselves to the risk of being stung. An amusing instance of ignorance about bees among *literati* occurred last summer. The May number of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine contained a very interesting article on the honey-bee, by an expert named Hutchinson. But the literary man who furnished the sub-headings knew no better than to say, "Being a complete account of the honey-bee, his home, his migrations, his food habits of life, his business methods, his storehouses, his food and communal life." Probably not one person in a thousand is aware that worker-bees, which constitute the chief population of a hive are undeveloped females, or that the masculine insect is only a transient performer on the scene, appearing when the busy season is inaugurated, and vanishing when the increase of population is not further desirable until the advent of another working season.

Never strike at a bee. This one simple rule will prevent stinging in nine cases out of ten. If a bee buzzes round you, the impulse is to hit it. Repress that impulse. Maintain perfect quiet and inaction. Slightly bow the head and keep the eyes downcast. When a bee is minded to sting it aims at the eye. So "mind your eye" when a bee is near, and seems to be at all in hostile mood. Never try to fight a bee. It has several thousand eyes and you have

but two. The many-eyed fighter is sure to win in such an unequal contest.

But I pass to notice briefly matters of far greater practical importance. Among these our indebtedness to the bees and dependence upon them may be adverted to. After all, honey-gathering is not the most important function they perform. We owe to them the beauty of the flower, the fertility of the seed, and the ripe lusciousness of the fruit. The bee that thoughtless mortals try to strike down and kill, often to find what an alert fighter it is and what a sharp rapier it carries, is one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. A brief reference to a few simple facts will abundantly demonstrate the truth of this statement.

Flowers are the reproductive organs of the plants that bear them. No seed is produced unless pollen shed by the anthers is carried to the pistil. Some flowers have anthers and no pistils; these are male blooms. Others have pistils and no anthers; these are female blooms. But by far the greater number are hermaphrodite; that is, they carry both sexes within themselves. Female blooms must have pollen brought to them from male blooms, generally speaking of the same species, or the seed will fail. Often the seeds will not develop even though the flower has both stamens and pistils, unless the pollen of another flower is brought to fructify them. The wind and insects are Nature's two servants that perform this work. Wind-fertilized, or anemophilous flowers, are, as a rule, scentless, honeyless and inconspicuous. But flowers that need the aid of insects to fertilize them must invite their visits; hence nectar is offered; sweet perfumes attract and fine colours reveal. Hermaphrodite flowers need insects scarcely less than others, for although they produce pollen, yet their own pollen is not so desirable as that from other blooms. The experiments of that great naturalist Darwin, on cross-fertilization, have brought to light much of the wonderful working of the laws of insect life along these lines. But the subject is too voluminous to be more than touched in passing.

Among the insect tribes, bees are the chief agents in the fertilization of flowers. The necessary process is accomplished in various ways. A species of the willow-herb *Epilobium angustifolium*, must have all its own pollen carried off to other flowers before its pistils develop, when, in turn, it is fructified by the pollen from other blooms. The primrose, cineraria, orchids, tropeolum, heath-blooms, and other flowers that might be named, present curious and diverse contrivances for utilizing the visits of the honey-bee. The strawberry, that most delicious fruit, owes its fertilization to the bee. It is estimated that to produce a single perfect strawberry, from one hundred to double or triple that number of independent fructifications must be accomplished. If fructification fails, instead of a luscious berry, we have a hard, shrunken, greenish mass.

Ignorant people suppose bees to be enemies of fruit, whereas, without them, we should not have any. It is a mistake to imagine that they injure fruit-blossoms by visiting them. Such visits are absolutely necessary if any fruit whatever is to form and mature. It is also a mistake to suppose that bees puncture grapes or other ripe fruit. They do nothing of the kind. If the skin is broken by any other means they simply gather up the sweet juices that would otherwise go to waste.

In England there are many who pursue bee-keeping as a fascinating recreation or scientific pastime. They make no account of the value of the honey, or the question of profit and loss in connection with the business. They find endless pleasure in observing the wise and curious ways of bees. There is soothing music in their hum, and constant interest in the study of what is going on inside the hive. What there is to be deprecated or frowned upon in this I have never been able to see, but certain it is that amateur bee-keepers in Canada and the United States are at a discount. I think bee-keepers, as a class, are inclined to be selfish monopolists on this side of the Atlantic. They are not anxious to let the general public into their secrets, lest they should become charmed with the pleasant occupation of tending bees. It is openly advocated by some that the pursuit should be confined to specialists. There is a class of bee-keepers who look at everything from a dollar and cent standpoint. They have no sympathy whatever with the poetry of bee-keeping, and no idea of making the pursuit a diversion. I cannot understand why studying the habits of

bees is not as rational a pastime as observing a game of base-ball, and shouting one's self hoarse over the changing tide of victory and defeat as it ebbs and flows during such a game. I am one of those who hope yet to see a class of amateur bee-keepers on the American continent, who will keep bees for the love of the thing and not merely for the money there is in it.

WARFLECK.

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Toronto's Ice Age.

IN the third volume of the *Journal of Geology*, and in the third edition of his "Great Ice Age," the eminent British geologist Dr. Geikie has named and described six different glacial epochs, viz: The Scanian, Saxonian, Polandian, Mecklenburgian, Lower Turbarian and Upper Turbarian. He has also named and described five interglacial epochs or stages, occurring in order between the foregoing glacial epochs as follows: Norfolkian, Helvetian, Neudeckian, Lower Forestian and Upper Forestian. Prof. Chamberlain, of the Chicago University, has named and described three American glacial epochs, the Kansan, Iowan and Wisconsin, which correspond respectively to the second, third and fourth European glacial epochs of Geikie; whilst the interglacial deposits which constitute the Scarborough Heights near Toronto are regarded as belonging to the time between the Iowan and Wisconsin, that is, between the third and fourth glacial epochs.

No mention appears to be made of the moraines and other evidences of a true glacial epoch occurring in many places north and east of Toronto, although we may infer that these belong to the Wisconsin (fourth) epoch.

More recently, in a paper read before the annual meeting of the American Association for the advancement of science, Mr. Warren Upham, formerly of the U.S. Geological Survey, has given a different classification of the ice periods. Upham agrees with Dr. Frederick Wright, the late Prof. Dana, Hitchcock and others. He regards the glacial period as continuous, "comprising the glacial epoch of ice accumulation and the camplain epoch of ice departure," with intervals of recession of the ice, but no complete departure of the ice-sheets except the final one. His divisions of the ice-accumulating epoch are:

(1.) The Lafayette uplift, affecting Europe and North America, raising the glaciated area to such great altitudes that they received snow throughout the year and became ice-covered. "Rudely chipped stone implements and human bones in the plateau gravels of southern England, 90 feet and higher above the Thames, and the similar traces of man in high terraces of the Somme valley, attests his existence there before the maximum stages of the uplift and of the ice age. America appears also to have been already peopled at the same early time."

(2) The Kansan stage, the farthest extent of the ice-sheet in the Missouri and Mississippi river basins, and in New Jersey.

(3) The Helvetian or Aftonian stage, the recession of the ice-sheet northward some 500 miles in the west, about 250 miles in Illinois, and much less towards the east side of this continent.

(4) The Iowan stage, renewed ice accumulation extending about 350 miles southwards in the west, that is, in Minnesota and Iowa, about 150 miles in Illinois, and very little in the east.

Upham's divisions of the epoch of ice-departure are:

(1) The Champlain subsidence or Neudeckian stage.

(2) The Warren stage, the glacial lake Warren held on its north-east side by the retreating ice-border, and covering the present lakes, Superior, Huron, Michigan and Erie, and adjacent portions of land.

(3) The Toronto stage.

(4) The Iroquois stage.

(5) The St. Lawrence stage.

Of the Toronto stage of the ice-departure Mr. Upham gives the following account:—"Slight glacial oscillations, with temperate climate, nearly as now, at Toronto and Scarborough, Ont., indicated by interbedded deposits of till and fossiliferous stratified gravel, sand and clay. Although the waning ice-sheet still occupied a vast area on the north-east, and twice readvanced, with deposition of much till, during the formation of the Scarborough fossiliferous drift series, the

climate then, determined by the Champlain low altitude of the land, by the proximity of the large glacial lake, Algonquin, succeeding the larger lake, Warren, and by the eastward and north-eastward surface atmospheric currents and courses of all storms, was not less mild than now. The trees, whose wood is found in the interglacial Toronto beds, now have their most northern limits in the same region."

During the Iroquois stage the old glacial lake (known to geologists as Lake Iroquois), occupied the place of the present Lake Ontario, and extended some distance northward. This lake had its outlet by way of Rome, New York, to the Mohawk and Hudson rivers. The surface of Lake Iroquois was about two hundred feet above the present level of Lake Ontario. It existed for many years, and formed a well-marked shore-line, the Iroquois beach, along which the sands, gravels, and smooth and furrowed boulders may be found in abundance.

HENRY MONTGOMERY.

Toronto.

* * *

Montreal Affairs.

MONTREAL has had much to interest it of late. Politically there has been much of a history-making character happening; for it is quite clear that the crisis at Ottawa in the Ministerial ranks, which may result in a change of government, has been very largely due to the two reverses suffered by the Government on the island of Montreal—the very citadel of Canadian Conservatism since 1878. The explanations of these defeats have been, in number, like the sands of the seashore; but to the Montrealer who kept his eyes and ears open there was nothing surprising in the election of the Liberal candidates, nor any great difficulty in locating the cause. In this column at the outset of the Montreal Centre contest, I stated that the chances were that Mr. McShane would win despite his marked inferiority to his antagonist. His majority was due principally to two causes: an almost solid vote in his favour by the French workingmen, and a marked falling off in the English Protestant Conservative vote. Mr. McShane had a majority in the Irish-Catholic sections of the constituency, but it was much less than he had expected; while everybody was amazed at the majority piled up for him in East Ward, which is almost exclusively French. In West Ward, where the English Protestants vote, the Conservative majority fell from about 500 to less than 200. On the following Monday in Jacques Cartier the English vote went almost solidly against the Government, while in the French parishes the Liberals made enormous gain. Thus, in both these constituencies the Government was defeated because it failed to get the usual English vote while large numbers of its French supporters also broke away from its candidates. Now what were the causes for this astounding turnover? Are they local and temporary? or general and permanent? Obviously, if the latter, there is before the Government, in this Province, nothing but a hopeless rout; for when the French and English vote one way in Quebec they elect their man. I should say that the extraordinary falling off in the Conservative English vote was due in great part to local causes which may be removed before the general elections; but the breaking away of French Conservatives to the Liberal forces is the result of a movement general throughout the Province of Quebec. The experience of Jacques Cartier and Montreal Centre, in this respect, will be repeated all over the Province at the elections—provided that Mr. Chapleau carries within the gates of Spencerwood.

The death of M. Mercier and the virtual retirement of Mr. Chapleau left Mr. Laurier the one great French-Canadian figure in Canadian public life; and there has been a drift towards him by his countrymen which is becoming irresistible. His policy on the Manitoba schools question is one that is not as likely to win votes in this province as the attitude assumed by Sir Mackenzie Bowell; but his commanding personality more than makes up for the deficiency. It is but justice to Mr. Laurier to say that he has never sought to advance his popularity among his own people by appealing to race prejudices as Mr. Mercier did: but blood is thicker than water and it is not at all strange that the French-Canadians are massing themselves solidly behind one of their own countrymen who is the undisputed leader of a great political party and, therefore, likely enough to be premier. Mr. Laurier's fortunes are indeed rising like a

tide in this province; for he stands very well with the English also and is likely to hold a certain number of the English Conservatives who, in their anger at the Government's treatment of them, voted against it in the late elections.

One of the things which the dying city council is being asked to authorize is the building of a branch of the Montreal Street Railway to the top of Mount Royal. Only those who know by experience the charm of our Mountain Park can realize the vandalism of the proposal. The Street Railway has been laying its pipes for years to secure this privilege; and it regards the present as an opportune time to bring matters to a head. They are meeting with vigorous opposition; and the cause of those who are fighting to maintain the Park from the desecration of the shrieking trolleys have received unexpected reinforcements from the women of Montreal who, by the thousands, are signing petitions pleading that the Park be left undisturbed. Mrs. Geo. A. Drummond, the President of the Montreal branch of the National Woman's Council, has taken the lead in this good work. The Railway, of course, claims that the building of the electric road will in no way injure the Park; but their opinion does not seem to carry much weight with those who know the Park best and love it most.

Mr. Robert S. White has at last been appointed Collector of Customs here, and although a petition in favour of the promotion of Mr. O'Hara was largely signed by Montreal merchants, Mr. White's selection has been well received. Mr. White, after he gets to know the ropes, ought to make an excellent collector. His fellow-journalists intend to tender him a complimentary banquet about the middle of the month.

The Government's choice of new Senators for this district has also met with approval. Mr. James O'Brien is a wealthy merchant and a good representative of his race; Mayor Villeneuve is also a prominent merchant who has long been a leading figure in our legislative and municipal life; Mr. Owens is a substantial and capable citizen; and Sir William Hingston should make an ideal Senator.

Music and the Drama.

THE good people of St. James' Cathedral have engaged Mr. J. Lewis Browne for their organist during the coming year. This should be a good move, for, possessing an excellent organ, they should have a skilled organist to play it. Mr. Browne is certainly skilful, and plays with much taste. I am told that the choir of St. James' is one of the very best in the city, and that the singing is very impressive. This is doubtless true, for I know there are many excellent singers as members, and that most of them have been trained by the choir-master, Mr. Schuch himself, who has in the last few years made a splendid reputation as a teacher of voice culture and vocal music generally. Now, with a superior organist, better results than ever will more than likely be attained.

Mr. George Fox, the splendid young violinist, who is always popular in Toronto, has decided to make this city his home, for a time at least. I believe it is his intention to accept pupils for the study of the violin, and that his present address is Room Y, Confederation Life Building.

I spent a few minutes talking with Miss Lillian Littlehales, the talented young Canadian violoncellist, one evening quite recently, and among other things she told me that Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, but now of London, was making excellent headway and was becoming very favorably known as a talented composer in the great metropolis. I was glad to hear this, for many of us know Mr. Lucas' ambition to become a composer of distinction, and as he has the musical education, and moreover the talent as well, he is certain to succeed. Miss Littlehales is a charming young artist and plays with refined sentiment. Her tone is appealing, rich and intense, and her technic fluent and accurately sure. Her future ought to be bright, and it will be if a winning personality, ambition and talent counts for anything. I do not know who her masters were in London, but doubtless she studied with *Piatti*, the distinguished 'cellist and teacher, who is one of the greatest. Prior to leaving Canada for further study she was instructed

by Mr. Dinelli, of the Conservatory of Music, who is naturally pleased with the success of his clever pupil.

Mr. Henry Jacobsen and wife, of Buffalo, spent a few days in the city last week, and returned home on Monday. Mr. Jacobsen reports considerable activity in the profession in our neighboring city across the lake, and he still retains a kindly feeling for Toronto and his many friends here. He is looking well, but has grown stout, and his fair hair is as frizzy as ever. His wife is quite a charming pianist and plays with much musicianly sentiment. I heard her play a prelude from one of the MacDowell Suites and the same composer's Shadow Dance, and these were executed in a style quite delightful.

Mrs. Clara Thoms, of New York, a pianiste of reputation in the United States, visited Toronto a few days before Christmas, and was introduced to several of our musicians. From what she told me, it is probable she may give a recital here in February or March, although it was not certain then. She is a bright, intelligent lady, and full of artistic animation; and judging from this, her playing should be brilliant and sparkling.

I dropped in to hear the Mendelssohn choir at rehearsal last Monday evening, and although the chorus was being drilled in spots most of the time I was present, I heard enough to convince me that we will hear some most finished and expressive singing at the concert on February 11th. Mr. Vogt seems to be in his element when training a chorus, he looks in a work so analytically, and he apparently feels every pulsation of the rhythm. Besides this, his ear is keen and sensitive, and he knows a good musical effect when he hears it. The material of which the Mendelssohn Choir is composed is of the best, and consequently the tone is singularly pure and elastic. Taking all these features into consideration, I do not think it hazardous to prophesy what I have stated above, that some exceptionally beautiful chorus singing will be heard at their forthcoming concert next month.

I have received from the publishers, The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association, an anthem entitled, "Come Unto Me," by W. H. Hewlett. It is well written, not difficult, and should be found very useful, as it is sure to be effective when well sung. In this little anthem Mr. Hewlett shows himself to possess talent for composition, as the different voices are quite skilfully managed, and the music on the whole suits the character of the words admirably.

W. O. FORSYTH.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's fourth organ recital of this (the fourth) series was given last Saturday afternoon in All Saints' Church. It is gratifying to notice a gradual increase in the size of the audiences attending these really admirable recitals. Miss Minnie F. Hessin, the vocalist of the occasion, possesses a contralto voice of rather pleasing, though unnecessarily sombre, quality. She gave a refined rendering of "He Shall Feed His Flock," from the "Messiah," and Marston's song, "My God, My Father, While I Stray."

Handel's "Rejoice Greatly" is so difficult a solo, both on account of the agility of voice necessary and because of the great demands it makes on the volume and control of the breath, that it is frequently sung in a spasmodic and laboured fashion, making the listeners thoroughly ill at ease and putting all thought of rejoicing quite out of the question. Indeed, one is sometimes inclined to doubt the suitability of the composition for use in church services. However, in connection with Christmas music, it is frequently given. At the Central Methodist Church Miss Ida McLean sang this solo a short time ago in a manner which calls for a word of commendation. Her sincerity, as well as the clearness and absolute ease with which she executed the most difficult passages, made one feel both the sacredness and joyousness of the composition. Her intonation, too, which has not always been accurate, was, on this occasion, quite above criticism. Any kind of musical drivel is so often considered good enough for the use of the soloists in our churches that it is a genuine pleasure to be able to record an adequate rendition of a solo really worthy of the House of God.

A most remarkable notice was recently sent to the editor of a New York musical paper stating that Miss X.—the star of a travelling concert company—"is acknowledged by press and public to be the most wonderful vocal soloist this country has ever produced;" owing her unusual distinction to "her ability to sing clearly and accurately in four distinct voices," and to the possession of a "masculine tone of voice beyond all detection." Really, this leaves the web-footed boy and the two-headed girl quite out in the cold. But what a relief it would be to singing masters if such multiple voices were to be universally regarded as the most desirable. Many a pupil could be provided with perhaps even a larger assortment than Miss X. by merely developing a few of the most striking defects of the untrained voice.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

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Art Notes.

BY the time these notes appear to the public eye the Loan Exhibition at the Toronto Club, to which I have already prophetically referred, will probably be an accomplished fact. But I am tempted to make a further allusion to it because, when last I wrote on the subject, I had not had the advantage, which I now enjoy, of being in possession of the final list of painters to be represented. One picture to be exhibited will have an especial interest in this hour when England's attitude is the subject of somewhat free comment on the part of other powers. It is the portrait of the greatest opponent of what I may perhaps call the "Napoleon doctrine"—the author of the pungent criticism, dated June 18th, 1815. Sir Thos. Laurence, who painted the picture, was the most popular portrait painter of his day. He was especially in favour with the ladies of the court whom he painted with the brush of—a courtier. But he was capable of a vigorous portrayal of the aspect of a masculine subject; and the present portrait of the Duke of Wellington is a manly treatment of the outward and visible signs of those qualities in his sitter which earned him the title of the "Iron Duke."

Very unlike the Laurence portrait, but hardly less to be prized, is the "Henner" from the collection of Sir Donald Smith. "The Nymph at the Pool" is, I think, the title of the picture; but it matters little in this instance—in fact the necessity for a title is almost to be regretted in the case of a picture which is manifestly a vision of the painter's imagination. The form of the nymph glows in the twilight recesses of a grove. Her hair is of the hue dear to the women of Venice, and makes the climax of colour in a lovely harmony of amber and deep blue-green. Henner is one of the few men who can paint "softly" and yet be strong—can blend his colours without neutralizing their effect. And he can mould a beautiful form without damning it with definition. The great quality of simplicity is his too; and he is essentially original. I think that Henner will have his niche.

I do not know precisely what we are to expect from De Hooch, but I trust that it will be one of his inimitable court yards. As compared with Teniers and a host of Dutchmen who are given to perpetuating scenes amongst the coarse votaries of Bacchus, De Hooch is refreshingly wholesome. He must have been a simple-minded burgher—a teetotaler possibly, and eminently domesticated. He painted the good wife polishing her pots and pans at the kitchen doorway; and he gives us a glimpse of a courtyard in which red brick is a dominant feature, and a pretty one at that. The incident portrayed is never in the least dramatic; there is no appeal to the emotions; the people of his creation are only innocently at work—so innocently that he is able to introduce a child or two toddling about in ample grey shirts and white caps; and one can imagine how much they must have enjoyed plaguing the patient old De Hooch as he plodded on with his picture, lovingly developing it, brick by brick.

E. WYLY GRIER.

There has been a lull for some time in the Toronto art world broken only by the advent of "Studio Day" on Saturday last and by the deep interest taken in the coming exhibition at the Toronto Club. It seems a pity, however, that when it has cost so much trouble and expense that the exhibition should not be made available to a larger class of

people, who are, from the fact of its being limited to the friends of the Club members, cut off from such a rare chance of seeing good pictures. Would it not be possible to transfer these pictures to some more public place, for it is only in this way that public taste can become educated and a natural and general love for art can ever spring up amongst us. At present it is purely a social affair, and a wide-spread feeling of regret and disappointment exists amongst those who have not the privilege of being admitted to see this collection which promises to be one of if not the finest we have ever before had here.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Reid were to be seen for the last time in their studio, until next autumn, as they leave Toronto on the 18th and sail a few days later for Gibraltar. In the meantime the studio is being rapidly dismantled, to be re-let if possible during their absence, and many of the pictures are to be sent to Hamilton on exhibition and afterwards be sold. Mr. and Mrs. Reid intend spending several months in Spain, making Madrid their headquarters, and will proceed later to Paris and do some work there, and then on to London for the spring exhibitions.

The death of Mr. Thomas Francis Dicksee is reported. He is well known as a painter of Shakespearean and *genre* pictures and portraits. His son, Mr. F. Dicksee, is a well-known R.A.

Prof. Herkomer has just finished several portraits of very different characters. One is of the Regent of Bavaria, a prince of hurculean build. Another of Dr. Percival, the late head master of Rugby, is the result of a subscription got up by the present and old boys in commemoration of him. The last picture is a beautiful type of Southerner, with fair blue eyes, rich complexion, and black hair. It will probably be called "The Madonna."

* * *

The Woman's Bible.*

OF all possible books this is perhaps the most extraordinary possible. It is a commentary on all such texts of Scripture as "directly refer to women" or "in which women are made prominent by exclusion"; it is written entirely by women; and is based on a translation which was the work of a woman. The women who undertake it form a "Revising Committee," and on this Revising Committee are three "Reverends," fourteen "Mrs.'s," one "Miss," and four unclassified ladies. The holder of the copyright, and apparently the prime mover and general "boss" (as probably they denominate her), is Mrs. Elizabeth [*sic*] Cady Stanton—a personage not unknown in the polemical literature of woman suffrage. The translator's name is Julia Smith, daughter of Hannah Hickock and Zephaniah H. Smith, and in an Appendix we are told the names of Julia Smith's sisters—though what these had to do with her translation appears not; however, Julia Smith's sisters were Hancy Zephina Smith, Cyrintia Scretia Smith, Laurilla Aleroyla Smith, and Abby Hadassah Smith. Julia Smith's translation of the Bible, as the "ultimate authority for the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew text," was chosen because "it stands out unique among all translations," and it stands out unique because "it is the only one ever made by a woman, and the only one, it appears, ever made by a man or woman without help;" the sex and single-handedness of the translator apparently being claims for "ultimate authority" far above mere scholarship. The object of the Commentary seems to be to controvert the prevailing opinion—at least the Commentators (or is it Commentatresses?) seem to think it the prevailing opinion—that the Bible regards women as inferior to men. "Those," says Mrs. Elizabeth [*sic*] Cady Stanton, "who have the divine insight to translate, transpose, and transfigure this mournful object of pity [the Biblical woman *videlicet*] into an exalted, dignified personage, worthy our worship as the mother of the race, are to be congratulated as having a share of the occult mystic power of the eastern Mahatmas," for "the plain English to the ordinary mind admits of no such liberal interpretation. The unvarnished texts speak for themselves." Accordingly, it is to be presumed that the Revising Committee will varnish

*"The Woman's Bible. Part I: The Pentateuch." New York: European Publishing Co. 1895. Paper, 8vo, pp. 152. Price 50 cts.

the texts with the occult mystic power of the eastern Mahatmas.

And certainly they do. The first comment, that on Genesis i., 26-28, asserts the eternal existence of a "feminine element in the Godhead, equal in power and glory with the masculine," based on the words, "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them." Truly this is a rather startling gynaeomorphic interpretation with which to set out. This is the assertion of "E. C. S."—each Commentatress signs her own initials; but it is an assertion for which one is not wholly unprepared, since in the "Introduction"—which is signed "Elizabeth Cady Stanton"—we are told "The only points in which I differ from all ecclesiastical teaching is that I do not believe that any man ever saw or talked with God. I do not believe that God inspired the Mosaic code, or told the historians what they say He did about woman."

Perhaps the reader thinks he has now a clue to the point of view of "The Woman's Bible." Not quite; for it is to be remarked that the Commentators are not, as is commonly the practice, in union, but each jots down, often in the airiest and freest of fashions, her own ideas and conjectures, and often animadverts on the ideas and conjectures of the Commentator preceding. It seems, indeed, that there has been some feminine quarrelling in the female camp. "Some of the Revising Committee," openly complains "E.C.S.," "write me that the tone of some of my comments should be more reverent in criticising the 'Word of God.'" "Does any one at this stage of civilization," is her retort, "think the Bible was written by the finger of God, that the Old and New Testaments emanated from the highest divine thought in the universe?" And on another page, "Why should the customs and opinions of this ignorant people, who lived centuries ago, have any influence on the religious thought of this generation?" After which interrogation one is inclined to ask, why then edit them and copyright the edition? Nor do the complaints of these members of the Revising Committee seem wholly groundless. It is a new departure in Biblical commenting to read that "Zipporah, like all the women of her time, was hustled about, sent forward and back by husbands and fathers, generally transported with their sons and belongings on some long suffering jackass;" or that "it was just so [speaking of the golden calf made out of ear-rings—Exodus xxii., 2-4] in the American Revolution, in 1776, the first delicacy the men threw overboard in Boston harbour was the tea, woman's favourite beverage. The tobacco and whiskey, though heavily taxed, they clung to with the tenacity of the devil fish;" or that "it would have been commendable if the members of the late Constitutional Convention in New York had, like Moses, asked the guidance of the Lord in deciding the rights of the daughters of the Van Rensselaers, the Stuyvesants, the Livingstons, and the Knickerbockers;" or that "the chief point of interest in this parable of Balaam and his ass, is that the latter belonged to the female sex," and that "the appeal of the meek, long-suffering ass to her master to remember her faithfulness and companionship from his youth up, is quite pathetic, and reminds one of woman's appeals and petitions to her law-givers for the last half century." Comment, though tempting, is needless.

The conflicting comments of the hostile Commentators are sometimes really curious. Thus, of that enigmatical narration contained in Genesis v., 4, "E.C.S." says: "The Jews evidently believed the males the superior sex. Men are called 'the sons of God,' women 'the daughters of men.'" But of the same "L.D.B." says, "In the story 'of the sons of God and the daughters of men' we find a myth like those of Greek, Roman, and Scandinavian fable, demi-Gods love mortal maidens and their offspring are giants." Very evidently not the clearing up of difficulties is the aim of our fair expositors.

The authorities the fair Commentators quote are not the usual ones. We do not come across many of the old and well known names, but we come across Daniel Cady Eaton, Professor of Botany in Yale College, and Dr. and Madame Le Plongeon, while certain "scientists"—whatever such people may be—are frequently referred to. Also it must be mentioned that all five books are fully Bowdlerized, "the texts on Lot's daughters and Tamar" especially being wholly omitted "as unworthy a place in the 'Woman's Bible.'"

What, then, is the point of view of the "Woman's Bible?" It is really not easy to determine, unless it be to

throw discredit on the Scriptures in that they, *ex hypothesi*, teach the subjection of women. "This utter contempt," says "E.C.S.," "for all the decencies of life, and all the natural personal rights of women as set forth in these pages, should destroy, in the minds of women at least, all authority to superhuman origin, and stamp the Pentateuch at least as emanating from the most obscene minds of a barbarous age." We submit this point of view to Messrs. Cheyne and Driver. However, whatever it may, it is hopelessly beyond the bounds of serious criticism. One might, indeed, criticize the spelling—what is "peurile"? and what is "to devine"? But we hasten to add that it is devoutly to be desired that this Revising Committee will push forward their work with all possible speed; it will do more towards finding a final and decisive answer to the "Woman Question" than anything yet devised.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

* * *

Recent Fiction.*

"BARBARA HECK" is really a biography. It is a semi-imaginative account of the life of one of the most notable founders of Methodism in America. Naturally, its chief interest will be for those who belong to the Methodist body, but nobody will be the worse for its perusal. At the same time we cannot help feeling sorry that the author of that sterling good book, "The Catacombs of Rome," should descend to this style of literature. That book gave promise of future excellent original work. In compiling books like "Barbara Heck," Dr. Withrow is frittering away his life.

"The Coming of Theodora" is an American story. It turns on the successful opposition made by a child to her father's second marriage. It is a book intended for women rather than men. A sensitive imaginative person might, probably would, sympathize with the child's objections; but on the whole the book strikes us as a curious concession to "young America." Any family blessed with an energetic aunt will certainly think that Theodora would have done much better with a home of her own to look after.

"The Wooing of Doris" may be briefly described as rubbish. The plot turns on the difficulties caused between a young man and a young woman by the disagreeable fact that the young woman's father has dishonestly gone through the young man's money. Colonel Ashley's kindness to the girl made helpless by her difficulties is not made very

* "Barbara Heck: A Tale of Early Methodism." By W. H. Withrow. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. 1895.

"The Coming of Theodora." By Eliza Orne White, author of "Winterborough," "Miss Brooks," etc. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1895.

"The Wooing of Doris." By Mrs. J. K. Spender, author of "Thirteen Doctors," "Recollections of a Country Doctor," "Parted Lives," etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1895.

"Not Exactly." By E. M. Stooke. Illustrated by J. Skelton. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

"The Light of Searthey: A Romance." By Egerton Castle, author of "Consequences," "La Bella and Others," etc. London and Bombay: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

"The Education of Antonia." By F. Emily Phillips. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1895.

"Joan Haste." By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans' Colonial Library. London: Longmans & Co. 1895.

"A Hollow in the Hills." By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1895. \$1.25.

"The Mystery of Witch Face Mountain and Other Stories." By Charles Egbert Craddock (Mary N. Murfree). Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1895. \$1.25.

"When Love is Done." By Ethel Davis. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1895.

"Grania: The Story of an Island." By the Hon. Emily Lawless, author of "Hurrish, a Study," etc. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

unselfish by his marriage to her. Altogether, although the book is written by a lady, we cannot honestly treat it even with that leniency which a lady's book might seem to demand.

If any one wants a good laugh we refer him to "Not Exactly," by E. M. Stooke. It is a description of a man who is more R than F, to quote the description of him. We think this book could be dramatised well: The *jeune premier* and his difficulties are of the stereotyped nature. The heroine is a really good girl. The parson who marries for money and his shrew of a wife—the returned Australian who is as obstinate as his obstinate English landlord. All of these characters would go into a play. The *deus ex machina* is "Not Exactly," who, in the hands of a character-actor, could be made worth seeing. Play or no play, the book is most amusing. The illustrations are excellent and taken altogether this story is one of the very best on our list.

"The Light of Scarthey" deserves a very much more extended notice than our space allows. We most emphatically recommend this book as one of the strongest novels we have read of late years. It has gone through the hands of several readers to whom it has been submitted as a test, and the unanimous verdict is in its favour. The scene is laid in Lancashire on the sea. We wish we had space for some of the descriptions of scenery. The period is during the Napoleonic wars. Sir Adrian Landall and his brother Rupert furnish a well drawn and well sustained contrast. The twin sisters, Molly and Madeleine de Savenaye, interest the reader from the time he meets them to the end of the book. Poor Molly! There is no character in fiction of late years who has interested us more deeply. It is almost impossible to realize that she is only a creature of imagination. Captain Jack and his undeserved fate arouse our sympathy, and Molly's infatuation is quite intelligible. The escape of the *Peregrine* and her conflict with the revenue schooner are very graphically described. We heartily recommend this story and only regret that the demands on our space forbid quotation.

"The Education of Antonia" we have found very hard reading; so much so that it is with difficulty we have waded through the book. It is pretentious and has the air of being written with a straining after effect, but the effect never comes. Possibly the novel may appeal to some of our readers more than it did to us. There is much careful good work in it but we must record the unsatisfactory effect produced upon us.

"Joan Haste," by Rider Haggard, we have no hesitation in condemning. It is utterly unworthy of the author of "King Solomon's Mines." In any penny dreadful you can find the same story—the bad baronet, the deceived, and not so very unwillingly deceived, young female, and all the subsequent complications. The whole edition should be burned, and Mr. Haggard's reputation would be decidedly improved thereby. It is pitiable to see the author of books like "King Solomon's Mines" and "The Daughter of Montezuma" descend to such villanous stuff.

The author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" is hardly at his best in his last book. "In a Hollow in the Hills" is a description of the pathetic confidence of a husband whose wife has deserted him and become the mistress of a stage-robber. There is an inconsistency in the character of Key, as drawn, which grates on us. We can not believe that a man who lied so coolly and atrociously as Key did to Collinson in order to secure his location, would develop into the tender-hearted sentimental lover he is afterwards depicted. There is a description of an earthquake which is worth reproducing. Any person who has been out West and seen the Titanic effects of the convulsions of mother earth in the Sierras will understand it.

"Well, this yer earthquake was ten years ago, just after I came. I reckon I oughter remember it. It was a queer sort of day in the fall, dry and hot as if thar might hev bin a fire in the woods, only thar wasn't no wind. Not a breath of air anywhar. The leaves of them alders hung straight as a plumb line. Except for that stream and that thar wheel, nothin moved. Thar wasn't a bird on the wing over that canon; thar wasn't a squirrel skirmishin' in the hull wood; even the lizards in the rocks stiffened like stone Chinese idols. It kept gettin' quieter and quieter, until I walked out on that ledge and felt as if I'd have to give a yell just to hear my own voice. Thar was a thin veil over every-

thing, and betwixt and between everything, and the sun was rooted in the middle of it as if it couldn't move neither. Everything seemed to be waitin', waitin', waitin'. Then all of a sudden suthin' seemed to give somewhar! . . . You know how them pines over on that far mountain-side always seem to be climbin' up, up, up, over each other's heads to the very top? Well, Mr. Key, I saw em climbin! And when I pulled myself together and got back to the mill, everything was quiet; and, by G—d, so was the mill-wheel and there wasn't two inches of water in the river."

This description strikes us as very vivid. The effect of another earthquake will be seen in the book itself. The plot is simple enough. The strength of the book lies in its descriptions. The scene of the robbing of the coach reminds us of our old friend *Paul Clifford*. The gentlemanly highwayman is succeeded now-a-days by the polite hero who "holds up" a stage-coach or train.

"The Mystery of Witch Face Mountain" and other stories make up Mary N. Murfree's last book. The "Mystery" is well kept up, but the last story, "The Casting Vote," seems to us as powerful and pathetic as any story we have read. Justus Hoxon and Walter Hoxon are brothers; Justus the elder, Walter the younger. Justus devotes himself to the care of his sisters and of Walter. Through his affectionate kindness Walter receives an education which Justus himself lacks. Walter runs for office and Justus canvasses for him. We would not destroy our reader's interest by divulging the result of the election, nor the reward which Walter gives to Justus. The speech which Justus makes in answer to Tom Markham appears to us very powerful and would surely win support. Theodosia's visit to Colbury and its effect are naturally drawn. We cordially recommend these stories. But whether so much real ability and such power for drawing character are not thrown away on short stories is very much open to argument. We fear it is.

"When Love is Done," by Ethel Davis, is a painful and morbid story. A young man tired of life takes a school in a small New England town. He makes friends with a family named Eldredge. The three sisters, Mary, Eva, and Phoebe, and their different ambitions furnish the events of the book. The study of the character of the elder, Mary, is conscientiously and carefully worked out. Eva, the second sister, has dramatic aspirations. The younger, Phoebe, is quite a girl, and her entrance into life scarcely affects the current of events. The reader's interest centres in Mary and her position becomes so painful that pleasure in the book is destroyed. We are certain that this writer can do better work. She must take a wider view of life than she has in this story. Her notions of the customs of society seem to be derived from a fifth-rate American town, and as a consequence her characters are all second-rate or fifth-rate people. But she has true power of drawing character, and can do justice to more elevated themes.

We lately mentioned the "Maelcho" of the Hon. Emily Lawless. "Grania," by the same authoress, is a tale laid in the Isles of Arran. These islands in Galway Bay have always been famous. They are the barrier against the waves of the Atlantic, and wild and dreary places they are. But they have a beauty also which is quite their own. The scenery of the islands and the mainland is described with a fidelity and vigour which leave nothing to be desired. The people who live in the book are exactly those who might be expected to live in a place where existence is a struggle, and where loneliness gives too much time for contemplation. Grania and her love to Murdough Blake and her final and sublime self-sacrifice are exquisitely drawn. Her effort to reach Father Tom so as to procure the last rights of the Church for Honor, and the sad consequences are as well told as anything we know. No person will ever be able to look at the Arran Isles henceforth without thinking of Grania O'Malley. Perhaps to thoroughly enjoy this book one must have some Irish sympathies. Better still, if one has had the felicity of knowing some charming Irishwoman who is able to win an admirer irrecoverably to a belief for her sake in Irish virtues. But we believe that no person with any heart can do anything but enjoy this book. In some editions there is supplied a small map of the Islands. We miss this map in this edition, and trust to see it replaced. "Grania" is a book which stands out among books, and which will bear re-reading. We have kept it to the last on our list so that it may remain in our readers' memory as one to buy and cherish.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

Appreciations of "The Week."

A GOOD PAPER.

There are several weekly journals in Canada exclusive of religious or special papers. The Toronto WEEK is ahead of them all in the number of subjects it discusses, in its literary character, in its impartial spirit and general fairness. If we were to make any criticism upon it it would be to say that its views of things are somewhat, indeed considerably, affected by its Ontario associations; and yet it must be admitted that it has some good writers who are able to look at matters from even a broad Lower Province standpoint. Its editorial management certainly shows a fair disposition to help the literary, and the higher political, development of the whole country. THE WEEK should, therefore, be encouraged. The reader of the daily newspaper—even of many daily newspapers—will be helped to a thorough digestion of his reading through consideration of topics calmly discussed in a weekly paper of character and good judgment. THE WEEK fairly claims to be "a vigorous non-partisan Canadian literary paper" in which "public questions are calmly discussed, current topics fairly presented, and literary work honestly criticised." It is published at three dollars a year, which is not an unreasonable charge for such a journal, and it has just entered upon its thirteenth volume, with its field of work steadily enlarging.—*The Globe, St. John, New Brunswick.*

THE TORONTO WEEK.

A journal widely and favourably known is the Toronto WEEK. The articles on Canadian and other topics are entitled to a great deal of respect from its readers, as they are the product of the brains of the cleverest and most profoundly erudite men of our period in Canadian life. In its last issue THE WEEK has surpassed itself; independent in tone its comment is more than usually brilliant; Mr. Clarke Wallace's resignation, the National Policy, the abuse and criticism to which public men are subjected by a partisan press, Lord Salisbury's position in regard to religious instructions in schools, Great Britain's attitude in the East, Canadian books, and Mr. Goldwin Smith's latest utterances, all these are made the subject of editorial remark. The present Canadian political situation is also discussed at some length. The evil feeling over race and creed distinctions now being engendered, much to the detriment of our interests, is pointed out. Other articles on Socialism; sketches of the late Alexander Dumas fils and Mr. Herbert Spencer, art notes, criticisms on music and drama, and current periodicals, together with sundry other well-written articles, make up a most complete and enjoyable number.—*Montreal Witness.*

* * *

The Dead Loon.

I loitered where a sunless sky
Gloomed o'er a river's margin grey
With flowerless lowlands swept away
To where the Hills of Eden lie.

I listened, for there fell a cry
As from the confines of the day,
Where shadows hung, nor any ray
Of sunlight shot the gloom. On high,

A dark bird wandered to and fro,
As one who seeks in alien lands,
A friend where tides of battle flow—
Ah! poor bird crying as with pain,
Ah! poor bird crying through the rain,
Thy love lies dead here on the sands.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

* * *

Letters to the Editor.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION IN MANITOBA.

SIR,—Will you give me leave to add a few words to the admirable letter of Mr. J. L. Hughes, published in the Orange Sentinel and in the morning papers, on the Manitoba question. It seems to the present writer that Mr. Hughes's line is the right, the just, the sensible one, and it is much to be hoped that the members of the Orange societies will give heed to what he says. Mr. Hughes says, in effect, that Orangeism is no organization formed against Romanism any more than against Mahometanism or any-

Cricket. By Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. (Boston: Estes and Lauriat.)—"Cricket" should prove a very enjoyable book for juveniles. It is a narrative of the haps and mishaps of a little girl and her friends, and the authoress has told her story in a very interesting manner. The book combines brightness and interest, with purity and simplicity.

Inmates of my House and Garden. By Mrs. Eliza Brightwen. (New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.)—This is an interesting volume of some twenty chapters. Mrs. Brightwen describes animal life in captivity as well as in freedom, displaying throughout an enthusiastic devotion for her pets. She writes of lemurs, squirrels, birds, tortoises, and insects, dealing most lovingly with all, and deserving praise for her method of treatment. The publishers also deserve credit, for the book is well printed, neatly bound, and artistically illustrated.

Minor Dialogues. By W. Pett Ridge. (New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.)—These "Minor Dialogues" by Mr. Ridge are capitably done. They deal with various classes of places and people around London, and are written in a clever, piquant manner. These dialogues have already appeared in the *St. James' Gazette*, the *Pall Mall Budget*, *Black and White*, and several other London periodicals, but their republication in book form is well deserved. The dialogues are thirty in number, and it would be making an invidious comparison to single out any for special notice.

From a New England Hillside. By William Potts. (New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.)—The writer of this little volume of sketches is evidently a man of much sentiment, and blessed with a love for out-door life. The sketches, some sixty in number, extend over a period of a year, during which the writer was occupied in erecting a country home—the "Underledge" of the book. Many a sound philosophical reflection is to be found in its pages, mingled with the breath of the summer air, the crackling of the dying leaves in autumn, and the crispness of the winter snows. The book seems filled with a manly optimism, a serene faith in the beneficence of a universal Providence.

Children's Stories in American Literature. By Henrietta Christian Wright. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)—"Children's Stories in American Literature" makes a capital book for presentation to young people, and is well worth the attention of older ones. The volume consists of some seventeen chapters, each one of which is devoted to a brief account of the life and works of some leading American writer in the various fields of literature. We notice such names as Cooper, Audubon, Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Prescott, Lowell and Parkman. It would be useless to single out any particular portions of the work for special notice, as each chapter has its own peculiar interest, and all are well written. This is the sort of book which should be placed in the hands of every boy and girl, combining as it does information with entertainment.

H. A. B

The Individual and the State: An Essay on Justice. By T. W. Taylor, Jr., M.A., Barrister, Manitoba. (Boston, U.S.A., and London: Ginn & Co.)—This well-written work of 88 pages is to a great extent metaphysical and states the ideas of justice in ancient and modern times; 53 authors being quoted from. There is much curious information in it, but sometimes there is a lack of clearness which is often the case in metaphysics, or in subjects discussed from that standpoint. At p. 80 the author says: "A common notion which belongs properly to Asiatic countries, is that courts exist to administer justice; in reality they exist to administer law; whether that law is in accord with justice is a question for legislators, not for judges." But it commonly happens that law is practically justice, and one of many objects of precise law is, to prevent the individual caprice of judges or law administrators from deciding between men. Apparently the work is by a young man, but one who will make his mark. As his mind grows his views will become modified, and his ideas more precise. The work would have been better by the addition of a table of contents, and also by a summary of conclusions at the end.

thing else. Orangeism stands for liberty, he says, and for equal legal rights. But, if Orangemen secure the rights of the minority in Manitoba, with what grace will they contend for the minority in Quebec?

This is Mr. Hughes's question, and it will be well that Orangemen and Protestants in general should weigh it well.

The minority in Manitoba have a grievance. It is true that their educational rights are not guaranteed by the B. N. A. Act, for the simple reason that Manitoba was not then included in the Dominion. The Act of the Manitoba Legislature, however, established the Separate Schools, and although the same authority could, no doubt, legally put them down, such a measure could hardly be called equitable, and it certainly seems harsh.

One other thing may be said. Let the opponents of Separate Schools in Manitoba put themselves in the place of our rulers—of those who have to satisfy and to legislate for the different nationalities and religions embraced within the Dominion, and ask how they can be fair and just *all round*, and yet refuse a remedy for that which our highest legal authority has pronounced to be a grievance.

This is a matter which demands consideration, not from heated partisans, whether political or religious, but from those who can take calm views of the subject, and who wish only that justice and peace may prevail. It is for this reason that I have taken the liberty of asking for the insertion of these lines.

WILLIAM CLARK.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

SIR,—Whilst most people here agree with the spirit and aim of your comments on the recent sayings of Professor Goldwin Smith, you have surely gone a little too far in saying that Dr. Smith must not say such things in Toronto. It may be quite true that, in former days, such utterances would have been treasonous, and that they are now very offensive to the great mass of Torontonians and Canadians; yet, before we say they must be stopped, we must show that they are illegal. If they are illegal, that can be proved in open court, where Dr. Smith, like other men, will obtain justice. If they are not illegal, there is no other way of neutralizing them but by public opinion, and this will undoubtedly prove effectual. Professor Goldwin Smith has positively no following in Canada, with the exception of a handful of men whom no one would ever think of mentioning as representative men in any good sense of the word. Not only so, but—what is still more deplorable—Mr. Goldwin Smith has lost nearly all the influence in this place which he previously possessed and worthily possessed on many grounds too well known to need mention here. Many of his friends have hoped that he would see the uselessness of his talk about annexation, and allow others to forget that he had ever put it forth. This, now, seems almost hopeless, and we can only regret that we have lost a man so well qualified to lead us in many respects, but whom now loyal Canadians will no longer be able to follow, or even to think of with patience.

JUSTITIA.

Toronto, January 6, 1896.

DR. GOLDWIN SMITH AND THE VENEZUELA QUESTION.

SIR,—You invite an expression of opinion from your readers as to the inexpressibly irritating position taken by Dr. Goldwin Smith on the Venezuelan question. What more can one say than that Dr. Smith's course in this instance is but another proof, if one were needed, that the man—refined, polite, able, though he be—is utterly devoid of that inspiring enthusiasm for native land which we call patriotism? Perhaps he has reached those cold heights of "pure intelligence" at which the blood ceases to thrill cheerfully through philosophic veins. Perhaps it is evidence of his high attainments as a ripe scholar and man of letters that the threat of savage war and dastardly invasion does not stir him to thoughts of a manly resistance, but only sets him casting about for new devices by which an unreasoning enemy can hurt and humiliate our Empire.

Thank God, in this case the Empire is right and the Republic wrong. If Britain must fight and we must defend ourselves, we shall bear ourselves manfully and with a good conscience. Decency and culture and fair play in the United States will lament the struggle, and in the end we must win,

for a free people cannot be long enslaved in the name of freedom.

But let Dr. Smith alone. You are wrong when you say: If he persists in these opinions, he must not express them here. Upon my mediocre soul, I am sorry for the man! How chilly he must feel up there! Does it ever occur to him to wish that his heart could throb warmly with the vulgar emotions of commoner people? Does it ever flash in his philosophic brain-pan that what we despise as a traitor is not far in advance of the cosmopolite, who, in face of a threat of war, can sit calmly down and calculate the chances, incidentally suggesting his country's weaknesses to the enemy? A moral sense so finespun, so exact, so unbiassed as between the Motherland and her enemies, so free from dross of human feeling, is not far removed from the moral senselessness of those we distrust and fear as enemies of society.

But let him alone. Our nationalism is sturdy enough to disregard and (seriously) to despise him. I am a Grit, Mr. Editor, and you, I sadly suspect, a Tory; but when the day of cruel invasion comes (as pray God it never may) you and I may be in the same company. For as there are no sects in Heaven, so in that day will there be neither Grit nor Tory in all our Canada.

And yet. Our fathers have had to fight in the past for a liberty as precious as our national independence. Free speech is a blood-won right of all our British people, and we must not violate it. No one, not even a traitor, must be deprived of it. We shall not preserve our national freedom long (nor indeed were it worth preserving) if we sacrifice to it our liberty as individuals. Let us not emulate the Venezuelan ideal (the ideal, too, apparently, of our republican friends to the south, since they prefer it vastly to an extension of the British "system") and clap our dissident editors into jail.

Leave Dr. Smith alone in his petty and peevish greatness and in his utter loneliness. For the present, if he is not quite above a craving for human sympathy, it must be punishment enough to know (if indeed he does know what you and I and all other people are assured of) that among those who turn with revulsion and bitterness from his present attitude are the most peace-loving and most generous hearts in Canada, those who most love and admire our kindred of the great Republic, and those who would most fervently deplore a civil war between us and them as a crime against humanity.

JOHN VARLEY MACDONALD.

Toronto, January 3rd, 1896.

MEMORIAL OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

SIR,—Canadian readers and admirers of the poet Whittier will be interested in learning that an effort is being made by a number of his friends to preserve intact for future generations both the place of his birth and the house in which he so long lived at Amesbury. This quiet Quaker home, so entirely in keeping with the poet's simple, unostentatious character and life, is still carefully preserved, as it was in his lifetime. His birthplace at Haverhill, which, as also the scene of his beautiful idyl of "Snowbound," will always be one of the classic spots of New England, was, shortly after his death, purchased by the Hon. James Carleton and presented to the Whittier Club, by whom it is to be cared for and restored to its original condition, so that, like some other sacred places, it may stand unchanged through the changing years—a shrine to which, doubtless, many of those who have found inspiration and noble impulse in the poet's verse will often hereafter repair. The American trustees of the property—the members of the Whittier Club—believe that a large number of the friends and readers of the poet would esteem it a privilege to aid in the care and preservation of his birthplace, for which it is necessary to make a permanent provision. All such are invited to send their contributions to the Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Wood, Haverhill, Mass., who will duly acknowledge all such remittances, and, in return for a subscription of five dollars, will send a certificate of life-membership of the Whittier Club. A tribute so appropriate to one of the sweetest and purest poets of the century will doubtless enlist the sympathy of many Canadians who feel that verse like his is common property and forms one of the many bonds which unite by a far more than "threefold cord" the countries of Tennyson and Longfellow, Lowell and Browning, Burns and Whittier.

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From the News, Union, B.C.

A little over a year ago the reporter of the News while standing in front of the office, before its removal to Union, noticed four men carrying Mr. J. P. Davis, the well-known florist and gardener, into the Courtney House. The reporter, ever on the alert for a news item, at once went over to investigate the matter, and learned that Mr. Davis had had a slight stroke of paralysis. A note of the circumstances appeared in the News at the time and nothing further was heard of it. Last spring Mr. Davis was observed to be frequently in Union bringing in flowers, and later vegetables for sale, and the reporter meeting him one day, the following conversation took place:—"Glad to see you looking so well, Mr. Davis," said the reporter; "the last time I saw you you seemed pretty badly broken up."

"Yes," said Mr. Davis, "I did have a pretty tough time of it. I was troubled with my heart, having frequent severe spasms, and shortness of breath on slight exertion. I had also a swelling of the neck which was said to be goitre. Two years ago I came up from Nanaimo and took the Harvey ranch hoping a change would do me good, but in this I was disappointed, and seemed to be steadily growing weaker. I had three doctors at different times, but they appeared not to understand my case. At last I got so low that one day I fell down on the street, and those who picked me up thought I was dying. After that I was urged to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and almost from the outset they helped me and after the use of about half a dozen boxes I was as well as ever." "Do you still take the Pink Pills," asked the reporter. "Well," was the reply, "I still keep them about me



I FELL DOWN ON THE STREET.

and once in a while when I think I require a tonic I take a few, but as you can see I don't look like a man who requires to take medicine now." On this point the reporter quite agrees with Mr. Davis, as he looks as vigorous and robust a man as you could wish to see. After parting with Mr. Davis the reporter called at Pimbury & Co's drug store, where he saw the manager Mr. Van Houten, who corroborated what Mr. Davis had said regarding the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and further stated that he believed Pink Pills to be the finest tonic in the world, and gave the names of several who had found remarkable benefit from their use.

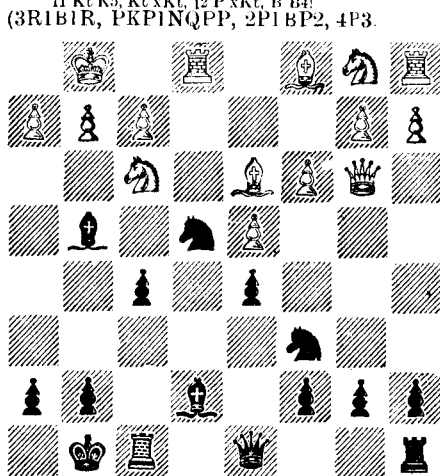
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5 P Q4	P Q4	tv	xw
6 B Q3	B K2	Au	H77
7 Castle	Q Kt B3	11J	hp
8 R K1	B Kkt5	A11	rN
9 P B3	P B4	km	GE
10 initial mistake.			
10 Q Kt3	Castle	sc	88R
10... correct reply.			
11 Kt K5, Kt xKt, 12 P xKt, B B4!			



11 Q xKtP, RB3, 12 Q Kt3, R Kt1, 13 Q B2, R Kt3	2p1p3, 3bn2, pp2qppp, 1krr4)		
11 B Kc4	B xKt	jd	NC
12 P xB	Kt Kt4	KC	440
13 B xKt, B xB, 14 Q B2, B B5, 15 Kt Q2, Q R5.	Q2	JK	zy
14 Q xKtP, Kt K3, 15 R xKt, Q xR, 16 B QK5, KtR4	Kt K3	ck	O66
17 Q xBP, Kt B5, 18 B xKt, P xB, 19 Q K2.	B Kt3, P B5 (15 B Q2???)	Dj	77x
15 B Qb1	B Q3	Dj	77x
16 Kt Q2	QR K1	at	8 88

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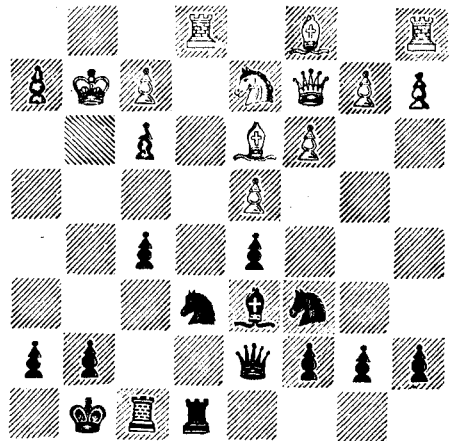
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17 R K Kt1, Kt B5 ch, 18 K Kt1, Q B2.	2p1p3, 5n2, pp1b1ppp, 1krlq2r)		
17 Kt B1	Kt K3 xP!	4A	66v
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21 K Kt2, PB6 ch, 22 K Kt1, QR6 wins.			
21 Q Q1	Kt K4 ch	11s	p55+
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24 K xQ	Kt xB	ts	55u
25 K K2	Kt K4	s22'	u55
26 P B3	R K1	BC	H88
27 P Kt3	Kt K5 ch	be	55N+
28 K Q2	Kt K6	22t	N33
29 R Kt2	Kt K7	jb	33K
30 P KR3	B B4	TU	xo
31 Kt R2	B B7	AT	oB
32 P B4	P xP	mn	wn
33 P xP	P KR4	cn	YW
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Periodicals.

In looking over the contents of the January number of The University of Toronto Quarterly one cannot help noticing the activity of the year of '96 in the matter of contributions. The number is made up of eight contributed articles, and of these five are by members of '96. Mr. W. A. McLaren opens the number with a "Sketch of Huxley." Mr. C. G. Patterson, formerly editor of 'Varsity, follows with an article on "Finance in the United States." Miss Maud C. Edgar writes an interesting paper on "Goethe's Works as Confessions." Other contributors to the Quarterly are R. H. Coats, C. E. Race, Albert H. Abbott B.A., A. W. Crawford, and A. Cosens. The subjects dealt with are of varied nature and interest, and all are carefully handled by the writers.

The January Harper's contains a varied list of contents. The opening article is an essay by Professor Woodrow Wilson, who draws an attractive picture of the colonies "In Washington's Day." The article is embellished with illustrations by Mr. Howard Pyle. Mr. T. R. Lounsbury discusses "The United States Naval Academy," advocating the raising of the standard of admission. "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds," by Casper W. Whitney is continued, as well as Poultney Bigelow's papers on "The German struggle for Liberty." Elizabeth Robins Penell writes about "London's Underground Railways" and Louis de Conte contributes the tenth instalment of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc." William Black's novel, "Briseis," is continued in this number, and the remaining fiction is contributed by Julian Ralph, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Ruth McNery Stuart and J. J. Rakins. The remainder of this issue is taken up by the regular departments, the "Editor's Study," the summary of "Monthly Record of Current Events," and the "Editor's Drawer."

The Editor of the Review of Reviews makes this month a brief forecast of what may be expected throughout the world during the coming year. On the whole he looks forward to a "hopeful and interesting new year." A feature of the issue is two cartoon maps, with descriptive reading matter, suggesting the wars, riots and rebellions which have taken place in the world during the past twelve months. W. F. Stead contributes a character sketch of Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey, depicting the real personality of the Sultan, who is described as the chief constable of the East—"a poor policeman, but the only policeman there is in that portion of the earth. In the summing up of "The Progress of the World," during the past month, the Turkish situation and other phases of the Eastern question are discussed, together with the recent declarations of the American Government on the Monroe Doctrine and Venezuela. J. A. Rice writes about "The Jews of New York." There is a well-written article by V. Gribaydoff on "Menzel," the German illustrator. The frontispiece of the number is a reproduction of what is known in Germany as Emperor William's Cartoon.

The place of honour in this month's issue of The Canadian Magazine is occupied by Mr. T. E. Champion, who contributes a paper on "Winchester Cathedral," giving some very interesting historical information concerning this venerable building itself, and the many "notables" at rest there. Mr. W. B. L. Howell follows with a brief essay, a comparison between "Ajax and Hamlet." A feature of the number is to be found in the sketches of the two leaders, Sir Mackenzie Bowell and the Honourable Wilfrid Laurier, written respectively by Mr. J. Lambert Payne, and Mr. James A. Barron. Mr. R. E. Gosnell, of Victoria, B.C., contributes a lengthy article dealing with "The Alaska Boundary Question." Mr. Ernest Eaton writes about "Colonial Clubs." Mr. J. M. LeMoine's historical sketch of "Castle St. Louis" is concluded in this number. Other contributors are J. B. Peat, who contributes a political science paper dealing with the "Fall of Prices and the effect on Canada;" C. C. Farr, who is the author of a backwoods story; H. J. Woodside, writing about "Hockey in the North-West;" Colonel Howard Vincent, Wyndom Browne, Constance McLeod and "Madge Merto."

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The first reproduction of Mr. Percy Ives's recent portrait of President Cleveland is one of the many interesting features of the January issue of *The Art Amateur*, and the article on "Beardsleyism" extravagances is pertinent and appropriate. The magazine is really a marvel both in the richness and variety of its contents and the beautiful care and finish of its production.

The eleventh volume of the *Educational Review*, published by Henry Holt & Co., commences with the January number, which includes The Report of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education, by J. G. Fitch; Language and Literature, by Thomas R. Price; Higher Education in the South, by Edwin A. Alderman; Significance of Herbert for Secondary and Higher Education, by Charles De Garmo, and Is There a New Education? by Nicholas Murray Butler.

Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" is continued in the Century and deals with the battles of Jena, Auerstadt, Pultusk and Eylau. The daily life of the great Emperor is graphically depicted, as well as the hardships his soldiers had to undergo in Poland. Mrs. Ward's novel, "Sir George Tressady," is also continued, the present issue containing the third part of this serial. A great deal of attention is paid by the writer to "Marcella," who is now known as Lady Maxwell. There is an interesting article by the Swedish explorer, Borchgrevink, who gives an account of "The First Landing on the Antarctic Continent." A notable feature of this month's number is the first of a series of papers on "Rome" written by Marion Crawford, and illustrated by Castaigne. Thomas Janvier writes about "A Feast Day on the Rhone," in which he records a trip made by literary societies of Paris in the dedication of certain monuments. Miss Alice C. Fletcher contributes another of her papers on "Personal Studies of Indian Life," this month sketching "Tribal Life among the Omahas." Among the other attractions of this number is Hopkinson Smith's novel, "Tom Grogan," the "Tom" being a woman contractor in difficulties with a labour union.

* * *

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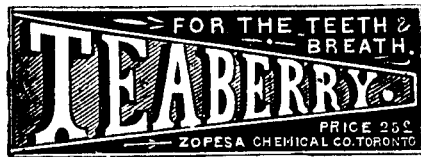
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By order of the Board, JAMES MASON, Manager Toronto, December 12th, 1895.

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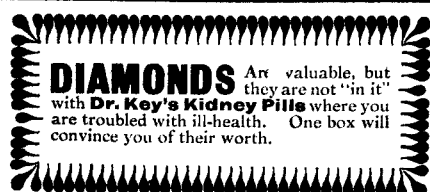
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The compositions received will be submitted to a committee consisting of the Musical Editors of THE WEEK and a representative of one of the music publishing houses of Toronto.

Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. have agreed to publish the song and place it on the market at their own expense. They will allow the author and composer a royalty of ten per cent. of the retail price on all copies sold after the first two hundred. The royalty will be equally divided between the author of the words and the successful competitor for the score.

Competitors will sign their compositions with a *nom de plume*, and address them to the Editor of THE WEEK. The name and address of the composer, together with the *nom de plume*, should be enclosed in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened until the selection is made. The result of the competition will be announced in THE WEEK of February 28th.

Stamps should be enclosed for return of unsuccessful manuscripts.

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[Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1896, by William T. James, at the Department of Agriculture.]

We stand to guard a frontier line
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While patriots for defense combine,
Whose death may save a nation's loss.

REFRAIN :

In Canada we'll ever live,
Or die the Britain's death upon her ;
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Our name away to our dishonour.

We seek no rash pretext for strife,
We favor peace with one and all ;
But we will answer with our life,
Should Canada for soldiers call.

REFRAIN :

We're freemen, and as freemen we
Are well content with British freedom ;
Our British ties can only be
Dissolved in blood ;—we'll never cede them.

O we may wear, as you may see,
Old Scotland's thistle, England's rose,
The shamrock or the fleur-de-lis ;
But still the fairest leaf that grows,

REFRAIN :

The emblem of our native land—
The Maple Leaf—we'll ever cherish :
And, home defending, fall or stand,
And fight to conquer, though we perish.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Toronto, December 28th, 1895.

* * *

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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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Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
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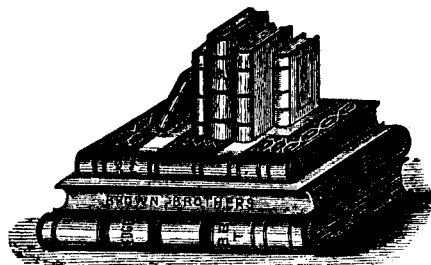
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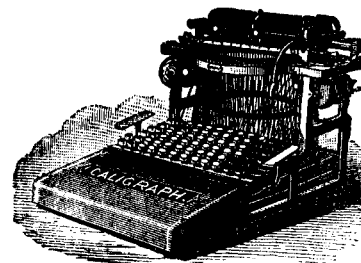
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