

considered *re* Renaud and in this respect Manitoba stands in a different position. It has been stated by those who might well be admitted to know the intention of the Dominion Parliament in regard to the vital word "practice," that its introduction into the Act was deliberate, and was for the exact purpose of covering the peculiar state of things then existent in that territory. I feel convinced that one reading the erudite judgment of Ritchie, C. J., in *ex parte* Renaud will at once see that the word "practice" takes Manitoba quite out of the line of that case. The Chief Justice, at p. 474, says, in this case, as there was no *legal right* to have denominational schools or denominational teaching there is no injury in legal contemplation committed by the Legislature, but in Manitoba there was the "practice." Mr. Armour, of the *Canada Law Times*, rightly said in the *Law Times*, Oct., 1889, "It is a matter of fact to be ascertained whether there were any schools of the nature of Separate Schools, but a matter of construction as to what is meant by 'practice.'" As to the question of fact, there were Separate Schools in Manitoba before the union suggested by the following denominational bodies: Presbyterian, English Church, Roman Catholic. The Presbyterians and English Church people allowed their schools to merge, by statute, into what are now termed the "Protestant Schools," under the supervision of the Protestant Section of the Board of Education. The Catholics held to their Separate Schools, and legislation, now existent nineteen years, has preserved to them their constitutional rights. Now let us consider how the word "practice" is to be construed. The highest appellate authority, the House of Lords, in *O'hegott v. St. George's Hospital*, 6 H. L. cases, 338, treating upon the construction of statutory enactments held: "If the words of the Act are of themselves precise and unambiguous, then no more can be necessary than to expound those words in their natural and ordinary sense. The words themselves do in such case best declare the intention of the Legislature." Is the word "practice" ambiguous? I say not; it is clear, it is precise; the legislators, knowing that no school system existed "by law," introduced the word "practice" to cover the case. The people in Manitoba, in the year 1870, laid down their arms upon the faith of the Manitoba Act. Is Canada's escutcheon to be dimmed by a breach of faith? I cannot believe it; and although a fervent Canadian it occurs to me that when a people did rebel and afterwards accepted peace upon the faith of a written constitution, that a tampering with that constitution, nineteen years after, is a step that will not be countenanced by our people. Canada must not besmirch her heritage. England has bequeathed her a fair name. Are Canada's sons to trail the flag of honour in the dust? I trust not. In any case should Manitoba so far forget herself, I have trust in the Imperial and Dominion Parliaments that can alone authoritatively deal with the matter in question. Yours truly,

A. E. MCPHILLIPS.

Winnipeg, November 2nd, 1889.

## TREE PLANTING ON THE PRAIRIES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I read with much interest the article on "Tree planting on the prairies," in your issue of the 1st inst. It is a most important matter for the North-West; the sooner the work is begun the better, especially as it must still at first be of an *experimental* nature, as the conditions under which it is undertaken are not the same as in Europe or here in the east.

Such experiments are costly and very often discouraging for private individuals. The Government may not be ready to organize, at great cost, scientific forestry stations in the North-West, but it would be easy to organize, at a trifling cost, a system of practical experiments, at each of the Mounted Police permanent stations, by employing the men to make plantations and start nurseries of trees.

The cost of tree seeds is trifling, the labour of preparing the ground, sowing the seed and tending the young trees would cost nothing if done by the Mounted Police and I feel certain that many among the officers and men would soon take a deep interest in it.

Their experience and their example would be valuable; the young trees from their nurseries might be sold at a low rate to pay for tools, etc., or given away to the farmers. Without dwelling any further on the advantages of such elementary forestry schools, of a practical kind, all over the North-West, I think it would be a pity to neglect such easy means of reaching important results. I remain yours truly,

Quebec, Nov. 7th, 1889.

H. G. JOLY.

## THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSORSHIP.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I read with much interest your article on the recent appointment of University Professors. With most in the article I cordially agree. But permit me, as one who supported Mr. Hume's appointment, to say that some at least did not support that gentleman solely because he was a Canadian, nor yet solely because he was a disciple of Professor Young. My position, and that of some others, may be stated briefly thus: We held first, that Mr. Hume's being a Canadian, should not militate against his appointment. We held second, that Philosophy should be taught for its own sake and not because it falls in more or less readily with this or that system of theology. Now it is notorious that a good deal of the opposition to Mr. Hume came from theological professors who wished a philosophy taught that would readily adapt itself to their theological

principles. No doubt they sought the interests of truth, but it was the truth they believed in. I, for one, was not so anxious to see Professor Young's system perpetuated, as I was anxious to see the spirit of his teaching perpetuated. Time after time Professor Young protested against himself or any other authority being taken as final. Now, from what I know of Mr. Hume, I believe this will be the spirit of his teaching. More than that, it is the spirit of the critical school of philosophy and therein that school is opposed to the dogmatic basis and methods of the McCosh School. Third, the objection to the double appointment is an objection to a vice inherent in a system of political appointments. Is it not written on the face of the appointments that they were made to escape the difficulty of offending the friends of either candidate? That is surely not a defensible principle of appointing.

J. M. HUNTER.

## TRUE TALE.

THERE was once a poet, who, to keep up his reputation and be a proper poet, cultivated a love for flowers. Like Shelley, he loved roses, and long wanted a sensitive plant of his very own. With the true poetic eye, however, he was somewhat apt to regard his floral belongings from the distant heights of genius, and was given to exaggerating their beauties and ignoring their blemishes. For instance, a "lobster in a lobster pot" is an essentially normal and pleasing sight, but a root of musk or sprig of geranium in a lobster can cannot be considered equally interesting. Yet most of the poet's plants found local habitation and long botanical names in cans and bottles and pots which in less frugal households became, when their era of usefulness was over, gifts for the thrifty scavenger. But the poet's housekeeper—a frugal soul herself—had originally suggested these receptacles, and her employer used often to think of poor Tim Linkinwater, with his hyacinths blooming in blacking bottles, as he sniffed at heliotrope and snipped at begonia growing in the oddest things imaginable.

One day the thought of Tim was unusually strong, and he reflected that he had never yet invested in hyacinths himself, although they were very dear to him. Accordingly he ran over his funds, and walking out, went recklessly to a florist's shop and purchased with a fine *abandon* six of the dark, dry bulbs that were offered him by the enterprising seedsman.

The poet, with his sombrero tilted far back on his head, a good deal "after" the Laureate, chose the uninviting things mostly by their names. Thus he took a Madame Roland, delicate yellow; Mignon, a pale pink; Prisoner of Chillon, dark blue; Charles Martel, superb bright blue; Delilah, a brilliant crimson; and King Arthur, a spotless white. And further, he purchased, with most unprecedented lavishness, six tall and splendid hyacinth-glasses, of colours to match the bulbs. Thus Mignon and Delilah went into indigo glasses, Charles Martel and the Prisoner of Chillon into garnet ones, and Madame Roland and King Arthur into white ones.

This solemn task completed to his satisfaction, the poet, who had done this deed quite irrespective of his housekeeper, locked them in his own especial cupboard, along with foils, boxing gloves, cigars, manuscripts, albums, biscuits, photographs, apples, love letters and a microscope. Here he left them for the customary period, filling them afresh whenever the water decreased, and allowing nothing to interfere with his daily morning visit to their place of refuge that he might be in time to notice the first, the very first awakening of life.

Curiously enough, his housekeeper, being very much attached to him, had conceived the idea of presenting her gentle and patient master with the very articles he had so rashly purchased for himself, and the day after the placing of Charles Martel, Delilah, King Arthur, the Prisoner of Chillon and Mignon in the dark cupboard she brought him six similar bulbs, planted, or rather resting, in the queerest pots—a sponge-cup, two pickle bottles, a lamp chimney stuck in a tin, and so on, till the poet, thinking of the gorgeous glasses not a yard away, almost laughed at the good woman's frugality. But he accepted the gift, saying nothing of his other bulbs, since to have exhibited them might have aroused the ire of his careful friend, the housekeeper, who prided herself on keeping him in order.

Time went on, and the two sets of bulbs were daily visited by the poet. To his astonishment those in the outlandish tins and cups did very much better than those in the tall, fine, shining glasses. Neither Delilah nor Arthur, nor Charles Martel nor Madame Roland gave the slightest sign of a sprout. Sprout! Not a bit of it. While the others—unnamed, by the way—began to send down juicy, white roots, like growing, pushing fingers into the clear water that filled the ugly cans and bottles. The poet—and he had plenty of occasion—grew discouraged. He still kept his other hyacinths concealed from his housekeeper, but he looked at them day after day, perceiving, to his sorrow and disgust, scarcely an evidence of life. He fussed, he fumed, he fidgeted; he was a changed poet, crusty, sour, disagreeable, so that pretty cloying verse no longer ran from his pen, but dismal epics and wailing requiems instead. The paper for which he wrote wondered what was the matter, and so did that excellent woman the housekeeper.

Finally, the poet, on perceiving one day that there was no doubt whatever of the superiority of the six plebeian buds, as regards surroundings, over the six patrician ones, made his discovery.

Was it not, after all, only logical and legitimate that bulbs planted in rude vessels should flourish better, being the bulbs of a poet, than the others, vainly displayed in toys of glass that added naught to the beauty of the bloom nor the mystery of their offspring?

Straightway the poet wrote a noble Ode, on the "Beauty of Common Things." Wordsworthian in aim, it revealed no startling new truth, but it pleased and instructed the subscribers to his paper, and he grew calm once more when thinking of Madame Roland, and Arthur and Delilah.

There they were, poor things, beginning, alas, to be sadly purplish, odorous and flabby; not a single green tip, not a single white root appearing. The poet sighed, but his mind soared. It was not as it should be; and emboldened by so much high-class poetic exaltation of feeling, he invited his housekeeper to examine both sets of bulbs. That worthy person polished her glasses well, dropped her prettiest curtsy—she had the misfortune to be an Old Country person, and still retained positively degrading ideas about deportment—and began her inspection.

When she came to the radiant glasses, indigo, garnet and crystal, she looked close, closer, *very* close, indeed, then laughed.

The poet rose in mighty wrath from his chair. An "Ode to Homely Beginnings" slipped to the floor as he confronted the convulsed dame.

"What is this?" he demanded sternly.

And the housekeeper, between her laughs, told him that he had put the bulbs in the glasses *upside down*.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed; "but it comes from being a poet. Look at the tops of the poor, dear things, and you'll see the sprouts trying their best to force a way out. Dear me! yes, it must come from being a poet."

But the poet, although he felt somewhat crestfallen and absurd, had already pocketed fifteen dollars for the "Ode on the Beauty of Common Things," and could afford to laugh at his own stupidity.

Which he did.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE *Musical Times*, London, Eng. reprints a portion of THE WEEK's timely defence of English music and musicians in its November number. The article in THE WEEK was written in reply to some statements made by the *New York Critic*.

MR. HENRI DE BESSE, violinist, of Paris, France, will give a grand vocal and instrumental concert at the new Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 26th. '89, with the assistance of Miss Alice Waltz, soprano, from Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and St. James church, New York, and principal concerts in New York and Philadelphia; Mme. Asher-Lucas, pianiste, Signor Ed. Rubini, late principal Professor of singing at the Academy of Music, London, Eng., and Mr. E. W. Schuch, baritone. A programme of classical and modern compositions will be given.

TORONTONIANS were perhaps afraid of the title "Les Surprises du Divorce," which lined the walls the latter part of last week. Arthur Rehan's excellent company included J. H. Ryley and his charming wife Madeline Lucette, and the whole performance was highly careful and creditable, full of healthy fun, and not one whit as dangerous as the emotional dramas to which young girls and their mothers so willingly flock. There were—we admit—three or four divorces in the course of the action, but the entire play is such an eloquent and sensible satire upon a vexed question that thorough enjoyment was afforded, shorn of anything in the least offensive. The company should score a success if brought here again.

THE new Academy of Music was opened on the 6th inst. by a concert company, the central figure of which from a Canadian point of view was Miss Leonora Clench, the talented young solo violinist of St. Mary's, Ont. Whether regarded as concert hall or theatre the Academy of Music should prove a welcome addition to our places of public entertainment. Its interior is in no way striking or ornamental but has been laid out in a manner which should make it serve admirably for the purpose for which it was designed. The auditorium is wide and spacious, its seating capacity being placed at 1500 persons. Not the least of its advantages, as compared with pre-existing music halls, is its sloping floor which enables the occupant of any seat in the house to obtain a good view of the stage. There is a light gallery, the sides of which are taken up by a few private boxes or *loges*. The management has made a new departure in adopting the incandescent system of electric lighting which has so far been found to work admirably. The whole floor of the house is provided with orchestra chairs of a modern pattern, and altogether the Academy of Music is most comfortably, if not pretentiously equipped. The acoustics of the hall are good.

The opening night attracted one of the most fashionable audiences of the season—one which adequately represented the musical culture of the city. The occasion had been selected as a fitting one for the *reentrée* of Miss Clench, who had been absent from her native country for five years, a period which she had occupied in receiving general musical instruction at the Leipzig Conservatory, combined with a special course of technical tuition on the violin from the celebrated teacher, Herr Brodsky. When Miss Clench left Canada she had considerable executive ability, a graceful style of bowing, and a pure, sympathetic tone. Owing to a train of unfavourable circumstances which it is unnecessary to mention here, Miss Clench did not display the