

# THE WEEK.

Eighth Year.  
Vol. VIII., No. 10.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, APRIL 10th, 1891.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies 10 Cents.

## THE WEEK:

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.  
Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances by P.O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.  
ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4.00 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.  
No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.  
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

### CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
Not a Fancy Picture.....	295
The Deferred Reciprocity Conference.....	295
English opinion on Closer Commercial Relations.....	295
The Statistical Argument.....	296
Compulsory Education.....	296
Census of Montreal.....	296
The Government and Manitoba Legislation.....	296
The Visiting Farmers' Report.....	296
Profit Sharing.....	297
A Question of National Obligation.....	297
THE ETHICS OF OPPOSITION.....	297
MR. BLAKE'S LETTER AND THE ETHICS OF OPPOSITION.....	297
<i>Edward Harris.</i>	298
<i>Z.</i>	298
PARIS LETTER.....	298
<i>Among the Millet—By LAMPMAN. (Poem).....</i>	<i>C. M. Holmes.</i>
PROMINENT CANADIANS—XXXV.—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, Lily Barry.....	298
CABINET MAKING.....	300
<i>Res Publica.</i>	300
THE VOLCANO OF MOUNT ROYAL: A LEGEND.....	300
<i>Alchemist.</i>	300
EASTER HYMN.....	300
<i>Emily McManus.</i>	300
LETTER FROM ROME.....	300
<i>Alice Jones.</i>	301
AN OPEN GATE.....	301
<i>Professor A. MacMechan.</i>	301
THE RAMBLER.....	301
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Our Commercial Relations with the Empire.....	302
<i>J. Castell Hopkins.</i>	302
A Canadian National League.....	302
<i>J. C. Sutherland.</i>	302
A Story from the Egyptian.....	302
<i>Outis.</i>	302
Indian Conference.....	302
<i>Rev. E. F. Wilson.</i>	303
THE NORTHERN LOVER. (Poem).....	303
<i>Basil Tempest.</i>	303
DR. DOLLINGER AND THE VATICAN COUNCIL.....	303
ART NOTES.....	303
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	303
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	304
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	305
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.....	305
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	306
OBSES.....	307

All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

COULD we but wield the brush of an artist we would paint a picture for our city readers. A wealthy, prosperous city. Its two hundred thousand inhabitants, more or less, are proud of it. They are proud of its population, too. They consider themselves fully up to the average in education, intelligence, enterprise, energy, and whatever other qualities go to make up progressive citizenship. They have railroads, telegraphs, manufactures, all the appliances of progress. They are in the midst of a rich agricultural district. On every hand are evidences of their ability to turn to account the resources, the facilities, the forces with which nature has bountifully supplied them. In one respect only do they give evidence of falling below the ordinary level in intelligence and self-governing capacity. But alas! in that one regard their condition is one of chronic helplessness, alternating between apparent imbecility and genuine despair. Their city lies on the shores of a vast lake of pure, fresh water, but its wretched inhabitants seem fated, whether through some special judicial incapacity sent as a punishment for their sins, or for some other cause, to choose between drinking a liquid foul with poisonous impurities, and perishing with thirst. The great problem which has hitherto bewildered and overmastered them is how, with an ocean of pure water before their eyes, to get a drop to drink. Year after year, all their science and skill and wealth and energy have failed at this point. And now they seem to have about given up the attempt. They have managed to defile the waters all along the shores of their beautiful bay by pouring all the sewage of the city into it. Still they know, tantalizing thought! that there are oceans of pure water a little way, out. But how to get it? That is the question. They entrust the matter year after year to a council of wise men, chosen out of the whole body of citizens. These undertake to run a pipe through the polluted liquid on the shore to the limpid waters of the lake, and by means of pumps to draw in a supply of the pure article. The thing seems simple enough, but they simply fail to do it. At one time the pipe proves too short and they seem utterly unequal to the task of lengthening it. At another time it springs a leak, or is put down with a hole in it, in the vicinity of the unutterable foulness the sewage has

created, and they, being either unable to find the leak or not knowing how to stop it, continue month after month to pump the fluid abomination into the reservoirs and distribute it into the homes of the citizens. That is what the civic wisecracks of that great city are giving the people to drink to-day. And this is the nineteenth century, and the last decade of it! Surely Toronto is the city, and we, its citizens, are the people, and wisdom will die with us, and that right soon if we continue to concoct and drink the liquid poison that now flows through every pipe and tap in the city. A happy thought strikes us. Cannot our city fathers set their brains and energies at work and organize a service for bringing in the pure waters of the lake in water-boats and distributing it over the city in water carts, the citizens purchasing it as they now do milk at so much a quart? This would be at least doing something. And what a comfort it would be to the thirsty citizen to have even an occasional glass of water which he might actually dare to drink, without either boiling and filtering it or challenging an attack of typhoid.

IT is not easy to know what interpretation to put upon the unexpected turn of affairs in connection with the proposed informal conference at Washington, or whether it augurs well or ill for the prospects of reciprocity. It seems passing strange that Secretary Blaine should have gone so far in the matter without having ascertained the wish of the President to be present at the conference, or without having consulted his convenience in the matter. It certainly does not altogether comport with the dignity of the Canadian High Commissioner and the members of the Cabinet, that they should have been led to Washington on a bootless errand, or only to be somewhat curtly told that the unofficial interview they sought must be indefinitely postponed. Evidently some one had blundered, and a rigid enquiry into the history and fate of Sir Julian Pauncefote's telegram should be in order. If the event should prove that the ostensible reason for the postponement was its real cause and that President Harrison has become so far interested in the subject of reciprocal trade relations as to wish to make it a matter of close personal study, the change may prove for the better, notwithstanding the temporary chagrin its sudden announcement was adapted to produce. As everyone knows, the powers of the President under the United States' Constitution are really very large, and his personal interest and influence would go very far towards making or marring the success of such negotiations as those proposed. On the other hand the benefits that would accrue to both nations from freer interchange of such commodities as each could procure to better advantage from the other are so obvious that it is hard to believe that the President could acquaint himself with the facts without becoming favourable to a fair measure of reciprocity. At present it is by no means improbable that, like many even of the most intelligent of his countrymen, he may have very hazy ideas as to the real character and extent of Canadian resources. At any rate Canadians can desire nothing better than that the President of the United States should make a study of the products and resources of their country. As for the rest we can only await further developments, hoping that the delayed conference may take place at some early day, and that the movements of the Canadian delegates may be conducted with such deliberation as to prevent the possibility of another such *contre-temps*.

WE have certainly no wish to appear as if in persistent opposition to any project which aims at bringing into closer relations the different parts of the British Empire. Hence, we have taken no pleasure in presenting, from time to time, even in their mildest form, some of the difficulties—well-nigh insuperable as they seem to us—which stand in the way of the consummation so ardently desired by the champions of Imperial Federation. We do so only as in a manner compelled in self-defence, when challenged to give a reason for our lack of faith in the cure for our commercial ills and those of the Mother Country, which is so full of promise in the eyes of our sanguine correspondent, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins returns to the charge with renewed vigour this week. We

need not grudge him all the support he can extract from certain utterances of Lord Salisbury in 1887, especially since we have already seen how those quotations are more than discounted by the unequivocal words of Lord Salisbury in 1890. Nor shall we stay to set over against the somewhat non-committal opinions of other men and of newspapers of the same or earlier date, the later and stronger *dicta* of such men as Mr. Goschen and Mr. Gladstone. The enthusiasm that can build so much and so confidently upon such deliverances as, for instance, those of Lord Carnarvon, or even Lord Roseberry himself, the leading advocate of Imperial Federation in the Mother Country, deserves a better encouragement than is to be found in the chilling criticisms of hard-headed British statesmen and political economists. For our own part, we are willing not only to wait for, but even to be convinced by the logic of events. If the question is one of immediate practical politics, or one that "must very soon be faced," we shall not have long to wait.

LET us glance—and we can but glance—at the statistical argument. We take the figures furnished by our correspondent. British trade with Europe and the United States amounted in 1889 to, in round numbers, four hundred and forty-four millions of pounds sterling. Over one hundred and seven millions of this total was the price of British manufactured goods exported to these countries. These last were all, Mr. Hopkins tells us, that gave employment to British labour or remuneration to British industry. Let us see. What about all the millions of pounds worth which were sold in other parts of the world, outside the colonies, as the result of the superior cheapness and excellence which are the result of British free trade, and which enable British products to defy competition from those of protectionist countries? And what, too, of all the millions of citizens to whom employment is given by the vast commerce which is fed by means of these products, to say nothing of the stimulus given to ship-building and a thousand connected industries? But in the same year Britain did one hundred and eighty-seven millions of trade with the colonies and other parts of the Empire—what part of it was done with the colonies which would profit by the proposed commercial federation, we are not told. Of this, nearly a hundred millions consisted of imports, largely of raw material and food, which were met by no hostile tariff, and so cannot be admitted more freely; while over eighty-two and a-quarter millions of manufactured products were bought by the colonists, in spite of their hostile tariffs. These are the figures adduced to prove—what? That Great Britain would profit immensely by imposing taxes on foreign importations, thus hampering and reducing her trade with foreign nations. Is not that strange logic? We need not take space to analyze it fully. The unprejudiced reader can do that for himself. Trade follows the flag—the trade within the Empire Britain already has and is sure to retain. The protectionist colonies might, it is true, stimulate it somewhat by lowering or removing their taxes on British goods, thus letting Britain do their manufacturing for them, seeing that she can do it cheaper than they, and sending her more food products and raw material in return. The Mother Country would welcome that arrangement, no doubt. That would bring us back to the old idea of colonial relations. Would Mr. Hopkins approve of that? But, so far as the Mother Country herself is concerned, she has already done her part to promote closer relations. She cannot make her markets for colonial products freer than they are. "But she can shut out those of other nations." That is to say, seeing that the colonies meet her free admission of their products with a stiff tax upon hers, she should reward their filial consideration by imposing a preferential tariff in their favour! And, by the way, we must be very dull, we suppose; but Mr. Hopkins has not yet enabled us to see in the least how this preferential tariff is going to work "to encourage production and demand in the colonies" without increasing the price of colonial products in the British market. If Great Britain had a hostile tariff on these productions to remove, or if the market for these productions were perpetually becoming glutted, the case would be different. As it is, we simply cannot see in what way the stimulus is to be applied. If Mr. Laurier