

tools, known and used by both; neither can guess how they would fare without them. Is not the chief reason why Woman's Suffrage has not been imitated after the example of Wyoming, because the wire-pullers do not see what would be the effect of doubling the constituencies by the admission of new voters who care more for temperance and social purity than either the Republican or the Democratic ticket? There is little use in the Australian ballot if the party still guides the nomination, prepares the ticket and divides the spoils.

Now that I see two parties—Labour and Capital—facing each other, and preparing for offensive and defensive warfare, I feel that the time has come for more radical reforms than tinkering at the franchise and opposing the country as a conservative force against the domination of the town labour party. Town and country are as naturally friends as labour and capital, and if by our political machinery we shut out all but two issues at elections, we are going in that downward way which led to one terrible war in America, and which is not unlikely to lead to another.

The younger daughters of our great Mother England, Canada and Australia, may, if they are true to their better and wiser instincts, solve a problem which has not been rightly met by the great Republic—how to make a State grow in material and moral prosperity together; how to make general well-being increase and without feeding the greed of plutocrats; how to make politics interesting without a pitched duel between two parties, and how to raise the idea of political honour and honesty from its present low estate. To read the American newspapers one could not suppose that the American people are so honourable and excellent as they are.

This may not be regarded as Australian news, but the family of the English races scattered over all quarters of the habitable globe are of one blood, and if representative government and institutions are bleeding to death under bloodsuckers and dishonest corporations in America, do we in Australia not feel the loss and the shame?

Adelaide, South Australia, 1892.

C. H. S.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

THE question of currency reform in the United States has come to stay, and a study of both views, as put by prominent Americans, can hardly fail to be of interest to Canadians, who, sooner or later, will feel the effects of the agitation through their commercial interests.

It is necessary to understand the following facts: (1) Silver has depreciated thirty per cent. since 1873; from \$1.33 per ounce to ninety cents. (2) The output of silver has more than doubled, from 63,000,000 ounces in 1873 to 140,000,000 ounces in 1891. (3) European nations have for fourteen years discontinued the coinage of full legal tender silver money. (4) The exchanges of the world are everywhere settled in gold, or, if in silver, at its gold value.

The controversy takes the form of "The Free Coinage of Silver" on the one hand, and "Limited Coinage of Silver" on the other, but there are other questions involved, such as the substitution of States banks for National banks, and the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on the issues of the former.

The present coinage law which rules in the United States was passed on July 14, 1890. It requires the purchase monthly of 4,500,000 ounces of silver at market price, of which 2,000,000 shall be coined monthly into silver dollars; after that only such dollars shall be coined as shall be needed for the redemption of the treasury notes issued for the purchase of the silver. The coinage of the silver dollars has been stopped in conformity with the law, while the monthly purchase of silver has been continued.

On the other hand, we have the proposed "Free Coinage Bill" introduced by Senator Bland, which may be defined "as the right of any one to deposit silver at any mint of the United States, and have every 371½ grains stamped, free of charge, into a dollar, which shall be a full legal tender at its face value for debts and obligations of all kinds in the United States."

Both of the laws have the same object in view, to raise the value of silver compared with that of gold. The measure passed in 1890 has failed to accomplish its end, because when the coinage of the silver dollar, which competes with gold as a tool of industry, was suspended at the end of the year, gold again became the sole valuator, and its price was enhanced by the greater demand, which was again increased by the fact that the notes issued for the monthly purchase of silver are treated as gold notes. The warehousing of this silver has not increased the value, as holders of stocks of silver, afraid that the U. S. treasury might sell, hastened to put their supply of the metal on the market, thereby lowering the price. Thus the divergence of the value of gold and silver has been increased.

The advocates of free coinage claim that the adoption of their measure would enhance the value of silver. They hold that, if the Government buy all the silver brought to it at \$1.29 per ounce, and coin the same into dollars, the demand thus created would send up the price of silver; and the trade and industry of the country would benefit by the increase in the circulating medium.

It is admitted by all parties that the passage of a free coinage law would cause a rise in the value of silver, but the anti-free silver party claim that this rise in price would only be temporary, as, unless the European countries

adopted free coinage also, the world's surplus stock of silver would be poured into America, and the price would go down as before.

The question whether the European stocks of silver, and by this, coin as well as bullion is meant, would flow into America is the great bone of contention. The free silver men maintain that Europe would not sell its silver to America at its gold value, because the sale would entail a loss of three or four per cent., equivalent to the difference between the coining rate in America and the coining rate in Europe, together with the cost of shipping and insurance. The answer to this argument is well worthy of attention.

The stock of full legal tender silver coins in Europe is approximated at \$1,100,000,000. The actual value of these coins is thirty or forty per cent. below their face value, and they are mainly used by the banks as a basis for the issue of paper money. Now, by the action of the free silver party the price of silver and the actual value of these coins would be raised about twenty-five per cent., and it is extremely improbable that the banks would neglect the opportunity of exchanging these coins, at such an increased value, for gold. The amount of paper money the banks can safely issue on the gold value of these silver coins, which is now a declining value, is not as great as the amount of paper money that can be issued on that same value when represented by gold coin, which is the sole European valuator. As a practical refutation of the argument that a loss of four per cent. would prevent the sale of European silver coins to America, the example of Germany and Roumania is quoted; the former country adopted the gold standard, melted down and sold its silver at a loss of ten per cent.; Roumania did likewise at a loss of twenty-five per cent., and now Austria-Hungary is making preparations to follow suit at a loss of forty per cent.

Finally, it is advanced that the free coinage of silver in America, while it would temporarily raise the price of silver, would also raise the price of gold, by enabling the European countries to dispose of the silver, adopt the gold standard, thereby increasing the demand for gold and aggravating the very evil complained of, the dearthness of gold.

D. GREGORY.

IDEALS.

How often in the weary way of life,
Have we beheld before us near it seemed,
That we might reach it soon, with steady strife
That nature that we've longed for: fancies teemed
Of true and noble heart, of eyes that beamed
With gladness at the thought of doing good,
Of all that prophets taught or poets dreamed
To raise men up and teach them brotherhood.

And feverish on we've pressed, but still as far,
Or farther, seemed we from the dear ideal,
As though a sailor steering by a star
Hoped ever on its shores to strike his keel.
Yet better onward press than idle drift,
There may come fulness after life's poor shift.

Cobourg.

W. J. S.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Parisians replied to the May Day manifestation in favour of eight hours work per diem, by remaining twenty-four hours hermetically sealed within their apartments. The real working classes may be said not to have put in any appearance, either in the streets or at the few quasi-public meetings held. It is a most curious fact, the absence of the usual spectators from the various theatres, both at the matinée and the soirée representations. Occasionally could be encountered, like fish out of water, some waifs and strays, belonging rather to the "submerged tenth" than to the operative classes; the latter remained prudently away from the meeting held at the Salle Faire, in the Belleville quarter, where the big palaver came off, declining to be confounded with the anarchists. Indeed those who attended this meeting, 7,000 strong, including men, women and children, looked in coming away to have undergone a "heavy sell," of not having got the worth of their money—three sous entrance fee: It was "Daisy Day" for hundreds of young women, who wore that flower pinned to a red sash. The eloquence was anything but dynamical; not a single chair was smashed or a bone broken; not an enthusiast came up to even the arresting standard for police attention.

Other phenomenon of the day: though everyone remained within doors, not a face was visible at windows; even the occupants of nurseries were not allowed to flatten their tender noses against the panes of glass. Ex-communist and wooden-legged Lisbonne, at his weekly dynamite ball, declared that the first of May would be a *Journée des Dieux*; so little did he anticipate trouble that he wore for that ball expressly his "Carnot costume"; that is, the evening dress in which he once appeared at the Elysée Palace to pay his respects, in the midst of the *grande monde*, to the President. Indeed Lisbonne added to the attractions of his subscription ball by organizing a tumbola, where the chief prize of the lottery was a donkey, called "Prudhomme," to symbolize the inanity and ineptitude of the bourgeoisie. There is but little danger where there is much fun.

The political, the social, the moral consequences of the

pacific triumph of common sense and administrative authority on May Day cannot be over-estimated. Extreme politicians and reformers were completely isolated, shunted aside. M. Loubet, the Home Minister-Premier, was on his trial; he scored success. He had a positive luxury of military and police preparations; he did not "display" the soldiers, etc., as did his predecessor last year, but had them under lock and key, invisible to the naked eye, but ready to appear at the first note of a bugle call. The police may be said also to have been conspicuous by their absence, and the few samples to be met with were models of civility. At nine o'clock in the evening the curfew bell tolled the knell of departing Manifestation Day till next year. A capital experiment has been made—that of allowing Paris demonstrationists to demonstrate how little in favour their wild schemes are with citizens, and to place on them the onus of keeping the peace under penalty of severe repression from the public force, always in a jack-in-the-box state of readiness.

But easy-going public opinion must not apply the flattering unction to its soul, that the labour world is content either with capitalists or employers; it is unanimous to remain aloof from anarchists and violent solutionists; it does not rally unanimously to the eight-hours-a-day battle flag, but remains not the less enrolled in the army of industry, that has now its annual spring manoeuvres, which mobilizes its units and rehearses that grand strike reserved for the unknown future, where international labour will come to grips with capital, if the cataclysm be not timely conjured away by international statesmanship.

The Salon of the Champs Elysées is not remarkably rich in pictures this year; the display of sculpture on the contrary is superb. The visitor, that is the lover of art, must not be led away by the exhibits of the famous painters, but try and find out the new talent, developing to replace the age-worn victors. In the catalogue of 1718 pictures exhibited, one is struck with the number of foreign artists that figure therein; and next, on studying their paintings, how real is the progress, how close they are to the heels of the bench. When English artists—superior already in design—are able to colour as relatively well, their French confrères will have much to fear, or to regret. The big pictures, as a rule, are anything but big successes. The gems of the Salon are: Bonnat's portrait of M. Renan, among the best, in point of workmanship, the artist has ever executed, though, paradoxical as it may appear, it is not quite Renan; the attitude is excellent, but the eyes lack their cynical humour, the content springing from his played-out doubts: a kind of Voltarian Mahatma. "Fille d'Eve," by Jules Lefebvre, is a *nu* picture, a model of careful drawing and inimitable colouring. William Bouguereau's "Guepier" has several foes and many friends; it represents a finely-drawn young woman, attacked by cupids, who indulge in all their proverbial wicked tricks till the maiden surrenders; the drawing is faultless, the play of colours admirable, and the impression of the ideal, real. A kind of camp-fire, generating an inexhaustible supply of cupids, adds nothing to the general ideal. The portrait of "Colonel Brunet," by J. P. Laurens, is a type of military energy and virility—eyes that at once threaten and command. "Juin" is, as usual, a charming idyll, by Jules Breton, full of rustic calm and labour happiness, symbolized by hay-makers of both sexes at rest. Wallen, a Swede, contributes a *maison mortuaire*, where a baby is being waked, and a group of Breton village girls watch, and, in turn, pray. It is a lovely piece of colouring, where natural attitudes are feelingly expressed. Frank Bramley, an English artist, in his "For Such is the Kingdom of Heaven," is the counterpart of Wallen's picture; an English funeral; a procession of English girls, singing a hymn as they wend along a jetty; the figures are true to nature, the scene soul-touching and full of harmonious unity. Another English artist, Frank Braugwyn, has a fine sea subject, "All hands shorten sail." The story is a robust actuality; the spectator can almost sniff the breeze and the briny. The seascapes and landscapes, in point of excellence, are not many, nor are the promises of better things encouraging. M. Petitjean's "Florémont," a Lorrain village, is full of originality, pleasing incidents and happy colouring; his pupil, Mr. Peter Gross, an American artist, depicts the village of "Essegney" with spirit, careful drawing, full of local colour and successful play of light and shade. The battle pieces are few. Ed. Detaille's "Huningue" represents the surrender of that heroic garrison in 1815, with the honours of war, to the Austrians. The subject will draw the crowd, but the execution appears stiff, lacking in animation, and fails to make the impartial observer feel sympathy with the work. It suggests a scene copied from a wax-work gallery.

The sculpture exhibits are very successful; few but merit the tribute of a good look. Taste is divided about Gerome's coloured bronze and ivory "Bellone"; frankly it does not create a pleasing impression; what he loses in sympathy by the furiously-screaming goddess of war, is amply compensated for in his charming group, "Galatée et Pygmalion." Antonin Mercier's "Le regret," destined for the sepulchre of Cabanel, unites all the excellencies for a mortuary statue. Bartholdi's "Washington and Lafayette," a bronze group, does not convey the impression of any marked effusion on the part of the American patriot's greeting of his newly-arrived ally. Boucher's "Le repas" is a statue full of grace and quiet beauty. Rouleau contributes a group in plaster, "Jeanne d'Arc." Perhaps it would be flat blasphemy to demand: Has French art yet produced the ideal Joan that every reader