

the country has arisen from increased exports of the products of the forest and cattle for the English markets. To this Sir Leonard rejoins, the argument cannot be well founded as there have been relatively greater exports before without the corresponding prosperity. Sir Richard Cartwright replied to Sir Leonard's Budget speech at great length and with great bitterness, but much of his argument was entirely aside from the direct line of Sir Leonard's speech, which, in its main positions, cannot be controverted and there is nothing so successful as success. In fact, there are signs of wavering among the Opposition rank and file on this question, not only in the House, but in the Province of Ontario, and this is a fact which may make a possible complication when the next elections come; and it will not make the coast quite so clear for Sir John, as when there was a hard and fast line, and men of all parties rallied under the banner of fostering native industries. The debates on this question seem never to tire. We had again, yesterday, a field day in the House of Commons, on the subject. Mr. Charlton, of whom some speak as the coming man in the Opposition, made a set speech against the Government Policy, and he was replied to by Mr. Wallace and others. All these speeches were sufficiently able. But to my mind, nothing can be said of this question that is new, and these reiterated speeches are like threshing straw. I do not, therefore, propose to attempt to follow them.

This Session seems so far to be one of Returns. They are moved for by the hundred. Every member who wants to get a little information which might be obtained almost as a matter of course in any of the departments, has put a notice on the paper and moved for an order of the House to get it. It is like taking an Armstrong gun to shoot a sparrow, and the thing is carried to extreme absurdity. Sir John told Mr. Blake, who is the chief mover for returns, that they were quite innocent in one view, but he hoped that he (Mr. B.) would not object to the bill to pay for them when it came down, as it took an army of extra clerks besides putting an extreme pressure over the departments. Members seem to like to have their names attached to motions for orders of the House for Returns. It at least looks like business.

The much-talked-of Civil Service Bill has been introduced by Sir Hector Langevin. I think this Bill, whether it passes or not, is foredoomed to failure. It provides a good deal of the machinery necessary for a system of competitive examination without competitive examination. The Civil Service Commission which sat during the recess, did recommend a system of competitive examination, but the very able minority report written, it is understood, by Dr. Taché killed that. The principal feature of the bill is that it seeks to take out of the hands of the Minister as far as possible, both appointments and promotions. The Minister in fact is really only given a veto power, while the deputy and a board which is to be a sort of Examining Board are to have the substantial power put into their hands. The evil of this position is that the Board at best can know but very little of the business in the departments with which it will have to deal and the deputy is at best but a superior subordinate of the minister. The deputy under our system is not equivalent to a deputy under the English system, but really in the position of the English Chief Clerks of Branches; and it is an essential mistake if the deputy is not to go out with each succeeding ministry to give him any responsibility in the departments apart from the minister. The very life and essence of our system is the responsibility of ministers to Parliament for all Acts of Government and any attempt to take any of this away to place it in the hands of irresponsible Boards or other persons, is one of the greatest political mistakes.

A good deal of interest has been excited in railway matters. Mr. MacCarthy has again brought in his Bill to establish a railway commission. He wishes to clip the wings of the railway corporations by binding them down to certain fixed rules, having specially for object uniformity of freights. But I see for my part a very great objection of principle to any legislation of this sort. I do not see why people who invest their capital in railways, and this is certainly not, in Canada, very productive should be debarr'd by legislation administered by outside commissioners from doing the best for their own interests. This is more particularly the case where there are competing railways. It is probably well in the case of a monopoly affecting half a continent, that it should be subject to certain rules to which it has voluntarily bound itself. There is the further point that many of the criticisms which we have seen respecting railway discrimination are very partial and do not at all go to the bottom of the matter with a full knowledge of the facts. I doubt very much if Parliament will pass this measure. I have not, however, any doubt that the information now before it is not sufficient to enable it to do so intelligently; or that the means taken to get it by the circulars sent out are sufficient for the end in view. A kindred measure having in several particulars the same principle is Mr. Kirkpatrick's Ticket Scalpers Bill. It has been referred to a committee for enquiry. That there is much rogues' practice in the scalping of railway tickets by means of which innocent people are cheated, is undoubted, but it is very doubtful whether the unused portion of a railway ticket may not be fairly sold, and if this principle is admitted, the scalpers' trade is legitimised however disgusting it may be to the railway companies.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WINNER OF THE RIFLE MATCH.—If the marksman in Mr. Frost's picture on our front page had been a little less successful in the rifle match, he would have had a happier time in getting home with his prizes. He might have successfully borne the burden of the big turkey, the saddle, and the stout pair of boots, even with the addition of a single pig; but to drive two of these contrary creatures, encumbered as he is, is a task beyond the ingenuity of any mortal. Each pig is, of course, determined to go in an opposite direction, such is the perversity of the porcine character, and whichever way one may pull, the other immediately tugs to the contrary. Perhaps if the jug which lies in fragments at his feet had fallen earlier in the scrimmage, the rifleman might have kept his prizes under a little better control.

NAVIGATION IN WINTER.—Our illustration on page 165 represents the arrival of one of the Allan mail steamships at Halifax, after a stormy voyage. The spray which the violence of the storm has dashed over the rigging and deck of the vessel has been frozen into masses of ice, the beauty of which is more apparent than its comfort. The sketch from which our picture is taken was made by Mr. J. J. Henderson of Halifax, N. S.

TEMPTATION.—One of the most interesting of American artists is Mr. F. S. Church, whose charming water color drawing of "Temptation" was engraved for *Harpers's Weekly* by permission of the owner Mr. Lawson Valentine, and is reproduced here. It is one of the most attractive pictures in the present water-color Exhibition, and as engraved is seen in a new frame-work of Church's design, which is quite effective, and wholly characteristic of the artist.

PATIENCE AND IMPATIENCE.

Like all the other virtues and vices, patience and impatience need to be treated with discrimination. The former is not wholly and always right, nor the latter wholly and always wrong. Patience has, indeed, so much to recommend it that it is not strange that good people think there cannot be too much of it, and the miseries and bad effects of impatience are so glaring that we cannot wonder it is totally condemned. Yet they sometimes change places as regards right and wrong, patience ceasing to be a virtue and impatience becoming the vital germ of human progress. There are some persons, for example, who are naturally patient to a very injurious degree. Sympathetic in temperament, hating labor, agitation, and struggle, they are quietly contented with things as they are; they do not worry over the evils of the world, or the misdoings of humanity; even for themselves they betray no wearing anxiety; they can wait with perfect equanimity for any length of time, for waiting is passive and pleasant to them, while the activity of earnest effort would be disagreeable. It need hardly be pointed out that such patience as this is simply the absence of life, leading to nothing, producing nothing, improving nothing. He who is never dissatisfied with himself or others, and never discontented with things around him, cannot be expected to make any strenuous efforts at improvement. He may live out a life of ease and serenity, but it will be a life of torpor, and the serenity of indolence. There are others, differently constituted, who, believing that patience is always a duty, cultivate it with unremitting diligence, but without perceiving its proper limits. They school themselves so rigidly that they will suffer wrong that ought to be repelled, and accept injustice that ought to be attacked. If they feel a burning indignation at tyranny or oppression, they struggle to quell it, and thus they actually crush in the bud much good that might have been developed. If they have authority, they seldom exercise it; if people are slow and idle, they seldom hurry them; if they are rude and impudent, they seldom reprove them; if they are dishonest or deceitful, they seldom venture to censure them. Thus, while by their self-control they avoid the manifest evils of impatience, they also, by going to the other extreme, prevent the rightful repression of much wrong doing. In fact, the feeling of impatience with evil underlies all progress, all upward climbing, all reformation; and could it be wholly crushed out of the human heart, which fortunately is impossible, one of the chief vital forces of life would be obliterated. On the other hand, however, there is an impatience that cannot be too strongly reprehended. It is that which, instead of producing earnest effort, expends itself in useless and irritating complaint. There are persons who are impatient with everything which thwarts their wishes, and vent their unreasonable temper on whoever is so unfortunate as to be near them. As a large portion of the events of daily life do happen to be contrary to their desires, it is evident that they must inflict untold annoyance upon many persons, and real suffering upon some. They do not pause to consider whether their outbursts are of any use; whether anyone is to blame; whether there is any excuse for thus causing pain—in short, they do not consider at all, but selfishly scatter their thorns broadcast. Even when they attempt to do good their impatience is fatal to success. As parents or teachers, their failure is a foregone conclusion. They might as well try to cultivate a garden by tearing up the seeds and pulling open the buds as to train the delicate mind and tender heart of a child without patience to wait for its gradual development. So, the impatient reformer, how-

ever sincere he be, renders his efforts futile by his unreasonable vehemence or intolerance. He does not comprehend the situation, nor appreciate the other side, nor sympathize with those whom he believes to be in error. He has yet to learn that gentleness, forbearance, pity, and love are stronger forces than stormy passion or harsh condemnation, and that they are born of an infinite patience, without which even the most generous efforts will amount to nothing. The real difference, after all, between the right and the wrong impatience is not so much in the feeling itself as in the way we deal with it. If it is made to result in some good and wholesome action, it is justifiable, but if we suffer it to lead us into fretful complaints, irritable speeches and violent denunciations, then it is to be condemned and restrained. Let the reason sit in judgment on this feeling, and it will not overstep its bounds. So with its counterpart, patience—if it be simply a slothful love of ease that causes us to shun exertion, or an excessive restraint preventing rightful efforts at improvement, it is unworthy and should be driven away; but if it be that tranquility which is in harmony with nature and all her plans—which can afford to wait the appointed time for all things, and yet is never wearied in well doing—which can endure with fortitude the inevitable, and yet lose no opportunity for helping what can be helped, and improving what can be improved—which speaks of power held in reserve, but only waiting the right moment to spring into action, then we may well hope that such a "patience may have her perfect work."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

BY NED P. MAH.

My name, as is pretty well known by this time to the readers of the *C. I. N.*, is Edward Percy Mah; but it is not so generally known that the name was originally Mahar, and was contracted to its present form by one of my ancestors, who thus made what might have become, through me, an Irish family name of distinction, an Irish family name of extinction. But as I have a vast respect for my ancestors, I have no doubt he acted for the best.

Being thus, as you perceive, of Irish origin, it is no wonder that I am inflammable, and, granted that I am Irish and inflammable, it is no wonder that once, when wandering through the Townships on a sketching tour, with no luggage except my sketch-book, a tooth-brush, and a paper collar, seeing a pretty girl leaning over a cottage gate, surrounded by roses and climbing plants, herself the freshest, rosiest, and brightest flower of them all—I should stop to ask my way, and the ice being thus broken, and pretty Bridget proving as ready with her tongue as she was provoking in her beauty, that joke should follow joke until one of those sudden, but heavy, thunder showers that sometimes catch mortals unawares in July or August, burst upon us.

"Lawks, sir," said Bridget, "you'll be wet through in a minute in that thin suit. Come into the house till it's over."

The drops were as big as halfpence, and much more plentiful, so I consented.

"No, not there," said Bridget, turning back from the parlor door, towards which she had first made a motion. "That stupid old Hannah, the cook, will be wanting to know who you are, and all about it, if she hears us talking. Come up to Miss Tabitha's room, just atop of the first flight, and then we can see her when she's coming from the meeting in the school-house."

Any port in a storm, and into Miss Tabitha's room I went.

Then came thunder and lightning, and Bridget was terrified, and I tried to console her, and under cover of her confusion to steal a kiss. There was a laughing struggle and a scuffle, and then came a gleam of sunshine and I prepared to go. But I had scarcely taken my hat and stick when the shower suffered a relapse, and the rain came down in bigger drops than ever. We had meanwhile forgotten all about Miss Tabitha, nor dreamed that she should have taken advantage of the gleam of sunshine to start for home, until we heard the house-door bang, and the rustle of drapery ascending the staircase.

"Under the bed, quick!" ordered frightened Bridget, as she threw herself in the doorway to cover my retreat.

"Lawks, Miss Tabitha!" I heard her cry, "how wet you must be."

"Never mind me, child," said Miss Tabitha; "run and shut the parlor windows. How could you be careless enough to leave them open in such a rain?"

And Miss Tabitha rushed into the room, threw off mantle and hat, and, by the rustle of drapery, was proceeding to make a change.

Now, reader, I am a painfully modest man. If a lady buckles a bracelet in my presence I look another way; and I am always extremely particular to precede a female upstairs. I once had the misfortune, in the days of crinoline, to pass a fortnight in Quebec, and the time was a misery to me, because it was impossible to precede all the ladies up the steps. Imagine, then, my anxiety and terror, in thus finding myself, surreptitiously, in the chamber of an elderly single maiden. The cold sweat stood upon my brow. But relief was at hand. Suddenly the rustling ceased, and the vestal, hurrying to the door, closed it carefully behind her, and doubtless locked it on the outside.

I saw it all. Before my mind's eye floated a future paragraph in the *St. John's News*:

"Miss Taylor" (I had read the name on the door-plate), "being a lady of great fortitude and rare presence of mind, did not scream, but went quietly to the door and locked it on the outside."

I rushed to the window, threw up the sash, which fell by its own weight behind me, and precipitated myself headlong on the flower bushes beneath. Gathering myself up I glanced around. A brick wall at the back of the garden offered no chance of retreat, so I hurried at once to the front, where I saw Bridget scuttling out of the garden gate. I had just reached the path when I heard the front door open. With great presence of mind I at once went right about face on the gravel, and advanced towards the house. Miss Tabitha, her array of toilette hidden beneath a woollen shawl, blocked the door.

"Mr. Taylor at home?" I inquired, politely raising my hat.

"Mr. Taylor is in the city for a few days," she returned, in a voice betraying extreme agitation, but which struggled to be calm.

I hurriedly selected a harmless "John Smith" from a lot of friends' cards which lay loose in my pocket book, and, murmuring I should, possibly, "run against Mr. Taylor in the city," with another bow I retreated in good order. How I trembled lest she should confide in me, and invoke my aid to unearth the ruffian! But she didn't, having faith, no doubt, in Bridget's quick wits with the police.

Bridget was loitering down the lane with her finger in her mouth, uncertain how to act. I overtook her at the corner.

"Lawks, sir," said she, "so you've escaped. I'm so glad. I wondered whatever I should do at all at all. You see, policeman George he's my sweetest art, but if he was to find out as you'd ki sed me—"

"Well, now you can fetch him with a safe conscience, and you'll have the laugh against Miss Tabitha forever," said I, catching her suddenly and kissing her again.

"Oh, sir, that's wrong."

"No," said I; "that's all right."

"That's more than you can prove, sir."

"Not at all," said I. "I am doing unto you as I would you should do unto me. If you don't like it, give it me back again."

"But George, sir—"

"There are plenty left, and George would never miss it."

"Ah! but put yourself in his place, sir. How would you like it?"

And with a blythe "Good-night!" the true-hearted maiden tripped on her way to the station-house.

AMUSEMENTS.

Madame Five-King's two concerts, although not apparently appreciated by the public as they deserve, to judge from the scanty attendance, were a treat to all musicians. Madame King is undoubtedly deserving to rank in the very first class of piano-forte players. She is perhaps a little lacking in animation, though never in force, and fails, as it seems to us at times to interpret the exceeding tenderness of Beethoven, for example, but her execution and phrasing are alike admirable, and her power is, in a woman, most remarkable. The concert included the Sonata Pathétique, and the Rhapsodie Hongroise Liszt, the latter of which I have seldom heard better played. Her working up of the crescendo was in itself a *tour de force*. But the most remarkable display of her power was found in the last movement of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, her own transcription, which she played in response to an "encore." The endeavor at all adequately to represent such a work on the piano is attended with enormous difficulties, but Madame King not only overcame this but succeeded in representing the general effect of the concerto in its orchestral parts in a truly remarkable manner. Miss Mason who accompanied Madame King as vocalist has a pleasant voice, but should be more careful in the selection of songs suited to its compass and timbre. She sang Gabriel's "When Sparrows Build" in a very satisfactory style, but her attempt to give Ardit's Polka was simply ridiculous. She has neither the notes nor the execution.

The Gorman Philadelphia Church Choir Opera Company have been playing "Patience" at the Royal during the week to capital houses. You will not need any description of the opera which will be given again this week by the Haverly. Of the company their voices are far better than their acting. The opera was excellently sung throughout, but lost a good deal from the want of humor exhibited by the principal characters. Mrs. Dow, for example, with a magnificent voice and a good method, has not an atom of fun in her, and a serious Lady Jane is more than most of us can stand. The male chorus were most capital, and the work entrusted to the dragons was done in excellent style.

On Sunday Mrs. Throver and Herr H. Ulrich B. gave a rental in the Synod Hall. Mrs. Throver was in excellent voice and fully realized the expectations of those who were anxious to be present at her first public appearance since her return to Montreal. Herr Bohrer is well known as a vigorous and correct player; but why oh! why does he thump so? The accompaniments suffered most, the exquisitely soft passages of Clay's "I'll sing the songs of Araby" suffering much, and the unfortunate vocalist more. For the rest the concert was poorly attended, but the audience was most enthusiastic.