

generality assumed to tie the hands of the Local Legislature respecting them. There has never been any law to compel the Local Legislature to establish or maintain any schools at all, or to provide for education of any kind. The exclusive right to do so, if it chose, was given it by the Manitoba Act. In the exercise of that right it has, since the union, established public schools and provided for religious teaching in some or all of them. It is obvious that this matter of religious teaching, like the whole matter of having public schools at all, was wholly within the discretionary power of the Legislature and might have been wholly omitted from the Public Schools Act. The Local Legislature has full power to repeal the whole Public Schools Act at any time. It is proposed to ask it to repeal a part of it—just as the New Brunswick Legislature did in 1871. The constitutional positions of Manitoba and New Brunswick are identically the same. The much talked of Imperial Act obtained by Sir George Cartier merely confirmed the Manitoba Act and deprived the Dominion Parliament of all power to repeal or amend it, thus giving to the constitution of Manitoba exactly the same finality, no greater or no less, as those of the other provinces possess under the B. N. A. Act.

It does not seem to be generally known that the B. N. A. Act imposes upon the older provinces the same restrictions in almost the same words that the Manitoba Act imposes on Manitoba. And yet New Brunswick abolished denominational religious teaching in its public schools without asking for either Dominion or Imperial Legislation. Yours truly, F. BEVERLEY ROBERTSON.

Winnipeg, Oct. 5, 1889.

TRUE TALE.

MR. WILLOUGHBY ARNOLD was a theatrical agent. He had lived at different times in New York, Boston, City of Mexico, Paris, Dublin, and Liverpool, but had gravitated like most geniuses and many lesser lights to the great centre of the world—London. He was tall, rather thin, dark moustached and haired, wore always a dark brown velvet coat and light gray trousers, and had perpetual catarrh, which during the month of August turned invariably to hay fever. He occupied an office in Garrick Street—suitable location for his profession—and advertised hugely in all the London papers. He had the reputation of being sharp, but then sharpness is needed in almost all professions, perhaps most of all in that of a theatrical agent. For he has not only to live on his own wits, but also on the wits of others. And this Mr. Willoughby was quite an adept in doing.

He had been eight months in London and to judge from the furniture and appointments of his office was already doing well. Ward Bros. round the corner, Ted Salisbury on Bow street, and even the old-established Dramatic Bureau of Francis Derbyshire, Drury lane, were all suffering since his appearance. He carried on business with an air and a style that provoked discussion and curiosity, and women in particular were almost certain to prefer him to the ponderous Ward or the satirical Derbyshire. He was very exclusive and made it very difficult for people to gain access to him. Up four flights of stairs was his office, and when you got there you found a smiling clerk, to pass whom was well-nigh impossible. When you did succeed in passing him (and such was the virtue of Garrick street that tips were ignored) the agent's cousin, Mr. Digby Arnold (no relation whatever, by-the-way) had to be coaxed and bullied before you could pass from his little corner cupboard of a den into the photograph-hung, flower-scented inner sanctum of the agent himself. The visitor's progress was a good deal like that in the old fairy tales, where a lion lay at one turn in the path, and a dragon at another, and an ogre at the third, and so on, and your chances of passing the latter depended always on your giving the right word and correct salute to the first. Still, there were plenty of people, and not all of the feminine gender either, who were willing to climb the stairs and wait at the outer doors in order to gain entrance at last to the holy of holies inside—the presence of Mr. Willoughby Arnold.

Finally, there came one day a young lady, very neatly, tastefully dressed, and with every pretension to breeding, to the outer office and besieged the desk. Her business was politely requested of her. She named it. Engagement, she hoped. The smiling clerk, not a whit embarrassed by beauty, breeding and fashion, refused the suggestion. Mr. Arnold's vacancies were absolutely full. He had no room for anyone. Could not entertain any more applicants. The young lady named a mutual friend, Miss Lawrence Max, proprietor of the Harlequin Theatre. No use; the smiling clerk distinctly though politely refused her admittance. Fortunately for her, Mr. Digby Arnold passing through saw her and was attracted. "I think perhaps, Austin, my cousin (he sometimes forgot whether he was a cousin, or a brother, a little careless, this Digby) might find time to see this young lady."

Miss Lamont was highly grateful. She had given her name as Helen Lamont.

Austin opened a little wicket and Miss Lamont entered office No. 1. In a few moments she had completely subjugated Digby and was cosily seated in office No. 2. From where she sat she could hear the unfortunate Willoughby sneeze. "Some one with a very bad cold," she prettily hazarded.

"My brother—Willoughby," responded Digby. "I am sure I can get him to see you. Any friend of Miss Lawrence Max would be at any time perfectly welcome, only—town is so crowded just now, and the stage so

thoughtlessly besieged. You can have no idea how my poor brother is haunted. Really only for this arrangement of offices he would not be able to attend to business at all. Will you wait a moment?"

"Certainly," said Miss Lamont. She was a very pretty girl, so demure and neat and womanly. Charming for *ingenue* characters and well, even richly attired.

"A good premium," whispered Digby in the next room to Mr. Willoughby Arnold, seated at a long table strewn with letters, books, trifles of art and beauty, flowers and photographs. He held a white silk handkerchief to his face, and wore the famous brown velvet coat.

"Ask it, anyway," said Digby. "I don't know anything about her ability, but that doesn't matter. Shall I show her in?" Willoughby assented, and when Miss Lamont entered in her pretty modest beseeching way, dressed in soft gray with immaculate boots and gloves, a gleam of jewellery and a wave of perfume, and a knot of Nice violets at her throat, motioned her to a luxurious arm-chair.

He still held his handkerchief to his face. "Excuse me," he said between coughs, "I am a very great sufferer from a combination of complaints. Catarrh—ah—cold in the head, and all that kind of thing. You are looking for an engagement on the London stage?"

Miss Lamont assented. "I am left penniless. I have a talent that way. At least, I trust so. In amateur evenings—"

"A very different thing, I assure you. However, your looks will assist you. Penniless? I can hardly believe that."

"Well—a small annuity—yes, I have something, but it will not last for ever, and in the meantime I must try my luck in a profession."

Mr. Arnold turned over his papers and cards with his left hand, while keeping the handkerchief to his face with his right.

"Ah—what can you do? Sing?"

Miss Lamont shook her head.

"There's a very nice part waiting to be filled up, at 'The Folly,' but it requires two songs. That wouldn't do. Here is an *ingenue* part at Islington, old theatre, but good pay. Will you read me something? I must know what you can do, you know."

Miss Lamont's courage did not desert her.

A ragged Shakespeare lay on the table. Blushing, she took it up and declaimed Portia's speech. Mr. Willoughby Arnold, thoroughly interested and pleased, let his handkerchief fall in the middle. Miss Lamont almost screamed. Through her brain there rushed this sentence. "Remember, he can be identified anywhere by a triangular gash—most remarkable—directly under the nose."

"I beg your pardon," she exclaimed, letting the book fall. "I am a little nervous, I suppose. Do you think I shall do?"

Mr. Willoughby Arnold, who was now attacked by very intense coughing, signified his pleased surprise at her reading. "You might do very well. I can make an appointment here with Arden, the manager—old John Arden—very nice old man—kind, and all that—any time you like."

Miss Lamont was of course very grateful. "Fee, please," snuffed Mr. Willoughby, as she turned to go.

"Oh. I didn't know—how much?" "A guinea," replied Mr. Digby, who appeared at the door to escort her out to office No. 2, and thence to office No. 1. "And the premium, Willoughby?"

"Premium?" said Miss Lamont, looking from the one to the other.

"Of course. We ask a premium of ten guineas on every appointment made. You see we have to do this, so many unconscientious people going round."

"Then, if I pay the premium, you are sure to get the manager here to meet me—Mr. Arden."

"Oh, certain," replied the suffering Willoughby.

"Well, if you don't mind," said Miss Helen Lamont, smilingly opening her purse, "I'll just pay the fee this morning and see you again about the premium. I can easily come in again."

And with that she departed, and she took a strange direction for so pretty a young lady, for she went straight to Scotland Yard.

"I have found him," said she. "I tried eleven theatrical agents, and he was the eleventh. There can be no mistake. He has catarrh and a gash under his nose."

Next day, about four o'clock, Mr. Willoughby Arnold, of Garrick street, alias a good many other people, and a notorious forger and embezzler, was quietly waited upon by an arm of the law. The catarrh was partly natural and partly assumed and the flat in Garrick street was soon shorn of two of its occupants.

"To think," reflected Austin, the smiling clerk, "that that pretty girl was only a detective after all!"

And a capital business Miss Lamont has found it, although occasionally trying. She has been uniformly successful, however, and is shortly to issue a volume containing her experiences entitled "A New Profession for Women: The Sex in Scotland Yard."

THREE miles is about the average velocity of the Gulf stream, though at places it attains as high a speed as 5.4 miles per hour. As it passes through the Yucatan Channel, which is ninety miles wide and over 1,000 fathoms deep, the current does not flow at a higher rate than one-fourth of a mile an hour; but in the narrower Straits of Bimini it has a velocity of from four to five miles, a breadth of fifty miles and an average depth of 350 fathoms.

ART NOTES.

THE Ontario Society of Artists held its first meeting for business since the vacation on the 9th inst., when it was decided to start art classes during the coming season. Committees were appointed to procure suitable rooms and to interview Mr. Ross on the art school question.

THE withdrawal of the Art School from the fostering care of the O.S.A., under whose charge it was so successful, seems to have been a mistake, and the school has steadily declined in usefulness ever since. It can scarcely be doubted that the members of the profession are the proper persons to have the oversight of it. One would think that Art at least might be kept clear of politics.

A PHOTOGRAPHURE of Dagnan Bouveret's "Bretonnes au Pardon," will be found in the October number of the *Art Magazine*. It was this picture which received the grand medal of honour at the Paris Exhibition, and it represents one principal and two subsidiary groups of Breton Peasants (chiefly women) celebrating a religious festival known as a *pardon*; it is well worthy of study, as showing how the old traditions of composition of line, arrangement of light and shade, and grouping, have been forsaken by modern French Art. It means, however, chiefly, that the arrangement, though still there, is more subtle than of old, the art that conceals art predominating over artifice that was apparent to all, while almost the only relic of the old mannerisms is the way in which the subordinate groups act the part of chorus or echo to the foreground figures. Modern art has learnt at least one lesson from photography, and that is to tell its story truly and simply, and it is to be hoped that the old art tricks have at last "one by one crept silently to rest."

Two articles in the same number by the editor and W. P. Frith on artistic advertising will be of interest on this side of the water, where, in the absence of international copyright, any celebrated European picture may be copied and used to advertise articles by no means germane to the subject. The argument advanced in defence of this practice is, that the public are benefited by seeing copies of good works of art, public taste being improved thereby. How far this is true, time only can show.

It would seem that the *Art Magazine* is falling into the evil habit of using its photographure plates that have already done duty in the exhibition numbers over again in the monthly issues. This old trick of illustrated journals was more pardonable in the days of expensive wood cutting than in these days of cheap processes. TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MRS. BURNETT's new play, "Phyllis," has been altered four times since its first reading, and is not yet satisfactory.

HERR NIKISCH is giving satisfaction at least to his orchestra, and perhaps that body of intelligent, enthusiastic men is as likely to know what stuff he has in him as anybody else—newspaper critics for instance.

CHARLES WYNDHAM is fast making himself popular in the States. He is described as being to English comedy what Henry Irving is to the drama. He is accompanied this season by Mary Moore, George Giddens and Blakesley, all of whom are London favourites. Wyndham's great roles are "David Garrick" and "Rover" in "Road to Ruin."

MIDLE RHEA has been playing recently in Montreal. The French flag was nightly waved in her honour and she was the recipient of something very much like Albanian adulation. The students—French of course—crowded the gallery and stood up in the aisles and made her recite something for them in their adored tongue—usually a stanza or two of Victor Hugo. The students are right in this, that Middle Rhea is more charming when she speaks French than when she essays Rosalind or Beatrice or Pauline in English. Who will ever forget her fine declamation in "Adrienne LeCouvreur" of a portion of a tragedy by Racine—"Phédre," I think it was.

THE Kendals were afforded a handsome reception their opening night in New York. Standing room was at a premium in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and the play was "A Scrap of Paper." The audience was highly representative, intelligent, and critical. Baskets of flowers were sent behind by Mme. Modjeska, Pierre Lorillard, E. H. Sothorn, Sir Roderick Cameron (well known in Canada), and Joseph Jefferson. It is pleasant to know that the "sister of Tom Robertson" achieved a success, which, if quiet in its nature, is perhaps all the more lasting. There seemed to be an impression that compared to Lester Wallack and Rose Coghlan, the performance was slightly heavier and shorn of a delightful airiness that this little piece appears to require. The general feeling, however, was one of calm and sympathetic appreciation, and Mrs. Kendal was personally received with more than the fervour she expected from an American audience.

THE fine hall of the College of Music was filled to overflowing on the evening of the 3rd inst., by a fashionable audience, assembled on the occasion of the lecture and concert by Mr. W. O. Forsyth, of the College staff. Introduced by Mr. Torrington, in his usual happy manner, the lecturer entertained his audience by a highly interesting account of the music of the early days of civilization—sketching the extent of the knowledge of the ancients, their theories of music, a comparison of ancient and modern scales, noting the simple harmonies which were in use by their greatest musicians, and the names and uses of their