

THE WEEK:

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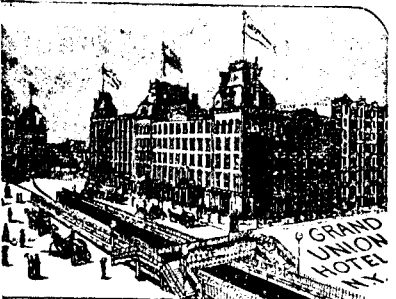
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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	PAGE
The Future of Canada.....	Addison F. Browne. 99
"Kicking the Queen's Crown into the Boyne".....	Robert Ker. 99
Mr. Gladstone's Irish Policy.....	Goldwin Smith. 100
Notes from Quebec.....	Nemo. 101
Observations on the Chinese Labourer.....	102
CORRESPONDENCE.....	103
TOPICS OF THE WEEK—	
Trade Unionism in the Mayoralty Contest.....	104
The Methodist Church and Prohibition.....	104
Attitude of other Churches.....	104
Church of England Temperance Society.....	104
The Proposal to Buy Out Irish Landlords.....	105
Defensive Alliance between the three great Oriental Empires.....	105
Literary Revolution in Japan.....	105
The "New Learning" in Japan.....	106
NOTES.....	106
POETRY—	
Youth and Love.....	Ferrars. 108
BLINDNESS (Selected).....	108
SCRAP BOOK.....	108
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	109
MUSIC.....	110
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	110

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

FROM her present temporary position, Canada, in time, must move into one of the three following conditions: Annexation to the United States, Imperial Federation, or an Independent Nationality.

I speak of the present status as being necessarily temporary, because a number of principalities situated like those comprising this Dominion cannot possibly for many years remain in any sense dependent on a foreign country; although that country stands as the most powerful among the nations of the earth. The rapid increase of population, the growth of home enterprises and peculiarities, with the gradual but steady and certain assimilation of her various races which natural laws must develop, make it imperative that Canada should force her way to the level where her people can no longer acknowledge political or social connection with another people except on terms of absolute equality.

The first proposition mentioned, Annexation to the American Union, although it has many advocates, is not desirable. There are quite enough United States already; in fact, as it begins to appear in many quarters, rather more than find it convenient to take care of their individual and collective interests. And while their present national troubles, under the treatment of wise political doctors, are likely to disappear, provided no fresh disorders are contracted, the best thinkers believe that an extension of territory on either border would make the disease incurable, and wreck the common nationality. Were it possible to realize the dream of some political maniacs whose ravings emanate from Washington, and gather the whole of North America into one enormous democracy, called the Columbian Republic, or some other equally euphonious name, geographical and other reasons would split the gigantic country into many pieces almost before its organization was completed. Means should be devised for the most mutually beneficial commercial and other relations between Canada and her big southern neighbour; but while the former uses good judgment she will never marry into that family.

As for Imperial Federation, very few people realize what these large-sounding words mean, and a thought of the grandeur and power which the idea seems to forecast has already set many usually steady heads into a whirl of dizzy anticipation; but a little sober study shows that this plan for solving the problem is scarcely entitled to serious consideration. Becoming a component part of the British Empire implies an assumption of relative portions of its debt, army and navy expenditures, and the enormous Crown salaries, whose annual aggregate is something almost beyond comprehension from New World standpoints. The unmistakable trend of Canadian feeling is toward the broadest franchise extension consistent with stable government. But before our electors can actually lock arms with their relatives in the Island Kingdom many backward steps must be taken from our present position in this respect. And, aside from these and many parallel hindrances, there remains an objection which cannot be removed, namely, that nearly three thousand miles of stormy ocean would roll between this country and the city in which her laws were made. Trammelled thus, in numerous details, they would never be properly effective.

There being no other course open to her, Canada must eventually become a country by herself, and every apparent objection to this conclu-

sion, from the nature of the case, can have no real foundation; while the host of causes whose working together is bound to produce the result each year grows more numerous and weighty.

In a few more decades every foot of available land will be taken up, and the streams of immigration now flowing to our shores will be turned in other directions, and then the peoples of different languages and national ancestry must lose all separating characteristics, and, under the modifying influences of climate and situation, so blend together that a new race will finally appear, which should present the very highest type of natural nobility. In its veins will flow the life-currents of all the northern European countries, with a slight but sure tincture of Indian blood. Such a people, dwelling amid the sublime natural aspects of this Dominion, and possessing her marvellous resources of soil, mineral, forest, lake and river, are sure to occupy the loftiest plains of human intelligence, and only receive acceptable control in a government created and managed entirely by themselves.

In view of these momentous reasons and others in the same line, when the time does come for the inevitable separation, we can hardly believe the long-sighted statesmen who assemble in London will in any way attempt to hinder the movement; but, rather, that the Mother Country will say God-speed, and feel a justifiable pride because another of her rosy-checked children displays enough strength and courage to set up housekeeping for herself.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

"KICKING THE QUEEN'S CROWN INTO THE BOYNE."

THERE are comparatively few on this side of the Atlantic who have any personal knowledge of the fierce storm which raged in the North of Ireland when Mr. Gladstone's famous "resolutions" put the Disestablishment of the Irish Church as a practical issue before the people. Monster demonstrations were held all over the Province of Ulster, and almost every town, big and little, raised its voice in condemnation of what was termed "the spoliation of the Irish Church." The leaders in that great historic agitation were the prominent Orangemen of the day, many of whom still survive, but "some have fallen asleep." The Orangemen felt that faith had not been kept with them, that a fundamental article of the Union was about to be violated by one of the covenanting parties, and they contended with good reason that they had no guarantee that the other articles of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland would be respected if the fifth article was to be dispensed with in the summary manner threatened by Mr. Gladstone. It will be recollected that the fifth article of the Act of Union provided, "That the Churches of England and Ireland, as now by law established, be united into one Protestant Episcopal Church, and be called the United Church of England and Ireland, and that the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the said united Church shall be and remain in full force for ever."

Apart entirely from the intrinsic merits of the question of Disestablishment, it will, I think, appear to most unprejudiced minds that the Orangemen who looked upon themselves as the pledged custodians of the Union on one side were not travelling outside the issue when they entered a vigorous protest against what in their estimation was a flagrant violation of a solemn compact. The late Mr. A. M. Sullivan states the Protestant case with great fairness in *New Ireland*, and I reproduce it for the purpose of showing that Irish Protestants had ample reason for being dissatisfied with Mr. Gladstone and his Government.

"The defence of the Irish Church," says Mr. Sullivan, "was based mainly on the Act of Union. There were, of course, other grounds—plenty of them; but one by one they were evacuated as untenable under the fire of argument, logic, and fact poured against them from the other side. Here alone the Church party were confessedly in a strong position. The fifth article of the Act of Union between England and Ireland solemnly declared the maintenance for ever of the Irish Church Establishment, or rather the incorporation of that Establishment with the English as 'the United Church of England and Ireland' to be a fundamental and essential stipulation and condition. The English language could not more explicitly set forth a solemn and perpetual covenant between two parties than this article set forth the contract between the Episcopal Protestants of Ireland and the Imperial Parliament. . . . It was not open to an English Minister to treat them now as two. Together as one they were to

stand or fall—or rather for ever to stand; for as to falling, the Union was to fall too if the Establishment so guaranteed should ever fail to be maintained. . . . *The Church defenders admittedly had the best case, but Mr. Gladstone had the logic of big battalions on his side.* This is the Protestant case stated impartially by an eminent Roman Catholic, whose early death we all deplore; but viewed from the Orangeman's standpoint there were other considerations which helped to intensify its force and to give Disestablishment the appearance not merely of "a violated treaty," but of a violation perpetrated under conditions of base ingratitude. The personality of Mr. Gladstone was felt very distinctly throughout the controversy, and the indignation and contempt of the sturdy and independent northern Protestants were poured upon himself and his measure in a perfect torrent of eloquent invective. He was frequently burnt in effigy holding the obnoxious Bill in his hand, and it was noted on one occasion as ominous that while the effigy burnt freely enough the Bill remained intact. Nearly everybody was excited. Presbyterians and Methodists made common cause with their Episcopalian brethren, and altogether the scene was suggestive of the stormy days of Catholic emancipation: but singular enough, of the literature to which the Disestablishment agitation gave birth only one famous saying lives in the popular memory, and it is that which stands at the head of this paper. It involves a question of historic accuracy, and, although interesting for other reasons, it is chiefly on this ground that I think it ought to be settled.

The saying has given rise to a great deal of controversy and no small amount of actual misrepresentation; and as I now find it, taken out of its original setting, I think the time has come when I may venture upon the task of settling the matter definitely, and particularly so as I happen to be the only one living capable of speaking decisively on the subject. A life-long friend of mine, and one for whom I cherish a very high regard, Mr. John White, of Newbliss, sent me a few days ago a copy of the *Daily Express* (December 19, 1885), and at a great Loyalist demonstration in Armagh the subject of "Kicking the Crown into the Boyne" was thus referred to:—

The Rev. Richard Graham seconded the resolution. He said that he believed the Orange party never suffered more than when a gentleman made the lamentable speech about *kicking the Queen's crown into the Boyne*. Hundreds of times he had seen the speech, quoted by such journals as the *Freeman* and *United Ireland*.

Several Voices—No Orangeman ever said such a thing.

Rev. Mr. Graham—It has been quoted.

A Voice—Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, said it.

Another Voice—You could not believe a word *United Ireland* or the *Freeman's Journal* says. (Cheers.)

Bro. T. G. Peel, in proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman, emphatically denied that any Orangeman ever used the expression of "Kicking the Queen's Crown into the Boyne." The man who was said to have used the expression was the *Rev. John Flanagan*, in the Botanic Gardens, in Belfast. He (Bro. Peel) was standing beside Mr. Flanagan on that occasion, and no such expression had been used. (Cheers.) It was a fabrication. Orangemen were incapable of saying the Queen's crown should be kicked into the Boyne. (Cheers.)

It was doubtless Mr. White's surprise on reading the above report that caused him to mark the paper and send it to me, because he was himself present when the alleged threat was made. It is curious to observe from the above report that several deny the statement *in toto*; others put it to the credit of Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, while another very worthy and intelligent gentleman supposes it to have had its origin in the Botanic Gardens, Belfast. The facts are these: There was an Orange soiree held in the Town Hall of Newbliss early in the spring of 1868, and among the speakers on that occasion was the Reverend John Flanagan, the eloquent rector of the parish in which the town is located. Mr. Flanagan was a distinguished scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, and at the time referred to held the position of Deputy Grand Chaplain of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, a circumstance that added greatly to the importance of his utterances on the question of Disestablishment.

The reverend gentleman was a remarkably fluent and eloquent extempore speaker, and holding ultra-Conservative views on most subjects, he expressed himself with great force and was specially indignant at the threatened spoliation of the Church to which he belonged. During the course of that memorable address in the Newbliss Town Hall he dealt pretty freely with the perfidy which had characterized the conduct of James II.; his violation of his coronation oath and the result of having had his crown kicked into the Boyne. Mr. Flanagan expressed unbounded loyalty to Her Gracious Majesty, and could hardly bring himself to believe that she would ever be induced to sign the Act of Disestablishment. I was then correspondent for the *London Central News*, as well as correspondent of the leading metropolitan papers, including the *Freeman's Journal*. I took a very full short-hand report of the speech, and in due course sent a full summary of it to

the papers. The *Freeman's Journal* by some mistake dated my despatch from Enniskillen, and wrote a very inflammatory editorial presumably based on the report, and amongst other things charging the Rev. Mr. Flanagan and the Ulster Orangemen with threatening to kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne. There was hardly a paper in the kingdom that did not follow the *Freeman's* lead and attack the speech in some form or other. Many of the papers called the speaker "the Flaming O'Flanagan," a designation that was kept up with great pertinacity ever afterwards, notwithstanding Mr. Flanagan's emphatic disavowal of the statements charged against him. The *London Times* called him "a clerical firebrand," and other papers were hardly less complimentary. Mr. Flanagan wrote a disclaimer to the *Freeman*, but that paper refused to give it publicity, and finally the matter was brought up in the House of Commons by Mr. McCarthy Downing, M.P. for Cork, and in reply the Attorney-General of that day said he was not able to inform the House whether or not Mr. Flanagan had been correctly reported, but he promised to make inquiry. Mr. Flanagan, however, wrote to the Queen assuring Her Majesty of his own unfaltering loyalty and profound attachment, and assuring Her Majesty of the unswerving devotion of the loyal Orangemen of Ireland to her throne and person. Mr. Flanagan complained of the report itself to the extent that "the titbits," as he expressed it, of his speech had been selected, and that there was a very clever combination of the *disjecta membra* of his address; but as this is true of any summary whatever, it lacked force, and as he never impugned, so far as I am aware—and we afterwards talked the matter over frequently—the general accuracy of my report, I never felt called upon to enter into the discussion. To my mind the innuendo was very distinct indeed, and perhaps, in the heat of an eloquent and fiery extempore address, was much stronger than the speaker intended that it should be. At all events he never said, either on behalf of himself or anybody else, that he would "kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne." The reverend gentleman passed over to the great majority some years ago, and it is but an act of justice to his memory to repudiate the disloyalty preferred against him, and to add that the charge, so far as the Orangemen have been identified with it, is as baseless as that other historic fiction which represents them as seeking to divert the succession in favour of the Duke of Cumberland. I will just add that this memorable incident is now for the first time given correctly in this issue of THE WEEK.

ROBERT KER.

MR. GLADSTONE'S IRISH POLICY.

THAT the Government and Parliament of Great Britain should be so cowed by a display of disorderly violence in the House of Commons, or by an agrarian conspiracy which dare not show its head in the field, as to think of submitting to the dismemberment of the nation, would beforehand have seemed incredible. Still more incredible would it have seemed that the British statesmen should be bidding against each other for the votes of rebels, and of rebels who are in open alliance with the foreign enemies of the realm. But such, once more, is Party Government. It everywhere sinks the character of the public men below the general character of the nation. They enter public life by the gate of insincere professions, they lay down upon the threshold their integrity with their independence, and when they have entered they must subsist by faction and intrigue. In England are hundreds of thousands of honest and patriotic men whom nothing could induce to do what the political leaders are doing. While in high places there has been a series of scenes of shame, not a single private soldier, not a single Irish policeman, however pressed and tempted, has swerved or flinched from duty. But among the politicians the collapse of character is as complete, as astounding, and as disastrous as was the military collapse of France in 1870.

What Mr. Gladstone has been doing is, unhappily, no longer doubtful. Craving still for power, bent on appropriating to himself the credit of settling the Irish question, and feeling that his time was short, he, when disappointed of a clear Liberal majority, determined to turn out the Government by the help of the Parnellite vote; and with that object in view he proceeded, through his son, to float a proposal for an Irish Parliament. That he also laid his scheme before Royalty, of which he is not a constitutional adviser, is as yet unproved, and it is hardly conceivable that an aged statesman, however restless might be his ambition, should have so far disregarded the rules of Constitutional Government. His proposal appears to have been repelled by the best among the other Liberal chiefs. They see, no doubt, among other things, that Mr. Parnell is not likely ever to be so strong again as he is now, and that patience, though it may not suit an aspirant in his seventy-seventh year, is the best policy for the country. But Mr. Gladstone has already done irreparable mischief, and he has still

the power to do much more. He is being egged on by Mr. John Morley, who shows his conception of his illustrious friend's character by heaping flattery upon him without measure. Mr. Morley has himself, by assiduously fostering rebellion, earned from Mr. Parnell a well-merited certificate of unswerving fidelity to the cause of dismemberment and of the sworn enemies of his country. The Irish question, it seems, can well be settled only by that great statesman "whose life has been devoted to Ireland," though he has barely set foot in the country, and in whose failures at home and abroad, including the failure of his Irish land settlement, the country is now weltering. Mr. Morley wisely urges that the thing should be done at once, and before the nation has had time to reflect, or been distinctly consulted on the issue. To those who know the game and the players, it is painfully apparent that the life of the nation is being made the sport of selfish and hypocritical ambition.

At Liverpool, on the 26th October, 1881, Mr. Gladstone made a speech setting forth his Irish policy, of which a summary will be found in the *Annual Register*. He proclaimed that the real aim of his policy was the vindication of true liberty. He declared the assertion that Mr. Parnell commanded the support of a large majority of the people of Ireland to be a gross calumny. He admitted that there was in that country an organized attempt to override the free will and judgment of the Irish nation; and he averred that the question for the minority to decide was whether Ireland should be governed under laws made by a regularly chosen Parliament, or under laws known to nobody, written nowhere, and enforced by an illegal, arbitrary, and self-appointed association. He denounced the No Rent doctrine as sheer rapine, through which the malcontents wished to march to the dismemberment and disintegration of the Empire. With what facility do this great man's convictions and impressions adapt themselves to the shifting phases of his Parliamentary career!

It is on the gallant bearing and the perilous situation of the Irish Loyalists that the eyes of all who care for the honour of Great Britain must at present be most anxiously fixed. England, like other nations, has suffered her calamities and defeats; but she has not been untrue to friends or to any who were entitled to her protection. The only blot of that kind on her escutcheon hitherto has been the desertion of the Catalans, the work of the infamous Bolingbroke. But what were the claims of the Catalans on her honour compared with those of the Irish Loyalists? Yet there is ground for misgiving; nor is it mere empty brag when one of Mr. Parnell's satellites exults in the prospect of seeing the Queen's troops used to coerce the Irish Unionists into submission to a rebel government; though the mistress of those troops, if she has any Royalty in her heart, rather than send them on such an errand would descend from a dishonoured throne. It is not to the voice of national honour that Mr. Gladstone's peculiar temperament most promptly responds; nor does the opinion of himself, which a position like his naturally generates, leave much room for the claims of those who happen to stand in the way of his schemes. As a Ritualist, he probably does not love Irish Protestantism, while Mr. John Morley has shown his feelings towards it as an Agnostic.

If we may judge by the tone of the Press, the national spirit seems at length to be awakening. It must be sleeping the sleep of death if it does not awaken when, over a large part of the national territory, the Government of the nation is superseded by the lawless tyranny of an anti-national association, and loyal citizens are being daily punished in person and estate for no offence but that of obedience to the law. A few months of fortitude and patience such as are supposed to be not alien to British character, a single effort of unanimous patriotism, would break the back of a rebellion which has no military force, nor any political force except what it gains by combining with revolution the promise of agrarian plunder. But the apathy and pusillanimity which say "Let Ireland go, so long as she troubles us no more," will reap the usual reward of baseness. A separate Ireland will be a hostile Ireland; it will have in England herself a great body of Irishry who will always be conspiring with it against her; its councils will be inspired by American Fenianism; it will seek and find allies in all the enemies of Great Britain.

Were there a Government in England the law would soon be asserted, and rebellion would be put down. This is the duty of the hour, and till it has been performed spasmodic projects of change will be out of place. But the worst part of the situation is that there is now no Government in England except an assembly split into discordant factions, as well as distracted by personal vanity and selfishness, which has usurped the functions of the Executive, and is no more capable of exercising them than a street mob. This again, in its last and most dangerous development, is the gratuitous work of that incomparable statemanship to which alone, we are told, the settlement of any great and difficult question can with safety be confided.

Famine in the West of Ireland calls attention with mournful emphasis

to the fact that the main source of Irish suffering is not political, nor capable of being removed by political change. How could Grattan's Parliament, if it were revived, provide food for an overflowing population, or cure the potato, on which an unthrifty peasantry subsists, of its liability to disease? It could no more do this than it could annul the depressing influence of a religion which has proved fatal to national prosperity wherever its ascendancy has endured. We shall presently be told, as we have been told before, that England organizes Irish famine for the extermination of the Irish people.

What will happen when Parliament meets it is next to impossible to divine. The leading Radicals do not seem to share Mr. Gladstone's desperate eagerness to return to power. They are not in their seventy-seventh year, and can afford to play a waiting game. For the preservation of the country from dismemberment, which all true patriots must regard as the one vital object, the best thing probably is that the present Government should receive the aid of independent Liberals, remain in power, and as soon as possible dissolve Parliament again upon the distinct issue of the Union. If the nation then decides for dismemberment, the question is settled, and the book of British greatness may be closed. The worst thing is the return to power of Mr. Gladstone with a majority of Radicals and Parnellites combined. Sad to say, there appears now to be a mortal race between an old man's life and the unity of the nation.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

We have now fairly passed through the excitement of the holiday season. Christmas, with its happy reunions, has "come and gone," and the New Year, with its "calls" and congratulations, has already passed into history. There has been no incident of special importance, and the prevailing apathy has not been disturbed even by the formal dinner party of "long, long ago." Altogether, we have passed a very quiet holiday—for, in the prevailing spirit of goodwill supposed to characterize this season, politics have been for the moment put aside and everybody feels relieved in consequence. Traders have not found as ready a market for their wares as on many former occasions, but on the whole the volume of business appears to have been considerable, and we hear very few complaints; besides, a more hopeful spirit appears to prevail in many quarters, although there is not much prospect of any general improvement in the state of things so far as the trade of the port is concerned. The distress anticipated here, owing to the lack of work during the past summer, has not been seriously felt as yet, owing to the unusual mildness of the winter; but as we have still nearly five months to pass through there is ample opportunity for suffering among our working classes.

It is rather difficult to gauge the net results of last year's timber trade in relation to our local merchants, but, generally speaking, it has been far from satisfactory, and the prevailing depression in foreign markets has seriously impeded our great staple industry, so that sales were nearly always made with difficulty, and not as a rule at anything like remunerative prices. To render the condition of things still worse, the old mistake of overproduction was repeated last year, and, as a corresponding result, heavy losses have been made in several instances. Lumber makers have over and over again mutually stipulated to confine their operations within certain limits, and they have with unvarying consistency broken their engagements with each other, and, in order to rid themselves of their surplus stock, Quebec lumber dealers have had to enter into a ruinous competition among themselves in the European markets, to the great detriment of their personal interests, and, it is to be feared, permanent injury to the trade of the port. Closely connected with this eminently unsatisfactory state of things is another question which, it is to be feared, will be solved when too late to accomplish any good. I refer to the indiscriminate slaughter which still goes on in our forests. The regulations governing this great trade are altogether insufficient, and a remedy ought to be found which would effectually check the lumber maker in his commercial vandalism. And, now that our American friends are likely to have increased facilities for helping the thoughtless among our people to denude our forests, the whole matter ought to be reconsidered by our Government. In the meantime, however, the outlook for the future of our square timber is not reassuring, and to render it entirely hopeless we have only to continue our present reckless course of overproduction.

But, if the timber trade has been unsatisfactory, the carrying-trade has suffered with it, and therefore it may be said of Quebec that, commercially, she sits in dust and ashes. In looking over the published statements of the year, a noteworthy fact presents itself. It is this: the carrying-trade from the port of Quebec appears to be getting pretty equally divided between

English and Norwegian bottoms, with the balance rising steadily in favour of the Norwegian. For example, the number of vessels that entered flying the English flag was 317 in 1884, as against 306 in 1885, showing a decrease of eleven vessels. Those bearing the Norwegian flag in 1884 amounted to 204, while in 1885 the number had increased to 239, so that, practically, the carrying-trade of the port is surely passing into the hands of the thrifty Norwegian, and how this has come to pass curiously illustrates the interdependence of one industry upon another. It appears that after Mr. Plimsoll's success in passing his now well-known Act, a very large number of perfectly seaworthy vessels were condemned and sold at merely nominal prices; and as they were bought up, in almost every instance, by Norwegians, the result is that we have the self-same vessels plying between Quebec and Liverpool that formerly carried the English flag and were manned by English sailors, but are now flying the Norwegian or Swedish colours, and are manned by Norwegian sailors. Strange to say, this change has not proved advantageous to Quebec, for the Norwegian is frugality itself, and he differs as widely from his English brother of "the deep" as chalk from cheese. Fish is his staple article of food, and this he brings with him from home, and in port he confines himself to his ship; he does not drink nor spend his money foolishly, and in every respect he is a model sailor, having as little disposition to spend his money in Quebec as in the middle of the Atlantic. Of course the Quebec traders denounce him, and declare—truly enough, I dare say—that he does very little for the business of the port. It is deserving of attention, however, that he does a great deal more than our French friends from the other side of the Atlantic, who sent us just one ship as against three in 1884.

As we approach the meeting of Parliament, it is not improbable that an effort will be made to revive the drooping fortunes of the hungry Rouge and the not less hungry Bleu or Castor. What we all want here is place and money, for which, to tell the truth, we are prepared to make almost any patriotic sacrifice. Long practice has made the average Quebec politician a veritable expert at the popular game of "grab"; in his own estimation, at least, he plays it with an acuteness that is perfectly machiavellian in all its details, rendering an apprehension of his true motives next to impossible; and he is in this respect so entirely self-satisfied he quite forgets that he is all the time going about with his visor down. I think it was the late Sir George Cartier that said it was more convenient, and in the end less expensive, to buy his opponents in this Province than to fight them. Perhaps Sir George was not so far wrong after all, and it certainly betrayed on his part a keen insight into the methods that dominate the political interest of the Province of Quebec. Sham patriotism, a good deal of sham religion, and a still larger proportion of sham virtue, are about the chief ingredients in the composition of the average politician. His florid rhetoric constitutes his whole working capital, and the simple-minded *habitant* of the rural districts, who lives in blissful ignorance of politics, supplies the necessary voting force which enables the orator to work his way to the public chest. It is to be feared that political honesty is neither understood nor appreciated among us as it ought to be, and I am sorry to believe that the condition of things is not improving. The resignation of the Hon. Mr. Joly is the severest defeat sustained by the so-called Liberal party in this Province for many a long day; but it may be said that the resignation of Mr. Watts, the able member for Drummond and Arthabaska, has converted a defeat into a rout. Both the gentlemen referred to have large private means, and, therefore, unlike the progressive politician, are not under any financial necessity to cause them to fashion their opinions in harmony with varying popular fancies. I believe the English-speaking Liberals will either vote against their party or abstain from voting altogether. The French Liberals have now a grand opportunity of organizing a solid Rouge party without any English admixture whatever; they appear in the first instance to have selected Mr. Chas. Langelier as their standard-bearer in Lotbinière, and it is safe to say that one more in harmony with present political aspirations could hardly have been chosen. For reasons, however, Mr. Langelier has been abandoned. Speaking of Mr. Watts' resignation, we were authoritatively informed that "the French Liberals felt surprised." Of course this feeling was intelligible because Mr. Watts' action runs counter to all the political traditions which have grown around the party within the past few years, and bespeaks a conscientiousness which was totally unexpected in their ranks, and any politician subject to these inconvenient qualms of conscience is not to be depended upon; therefore "the Liberals feel disgusted at these tactics, and are more than ever determined to send in future *their own nationality* to Parliament." Precisely so; and when we go before the other Provinces of Confederation we will point to the excessive liberality dealt out to the English minority, provided always that its members happen to be above the objectionable weakness of conscientious and independent political

action. Your readers may perceive that, to coin a word for the occasion, the "grabbists" are purging themselves from even the suspicion of honesty, a suspicion, let it be frankly confessed, not entertained by one in ten thousand. The English-speaking minority have only to withdraw for a little, and their revenge will be complete; in the meantime we wish the Liberal movement every success. It is the beginning of the end.

THE air is full of rumours of new papers to be started here in support of this party and the other. Some of the rumours appear very much like a senseless and unmeaning joke, but they obtain currency and we cannot help taking notice of them. It is tolerably certain that French politicians cannot afford to spend money subsidizing newspapers that nobody would read, and whose influence in political warfare would simply be *nil*. Other people who are credited with journalistic intentions have not got the money, and altogether we suspect that it is an ingenious bid, and made in the personal interest of a few "knowing ones," in the vain hope that somebody will be foolish enough to buy up these literary Goliaths even before their birth. So long as an agitation requires nothing but lung power the French-Canadian is willing enough to supply it; but he objects very strongly to help with "the sinews of war"; "that is not in his line," as a gentleman once remarked to the writer. Even the terrible patriotic outburst over the death of Riel, which threatened instant destruction to everybody, was not a financial success: for example, when the great meeting was held in Montreal in Notre Dame Church, under the auspices of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, four thousand people were present, including Senator Trudel, Hon. Louis Beautien, J. O. Dupuis, President of the Society, and others, and the choir, under Charles Labelle, consisted of five hundred voices, and yet with all the attractions, including "Senator Trudel" and a choir of five hundred voices, the collection made for the laudable purpose of saying masses for the repose of Riel's soul amounted to \$52.36, or about one cent per head including "Senator Trudel"; and as if to show the utter hollowness and hypocrisy of the recent agitation, we are now assured that funds for the unfortunate family of Riel are slowly coming in, and up to date the committee in Montreal have collected \$490! Great Trudel! What a cheap patriot! \$490! Truly the mountain has laboured and brought forth a mouse.

NEMO.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CHINESE LABOURER.

IN the January *Overland Monthly* Mr. H. Shewin discusses two articles that had previously appeared in the same magazine respecting the Wyoming Riots and the general question of the exclusion of the Chinese. Mr. Shewin puts in an able plea for the Chinese, contending that the discrimination against them is neither wise nor just. He maintains that there is need of reviewing the evidence on which such discrimination is based; and toward such a review he contributes something of his own observation of the Chinese labourer. He offers it for what it is worth: it may, he says, be exceptional; but it is not exclusively one person's experience, for he takes into consideration the experience of all others whom he has talked with. It covers a residence of some twenty years in a farming neighbourhood on the Pacific Coast, where, though himself engaged otherwise than in farming, he has been in a position to observe closely the labourers on the ranches about him. From his observations we select a few passages that may prove of interest to our readers:

In the first place, I have learned that there are Chinamen and Chinamen. As well judge the Maine farmer lad by the New York city Arab, as the well-bred, honest, steady young fellow from the rice-farms up the river from Canton by the Hong Kong street coolie or dock-rat. Most people are quite without discrimination in selecting a Chinese workman, and seem to think it is pure luck whether they get a clear-skinned, bright-eyed boy, modest, intelligent, and trustworthy, or a hard-looking old opium smoker.

These farmers' boys are self-respecting fellows. They will not take insulting treatment, nor even rough jokes; they will not bear aggressions on their personal dignity. I have known one of them to leave a place because some article of food was locked up from him, on the ground that there was only enough to go round the family; yet he would, probably, if nothing had been said to him, have estimated that some one must go without, and silently refrained from taking any himself, as I have often known them to do, even when it was a favourite dish. Many a household has been suddenly deprived of its very satisfactory cook, because some one had mocked him rudely, or put hands on him roughly. It is worth while to note this, in view of the popular idea that a Chinaman will go anywhere and endure anything for money. On the contrary, many of this class of Chinamen will throw up a paying position, and remain some time out of work sooner than receive indignity. In other cases they submit, but you have a sullen, silent servant, evidently enduring you with difficulty, regarding you as a low-bred person, much his inferior, to whom circumstances compel him temporarily to be subject. There is almost none of the fierce resentment of Indian or Spaniard about them; they do not desire to stab an employer

who has struck them—they simply wish to get at once and forever away from such a person; and if they do stay with him, detesting him all the time, he is nevertheless in no danger from smouldering resentment—they do not wish to do anything to him, but simply to have as little as possible to do with him. Under extreme provocation, some of them are capable of a sudden murderous rage, in which they care not a straw for their own necks; but that is a very rare thing indeed. When treated like gentlemen they behave like gentlemen.

They are, in fact—I speak for my own acquaintance among them; others may have a different experience—gentlemen. They show instinctively a simple refinement and careful breeding. In my own home we have in more than a dozen years had only two cooks, handsome young fellows from the same village; and in all these years, spent under the same roof, in the isolation of a country house, I may say that I have had pretty fair opportunity to know these boys. And I have found them both essentially gentlemen. I have never seen a European foreigner of their humble class who approached them in refinement, simple dignity, and unflinching sense of propriety. I do not know how many of our own boys could go to a foreign land and carry off such a position so well. In a somewhat cruder way, the farmhands that I have seen much of show the same native refinement and propriety, though they are often bashful and awkward. And I do not doubt that they all have been, in fact, carefully bred in their simple homes by painstaking parents. When they become certain that you intend no ridicule, and will listen with entire respect, they will tell you a little about their homes, and from their fragmentary accounts it is easy to get an idea of the plain, honest, and temperate peasantry from which they come; and it is an idea that must give one a sincere respect for them.

The Chinaman is, within my experience of him, freer from the vice of pilfering than any other labourers we have. Indeed, my observation is, that, while absolutely unvarnished, the Chinese are the most honest of our foreigners. They will lie with perfect serenity and the clearest conscience in the world; but I question if they are not, class for class, one of the most honest of races. The Chinese merchants bear an excellent name for integrity; and the answer of an educated Chinese gentleman to the question, "What impressed you most in the United States?" was "The want of a sense of honour."

Perhaps the most glaring contrast between the Chinaman of platform invective and the Chinaman of my personal knowledge is in the matter of cleanliness. I do not know a race on earth, not even the Anglo-American, whose labouring class is so cleanly. What other labourers would, at the end of a hard day's work, go half a mile for water, bring home a cask of it on a staff across two men's shoulders, and wash their bodies thoroughly before getting their supper; and this day after day? Nor have the Chinese labourers under my observation been exceptional in this, for I have heard farmers from other sections speak of it as a common practice. Their clothes are kept very clean, their bedding frequently washed and sunned, the rooms they occupy kept scoured and tidy. Moreover, to my surprise, I have found that our cooks exhibit a fastidiousness and daintiness about matters of cooking and cleaning that even surpasses our own—and we chance to be a fastidious family. A suspicion about the age of the meat, or of the eggs, faint enough to be overlooked by the housewife, will bring from Wan a vigorous protest against cooking them, and if it is done, you may be sure no morsel will pass his lips; bandages and messes that have been in a sick-room, milk-pans that have not been sufficiently scalded, leaky drains, or slops thrown on the ground, he regards, apparently instinctively, with all the emotions a modern sanitarian would desire to see. I have learned to repose with a most comfortable confidence on the blameless past of all that comes to my table, so long as Wan presides, for I cannot outdo him in fastidiousness. This cleanliness must be, I think, a very common trait among even the city Chinese; for notwithstanding all the lurid tales of Chinatown's filth, it is noticeable that the health-rates are high among them.

Again, any candid mind must be moved to respect for a labouring class which, under such a struggle for existence as theirs has been for generations, could develop a kindly and generous temperament, and a love of books. We are in the habit of thinking that a hard grind and necessity of close economy for a single generation will make a man close-fisted; and we have seen the effect of such conditions in Yankee and Scotch farmers. But the Chinese that I have known, and that my acquaintances have known, are generous; they help each other with money; they make presents of great value in proportion to their means. It is considered axiomatic here that they hoard everything, spend nothing that they can help, and take all their money to China at last. Those that I know do not. They almost always have their passage money to pay back (and for all the talk about "slavery" and "coolieism," this is the only lien that any one has had on any of the Chinamen I have known—they spend their money exactly as they please, though with great respect for the claims of relatives), and they pinch themselves till this is done; they also have often to support parents or children in China; but after these claims are paid, they like to use their money—to make presents, to buy watches and nice clothes and American notions, to engage in small speculations in truck-gardening. They take failure in these speculations very well, and I have seen them laugh as bravely as an American when the savings of two years had gone down in one of them. They can give away, and they can lose in legitimate business, but they cannot endure to be cheated, and there is more tumult over five dollars lost by misplaced confidence than over five hundred lost by a miscalculation of the cabbage market. As to their kindness, it is noticeable: they are fond of domestic animals, and especially fond of and good to children. Considering that their nation is officially cruel, and keeps up judicial torture, one would expect to find in

them the stolid cruelty that they are accused of. And certainly it is in them, but it is in reserve; their dominant character is kindly. When they feel called upon to be cruel, they can be so without a shiver; but they have no wanton cruelty about them. It is exactly the quality one would expect in a people kindly by nature, yet practising judicial torture. It is probably one of the many instances in which the union of Chinese and Tartar produces incongruities in them. The pure Chinese character is, I judge, more of the Japanese type—gentle, refined, intellectual, honourable, and very capable of progress; the Tartar, from Mongolia to Turkey, cruel, stolid, and unprogressive. As to the love of books, it is very usual to find your Chinese servant devoting his spare time to reading—and not merely to the acquisition of our language, but to their own literature and science. Wan explained to me his views on this point: "I think one man no like read books, no got anything to do when he no work, bimeby he go round, he gamble, smoke opium, no good; pretty soon he get like Wing" (a broken-down Chinaman of his acquaintance). "One man he like read, he stay home, he read all time, no like to gamble, he stay pretty good, he get smart, no get sick."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE IRISH CRISIS.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—In THE WEEK for December 31 there is a statesmanlike article on the Irish crisis, by the only man of world-wide fame on this side of the Atlantic who has the moral courage to speak the truth about Ireland.

It is doubtful whether there is any country where the right of a man to keep his own property is more strongly upheld than is the case in Canada. Hence we attract British capital, for it is well known that such investments are safe. What is wanted in Ireland is English security (as distinguished from Irish insecurity) for life, person, liberty, and property. The Celtic nations require a stronger rule than the Teutonic nations. Practically in Ireland they have had in past times and still have a weaker rule. The present state of insecurity is driving capital out of the country. The endeavour of true Irish patriots (if there are any) should be to attract British capital to develop the resources of a half-developed country. If English security had prevailed there uninterruptedly for the last forty years there would have been at least an additional two hundred millions sterling of British capital invested in Ireland, which, on the low reckoning of wages and expenditure being only five per cent., would mean ten millions sterling additional annual income to the Irish population. Instead of that, English and Scotch capitalists will invest anywhere else in the world except in Ireland, for they know that there it would be unsafe to do so.

The *Economist*, the leading English financial journal (Liberal in politics), states in its issue of December 26: "One of the first effects of the recent success of the Nationalists at the polls has been to cause capital to leave Ireland in alarm, and depreciate the value of Irish property." In December, 1884, the Bank of Ireland stock stood at 336½; on December 23, 1885, at 260; being 37½ lower than the lowest value during the past ten years. And all other stocks have depreciated.

Mr. Goldwin Smith long ago truly observed that we have no more right to take twenty per cent. from the landlords to give other people than we have to deal in a similar manner with dry goods, groceries, cash at banks, or any other description of property. Having obtained twenty per cent. from the landlords of farms—the remaining eighty per cent. being dealt with on patriotic "don't-you-wish-you-may-get-it" principles, backed by Irish moral force—Mr. Davitt has now inaugurated a movement to deal in a similar manner with house property in towns, and if the Irish get a real Irish Parliament this movement will be successful. That done, trades and business will next be tampered with, and utter ruin will be the result. What men will invest or improve with such an outlook?

In the weekly edition of the London *Times* for Dec. 25, page 8, it is shown that in the contested county elections in Catholic Ireland (excluding Ulster), notwithstanding all their terrorizing, the Parnellites, with priestly aid, could only force to vote for them sixty-one and two-thirds per cent. of the voters, and that the enormous proportion of thirty-one and one-third per cent. staid away, the majority of whom, had it been safe, would have voted for the Unionists.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, speaking of Mr. Gladstone, truly observes "what calamities has this man's incapacity for government, combined with his dazzling gifts and imposing qualities, brought upon the nation!" Lord Palmerston always said that if Mr. Gladstone became Premier it would lead to great disasters, and his prophecy was a true one. The history of Mr. Gladstone's dealings with Ireland is very strong proof of what Mr. Goldwin Smith has well described as the evils of Partyism. Numbers of the Liberals have, as is well known, voted for their party in opposition to their real sentiments, upon the Irish Land Act as well as on other matters, at the bidding of Mr. Gladstone.

Whatever may happen, of this we may be sure, that tampering with the eighth and sixth Commandments will not lead to prosperity.

Yours,

LIBERAL.

Toronto, January 8, 1886.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

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Now that the facts connected with the Mayoralty election in Toronto are better known, it is seen to have presented an example of a tendency which, if it continue to spread, may in the end threaten the very life of elective institutions. A large, and it is to be feared an increasing, number of electors vote, not as citizens and upon the issue properly before them, which is that of good government, but upon issues totally irrelevant to it, and of a sectional or too often of a personal kind. It seems to be well ascertained that the vote of the Trade Unions, amounting to upwards of two thousand, was cast, not in the interest of the city, but solely in that of the Unions, and for the purpose of punishing somebody with whom the Unions had a quarrel. With many others probably the Scott Act was the issue, while the female vote appears to have been largely determined by the special influence of Shaftesbury Hall. Those who thought only of the government of the city, and voted simply for the man they believed likely to make the best Mayor, may be safely said to have been a minority—probably they were a small minority—of the constituency; nor would it be surprising to learn that most of them voted on the losing side. The effect which such a misuse of the suffrage must have upon the character of government, national or municipal, is too manifest; and instead of diminishing, as might have been hoped, with the advance of popular education, the tendency appears rather to increase. The Trade Unionists especially often act politically, as if, instead of being members of a community bound to look to the general interest of the State or the Municipality, they were a tribe of foreigners encamped among us and using their power solely for objects of their own. But Protectionists, Prohibitionists, Anti-Vaccinations, and a hundred other sectional interests or associations, behave in the same manner. Representative institutions are still on their trial, and the verdict of experience is by no means certain. The men of the Trade Unions are perhaps hardly yet aware of the danger that, if they follow leaders blindly, the leaders may be bought.

THE *Globe*, commenting a few days ago on a passage from a lately published address on "Temperance versus Prohibition," wherein the writer expresses the belief that the Scott Act campaign is at bottom largely a struggle for social freedom against the preachers and ecclesiastical organization of a powerful church, applies the reference to the Methodist Church, and adds: "The compliment thus unintentionally paid to that body is not a small one. The Methodists have all along taken a very prominent and a very praiseworthy position on the question referred to. But to say that this is a mere clerical question, in which the great mass of the people are on the one side and the preachers on the other, is wide of the mark." Without doubt the chief support of the Scott Act and the chief advocates of Prohibition are Methodists, aided in some parts of the country by some of the other Non-Episcopal Churches. For the sentiment that induces the action of these bodies we have great respect: for the Methodist Society itself we have the highest esteem—an esteem which will be heartily paid to Methodism by all who reflect on the multitudes of persons of the poorer classes who have been recovered to religion by it. But we are not all Methodists, which is regrettable, perhaps, but, in this world of diverse habits of mind and stages of development, unavoidable. It is no doubt good for the members and adherents of the Methodist Society that they should be united by the closest religious and social ties—that their private conduct should be watched over and directed by their ministers; and no one outside can object to the Church's prohibiting the sale or use of liquor by its members. While these adhere to it, they of course have to adhere to its discipline. But—and this is our complaint—Prohibition should not be forced on members of other religious bodies. Because a community numbers sufficient Methodists to give a legal majority over the members of other denominations, that does not give them a moral right to impose a measure of Methodist discipline on those others. If it does, as is practically asserted by the advocates of the Scott Act, then have they an equal right to compel us to observe other parts of their discipline. The reasons given for the forced imposition of the Scott Act on persons of other denominations, of a different way of thinking, are the reasons of the Methodist Society; and they attempt to

enforce the observance of the Act by the weight of their numerical majority. They say that Prohibition is for the good of every one, therefore they seek to impose it; but they cannot consistently stop here. No one who is familiar with the life of the average Canadian village or town can fail to see that where, as is usual, the minister is a Scott Act advocate, on that question at least there is little liberty of conscience left in the Methodist Church. If a member or an adherent dares to express doubt of that Act being a masterpiece of human wisdom, he is looked at askance, probably preached at by the minister, and socially ostracized by the more righteous members of the church. And this intolerance of opposition is, by no means confined by the Methodists to members of their own Society. The present, or rather late, Scott Act agitation shows to what lengths it may go. The line was overstepped when the Methodist Church made the Scott Act its own, and attempted to force it upon all others.

To the statement of the *Globe* that "No denomination in the country could be mentioned which does not occupy very much the same position on this question as the Methodists do," we have to object that our contemporary is confounding two entirely different things. The question here, be it observed, is of Prohibition—not the promotion of Temperance. The very title of the pamphlet quoted from is—"Temperance versus Prohibition," and its main purpose is to show that the Scott Act does not promote temperance. The Church of Rome and the Church of England, in England, are, indeed, engaged in temperance work; but to say that they, with "all others," occupy very much the same position with respect to this question—Prohibition—as does the Methodist Church, is to state too much. They, in fact, occupy quite a different position. The statement, no doubt, comes from a confusion in the mind of the writer of Temperance with Prohibition; to create such confusion in the mind of the public may be advantageous to a weak cause; and this is precisely how the Scott Act has won its success; but, in fact, the two things are not identical—Prohibition, indeed, being inimical to Temperance. The question of Prohibition has come before neither the English, nor the Presbyterian, nor the Roman Catholic Church, in England. The fate of the Scott Act, however, in most of the Roman Catholic counties of the Province of Quebec or Ontario where it has been tried shows that that Church does not take the same position with respect to it as does the Methodist Church. Of the Presbyterian Church here we cannot speak so confidently. Among the supporters of the Scott Act are, undoubtedly, a great many Presbyterians—lured to its support by their sympathy for the cause of Temperance, and the universal confusion between that and Prohibition. But we are not aware that the Church as a whole has ever committed itself to the cause, or imposed adherence to Prohibition on its members.

WITH respect, however, to the Church of England, both in England and Canada, we can affirm that Prohibition is the very contrary to its method of promoting Temperance. The Church of England is, indeed, as our contemporary says, "second to none in the work"—of promoting Temperance, but not Prohibition. It has a lay arm attached to it in a Temperance Society which numbers over half a million members, and has branches wherever the services of the Church are held. But the principles of the C. E. T. S. are distinctly opposed to Prohibition. Rightly regarding the adoption of total abstinence as a matter of individual conscience, with which not even the clergy have a right to interfere, the Society so clearly adopts the opposite method to Prohibition that it admits as members, and other liquors in a rational manner, are willing to aid in discountenancing intemperance. For it is surely better to enlist the sympathy and often powerful aid of such persons than to shut them out of a sphere of usefulness—as do other organizations—by a pretension of superior virtue. Nor are the members of the Society bound to it by a pledge such as is imposed by other temperance organizations. Avoiding the demoralizing effect of taking a pledge—doubly and irretrievably demoralizing when broken—the members have it in their power to close their connection with the Society at any time by simply surrendering their card of membership—without surrendering at the same time their self-respect, as would be the case with a broken pledge. And thus the lapsed member may immediately rejoin without disgrace; and the retention of the card of membership coming to be regarded as a point of honour, one of the best traits of human nature is brought into play, and the nature itself is gradually rebuilt. The Society, in short, takes men as they are, not as they might or ought to be. Intemperance and other vices are frequently due to the extreme dulness of the lives led by people without intellectual resources: if rational amusements be not provided for such people, the animal spirits and vivacity natural to all healthily-constituted human beings is very likely to find, if it does

not seek, an outlet in excitement of a vicious character. The Society, therefore, at its meetings, gilds instruction with amusement; and this may be the true key to the solution of the temperance question. At any rate to this is undoubtedly due much of the success of the C. E. T. S. Owing to its comprehensiveness, the Society, when properly conducted, is most flourishing wherever established, generally absorbing the brains of other local temperance organizations (its membership not being confined exclusively to the Church of England, but including members of all other denominations). And lest it may be thought the non-abstaining members are its chief strength, it may be noted that these do not exceed a proportion of one-fourth, the main body being total abstainers. There is certainly nothing of the nature of Prohibition in all this. One cannot conceive of the C. E. T. S. adopting prohibitory methods of attaining its end; and if the writer in the *Globe* remembered the cry of "No Politics" that answered some such proposal at a recent diocesan meeting, he would hardly have ventured the statement that the Church of England occupied toward Prohibition very much the same position as the Methodist Church. He claims for the Methodist Church the glory of taking the lead in the Scott Act agitation; and the Church of England will certainly not dispute the claim.

IF England could be certain of pacifying Ireland at the cost of a hundred and sixty million sterling we believe she would close the bargain readily. And wisely. But is it likely the plan propounded in the *Economist* by Mr. Robert Giffen will bring about that result? The land is undoubtedly at the bottom of Irish discontent: Home Rule is desired by the Irish agitators mainly as a means of enabling them to deal with the tenure of land according to their own ideas. But payment of rent in any shape is not part of their plan. This is a burden they wish to get rid of, and it is a fatal defect of Mr. Giffen's scheme that under it payment of some rent is still required. The burden they find so intolerable is indeed shifted, but as far as they are concerned it is not removed. The only class that will be really benefited by it are the landlords, who will be paid by England and Scotland a full price for property which is at present worthless; while a hundred and sixty million sterling will be added to the National Debt, and the burden of taxation on English and Scotch shoulders will be increased by four and a half million annually. And the relations between Great Britain and Ireland will not be permanently improved one whit. The Irish leaders may be expected to accept the gift readily enough: they will have no objection to see the burden shifted from the shoulders of the landlords to the shoulders of the British taxpayers, for this will immensely increase the moral force with which they may by and by resist payment. They will then argue that whatever shadow of right the landlords may have had to collect rent, it is manifest that England can have no similar claim whatever. The landlords, in fact, had no right to the land—it always belonged to the Irish people; and when England bought them out she bought a worthless security. It may appear to be an able manœuvre to so arrange matters that the Irish must pay rent in order to provide the means for carrying on their local government; but in practice it will be found that for all this little if any rent will ever be collected. And then there will be a first-class grievance against the hated Sassenach, who, while keeping his bloody hand tightly clenched on the throat of poor Ireland, compels her starving peasantry to pay all they can raise on their poor bits of land in support of Saxon tyranny! The whole scheme is, in our opinion, unreasonable. It asks England to present Ireland with a hundred and sixty million at the very moment when the Irish, on the brink of rebellion, are showing as clearly as may be that they will repay nothing. If it should avert this rebellion it will be but for a time. Land rents, which in Ireland especially, owing to the uncertain climate, are doubly uncertain, can never be a safe basis for the calculation of revenue. The expenses of Government will, however, go on steadily, while the revenues intended to meet those expenses, even if the Irish be willing to pay rent in this shape—which we very much doubt—will fluctuate so violently that a series of deficits will ensue, resulting in the finances of the several counties being in a perpetual chaos. This state of things, brought home so closely to them, will be an endless source of trouble and discontent, and will culminate very rapidly in as bad a state of feeling as that Mr. Giffen is now planning to avert.

THE current conception of the Chinese character is in general composed of the ideas of cunning, untruthfulness, and dirt; but a writer in the *January Overland Monthly* gives so different a view of the matter, that, as it is always a pleasure to repair an unintentional wrong, we are sure his account—a portion of which we reproduce elsewhere—will be read with interest. Mr. Shewin, the writer of the paper, is evidently familiar with his subject, a fact of which his observations bear abundant internal evidence; and on

reading his account and receiving an impression of the Chinese character so different from what we are used to—so promising of good—we are naturally drawn to some consideration of the vast empire of whose people these emigrants are representative; for except as emigrants we know little of the people of China. We are pretty familiar with the governing classes; and foreigners residing at Hong Kong or the treaty ports come into contact with a fringe of the people, of whose domestic habits they see something. But they rarely enter the inner domestic life; nor indeed if they did would domestic life in these seaport towns yield a very accurate idea of the domestic life of the great body of the populace, who are agricultural chiefly, situated inland, and cut off from all intercourse with the outside world. Foreigners rarely penetrate the country except to Peking in the extreme north: the central district of China and the south and west is a sealed book. But the British Government, by the annexation of Burmah to India, have thrown down 500 miles of the wall that bars these districts from Western civilization. By the opening of Yun-Nan and Bhamo to Western commerce, a shaft has been run into the interior of China—a way of ingress which will largely benefit the trade and possibly the Imperial position of Great Britain. It may be confidently expected that a people possessed of such sterling qualities (save the untruthfulness) will, when brought into contact with Western ideas, awaken to their great inherent strength. The signs are that this awakening has already begun; movement has been going on for twenty years past; and if this be not arrested an immense upheaval and reorganization may be expected soon to take place. And now is the time for England to prepare to take advantage of it. No nation stands better with China than does England. Though the Spanish and Germans do a large carrying-trade along the China coast, both nations are regarded with indifference. America is in a hopeless trade minority, and is, moreover, in ill-favour on account of her anti-Chinese policy. France, as the great modern buccaneer, is thoroughly detested; while Russia's march in Turkestan and her encroachments to the North have caused her to be regarded with distrust and dislike. The three great empires of British India, China, and Japan, stand apart from the rest of the world. Their interests are identical; and a league of peace ought to bind them together in firm alliance. They all require peace in order to develop their resources; and they see their object threatened by a common enemy. If such an alliance existed the ceaseless machinations of Russia against the bulwarks of India, her encroachments on the outposts of China, would be arrested; and the filibustering expedition of France to Tonquin would never have been ventured on. Dream as it at present is, only in such an alliance between the three great Oriental empires can each find safety and the means of preserving and developing their vast resources.

JAPAN has long recognized the desirability of a closer alliance with England. The encroachments of Russia on the Amoor and on the Korean Sea have threatened her equally with China; and in self-protection she would probably readily join hands with China and India. She is already preparing herself most efficiently to take her due position in the East. In many respects she is an Oriental Britain. Her people in mental and moral virility are as much superior to continental Asiatics as are the British to the Latin races of Southern Europe. In aspirations, in aims to higher culture and development, in everything relating to public life,—the Japanese are the foremost people of the East. One of their latest steps in the path of civilization is a measure of compulsory education. A recent Government decree renders education compulsory on all children between the ages of six and fourteen. Thirty-two weeks in every year are to be devoted to teaching; the hours of instruction are not to be less than three or more than six daily; and the expenses are to be defrayed from local taxes. This measure will probably have more success in Japan than the similar one has had in England, for in Japan there is not the piteous social misery to interfere with its working that exists in England. An almost necessary complement to the English compulsory Education Act would seem to be a private voluntary system of, partially at least, feeding the poor little starvelings who are forced by the State to study hard often on a diet of bread and water. The social state of the Japanese fortunately spares their children from this misery: otherwise with the cumbersome system of written language up to the present time in use it would be impossible to make education so general. But this system has lately undergone a most momentous revolution—a transformation that brings it at one stroke abreast with modern scholarship. So far as known the Japanese have never possessed a complete method of writing that could be called their own. After the advent of Buddhism from China in the seventh century, the spoken Japanese language soon became largely enriched by Chinese words, and at the same time there was gradually introduced the Chinese ideographic method of writing. "This in its

integrity consists of pictorial symbols representing objects and ideas, and amounting in number to no fewer than 40,000; and a student who aims at even moderate proficiency must face the appalling task of imprinting accurately on his brain the bewildering forms of at least 10,000 or 12,000 ideographs, or combinations of lines, curves, and points, of which, though very many may be drawn by three or four strokes apiece with the brush, the rest need from ten to upwards of forty distinct movements of the hand for their delineation." In Japan, however, besides this system there has existed for more than a thousand years a syllabary called the *Kana*, which consists of highly-abbreviated forms of these Chinese characters that correspond with the forty-seven syllabic sounds that enter into the Japanese language; and to the mass of the Japanese people the *Kana* has been a great boon, since it has placed within their reach the arts of writing and reading, which but for it were far beyond them. But in the rapid course of that process of demolition and reconstruction which began after the restoration of the Mikado in 1868, and which has been recognized as the most remarkable of its kind in the history of nations, it has been felt that the *Kana* also was too cumbersome, and that the want of a simple and easy script would stand very much in the way of that complete communication between Japan and the Western world desired by Japan. An attempt was made about three years ago by a literary association to effect a complete substitution of *Kana* for the Chinese system, which proved futile; but as a consequence of the failure some of the ablest members of the association came afterward to see that there could be no real relief except by discarding the existing methods in favour of a purely alphabetical system, in which the letters should be used solely according to their phonetic values. It was found that twenty-two letters of the Roman alphabet would answer this purpose—the *l*, *q*, *v*, and *x* not being needed in Japanese; and then was founded early last year the Roma-ji Kai (Roman Alphabet Association), having for its object the devising and dissemination of a consistent method of spelling Japanese words in Roman letters. The Association already numbers nearly six thousand of the leading men of the governing, educational, and literary classes of Japan; and a complete scheme of spelling, according to the standard of pronunciation of the educated people of the capital, has been drawn up, the consonants being taken at their English, the vowels at their Italian, value.

THE imagination delights to dwell on the probable effects of this important step. There has long been a tendency to establish English as the dominant foreign tongue in Japan: an attempt many years ago of the Japanese Government to make English the language of diplomatic intercourse was for some reason discouraged by the British legation; yet a later similar attempt in another sphere has had more success. English is now taught, by decree of the State, in the primary schools throughout the country; English ideas are permeating every rank of society and are paramount in the system of education; and in the higher walks of learning, among the educated classes, the philosophy of Mill, Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley has overturned not only Confucian ethics and studies, but also the later and favourite philosophy of Choo He. With these classes the Christian missionaries, in combating Confucianism, Buddhism, or Shinto (which last is now a superstition fallen almost to the level of folk-lore), are engaged in slaying the slain. The whole educated portion of the nation will soon be given up wholly to Spencerian theories and systems: just as readily as Japan took up Chinese philosophy twelve centuries ago does she now assimilate European philosophy, choosing the most advanced point of it. To our mind this is a most fortunate conjuncture of circumstances. That philosophy is indeed largely destructive, but it can destroy nothing of real value. It may, and it is to be hoped will, break down the mass of superstitious and pagan habits and traditions that still cling about Christianity; but it cannot injure the true body of Christianity lying almost concealed behind these; and it is a most happy circumstance that Japan, placing herself beside advanced Western thought, will be able to take up Christianity, when the time is come,—as the West itself will retake it up,—free from the false interpretations that but a very few years ago would have given her an entirely erroneous conception of its meaning. It may yet be that some great Oriental nation, converted to Christianity, and yet abreast with the age, may show us the true figure of the Church of the gospel.

ELECTROGRAVURE is the title given by Frederick Juengling, the well-known artist and engraver, to a process newly perfected by him. It consists in the cutting of the drawing on a boxwood block with a graver or needle in indented lines. An electrotype is made from this block and the printing accomplished on a plate press like that of a regular etching. The block used is like that employed in wood engraving and the tools are the same.

The difference is that while the lines which appear black in a woodcut are raised, those which come black in an electrogravure are depressed, just as those in an engraving on metal are. The advantages in speed and accuracy which this process guarantees over that of etching will be manifest to all acquainted with the requirements of that art. The quality of the work produced, cleanness of line and force of colour, render it a strong candidate for consideration among the reproductive processes. The *Art Union* for December gives as frontispiece a powerful reproduction of a black and white drawing by Muhrman, "The Smoker," which illustrates the possibilities of the process very strikingly.

THERE is a growing and commendable tendency on the part of the more prominent musicians, vocal and instrumental, toward a revolt against the encore nuisance. The singer would be poorly paid, indeed, even at the salary of a Patti, who, at the climax of his or her performance, was left to walk off the stage without a plaudit; but because an artist has performed one task well is no reason that another should be demanded. The compliment, in that case, is on the part of the artist, not the audience. It is out of the custom of applauding a performer that the practice of recalling him for a repetition of his performance has grown. At first the shout of applause was enough; it in time advanced to the conferring of the laurel, until the singer himself set the initiative by coming forward to repeat his song. The encore system of the day owes whatever exaggeration it develops as much to the performer as to the public which testifies its homage by refusing to be surfeited by his art. Beginning as a tribute to his art, it has simply become one to his vanity.

Le Ménestrol relates that a rich French amateur died lately, leaving a superb Stradivarius quartet of instruments which cost him no less than 66,250 francs. One of the four is a violin, which Stradivarius is said to have called his "Song of the Swan," because it was the last instrument which was turned out of his hands. It bears the date of 1737, the very year in which Stradivarius died, then ninety-three years old. Up to the present time, experts have cited as the last specimen of the old maker's art a violin which belonged to the Count de Salabue, and bears the date of the preceding year, 1736. The authenticity of the four instruments is undoubted. The following are their dates and what they cost their late owner:—1, a violin bearing the date of 1737, and known as the "Song of the Swan," cost 17,000 francs; 2, a violin bearing the date of 1704, cost 12,750 francs; 3, a tenor bearing the date of 1728, cost 19,000 francs; and, 4, a violoncello bearing the date of 1696, cost 17,500 francs, making a sum total of 66,250 francs.

REALISTIC restaurants are becoming the fashion in Paris. First was started the Lion d'or, which was furnished in the style of the period of Louis XV., and where the waiters were costumed like dandies of that age. Then came the Dead Rat and the Black Cat, and now the Galleys has been opened by M. Lisbonne. On the walls are portraits of well-known convicts, the fair sex being represented by Louise Michel; but the picture in the place of honour is a representation of Henri Rochefort escaping from New Caledonia. The waiters are chained together, and are got up to perfection in the prison dress, green caps and red jackets, and their hair is cropped close. The next realistic restaurant promised to be opened will be in the Place Pigalle, and it is to be called the Abbey of Thélème, with monks and nuns for waiters and barmaids. It is a curious craze, this naturalism, but it might just as well be devoted towards dainty as towards repulsive results.

THE *London Times*, in concluding an editorial on the Irish elections and the means employed by Mr. Parnell's agents to secure a Nationalist majority, says: "What would become of Ireland, and what would be the fate of her loyal minority, if all the agencies of law and order were placed in the hands of the determined enemies of England? In this connexion the extract from a letter of Mr. Goldwin Smith which Mr. Roundell sends us this morning is deserving of very serious consideration, and we commend it to the attention of the Government which will have to prepare a measure of local government for Ireland. 'It is curious,' writes Mr. Goldwin Smith, 'that, just when Disunionists are proposing to make Ireland happy with Home Rule, the Legislature of Massachusetts finds itself obliged to take the police out of the hands of the city of Boston on account of the growth of the Irish element, and the consequent disorder and corruption.'"

THE Sultan of Turkey lately ordered a performance of "Belisario" for the entertainment of the ladies of his harem, who are principally Georgian and Circassian girls who had never seen an opera. The blind "Belisario" was superbly sung by a basso, who groped about the stage, and so tunefully

bewailed his hard fate, that he touched the hearts of the ladies, who imagined his blindness to be real, and sought to console him by tossing purses of gold at him while on the stage. The blind "Belisario," at the risk of destroying the illusion, managed to secure their gifts, and before the curtain fell on the opera the ladies of the harem discovered their mistake.

THE fashion at the dinner tables of the *élite* of French society is to have the chandeliers so low that they sufficiently illumine the table beneath them; the object being to do away with the candelabra of waxlights, all the *coupes élevées*, and everything that interferes with a free view of the guests on the opposite side of the table. The luxury of the hour is to have dinner services of extreme elegance, rarity, and costliness. This is considered *à la Russe* in its best sense. At the *festins de gala* at the Imperial Russian table everything is served on old Sèvres; the plates are said to be worth £140 each.

THE *Banner* is authority for the statement that the Duke of Edinburgh is so offended at the criticisms passed upon his violin-playing by the press that he has announced his intention of playing no more solos in public after the next concert of the Albert Hall Choral Society. This is a pity, for, whatever may have been thought of the skill with which the Duke fiddled, there could be no doubt but that the very fact that the fiddler was a Royal Duke added largely to the audience at the charity concerts at which His Royal Highness gave his services.

SAYS the *Philadelphia Record*: "Whiskey-drinking is the incentive to a great amount of crime, but not one-half so much as is imputed to it. The ready excuse of sinners is that their sin is imbibed and not inherent. The followers of Mohammed, who are prohibitionists of the utmost tenacity, believing that their salvation depends upon it, nevertheless find opportunity for as multifarious and malignant deviltry as the hardest drinkers among their Christian contemporaries."

NOTES FROM THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: It seems that a third large batch of Jewish paupers is at present arriving in London. Many thousands have come here in the course of the last three or four years, fleeing from the persecutions in Roumania and Russia. The latest arrivals are from Prussian Poland. Now, with the deepest sympathy for these unfortunate outcasts, who are generally hard-working, decent people, and with the strongest feelings of indignation against the Governments and nations who have so cruelly maltreated them, it yet becomes Englishmen to consider another point as of the first importance. What is the effect of this enormous influx of cheap unskilled labour on the already overstocked labour market of the East-end? Is it not forcing the wages of the English seamstress and tailoress, which have long stood at starvation-point, even below that mark? For it must be remembered that these foreign Jews have been accustomed to a standard of living that would be impossible to the poorest of the poor in England. There are places to be found in Whitechapel where eighty or a hundred of these immigrants, whose whole possessions are the rags they stand upright in, sleep on the bare boards of two moderate-sized rooms. Were it not for the splendid charity of the rich English Jews, the pressure would be even now much more serious than it is. It may fairly be asked, therefore, whether, in the interests of the English working classes, the Legislature is not bound to put a stop to this immigration. The United States, even with their limitless resources, flatly refuse to permit paupers—whether English, Irish, or Jewish—to land on their shores. So do all European countries, unless perhaps Holland. Is it not time for England to follow their example?

CONCERNING King Theebaw's rubies, a well-informed correspondent writes: It is certainly curious that we have heard nothing of the Mandalay Palace gems. The value of the objects discovered there we have been told is not great. Yet the capital has been undisturbed by war for over thirty years if we admit the rebellion of 1866, when there was no plundering. During all that time the previous store of the Lords of the Ruby Mines and of the Noble Serpentine has been steadily added to. Many is the poor wretch who has been crucified for chipping down a gem that, from its size, ought to have been handed over to the Arbiter of Existence. Gentlemen who, in the time of Theebaw's father, the Convener of the Fifth Great Synod, were much about the Palace, have spoken of silver bowls the size of washing-tubs, filled to the lip with uncut rubies: and at least one spoke enthusiastically of the occasion on which he was allowed to thrust his bare arms nearly up to the shoulder in a huge chalice full of these gems.

There was in particular one great stone, called the Nan-zin Budda-mya, which, by its magificence, was supposed to typify the dynasty. It was unmounted, and, therefore, cannot be the gem in his ring concerning which the dethroned King was so plaintive, and it was guarded with the most sedulous care. Nevertheless in 1880 a maid of honour managed to purloin it, and actually succeeded in getting it out of the Palace, concealed on her person in a very extraordinary way. She was, however, captured before she got rid of the stone. It was restored to its place and more jealously guarded than ever; and the hapless damsel was put to death with the fiendish ingenuities in which Soo-payah-lat, the Queen, was a past master.

POOR students are by no means unknown in England, and are sufficiently common in Scotland and Ireland; but nothing like the extreme destitution which prevails among the humbler class of students in some of the German universities is to be found in the very poorest of our seats of learning. M. A. Martha, who contributes a paper on the German pauper students to the *Revue Scientifique*, states that the number is largely on the increase, and is causing much uneasiness to the university authorities, Professor Billroth in particular having frequently drawn public attention to the danger with which this large influx of starving students menaces the universities and society. As examples of the straits to which these hapless hungerers after knowledge are reduced, M. Martha quotes from a Berlin paper the application made some time ago to the municipality by a university student who asked to be employed as a night-sweeper, a post which, however modest, would not interfere with the prosecution of his studies. In the Galician and Hungarian universities poor students sell matches in the streets, or, if they have a musical gift, eke out existence by singing or playing in the cafés and *brasseries*. Many of them, for want of books and leisure to study, never manage to pass the examinations, and settle down at thirty to the very humblest occupations, while not a few take to evil courses and swell the army of crime.

MR. R. BOSWORTH SMITH, who has made it his useful mission to find out what eminent persons think on Disestablishment, has "drawn" Lord Tennyson. No one will be surprised to learn that the poet laureate does not agree with Mr. Guinness Rogers and Mr. Chamberlain. He thinks Disestablishment and disendowment would "prelude the downfall of much that is greatest and best in England." Lord Tennyson, as we ventured to remark the other day, is among the Anti-Radicals. Like another eminent Anti-Radical—Sir Henry Maine—he knows that our Jacobins in Americanizing our institutions are going beyond their model. "In these days of ignorant and reckless theorists" Lord Tennyson would like to see some provision in our system equivalent to the famous Fifth Article of the American Constitution. In America, before a "vital change" can be made in the constitution, it must be ratified by conventions in three-fourths of the several States, or by their Legislatures. In England any "rash and reckless theorist" who happens to be a party leader with a majority behind him can rush the most "vital changes" through the House of Commons, and force them on the House of Lords.

IN the matter of amusement London is becoming more and more cosmopolitan. Let us see how we stand at present. Besides the Parsee company, we have one Japanese village, two Indian villages, a French theatrical company, an American company engaged to open at the Strand on Saturday, dozens of foreign equestrians and equestriennes—to judge by their names—booked for the re-opening of Covent Garden Theatre as a circus on Boxing Day, a Polish actress engaged for the principal part in the new piece at the Haymarket, a foreign ballet troupe to reopen the Empire Theatre, any number of foreign singers, dancers, lady high-kickers, trapeze artistes, "and talent of every kind" at the music halls, and every other night French and German and Russian and native Indian lecturers for charitable and other purposes. He would lie who said our entertainments presented no variety.

IN beginning to read Shakespeare, the first rule, and it is absolute and without exception, a rare rule indeed, is to read him only. Throw the commentators and editors to the dogs. Don't read any man's notes or essays or introductions, æsthetical, historical, philosophical, or philological. Don't read mine. Read the plays themselves. . . . The German pretence that Germans have taught us folks of English blood and speech to understand Shakespeare is the most absurd and arrogant which could be set up. Shakespeare owes them nothing; and we have received from them little more than some maundering mystification and much ponderous platitude. Like the Western diver, they go down deeper and stay down longer than other critics, but like him, too, they come up muddier.—*Richard Grant White, Studies in Shakespeare.*

YOUTH AND LOVE.

So is our fair youth lost,
The long years drag it to the ground,
Or even we unthinking throw it down :
A bitter fight we have, or have not, won ;
But ah ! we feel—we know our youth is done.
Small are our years—that is not youth—
Youth is possession of a heart of truth.

So does a great love fade.
We do not feel it fading, for it goes
So gradually we do not see
The shade of difference 'tween the days
Which make so small a difference, yet
Which added make the difference great.
And then one day, with just one final rush,
The cloak of love has fallen from our lives ;
And as we view it lying at our feet
We look at it with wondering eyes,
Knowing that we had found it sweet ;
Perchance half stoop to pick it up :
Useless—no more the pain, the joy, the doubt ;
For as it fell from us, without a sound,
It turned to stone, just as it touched the ground.

FERRARS.

BLINDNESS.

On September 17, 1858, Fawcett went out shooting with his father upon Harnham Hill. Harnham Hill commands a view of the rich valley where the Avon glides between the great bluffs of the Chalk Downs and beneath the unrivalled spire of Salisbury. It is one of the loveliest views, as Fawcett used to say, in the South of England. He now saw it for the last time. The party was crossing a turnip field, and put up some partridges which flew across a fence into land where Mr. Fawcett had not the right of shooting. In order to prevent this from happening again, Fawcett advanced some thirty yards in front of his party. Shortly afterward another covey rose and flew toward him. His father was suffering from incipient cataract of one eye. He therefore could not see his son distinctly, and had for the moment forgotten their relative change of position. He thus fired at a bird when it was nearly in a line with his son. The bird was hit by the greatest part of the charge, for it was completely shattered. A few pellets, however, diverged and struck Henry Fawcett. Most of these entered his chest ; but, passing through a thick coat, only inflicted a trivial wound. Two of them went higher. He was wearing tinted spectacles to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun. One shot passed through each glass of the spectacles, making in each a clean round hole. Their force was partly spent, and was further diminished by the resistance of the spectacles. They might otherwise have reached the brain and inflicted a fatal injury. As it was, they passed right through the eyes, remaining permanently embedded behind them. Fawcett was instantaneously blinded for life.

The calamity was crushing. The father deserved pity almost as much as the son, for the son had been the very pride of his heart. A year or two before I had been to Longford, where I had been struck by the eager delight with which the father had spoken of the son's university honours, and the superabundant cordiality of the welcome, which he had bestowed upon me as one of his son's friends, clearly showed that nothing could be too good for any one whom Harry honoured by his friendship. The relations between the two men were suggestive rather of affectionate comradeship than of the more ordinary relations where affection is coloured by deference and partial reserve. The father shared the son's honourable ambition, or rather made it his own ; and the son's hopes of success included the liveliest anticipation of the delight which it would cause at home.

When I visited Longford a few weeks after the accident, I found Fawcett calm and even cheerful, though still an invalid. But the father told me that his own heart was broken, and his appearance confirmed his words. He could not foresee that the son's indomitable spirit would extract advantages even from this cruel catastrophe.

Here I propose to bring together some of the facts which illustrate the spirit with which he bore himself in the daily conduct of life. I must ask my readers hereafter to bear in mind what his courageous cheerfulness often tended to make us forget—the fact that everything I have to say of him is said of a blind man. Fawcett had resolved within ten minutes to do as far as possible whatever he had done before. This, from first to last, was the principle upon which he acted through life. He determined for one thing that he would still be as happy as he could, and I will not quote moral philosophers to prove that this resolution was not only wise, but virtuous. Fawcett was no ascetic. He heartily enjoyed all the good things of life, a good glass of wine, a good cigar, or a bit of downright gossip, not less than more intellectual recreations. "One of the first things I remember about him," says his wife, "was his saying how keenly he enjoyed life." "He expressed," she adds, "some impatience with people who avowed or affected weariness of life."

He tried for some time to continue writing with his own hand, and I have seen an autograph letter of his dated in 1860. He found the practice

irksome, however, as is, I believe, the general experience of men who lose their sight, and soon confined himself to dictation. He thought that the habit was useful to him as a speaker, because it accustomed him to produce a regular flow of grammatical sentences. In some little things Fawcett never acquired the dexterity of the blind from birth—he had lost his sight too late.

He, however, retained a very accurate recollection of all the places he had known before his accident. When, after his marriage, he went to Alderburgh, where he had been to school as a child, he could direct his wife through all the intricacies of the surrounding lanes. Within the college, of course, he could ramble about alone, and the sound of his stick tapping on the walls for guidance was a familiar sound, sometimes a little disturbing the light sleepers when he would indulge in a meditative stroll at dead of night. When walking in London he could tell by the difference in the echo and by the current of air when he was opposite to the opening of a cross-street. In all these walks he took a special pleasure in listening to his companions' descriptions of the scenery—whether to retain his hold of the vanishing pictures of old days, or to endeavour to construct some image of the now invisible world.

He kept up the practice of skating with great courage, and declared in 1880 that no one had enjoyed more than he a skate of fifty or sixty miles in the previous frost.

Of all his recreations there was none which he enjoyed so heartily as his fishing. Fawcett's great height and strength of arm enabled him to throw a fly with remarkable power and precision. A letter from his first secretary, Edward Brown, tells how he used to go up with Fawcett to the river, where, in the intervals of sport, they would retire to an outhouse, drink tea and read Mill's "Political Economy." Fawcett had resumed the sport very soon after his accident. In 1868 I find him saying that he and a friend had caught twelve pike ; his friend had caught the largest, weighing fifteen pounds, but Fawcett had caught ten of the twelve, one of them an eleven-pounder. He remembered his native streams with minute accuracy.

The late Duke of Roxburgh often gave him fishing on the Tweed, where he used to stay in the house of an old fisherman at Kelso. Fawcett enjoyed the surroundings of the sport as well as the sport itself. He often combined an excursion to the New Forest with his salmon-fishing at Ibbsley. At Ibbsley he often stayed at the house of the fisherman Samuel Tizard and his wife, where he liked to enjoy a friendly supper and a good chat with his hosts. Their place is full of birds, whose singing gave him particular pleasure. Here he caught a large salmon, part of which he contributed to the feast upon the golden wedding of his father and mother.—*Life of Henry Fawcett, by Leslie Stephen.*

THE SCRAP BOOK.

TIGER SHOOTING.

"WE had followed the trail [in a little creek] about a mile when we came to a clump of bamboos growing in a sharp bend in the stream. Vera stopped short, grasped me by the arm and pointed through the clump. He had the habit of grasping my arm with one hand, and pointing with the other, whenever he discovered any game, and I could always tell the size and ferocity of the animal by the strength of his grasp. This time he gave my arm such a fierce grip I knew he must have found a tiger. Sure enough, there was Old Stripes in all his glory, and only thirty yards away ! The midday sun shone full upon him, and a more splendid object I never saw in a forest. His long, jet black stripes seemed to stand out in relief, like bands of black velvet, while the black and white markings on his head were most beautiful. In size and height he seemed perfectly immense, and my first thought was, 'Great Caesar ! He is as big as an ox !'

"When we first saw him he was walking from us, going across the bed of the stream. Knowing precisely what I wanted to do, I took a spare cartridge between my teeth, raised my rifle and waited. He reached the other bank, sniffed it around, then turned and paced slowly back. Just as he reached the middle of the stream he scented us, stopped short, raised his head and looked in our direction with a suspicious, angry snarl. Now was my time to fire. Taking a steady, careful aim at his left eye, I blazed away, and without stopping to see the effect of my shot, reloaded my rifle with all haste. I half expected to see the great brute come bounding around that clump of bamboos and upon one of us, but I thought it might not be I he would attack, and before he could kill one of my men I could send a bullet into his brain.

"Vera kept an eye upon him, every movement, and when I was again ready I asked him with my eyebrows, 'Where is he ?' He quickly nodded, 'He's there still.' I looked again, and sure enough he was in the same spot, but turning slowly around and around, with his head held to one side, as if there was something the matter with his left eye ! When he came around and presented his neck fairly I fired again, aiming to hit his neck-bone. At that shot he instantly dropped upon the sand. I quickly shoved in a fresh cartridge, and with rifle at full cock and the tiger carefully covered, we went toward him, slowly and respectfully. We were not sure but that even then he would get up and come at us. But he was done for, and lay there gasping, kicking, and foaming at the mouth, and in three minutes more my first tiger lay dead at our feet. He died without making a sound.

"To a hunter the moment of triumph is when he first lays his hand upon his game. What exquisite and indescribable pleasure it is to handle the cruel teeth and knife-like claws which were so dangerous but one brief moment before; to pull open the heavy eyelids; to examine the glazing eye which so lately glared fiercely and fearlessly upon every foe; to stroke the powerful limbs and glossy sides while they are still warm, and to handle the feet which made the huge tracks that you have been following in doubt and danger. How shall I express the pride I felt at that moment! Such a feeling can come but once in a hunter's life, and when it does come it makes up for oceans of ill-luck."—*Wm. T. Homaday, in Two Years in the Jungle.*

ENGLAND.

"WHILE men pay reverence to mighty things,
They must revere thee, thou blue-cinctured isle
Of England,—not to-day, but the long while
In the front of nations. Mother of great kings,
Soldiers, and poets. Round thee the sea flings
His steel-bright arm, and shields thee from the guile
And hurt of France. Secure, with august smile,
Thou sittest, and the East its tribute brings.
Some say thy old-time power is on the wane,
Thy moon of grandeur filled, contracts at length—
They see it darkening down from less to less.
Let but a hostile hand make threat again,
And they shall see thee in thy ancient strength,
Each iron sinew quivering, lioness!"

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

FEIGNING DEATH.

THOMPSON gives, in his "Passions of Animals," the case of a captive monkey which was tied to a long upright pole of bamboo in the jungles of Tillicherry. The ring at the end of its chain fitting loosely to the slippery pole, the animal was able to ascend and descend the latter at pleasure. He was in the habit of sitting on the top of the pole, and the crows, taking advantage of his elevated position, used to steal his food, which was placed every morning and evening at the foot of the pole. "To this he had vainly expressed his dislike by chattering, and other indications of his displeasure equally ineffectual; but they continued their periodical depredations. Finding that he was perfectly unheeded, he adopted a plan of retribution as effectual as it was ingenious. One morning when his tormentors had been particularly troublesome, he appeared as if seriously indisposed; he closed his eyes, dropped his head and exhibited various other symptoms of severe suffering. No sooner were his ordinary rations placed at the foot of the bamboo than the crows, watching their opportunity, descended in great numbers, and according to their usual custom, began to demolish his provisions. The monkey began now to descend the pole by slow degrees as if the effort were painful to him, and as if so overcome by indisposition that his remaining strength was scarcely equal to such an exertion. When he reached the ground he rolled about for some time, seeming in great agony, until he found himself close to the vessel employed to contain his food which the crows had by this time well-nigh devoured. There was still, however, some remaining, which a solitary bird, emboldened by the apparent indisposition of the monkey, advanced to seize. The wily creature was at this time lying in a state of apparent insensibility at the foot of the pole and close by the pan. The moment the crow stretched out his head, and ere it could secure a mouthful of the interdicted food, the watchful avenger seized the depredator by the neck with the rapidity of thought and secured it from doing further mischief. He now began to chatter and grin with every expression of gratified triumph, while the crows flew round, cawing, as if deprecating the chastisement about to be inflicted on their captive companion. The monkey continued for a while to chatter and grin in triumph, he then deliberately placed the crow between his knees and began to pluck it with the most humorous gravity. When he had completely stripped it, except of the large feathers on the pinions and tail, he flung it into the air as high as his strength would permit, and after flapping its wings for a few seconds, it fell to the ground with a stunning shock. The other crows, which had been fortunate enough to escape a similar castigation, now surrounded it and immediately pecked it to death. The animal then ascended its pole, and the next time his food was brought not a single crow approached it."—*Mental Evolution in Animals, by G. J. Romanes.*

ONE of the most attractive volumes shortly to be published is "Old 'Miscellany' Days." This consists of stories by various authors, reprinted from *Bentley's Miscellany*. There are thirty-three illustrations on steel by George Cruikshank, and as these were only worked once, fifty years ago, and are very carefully printed in the present instance, the impressions come out wonderfully sharp and brilliant. There must be over thirty stories of every variety included in this most interesting collection. It shows that the authors of that day were quite equal to our own in the "amusing" quality of story-telling. The "amusing" quality is undoubtedly a gift, and I am inclined to think it is not so prevalent in England as it was formerly. English writers may be more learned, more accurate, may write in a purer style than they did, but they have not—with a few honourable exceptions—that marvellous go, that immense flow of spirits—in short, the amusing quality, they had years ago.—*Book Buyer.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE ART OF THE OLD ENGLISH POTTERS. By L. M. Solon. Illustrated by the author. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

This is an account of the work of the early English potters, who made the ground ready for the splendid achievements of the great potters of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

"The discoverers of the early hour," the author says in his preface, "are doomed to be absorbed into the commanding individuality of the man who, at the appointed time, arises to condense all their ideas. Setting into shape all that was still rudimentary and unconnected, he appropriates to a definite use all the various processes which, up to his time, had been little more than so many experiments, and settles the practical rules with which his name will be forever associated. This is how it happens that the fame of the pioneers of the art is eclipsed; their work remains anonymous, and no one cares any more for the forgotten ones, whose combined exertions had such an important share in bringing their craft nearer to perfection."

It is especially with the efforts and trials of these forgotten ones that the author makes us acquainted. For that reason he closes his account at the coming of Josiah Wedgwood, conceiving that Wedgwood's admirable works are so intimately linked to the modest productions of his predecessors that to write about them is, in a manner, to make an introduction to the study of his achievements, and indirectly to pay homage to his genius. The following are the successive stages in the development of modern pottery as treated in the present book:—

- EARLY POTTERY—the ware produced in England before the seventeenth century.
- THE STONE-WARE—which, in the South of England, was one of the first attempts at improvement made by the potters, in order to supply the goods hitherto imported from Germany. This object being at first successfully achieved by Dwight [1671].
- SLIP-DECORATED WARE—or pieces made of rough marl from the coal measures, ornamented with diluted clay, poured in cursive tracery on the surface, and glazed with "galena."
- THE DELF-WARE—made in imitation of the Dutch importations.
- THE SIGILLATED OR STAMPED WARE—a process probably derived from the German stoneware.
- THE SALT-GLAZE—white and delicately made stoneware, the most English of all in its characteristics, decorated with sharp and quaint embossments or (but only at a later period) with enamels, and even with painting.
- THE TORTOISESHELL—rich and harmonious, with underglaze colours.
- THE CREAM-COLOUR—beginning with the discovery of the use of flint by Astbury: the first step toward the white earthenware, which, brought by Josiah Wedgwood to the highest degree of perfection, was to supersede all others.

The work is copiously illustrated, and is most interesting reading. It is likely enough that some of the kiln fires kindled under the Romans have never yet been extinguished; and to trace the long course of this branch of English industry, with the jovial aspect lent it by the circumstance of its being often concerned chiefly with the manufacture of beer mugs and drinking vessels, is a great pleasure.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE ALTRUISTIC ACT IN ILLUSTRATION OF A GENERAL OUTLINE OF ETHICS. By W. Douw Lighthall, M.A., B.C.L.

This little tract is the result of much study, and requires a great deal of hard thinking and close attention to grasp its purport. So closely is the subject thought out, and its expression highly condensed, that it is almost impossible to give an abstract that would occupy less space than the work itself. The conclusion, however, may be stated with advantage in the words of the author himself:

The result of our *view in section* of the Altruistic Act is to show that our physique is not governed by our pleasure or *absolute* free-will, but by something else practically incorporated into our organism of consciousness, which acts for our pleasure as its general rule, yet with variations such that where a higher aim appears it is possible for us to escape this general law by the stepping-stone of a form of the law itself; that there is an actually structural difference between selfish and unselfish deeds; and that the difference is an essential one to a race of conscious beings, because it operates with their very consciousness itself. In the highest acts certain limitations of their powers practically disappear from the sphere of their natures (as conscious beings). Hence, how groundless the allegation that good acts are reducible to selfish principles. On the contrary, we are enabled to approach indefinitely near to Kant's "super-sensible" plane. There are, thank Heaven! powers and arrangements through which we can not only *think* beyond ourselves, but *ACT* beyond ourselves.

We have received also the following publications:—

- ART INTERCHANGE. January 2nd. New York: 37-39 West 22nd Street.
- BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. January. Brooklyn: 106 Livingston Street.
- NINETEENTH CENTURY. December. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.
- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. January. London and New York: Macmillan and Co.
- WIDE AWAKE. January. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.
- SANITARIAN. January. New York: 113 Fulton Street.
- THE NEW PARTI NATIONAL. A Satire. Montreal: W. Drysdale and Co.

MUSIC.

TORONTO MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE sixth of the series of Monday Popular Concerts took place last Monday evening, in the Pavilion Music Hall. It was attended by a large and brilliant gathering of the fashionable and music-loving classes. The programme was unusually attractive, the instrumental numbers including Mozart's incomparable quintette for clarinet and strings and Tschalkowsky's "Andante" and Cherubini's "Scherzo" for string quartette. Herr Kegel, of New York, was the clarinetist, and his playing in the Mozart quintette was a perfect revelation of the beauties of the music. His interpretation of the slow movement was most expressive, the delicious shading and velvety softness of his tone, supplemented by his artistic phrasing and finished execution, bringing out all the wealth of tenderness and feeling of one of the most perfect melodies ever written by Mozart. Herr Kegel was ably supported by his colleagues of the Toronto Quartette Club; the *ensemble* often leaving little to be desired. The Quartette Club gave a very finished rendering of Tschalkowsky's "Andante," and received a well-merited tribute of enthusiastic applause.

The vocalist was Mrs. Estelle Ford, of Cleveland, who showed herself to be the possessor of a soprano of light *timbre*, agreeable quality, and extensive compass. Her voice, in some of its notes, has a veiled quality, and she employs the *tremolo* perhaps a little too often, but in all other respects her singing is eminently pleasing. She won a decided success, and was recalled after each of her songs. Herr Kegel and Herr Ludwig Corell gave solos on the clarinet and violoncello respectively. Herr Kegel's solo served to display his technical command of the resources of his instrument, while that of Herr Corell, the Popper "Gavotte," was selected with the sole object of satisfying the tune proclivities of his hearers. Both artists were warmly applauded and recalled.

The seventh concert will take place on the 25th inst., when Mme. Caroline Zeiss, the popular contralto of New York, will appear.—*Clef.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE illustrated edition of "The Eve of St. Agnes," published by Estes and Lauriat, is now in its fourth edition.

THE third volume of Roberts Brothers' English translation of Balzac's novels is devoted to "The Rise and Fall of César Birotteau."

A. C. ARMSTRONG AND SON have in press a book entitled "Theism and Evolution," by Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, author of "From Gloom to Gladness."

"OUR ODYSSEY CLUB," published by D. Lothrop and Company, Boston, is a fresh, bright club story. The author, "Agnes Gragg," is a St. Louis lady.

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY will shortly issue an important religious work for popular reading, "Divine Sovereignty and Other Sermons," by Reuben Thomas, D.D.

PROF. J. R. SEELEY'S "Short History of Napoleon," to be published at once by Roberts Brothers, will contain a wonderfully striking portrait of Napoleon after Boilly, engraved by Levachez.

THE many friends and admirers of Ella M. Baker will be glad to know that a beautiful volume of her poems, under the title of "Clover Leaves," including a sketch of her life, is now ready; also a new edition of her last story, "Soldier and Servant."

MESSRS. HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY will add to their "Leisure Hour Series" a "romantic and dramatic novel of English rural life with an American hero." The title of the book is "After His Kind," and the author is reported to be Mr. John Coventry.

NORA PERRY will have a racy paper in the February *Wide Awake* about "Autographs and Autograph Hunters." Some witty autograph verses of Whittier, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, John G. Saxe, and others, which never have been in print, are embodied in this article.

THREE rising Canadian authors, who are making their mark in the older magazines, contribute to *Wide Awake's* series of "True Adventures," Edmund Collins, Macdonald Oxley, and Charles G. D. Roberts. In the February issue Mr. Collins has a fine coast story, "Saved by a Kite."

"GRIP" this week opens a new volume in a handsome new dress. It is enlarged to twelve pages, and printed on heavy-toned and calendered paper. Other changes have been made in its make-up; and altogether it is now in better shape for being preserved and bound as it deserves to be.

IN *December*, which D. Lothrop and Company publish, will be found a poem of much beauty by Col. T. W. Higginson, which appeared originally as an anonymous contribution to an early number of the first series of *Putnam's Magazine*, but is now for the first time printed over the name of its author.

A SUPERB *edition de luxe* of the works of George Eliot is announced by Messrs. Estes and Lauriat. It is to be in twelve volumes of octavo size, and will be illustrated by more than sixty etchings and photogravures, after designs chiefly by American artists. The first volume to appear will be "Adam Bede."

"OUTING," that excellent illustrated magazine of out-of-door sports, has been purchased by a company of New York gentlemen, who have removed it from Boston to that city. The first number to bear the new imprint will be issued in February. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, formerly of the New York *Herald*, will be editor-in-chief.

THE New York *To-day* does not intend to become "yesterday." Commencing with the number for January 2nd, it is enlarged to twelve pages, and includes such variety of topics as the drama, opera, fine arts, society, the clubs, literary facts, Wall Street points, and editorial notes. It is wonderfully fresh, crisp, and gossipy—an excellent society journal.

"CANTERBURY TALES," a book once widely read and still well known, by Sophia and Harriet Lee, is to be reissued shortly by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. It was first published in 1797, and there have been many subsequent editions both in England and America. The same house will shortly publish a new edition of "Macaulay's Works" in sixteen volumes.

D. APFLETON AND COMPANY have just ready "Marlborough," by George Saintsbury, in the "English Worthies," and a novel by Edna Lyall, entitled "Donovan, a Modern Englishman."

MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE publishes so little in these days that the announcement of a new book from him is particularly welcome. In the course of a few weeks, both English and American editions will be issued of his new work, "Oceana." It contains the record of his recent journey around the world, and many interesting historical studies of the British colonies which he visited.

MESSRS. JANSEN, M'CLURG AND COMPANY, Chicago, announce the issue of a unique collection of verse, under the title of "The Humbler Poets," selected from the mass of ephemeral poetry that has appeared in newspapers and periodicals during the past fifteen years. The editor, Mr. Slason Thompson, has sought to rescue the meritorious waifs which have not found an abiding place in collected works.

LEE AND SHEPARD announce for early publication "A Handbook of English History," by Mr. F. H. Underwood, based on M. J. Guest's "Lectures on English History." The volume will contain a supplementary chapter on "English Literature in the Nineteenth Century," and will include maps and charts. Mr. George M. Towle's "Young People's England" is also soon to be published by the same house. It will be fully illustrated.

MRS. JANE E. AUSTIN, whose "Nameless Nobleman," "Desmond Hundred," and "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown," have been so popular, is known to most as a novelist only. A poem by her in *January*, published by D. Lothrop and Company, reveals that she is a poet as well. Mrs. Austin is one of the most active of church workers, and her cheerful face with its crown of beautiful gray hair is known to countless households among the Boston poor.

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY promise, for early publication, "Social Studies in England," by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton. The work will embrace such subjects as woman's higher education, the relations of labour and capital, and various philanthropic movements, art, and industrial establishments for women, etc. The many admirers of Canon Farrar's genius will be glad to know that a volume has been compiled from his writings, by Miss Rose Porter, and will soon be published by this house under the title of "Treasure Thoughts."

THE illustrations of the February *Century*, the "Midwinter number," are to be of more than usual interest. Among the illustrated articles are a paper of Antoine Louis Barye, the French sculptor, with upward of twenty engravings; Mr. Cable's first paper on Creole songs and dances, "The Dance in Place Congo," with a number of drawings by Kemble; and Mrs. Van Rensselaer's paper on City Dwellings, in her series on "Recent Architecture in America," with illustrations which include the Somerset Club building in Boston, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's and Mr. Tiffany's new houses in New York.

MESSRS. GINN AND COMPANY have ready a volume of essays selected from the papers of the late Prof. Lewis R. Packard, who was Hillhouse Professor of Greek in Yale College. The book is called "Studies in Greek Thought," and the seven papers which it contains are devoted to the following subjects: Morality and Religion of the Greeks; Plato's Arguments in the *Phaedo* for the Immortality of the Soul; on Plato's Scheme of Education as Proposed in the *Republic*; The *Edipus Rex* of Sophokles; Summary of the *Edipus Coloneus* of Sophokles; Summary of the *Antigone* of Sophokles; On the beginnings of a Written Literature in Greece.

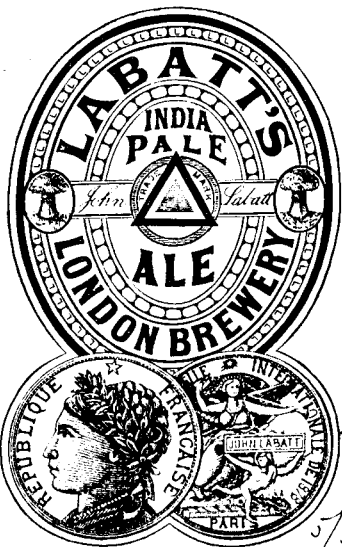
THE first number of the *Presbyterian Review*, issued by its new publishers, Messrs. Scribner, has just made its appearance. It contains valuable articles by Prof. Francis L. Patton, Prof. George W. Knox, Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, Rev. Principal William Caven, of Toronto, Prof. John Witherow, of Londonderry, Ireland, and Dr. H. A. Edson. In the departments of critical and editorial notes the latest movements in the theological world are discussed. The book reviews are very full and careful as usual, and fill more than forty pages. In short, the number gives assurance that the *Presbyterian Review* is more vigorous and more valuable than ever before.

THE latest thing in the cheap book movement is Messrs. Cassell's National Library. This great house has so large a connection through its branch houses in New York, Paris, and Melbourne, that when they take up so important a scheme as the present one, there is good reason for believing that they will see it through. The plan is to print in small volumes, containing about two hundred pages each, a series of only standard works, the price to be threepence a volume. Fifty-two volumes are to be published during the year. We shall be interested to see the American editions of this new library. The reputation of the firm vouches for its mechanical excellence.

THE *Book Buyer*, monthly, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, will be illustrated and enlarged, beginning with its next (February) number, and the price increased to \$1 a year. It will be the only illustrated journal devoted to books and bibliographical matters in the country, and in its enlarged field it is hoped will find a warmer welcome than ever. The illustrations are to be selected with great care, that they may help to give faithful representations of the volumes from which they are taken. The series of author's portraits will be continued, and an engraving from a photograph of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is now being prepared for the February number. An interesting article on American book-plates, with illustrations, will be contributed to the same issue by Mr. Laurence Hutton.

THE January number of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* appears in an entirely new dress. A handsome cover has been designed for it by Mr. George Fletcher Babb, whose white parchment-like surface, printed in red and black, presents a very attractive appearance. The typography is also entirely remodelled, the double columns have been done away with, and large, clear, bold-faced type is used. A feature of this number is a collection of criticisms, by George Eliot, upon Dickens, Carlyle, Kingsley, Browning, and others of her great contemporaries, newly resuscitated from the pages of the *Westminster Review*. These criticisms have never before been identified as hers. Grant Allen, the well-known evolutionist, discusses, in a humorous and chatty style, the question of the origin of "Gray Wethers," or Druid Stones.

THE Boston *Literary World* devoted the last issue of the year to a review of "The World's Literature in 1885," which is a model of painstaking and accurate work. The survey is divided geographically into ten sections, and under each section the classification is arranged according to the relative importance of the works produced in the several departments. Thus, biography heads the list in the United States, while it ranks third in Great Britain, where poetry takes the lead, which in America is briefly summed up under the "Miscellaneous." The few brief descriptive or critical words given to every book mentioned show thorough knowledge of their contents, and on cursory reading seem to be, as claimed, entirely free from "partisanship, obligations, or grudges." The necrology of the literary names for 1885 occupies two columns of nonpareil type. This is an unusually interesting number, which will be of great use for reference.



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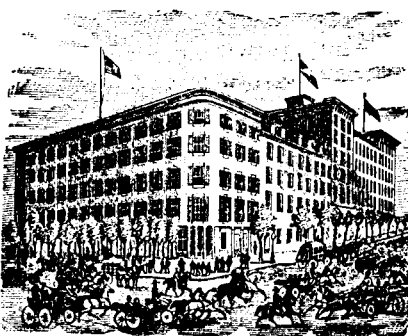
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Fortnightly Review.

The greatest exponent of radicalism in England. Its Editors and Contributors have ever been noted as leaders of progress, and have formed a school of advanced thinkers, which may justly be cited as the most powerful factor of reform in the British Empire and elsewhere.

British Quarterly.

While discussing all branches of modern thought, is particularly devoted to the consideration of the more recent theories in Theology and Philosophy. Its articles are characterized by a keenly critical spirit, and for boldness of treatment and justness of criticism it stands alone, in its special field, among the periodicals of the world.

Edinburgh Review.

Numbers among its contributors the greatest names that have moulded English thought for the past eighty years. While its policy admits the discussion of all questions, its conservatism is tempered with a liberalism that marks it as the **INDEPENDENT REVIEW** of the world.

Quarterly Review.

Its reviews cover all the leading issues of the day, and embrace the latest discoveries in Science, in History, and in Archaeology. Much space is devoted to ecclesiastical history and matters connected with the Church, thus making the Review invaluable to the clerical student, as well as of great interest to the general reader.

Westminster Review.

Is notable for the latitude of its theological views, many of the most advanced of modern theories in the theology having received in its pages their first authoritative support. A distinctive feature of this Review is its "**INDEPENDENT SECTION**," containing articles advocating views at variance with those of its editors.

Blackwood's Magazine.

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WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the *Med. (Can.)* Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscles of uraemia, the gerin poison of syphilis, mercury, toxines, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

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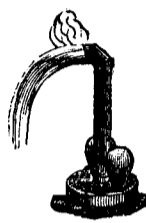
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CONTENTS.

- 1. SIR HENRY THOMSON. From a portrait by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart. 2. THE POETRY DID IT. Wilkie Collins. 3. CHARLES LAMB IN HERTFORDSHIRE. Rev. Alfred Ainger. Illustrated. 4. WITNESSED BY TWO. Mrs. Molesworth. 5. A MONTH IN SICILY. Part I. H. D. Traill. With illustrations. 6. AUNT RACHEL. Continued. D. Christie Murray. 7. A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. Rev. W. Benham. Illustrated. 8. GRETNA GREEN REVISITED. J. M. Barrie. Ornamental Friezes, Headpieces, Tailpieces, etc.

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