

THE WEEK:

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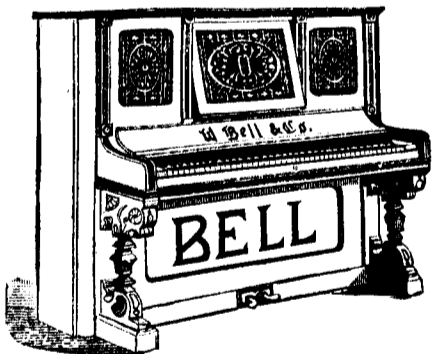
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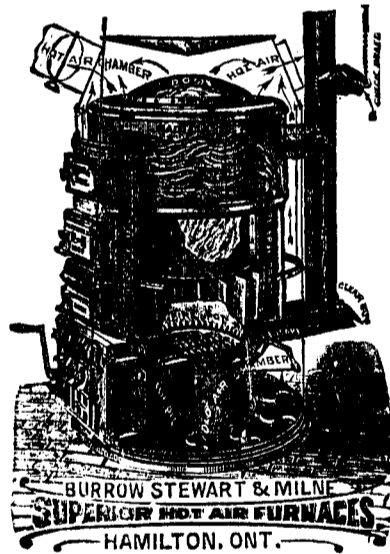
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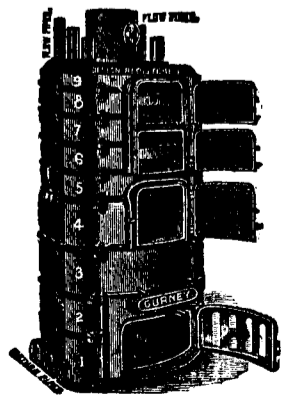
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

NOT only the friends of the institution, but all who are interested in the progress of higher education in Canada, are to be congratulated on the recent additions to the staff of Queen's University. Dr. S. W. Dyde, who has been assigned to the chair of Mental Philosophy, and Rev. John McNaughton, who takes that of Greek, are reputed to be men of much more than ordinary ability and promise in their respective lines of study. The appointment of the former reminds us that the Ontario Government will very soon be called upon to name the successor to the late Professor Young. The applicants for the position are said to be numerous, and several are doubtless highly recommended. In the absence of the information which the Government alone possesses it would be presumptuous even to hint at the superior eligibility of a particular candidate, and we have no intention of doing so. As to the principle on which the Government is bound to act in making the appointment there can be but one opinion. Their obvious duty is to choose the best man, no matter where he was born or in what institution educated. The deputation of alumni of the University who waited upon the Government a few days since to press the claims of a particular candidate were, we suppose, within their rights as men of education and citizens. It is quite possible that their friend and fellow-graduate, whose appointment they favour, may be the very best man available for the position. But it must be confessed that some of the reasons brought forward do not seem entitled to very serious consideration. There are, we presume, very few of those interested who would not be glad should a former student of Toronto University and of the late professor be found to have the best qualifications. But when the deputation urge the fact that the candidate they favour is a native of Ontario, a graduate of the University, and an adherent to the philosophical doctrines of the late professor as reasons for his appointment, their arguments are not surely of a very convincing kind, though, other things being equal, they might suffice to turn the scale. Their presentation would, it seems to us, have been quite as strong had they confined themselves solely to the question of personal

ability and merit. Nothing could be more disloyal to the University than to advocate the appointment of any of its professors on any other grounds. We do not suppose the deputation in question did so or intended to do so, but one cannot but foresee that in case the appointment should fall to the man of their choice room would be given for the friends of other candidates to suspect that the choice was influenced by the unessential considerations named.

THE speech of the Hon. Mr. Wilfred Laurier in the Pavilion on Monday evening was in many respects a good tone. Its calm, argumentative style, its manly, yet conciliatory, tone, and its constant appeal to lofty political and moral principles made it worthy of the occasion and of the man. Mr. Laurier patriotically and no doubt sincerely deplores the spirit of mutual distrust which has taken possession of the Protestants of Quebec and the Catholics of Ontario. Unhappily it is impossible to deny that the distrust exists and has grown to dangerous proportions within the last year. In attempting to lay the whole blame for its existence at the door of his political opponents Mr. Laurier reasons as a partisan rather than a philosopher or statesman. The main sources of the distrust lie, it may be feared, much deeper than the plane on which the machinations of any political party can operate. That this distrust has, however, been laid hold of and stimulated for party purposes cannot, unfortunately, be doubted. Every unprejudiced Canadian must perceive that the Conservative leaders have sinned gravely in this respect, but only a purblind partisanship could prevent so keen an observer as Mr. Laurier from perceiving that the Liberals have not hesitated, on occasion, to turn the same evil and dangerous feeling to account for their own ends. It would have been more to the point and more statesmanlike to have inquired whether the result deplored is not really due, in large measure, to the exigencies of the extreme and rabid partisanship which is, unhappily, the dominant force in all our political contests. But the point at which Mr. Laurier seems to us to have most signally failed in his effort to remove distrust and restore confidence was this: He gave, it is true, the most unqualified assurance that, if any of his countrymen "have ever dreamed of closing themselves into a small community of Frenchmen on the banks of the St. Lawrence," he is not one of the number. We see no reason to disbelieve that this truly represents not only his own principles and feeling but those of the limited number of his fellow-countrymen for whom he is authorized to speak. But what about the great majority of his fellow-countrymen, the Nationalists and Ultramontanes who are now altogether in the ascendant? He cannot pretend to speak for these. But it is precisely these whose views and aspirations, being those of the majority, must have controlling influence in determining the future policy of the Canadian French.

MUCH the larger part of Mr. Laurier's speech was devoted to the delicate subject of the Jesuits' Estates Act. He announced his intention to confine his remarks to a defence of the position taken by the Liberal party under his leadership in respect to the question of disallowance. But in reality he went a good deal further and devoted considerable attention to the Act itself, its necessity as a settlement of the question which gave rise to it, and the meaning and intention of the preamble which has proved so obnoxious to Protestant feeling. That his defence on these points is, in the main, sufficient will be, we have little doubt, the verdict of history. The basis of that defence is, of course, the doctrine of the right of each Province, by the terms, written and unwritten, of Confederation, to exclusive jurisdiction within its own domain. With this we have dealt in another paragraph, written before Mr. Laurier's speech was delivered. With the Liberal leader's claim that this has always been the political faith of his party, consistently avowed and followed, we have no special concern, though we cannot forget the freedom and frequency with which the veto power was used during the régime of Mr. Mackenzie as Premier and Mr. Blake as Minister of Justice. We do not think many fair-minded Canadians of either party can fail to appreciate the strong and comprehensive grasp with which Mr. Laurier lays hold of the grand principles of English liberalism, that liberalism which is not

the shibboleth of a political sect, but the real working creed of the nation. His retort to the *Mail's* quotation and application of Karl Blind's declaration that "true liberalism does not consist in furnishing the enemy of human progress and enlightenment with weapons wherewith he may cut its throat," was effective and must waken a response in every Canadian breast. Canada wants not German liberalism, nor French liberalism, nor any form of Continental liberalism, but English liberalism. Not—let us again say it—the so-called liberalism of a Party, but the true liberalism that characterizes the race with which the love of freedom and fair play is a ruling passion. This liberalism, this true regard for liberty, does not authorize the Government to sit in judgment upon the religious faith of any church or class, but deals with all upon their merits as citizens. To revive, as some would seem in their excitement almost ready to do, some old statute, obsolete but unrepealed, to deprive the Jesuits of their rights of citizenship, for no specific act of treason, but simply because some features of their creed seem dangerous, would be eminently un-British, and, we trust, un-Canadian. When Jesuits are convicted of violating the laws, or plotting against the commonwealth, then, and not till then, let them be punished with all deserved rigour. Mr. Laurier's doctrine that even bad and dangerous men have rights which good men are bound to respect, may seem at first thought to go pretty far, but further reflection will show that it is the only principle on which a Government can act without doing violence to the sacred rights of conscience and making inquisition into matters of private opinion and faith. It is the principle, too, on which our municipal authorities have to act every day.

THE fluent and vigorous speech of Mr. S. A. Fisher, M.P. for Brome, Quebec, who followed Mr. Laurier at the Pavilion meeting, brought into prominence certain facts, which should not be without influence upon the thinking of the people of Ontario, in reference to the Jesuits' Estates question. He pointed out some things which were, no doubt, already known to the better informed, but which have scarcely had due consideration in the discussion of the past few months. Among these were, that the Jesuits' Estates question was no new one in the Province of Quebec, but one which had been a source of embarrassment and loss for years; that Catholics and Protestants were alike agreed upon the necessity of having it settled once for all upon a business basis; that the settlement reached was so acceptable to all parties that, after having been for three or four weeks before the Legislature, and after having been studied in all its bearings and details by the Protestant minority, it was finally passed without a dissentient vote. One fact of considerable interest and importance, bearing upon the peculiar clause of the Act which has been specially objected to by the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction, was probably new to most of the audience. The clause in question is that which provides that while the \$400,000 is given outright to the representatives of the Catholic Church, only the interest of the \$60,000 is to be handed over to the Protestant Committee. The member for Brome now tells us that this seemingly invidious distinction was made at the instance and on the motion, not of Premier Mercier or any French Catholic supporter, but of Hon. Mr. Lynch, the leader of the Protestant minority in the Legislature. The meaning of this amendment, so singular as coming from such a source, he explains to be a fear that the Protestant Committee would give the whole sum to the Universities instead of to the county academies. A somewhat effective point was made by Mr. Fisher when, in glancing at the disallowance question, he reminded the audience that had he voted in favour of disallowance he would have been using his influence as a representative of the people of Brome in the Dominion Parliament to annul legislation which the representative of the same constituency in the Quebec Legislature had helped to enact.

PREMIER MOWAT'S brief speech was chiefly an argument from success. While well-adapted, from the confidence of its tone and its markedly contra-apologetic style, to elicit the plaudits with which it was so often

greeted, it was in its logical qualities distinctly inferior to either of those which preceded it. Mr. Mowat spoke from the high vantage ground of the man in power, the man who has been in power so long and with so large a majority at his back that he may regard his position as well-nigh impregnable, and may speak face to face with his audience without throwing even a gossamer veil of modest self-depreciation over his words of self-congratulation. His record of victories achieved over both Local and Dominion opponents is certainly an unusual one, and the evident pride with which he recounts his conquests will, by his party supporters at least, be regarded as of the kind called "pardonable." One thought suggested by the facts of his career is well worth being pondered by the people of the Dominion, who are supporting a costly Senate, and by those of each of the Provinces, Manitoba excepted, with their Legislative Councils. It must be admitted on all hands, less as a tribute to Mr. Mowat than to the system which was successfully used by his predecessor in the premiership as well, that neither the legislation of the Dominion nor that of any other Province has been more wisely conservative, more free from rash experimentation and mischievous blundering than that of Ontario. The bearing of this fact upon the possibilities of the future of other Provinces and of the Dominion in the way of greater simplicity and economy in legislation is obvious. In regard to the one point, however, upon which most persons in the audience would no doubt have been glad to have the light of Mr. Mowat's speech concentrated, he declined to throw any light whatever. We refer, of course, to the much-discussed amendments to the Separate School Act. Mr. Mowat did, indeed, promise to speak at an early day more at length upon public matters of Provincial concern, when he will no doubt enter upon this burning question. In the meantime his auditors and the people generally must content themselves as best they can with his general and emphatic assurance that the amendments in question and all his legislative acts are absolutely fair and spotlessly just to Catholic and Protestant alike. How he proposes to demonstrate the fairness, the expediency or the propriety of giving to the Roman Catholic clergy the immense advantage in the propagation of the doctrines of their Church, which they derive from the enactment which makes it compulsory upon assessors to set down as Separate School supporters, not only all ratepayers whom they may know or think to be Catholics, but all whom any person may assert to be such, must remain in the meantime among the mysteries of party legislation, while we await the convenience of the Premier.

WE have repeatedly called attention to the strange lack of uniformity in the sentences passed by different courts for similar offences, as an anomaly amounting to positive injustice, for which a remedy should be found. A Montreal paper adds another to the long list of illustrations. It informs us that at the recent assizes "in one case a prisoner was sentenced to twenty three months imprisonment, in another the prisoner was sentenced to fourteen years, and in still another the prisoner only received two months, the cases all being for assaults on women. Curiously enough the man who received the fourteen years was not the perpetrator of the crime, but an accomplice, while in the other cases in which the sentences were so light the convicted persons were the actual offenders." "The reasonable deduction from the sentences would be," says our contemporary, "that it is a greater offence to be an accomplice than to be a principal." There may have been degrees of brutality or other modifying circumstances to account in some measure for the disparities in these sentences, but the real explanation must probably be sought, and may probably be found, in the idiosyncrasies of the presiding judges. As we do not even know their names, our remarks are, of course, without the slightest personal reference. The obvious fact is that individual judgments, mental or moral, differ so widely in individuals of different training and temperament that they cannot be relied on to secure that degree of uniformity and certainty which is one of the most potent factors in making punishment effective. The moral influence of such disparities upon the minds of the criminals themselves, as well as upon onlookers with criminal tendencies, must be of the worst possible kind. Instead of leaving the court impressed with the impartiality and majesty of the law as administered, some of the former will leave chuckling over the unexpected lightness of their sentences, while others will gnash their teeth in rage and go to their doom with less horror of their crimes and a deeper hatred of the society which is so unequal in its treatment of offenders.

The spectators, too, can hardly fail to despise instead of reverencing the judicial system which can lead to such results. The remedy, it is clear, must be sought in one or both of two directions. Either the punishment must be more rigidly prescribed for each specific crime—a very difficult matter, no doubt—or a system must be adopted whereby the concurrence of two or more justices must be had in all criminal sentences. The same necessity applies with even greater force to the minor police and magistrates' courts. The haste and consequent arbitrariness of the sentences given every day in our city police courts is positively shocking, if people would but reflect upon it. It is a reproach to our civilization that justice should be so unevenly dispensed, and the public look on with so little concern.

REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT, since his return from a trip to British Columbia, has referred, in an interview, to the case of Mr. Duncan and the removal of the Metlakahtla Indians. He is reported as having spoken very highly of Mr. Duncan and his work, and seems of opinion that they have suffered great hardship and injustice. His suggestion that an independent commission should be appointed to inquire into the matter and report the facts, is a good one and should be acted upon. It is hard to conceive of any objections to such a course, not founded upon the idea that the rights of the Indians in question are of too little consequence to justify so much trouble and expense. Such a view will not commend itself to the people of Canada. The impression is abroad and deeply planted in the minds of many that these poor people have been unjustly and harshly treated. The Dominion cannot afford to rest under such an imputation. The Indians of the Pacific Coast are, we suppose, the wards of the Government, as are all the other Indians, and the Government is in honour, as well as in humanity, bound to protect them from ill-treatment and injustice. We are aware that a good deal is to be said on the other side of the question, and that both Mr. Duncan and his Metlakahtla people are held by some to have been blameworthy, if not dishonourable, in their dealings with the Church of England Missionary Society. It is hardly probable that their conduct was wholly commendable or judicious. But, on the other hand, nothing but a keen sense of injustice and despair of redress could constrain a large body to forsake their land and their claims to treaty compensation, and cross the boundary into another country. The very circumstance that there is difficulty in getting at the facts of the case is the best reason for having it carefully inquired into. It is to be hoped that some good friend of the Indian will take up their case in parliament, and press for full and reliable information. Dr. Grant says it will be difficult now to set right the wrong which has been done. But it is never too late to try to rectify a wrong. If the Indians have been wrongfully deprived of their property restitution can at least be made.

THE recent visit of Mr. Daldy, Secretary of the English Copyright Association, to Ottawa, to urge the objections of British publishers to the Canadian Copyright Act, coupled with the fact that Mr. Daldy also semi-officially represented the British Government, makes it pretty certain that a strong influence is being brought to bear in England to secure the disallowance of the Act. This was, no doubt, anticipated by those who secured the passage of the Bill. Mr. Daldy is represented as saying that it was absurd to suppose that there was any clashing of interests between English and Canadian publishers. This is just where he and those whom he represents are mistaken, and it is likely that after the joint interview had by him and representatives of the Canadian publishers with members of the Government, he will return to England with a very different impression. There is a very considerable clashing between the interests of the English and those of the Canadian book-trade, and the matter must, there is reason to fear, assume the shape of a question as to which of the two interests shall prevail in Canadian legislation. It is, indeed, quite possible that those interests may be capable of being reconciled, but that can only occur as the result of a change of view on the part of English publishers and authors, based upon better information in regard to the state of affairs in Canada, as to what their real interests are. It is not to be wondered at that some clauses of the Canadian Act, especially that which provides that an English copyright book must be republished in Canada within a month of its publication abroad, in order to secure the benefits of Canadian copyright, should appear like confiscation from the English point of view. The chief source of difficulty arises from the peculiar circumstances in which

Canada is placed by reason of her close proximity to a nation which has hitherto been peculiarly unscrupulous in its disregard of the rights of foreign authors and publishers. This fact, which the English parties interested do not seem to take fairly into account, completely destroys the parallel which they seek to draw between the Dominion and the European nations represented in the Berne convention. The situation has been, no doubt, fully explained to Mr. Daldy, by the representatives of the Canadian Association, and it may be hoped that he will in consequence be prepared, on his return, to present the facts to the members of the association of which he is secretary, and to the Government, in such a light as may modify their views and lead to a satisfactory arrangement. Otherwise there must be a direct joining of an issue, the decision of which must rest with the British Government, which will, we think, hardly care to veto the Act of the Canadian Parliament, in such a matter.

THE re-appearance of *The Bystander* in the field of Canadian journalism is an event on which the reading and thinking public may well be congratulated. The moment is opportune. Questions of vital importance to the future well-being of Canada are just now demanding the best thought of its wisest citizens. These questions are sure to be discussed in the columns of *The Bystander* with unsurpassed force, clearness and literary ability, and what is perhaps of even greater value, with the most complete independence. Thoughtful Canadians may dissent from many of the writer's views. They may often question the conclusiveness of his reasonings. Nevertheless they cannot fail to appreciate the great value of *The Bystander's* contributions to current political literature, representing as they do the matured opinions of an author whose culture, scholarship and historical knowledge unite to place him in the very front rank of journalistic writers. We are glad to see that the larger part of the October number is occupied with subjects purely Canadian in character.

A CAUSE, like an individual, has sometimes as much to dread from the advocacy of friends as from the denunciation of enemies. This is the reflection forced upon us by reading the article entitled "Canada and Ireland: A Political Parallel," by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., of Dublin University, in the October *Charlatan*. The least that could have been expected from so learned and able an exponent of Irish Protestantism was that he should have taken care to acquaint himself thoroughly with the facts of Canadian history before venturing to make such use of them as he has in the article in question. As it is, there is reason to fear that the real force of the Irish-Protestant argument against Home Rule for Ireland may suffer, in the estimation of Canadian readers, at least, by the numerous inaccuracies and the glaring one-sidedness of the so-called Canadian parallel here presented. The mind of the lover of equal rights and British fair play is thrown into an attitude of suspicion at the outset on finding himself in the presence of a thinker who regards the original treaty which "secured to the French inhabitants of the Provinces the right to use their own language and practise their religion" as a "grave blunder in policy." When he proceeds a little further and reads of "the recent change, by which the British possessions in Canada ceased to be a colony and became a Dominion with independent government," he rubs his eyes to assure himself that these are not the confusions of a dream, rather than the words of a somewhat famous professor in a British University. An opinion so narrow, followed by an inaccuracy so glaring, forms a fitting introduction to the *ex parte* description of the Canadian situation which makes up the body of the brief article. Two or three further illustrations will exhaust our space and suffice for the present purpose, which is simply to point out the extent to which even distinguished men are in danger of suffering the materials of their argument to be coloured and warped by the warmth of their feelings. That the Jesuits' Estates Act has "re-endowed the Jesuits with their ancient property," and that "the small Protestant minority in the House at Quebec protested," will be news to Canadian readers; but the lack of information which appears in such statements is, perhaps, less mischievous and more pardonable than the unqualified assertion of what can be at best but an unprovable opinion as if it were a demonstrated fact. This Professor Mahaffy unquestionably does in the following statement, the last sentence of which will be seen to be specially unwarrantable, if not absurd, in the light of Lord Stanley's own explicit declaration. "Sir J. Macdonald," says this intrepid framer of parallels, "and the leader

of the Opposition, fearing the results of unpopularity with Roman Catholic voters, would not even fight the question, refused even to propose the veto, which, by the way, had been specially intended by its framers to meet this very case, and so the Governor-General was, of course, powerless." The same sweeping imputation of motives re-appears in the assertion that the Central Parliament "abdicated its functions, it resigned the Protestant minority into the hands of the majority, and why? Because at the moment Catholic votes were to be captured for the next election, and because leading politicians prefer the chance of office to the unpopular satisfaction of securing the future interests of the population whom they profess to protect from harm and govern in the interests of public weal." The motives of politicians are, like those of other men, best known to themselves, and, perhaps, not always well-known to themselves. But if it should be asserted that "on this particular occasion the leaders and members of both political parties in the Commons rose to an unusual degree above party considerations and united, at considerable risk of personal popularity, in vindicating an important constitutional principle," it would not be difficult, we think, to show just as good reasons for this opinion as Professor Mahaffy can adduce for the other.

WHAT were the design and scope of the power of vetoing provincial legislation as defined, not in the words of the Act of Confederation, but in the minds of the original framers of that Act? What limits, if any, did they intend to set to the autonomy of the Provinces within their own sphere of legislation? These questions, which are now being debated as never before, are of considerable importance as aids in the interpretation of the clauses of the constitution which bear upon the point, and the meaning of which is just now in dispute. We are not of the number of those who think that the future relations of the Provinces to each other and to the Central Authority can be decided for all time to come by the result of an appeal either to the words of the Act or to the intentions of its framers. If an error either in judgment or in expression was committed in one direction or another, there is no good reason why the Canadians of the present or a coming generation should not be as competent to correct it as were their predecessors to frame the original compact. The points are nevertheless well worth the discussion they are receiving. To us it appears that no one who will take the trouble to refresh his memory by an unprejudiced re-reading of the memorable debates in which the leading features of the Act of union were outlined and discussed, will find much difficulty in reaching a conclusion. We see no reason to suppose that either Catholic or Protestant views and ambitions determined the final shape of those sections of the British North America Act. The general tenor of that memorable debate at the Quebec Conference shows that the controlling anxiety and aim of all concerned were to define so clearly the lines of demarcation between the domains of Federal and Provincial legislation and administration as to obviate, if possible, all danger of conflict. Foreseeing, however, that no skill or prescience could perfectly accomplish this, and anxious to avoid the evils wrought by the State Rights Extremists in the American Union, they further provided that in all cases of conflicting legislation or jurisdiction the Central Authority should prevail. This provision seemed to those shrewd but not omniscient minds to afford a simple and satisfactory rule for the solution of every question of jurisdiction that might at any time arise.

IF it be said that the foregoing view upholds the Provincial Rights doctrine and makes each Province supreme within its own constitutional limits we cannot deny the impeachment. The only modification, if it be such, is that covered by the clause in Sir John Macdonald's well-known pronouncement upon the question, in which he places among the cases justifying the use of the veto power that in which the Provincial legislation is hostile—we quote from memory and cannot recall the exact terms—to the general interest of the Dominion. This limitation, which, with the others referred to, was accepted by all parties, is evidently indefinite, and leaves wide room for difference of opinion as to whether any given legislation of a Province comes under the category. This indefiniteness is probably unavoidable. But it is idle to attempt to maintain, as some writers are doing, that the careful guarding of provincial autonomy and the constitution was solely, or even chiefly, the work of Sir George Cartier and his French colleagues with an eye to the future of French Catholicism and nationalism. The simple fact is, as we have before

pointed out, that the original contracting Provinces were a unit upon this point. We all know where Ontario stands and has stood in regard to it. Every one who knows anything of the state of feeling in the Maritime Provinces at the time of union knows that they were not one whit less intent upon preserving complete self-rule in all local matters than Quebec herself. Not one of the four Provinces would have even considered for an hour a proposition looking to a legislative union, or to any other form of union which would have given to the Central Authority a right to meddle with purely local concerns. If this view reduces the political veto on Provincial legislation to a nullity it cannot be helped. Facts are stubborn. The fact in this case is that the Dominion is a voluntary federation of self-ruling provinces, not a Sovereign state which has conferred certain municipal powers, in accordance with geographical or racial subdivisions. First New Brunswick, then Ontario, and finally Manitoba have vindicated this view. By the vote on the question of vetoing the Jesuits' Estates Act Parliament has almost unanimously declared it to be now the accepted constitutional doctrine. Whether Government and Parliament will maintain their consistency when the new reforms about to be inaugurated by Manitoba come before them remains to be seen.

AS the day for the meeting of the Congress of American States at Washington approaches, the subject is naturally attracting considerable attention. The proceedings of the Congress will be followed with interest in those European countries, among which Great Britain is, of course, the chief, which are now trading largely with the countries of Central and South America. So far as the proposed Congress takes the shape of a first step in the direction of breaking down the artificial barriers which now prevent free and mutually profitable intercourse between the different communities which occupy the continent, its effect can be only beneficent. Should an attempt be made, as is evidently feared abroad, to make it a movement towards an "America united against Europe," it is pretty surely predestined to fail, as it ought to fail. Those American republics which are now enjoying the benefits of a large English and European trade are not very likely to cripple their commerce and increase the cost of living to their people by agreeing to adopt prohibitory tariffs for the benefit of United States' manufacturers. Aside from the matter of trade there are many clauses of the proposed arrangement which, if found feasible, could not fail to prove beneficial to all concerned. Uniformity of weights and measures, and of coinage, and above all, a Court of Arbitration for the settlement of all disputes between American States, could be objected to by no outside nation, and would be of inestimable value to all concerned. If the latter rational and enlightened method for the settlement of international difficulties could be adopted, an example would be set worthy of imitation by all the nations. There is, we fear, but little prospect of the immediate accomplishment of any of the great reforms proposed, but even should the Congress fail of any immediate result, it will pave the way for similar meetings in the future, with an almost sure prospect of ultimate success. It is in the nature of great financial, political and moral ideas, that the more they are discussed and reflected upon, the nearer is brought the day of their ultimate adoption. If the Congress enters upon its work in a broad and cordial spirit it may prepare the way for great achievements in the near future. If, unhappily, its deliberations should be affected by narrow continental jealousies, and display a spirit of hostility to European countries—as if there could be any real antagonism between the true interests of the people of the two hemispheres—all broad-minded Americans, in all latitudes, will rejoice at the collapse which will surely await it.

THE homicide was, in our opinion, clearly justifiable in law, and in the forum of sound, practical common sense was commendable." In these words the United States Circuit Court, of California, expresses its views of the act of Deputy Marshal Nagle in the shooting of ex-Judge Terry. If the view of the character and intention of the slain man which was taken by the court, and is that of the public as well if we may judge by the expressions of the most respectable journals, be accepted, little fault can be found with the verdict. It is taken for granted that in making the assault the man who was so summarily sent to his account intended nothing less than the death of Mr. Justice Field, and it must be admitted his previous record left little room to doubt the inference. Peace officers must be protected in the performance of the

dangerous duties with which they are often entrusted. When, as in the case in question, no time is afforded for thought, but decisive action must be taken on the instant, it is but fair and right that large allowance should be made for possible errors of judgment. At the same time there is, as a recent instance nearer home painfully shows, considerable danger in these days of going to the other extreme, and entrusting too much arbitrary power over liberty and life to men whose coolness and discretion cannot be relied on in exciting moments. Few will, however deny that the act of Marshal Nagle was justifiable under the circumstances. But when the presiding judge of the court goes further and says that he acted, not only in "good faith," as no doubt he did, but "with consummate courage, judgment and discretion," most of those who have read the accounts of the tragedy will be inclined to demur. So far as we are aware no evidence was adduced to show that the deceased was armed at the time. At least he does not appear to have exhibited any weapon. In such a case the marshal, pistol in hand, and surrounded by those who would in a moment, no doubt, have come to his aid, had he been possessed of "consummate courage, judgment and discretion," should surely have been able to protect the life of the one man without taking that of the other. Had the case occurred in Canada we can readily believe that the officer would have been honourably acquitted, but we can hardly conceive of one of our courts pronouncing so high an eulogium upon an act which may as well have been the offspring of momentary fear as of lofty courage. An appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, but there can be scarcely a doubt that the verdict will be sustained.

NOVELISTS AND THEIR READERS.

THE flood of cheap literature which flows over this continent from the prolific presses of New York must be producing wide effects upon the reading tastes and moral sentiments of the public. Of course the class of literature most in demand is fiction, and in the supply of fiction, as in that of other saleable commodities, the quality is regulated by the character of the demand. While it is gratifying to see a liberal supply of the best authors in this popular market, an evidence indicative of a liberal request for such reading, it cannot be overlooked that upon the enormous tide of cheap fiction there is a good deal of froth, more or less discoloured by impurities which have a tendency to remain in the moral system after the unsubstantial vehicle in which they have been conveyed to the palate has dissolved into its original nothingness. It is deplorable that there should be so large and unhealthy an appetite for stuff so destitute of sustenance and so impregnated with moral poison. Froth, however, is furnished by other caterers besides publishers, and while the demand exists so will the supply.

After all it is probable that they who go to the purer and steadier stream beneath for their literary draughts are the majority. The prompt and extensive reproduction on this side of the water of the best English writers is full of significance. Flash literature is but the food of unformed taste, as unripe fruit and unwholesome confectionery are acceptable to the palates of children. The abundance and cheapness of the best fiction cannot fail to have a beneficial effect upon that numerous class who do not go beyond fiction for their intellectual pleasures.

Owing to the almost universal indulgence in light literature which now prevails either from the want of leisure or the want of taste for serious reading, the vocation of the novelist has become important to others besides himself. As a good writer stamps a good deal of his own character upon his work, his character is of consequence. Once upon a time when fiction began, a novel was a "work" upon which its author pondered with considerable solemnity before commencing it. Plot, incident, dialogue, character, sketches and "studies" were not all or nearly all engaging the writer's solicitude; the great thing was the "lesson." Novels in fact were constructed on the principle of Fable, each with its conspicuous Moral. A story was no story if written without a purpose, to the achievement of which all developments were bent. It was a sermon in fiction, a pill disguised in sugar. And as many a poor author found that the only way to convey his sugar to the virtuous palate was by putting it round a salutary pill, it often came to pass that the duly licensed dispensers and compounders of moral drugs were up in righteous war against the hapless writer. Those orthodox books of fiction were no doubt respectfully and profitably read and perhaps believed by our unsophisticated predecessors, on the principle (firmly revered by Captain Edward Cuttle) that all books were true; and even in this frivolous age they deserve veneration. But all this is changed now. We will have neither teachers nor preachers who will not at least interest if they cannot amuse us, with something besides the lessons and doctrines with which their messages are fraught. If we are to take moral pills in the old way they must be so abundantly sugared that the drug shall be "nowhere" in the compound, seeing how apt we are to resent the intrusion of its unpalatable flavour. Hence the contemporary novelist has quite abandoned the role of a teacher and worker in the good cause, and as surely as he is tempted

to revert to it so surely does he fail to reach us. He writes merely to amuse; and the moral effect of his work (for a good book is never without such an effect) emanates not from his precepts, nor his plot, nor his incidents, nor his characters, but from the spirit of the man himself breathing through his pages.

There are two classes of writers of fiction known as "successful," the one of transient and the other of lasting popularity. The former is but a passing meteor full of interest for the moment, but after he has passed only a brief memory of him usually survives and his productions are rarely seen on a bookshelf except that of a collector. He hits a passing taste and the flavour is soon gone. The man draws us out in multitudes to see his performance, and a brilliant performance it often is. But the other author comes into our houses with quieter mien and in soberer colours and remains there. Every novel reader can make a list of writers of each class for himself, and there can be no question as to where the ultimate preference will be given. The book is unworthy of a place on one's shelf which will not bear to be taken down for a second and even a third reading—which will not linger in our thoughts long after we have closed it.

The author who writes a successful book does more than merely give us an interesting story. If he loves his work (as he must indeed do) he inspires thousands with an interest in himself as the being from whom much pleasure is drawn. There is a marked difference in this respect between the work of the author and that of the artist. Both are creative, but the author is felt through his creations—his personality is felt, that of a living and active power—as the artist is not. The works of the latter concentrate all the interest upon themselves as created things without sensible reference to him who made them. A good writer's personality is never intruded in his books, but in a hundred subtle ways it is never absent. You discern it in the characters whom he makes his own favourites and yours as well, in the words which he causes them to speak, in the successes and disappointments, the rewards and punishments which he distributes. Lest you should object to the distribution of pains and pleasures he quietly coerces you into sympathy with himself, and everything is just as it should be in the end. Who has not had the experience of reading a book from cover to cover with a sense of enjoyment, and at length closing it with a feeling of pleasant gratitude to the giver of the treat?

Although an author, like every other workman, must live, and to live must supply his patrons with the kind of article they like most, yet he has the best of the contract in many ways. What the public demand the public must have; but in supplying this demand the author enjoys a large measure of independence which cannot be invaded or curtailed. He gives his patrons what they want, but he gives it in the form and manner which please himself. The work which he does is not theirs, it is his own. And be the public ever so exigent their favourite rules them more than they are aware, and come in what guise he will he is sure of a warm welcome.

An author who does not make his presence felt in his book is a failure. He is merely a mechanic. And it is from this power of permeating his work with his own personality that the influence of a writer of fiction proceeds. He is a personal influence as well as a caterer of amusement. Precepts and sermons are of little use without this, for these things we can obtain elsewhere. When a favourite publishes a new book, do we not seek in its pages for our friend himself as well as for his story, and recognize him everywhere with a feeling of genuine pleasure?

The occupation of an author is a very pleasant if very laborious one. Other men, as Mr. Payn remarks, have some material or other to perform their daily work upon, while the author has to spin it all out of his own brain. He moves sympathies all the world over, and his power is only limited by the measure of his popularity. His name is a household word and his influence is felt by every fireside. He draws us to him through his creations, and our love, our contempt, our pity, our joy are awakened in sympathy with his own. The man is an interest to us apart from his works, though inseparable from them. He comes nearer to us than the poet does, being more within the reach of our apprehensions.

Novel-readers have their partialities like other people, and their prejudices as well; and the genuine novel-reader is jealous of any reputation outside the select circle of his own favourites. In fact, he does not believe in it, and resents it as a pretension, being intolerant of the taste of those whose admiration is not offered at the same shrine as his own. Their taste is diseased, or their powers of appreciation imperfect. It is a delicate business to touch upon novels to such a novel-reader as this. The best way is to glance at his bookshelf and see who those authors are who hold the place of honour there—and regulate your language accordingly. If the man does not honour his authors by having them on his shelf in purple and fine linen he is unworthy of much consideration from you. He is only fustian. You can discover a good deal concerning a man from the character of his books and the manner in which he keeps them; afterwards you may pursue your investigation further by listening to him talk about them. For whosoever one's favourite authors are, one thing is certain; they are writers who speak through their books, not mere mechanical contrivances for story-telling, or what may be termed literary type-writers.

Anonymity in authorship has been found to be a mistake, not merely in a commercial sense, but in dissociating the writer from his work, annihilating him in fact, keeping him back from sympathetic contact with his readers. We

do not fully realize an influence which we have no name for. The "Waverley Novels" had not the same interest when they appeared anonymously as when they bore the name of their author; nor, as anonymous works, would they have the same interest now that they possess all over the world. If Dickens' works were still known as the works of "Boz" should we enjoy them so much? The same characters would still appear on the stage, but we should miss the presence of the Master who created and gave them life—who gives them life still. Authors do not die, even as heroes and statesmen die; their presence is about us to the end of time, but it is a presence which demands a Name in order to be brought close and made palpable.

And it is probable that a name is in itself enough. The less we know of our favourites beyond this point the better for their fame and our own happiness. Recent experience goes to prove this. The invisibility of a writer, like that of a prince, is the source of much of the interest which he inspires and of the power which he exercises. It is a grievous wrong to him to deprive him of it. His presence ought to be

Like a robe pontifical
Ne'er seen but wondered at.

and it behoves those who reveal him to us to have reverence for his fame and for our conceptions.

Owing to the prurient tastes of the present day, however, we cannot resist the dishes which it has become the vile fashion to cater for us. It were better for ourselves that we did resist. Mostly the feast leaves us with a sense of regret that we partook of it. An ideal which had been a pleasure to us is so no longer. We still love our favourite but with a love tinged by sadness. The man who makes a great name for himself does so by the exercise of great gifts and qualities. If we love and admire one whom we have never seen, of whom we know nothing beyond his name and his work, we love and admire him because he has compelled us to do so. How sad and uncalled for it is, then, for a ruthless hand to tear aside the veil and show us that he was indeed great and gifted as we always believed, but also subject to the common infirmities of the flesh. To be sure he was; but why come forward to exhibit his weaknesses and failings to us? "Where ignorance is bliss"—in our indignation we are tempted to add, "'tis envy makes us wise."

It were sincerely to be desired that the biographies, autobiographies, memoirs, reminiscences, recollections, and what not, of late days becoming so plentiful concerning persons of genius or talent, had been strangled in the press. If they were confined—which as literary works to be worthy alike of their subjects and of their authors they ought to be—to such tracings of character and intellectual development as might illustrate and complete our previous conceptions of the writers, they would be valuable and interesting. No apology can be offered for pandering to a diseased curiosity by tearing aside the veil from the private life of one who might well be left to the charity of the grave and the grateful memory of his readers. An author should go down to posterity a living influence in his books without suffering vivisection at the hands of so-called biographers. The cases of Dickens, of George Eliot, and of Lord Lytton will be present to every mind in this connection; and the fame of these writers will always be brightest and their influence pleasant where their biographies have not been read.

The posthumous narrative left us by Anthony Trollope, for a different reason, will not add lustre to the reputation which he won as an author. He has unwisely exposed himself at his work, lifted the veil from that creative sanctuary which should be hidden from the vulgar gaze. Mr. Trollope has not elevated the dignity of the literary profession by the description of his methods of composition, of his taskwork by the foot, by his avowed belief in "cobblers wax" rather than in inspiration. Notwithstanding, however, this distinguished writer's profession of faith, the work of authorship does demand more inspiration than that of the shoemaker or the tallow-chandler to which he degenerately compares it.

Let no novel-reader, who loves his authors, ever open a biography of one of them written as those above referred to are written. These books do not dispel an illusion, for there is no illusion to be dispelled; their office is to gratuitously discolour a bright and pleasant conception full of good influence. Or if an interest in the private lives of popular writers must be gratified let it be done by a silver pen like that which has written the delightful "Literary Recollections of James Payn"—a book which snatches no lustre from the names of those it introduces, and adds not a little to that of him who wrote it. L. M.

PARIS LETTER.

THE "Men of the Time" are the bill-stickers. They are coining. It is surprising that some adventurous journalist, willing to pass a night in a Casual Ward, and a whole day at the corner of a street, tethered to a cur dog with a tin porringer in its mouth to hold the tossed and dropped coppers, does not make himself up with a white blouse, an overgrown shaving-brush, a paste bucket, and a ladder, and ascertain all about the inner life of that variety of posting. The bill-stickers can earn 15 frs. a day—a rate of income superior to that of a French bishop or a German general. He must be up in politics, so as to be able to cover the manifestos of rival electoral candidates. It seems the poster is free to stick up his bills where he pleases, save on the backs of citizens; and as the ad-

resses are printed on every colored paper, save white—which being immaculate is reserved exclusively for governmental announcements, the walls look pretty in their multicoloured tapestry. The only manifesto people stop to examine is that of a candidate who has his bills plastered on the wall and hoardings, upside down. It not only represents the topsy-turviness of the political situation, but may serve its purpose as well as those posters laid on walls on mathematical lines. Next to the stickers making hay while the sun shines, are rag-pickers, who chuck down the addresses, the moment the coast is clear. Perhaps his *holte* is truly, after all, the common and natural home for the *blague* in fat type.

The Morgue is a favourite place to paper with electing addresses; while the crowd is waiting its turn to view the corpses of the unknown dead, it can take in doses of Boulangism, royalism, imperialism, and opportunism. Only governmental candidates need count upon the hospitality of the walls of the Prefecture of Police. The churches are pretty freely carpeted with lucubrations to stop subsidies to the clergy, for any person who is inclined to air his fad, can, though not being a candidate, issue a proclamation of counsels to his fellow-citizens. There are 38 deputies to elect for Paris proper, and 5 for the suburbs, and each seat is contested by at least 6 Richmonds. One fact that strikes the less heedless observer is the ridicule and contempt extended to the old representatives who seek re-election. This is due to the large masses of young voters, who, since 1885, have been added to the electoral roll.

The uninominal system of voting tells with deadly effect against the ancient deputies. The attacks on them are circumscribed. Extracts from their violated programmes, corroborated by tell-tale votes, are given in the shape of a hand bill, accompanied with annotations to ridicule the unfortunate re-seeking a seat. Illustrated ridicule is being extensively utilized in the present canvassing. The united opposition commands a plethora of cash.

One-fifth of the retiring deputies have thrown up the sponge, well-knowing they would not be re-elected. The latest pointings estimate that a good half of the ancient deputies will be replaced by new men; that the old parliamentary hands, who have been dry-nursing the Republic since some years, are doomed to death but destined not to die. It is considered that the electors will send a reduced majority of republicans to the New House; but they will run together in harness, and rapidly vote the ameliorative laws the nation is so long expecting. No impartial observer believes the republic will be superseded by any of the effete régimes, even were the Congress to unite, and to have full latitude on the subject of revision. The republic has been mal-administered following a great many, but to conclude that it is a failure or beyond redemption would not be reflecting the feelings of the majority of the country.

The Exhibition is rapidly falling into the sear, the yellow leaf; the trees will soon be leafless, and the caretakers seem to relinquish the task of removing the leaves; they leave the dead past to bury its dead; but they might at least sweep away the greasy papers strown by the cosmopolitan pic-nickers. The watering carts might be kept more vigorously at work. Another sign that the beginning of the end is at hand: employés and surveillants are offering their services for work. Several restaurants will reduce hands from October 15, and will apply the extinguisher on the *Fête des Morts*. It is pleasanter now to roam through the "courts, the camp and the groves"; the crowd is less dense, and the temperature less volcanic. The shipment of the Senegambians for their homes has commenced; the Orientals will depart with the swallows. Touching swallows, a man from Roubaix has lately trained some of these birds for military purposes; they are more reliable than carrier pigeons in thick weather to find their way home, and sportsmen do not pot at them, as they do at pigeons. M. Desbourné let loose, from the Eiffel Tower, two swallows aged seven weeks; they arrived at their home at Roubaix, near Lille, a distance of 150 miles, in a little less than two hours. The directoral body of the Exhibition has declined to allow the members of a Stilts' society to promenade through the fair. They were to march on stilts five yards high, and to execute a series of international dances for the funds of the Actors' Orphanage.

Visitors, when in the section of the Minister of Public Instruction, class 6, if fond of art, should examine one of the few real gems of the fair. Ask the very obliging surveillant, M. Lesage, to show you the volume, "Vesinet," by "Henry Johnson"; the name is English, but its owner is French. It is a bound manuscript description of the pretty village of Vesinet, outside Paris, the illustrations, all pen and ink, are marvels of exquisite drawing, of perspective, of shading, and of delicacy, whether the sketch be a public building, a garden, a landscape, a market scene, boys at play, or the police pursuing their natural calling, nothing overdone, nothing bizarre; all gracefulness, charm and ease. It is a book that makes you feel all the beauties of art, without effort, and to remember it as a joy forever. I could not discover particulars as to M. Johnson, who modestly signs himself an *officier d'instruction*. He possesses a rare talent, that ought not be left "to blush unseen," or "waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Apart from every question of politics, but as a simple tribute to intellect, vigorous age, and working power, I am one of those who could have desired the banquet given to Mr. Gladstone to have been an unmeasured success. It was organized by the remnants of the free-trade party in France, and by the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, a respectable, academic, but of no million-influence as a paper. The English are not at all popular in France; perhaps the

only nation the French have a gush for is the Russian. May the Muscovite return sheep's eye for sheep's eye. Beyond doubt, every one was glad in their heart when the dinner breakup arrived. M. Jules Simon who presided, and the first orator in France, had lost his voice, the mutual national admiration platitudes were got through as rapidly as possible. M. Gladstone with tact and taste complimented the French, in French; but he evidently cut his address short. I have heard him speak better French; he throws a kind of Italian accent now into his pronunciation. His second speech was in English, lost upon the French, though he strove to be as simple as possible; adapted himself to the meanest capacity. He steered clear of the "burning marle" of electoral politics, so if it were in the calculation of any party to form the G.O.M. for their own ends, he proved wide-awake for them. Not a few Frenchmen speculated that he would name the day, the happy day, when the English troops would leave Egypt, and so shorten the period for the French waiting to step into their shoes. Perhaps some, too, expected a slashing speech on Ireland; if so, they were equally disappointed. I was delighted when the guest of the evening utilized a button of his coat, and, pushing the leather thong of his walking cane wrist-wards, walked to his carriage, and later, to dream on his two ears about his ascension of the Eiffel. Mr. Gladstone certainly caused a good many people to attend church on Sunday. It was rumoured that he would read the lessons during divine service, and not only the two English churches, but the American Episcopalian cathedral, were named, as the sacred building he would attend. But he showed that he could not be in three places at once.

It is accepted as a matter of course that after the general elections and the closing of the Exhibition, Prince Bismarck will awaken from the political hibernation in which he has been so markedly and so suspiciously plunged. He gains by doing the Seven Sleepers—not Rip Van Winkle—two chalks: That of allowing the French Exhibition to keep the even tenor of its way, and next, by holding aloof from the French general elections. In this he does not alienate public opinion, a factor he has ever claimed to be as essential to success as blood and iron. Be assured, the Chancellor will make up for any loss of time. The French have the crank as strong as ever for Russia, but they make an error in thinking too little of Italy, and in speculating on the tightness of her financial situation. The alacrity with which Berlin bankers have stepped in to purchase Italian funds during the last week when they experienced a drop, contains matter for profound reflection. The visit of the Crown Prince of Russia, to be followed by that of his papa, does not indicate strained relations between the Muscovite and the Teuton.

The French police have given a *coup de grace* to thieves' middlemen. A Russian prince had his pocket picked, not only of some bank notes, but of a few invaluable private documents. He lodged his complaint with the police. In the course of a week he received a letter, in English, requesting him to call at a certain bar, and inquire for an indicated writer, for a Mr. X—, when he would hear of something to his advantage. Punctual to the hour, the private secretary of the prince arrived and met the unknown, who took him for the prince, and in giggling serenity and pride of impudence offered to restore the documents—not the 1,700 fr. in notes—for 100,000 fr. The secretary took off his hat, wiped his forehead, a signal, and the intermediary was at once seized by two detectives. He has been condemned to four years' imprisonment. It is the first conviction the French police have secured against the international black band.

It is rumoured that the liquidator of the Panama Canal Co. experiences great difficulty in obtaining an examining corps of engineers of standing to proceed to the Isthmus and report on the works, etc. The superior engineers are distinctly divided into two classes: One that has no confidence in the affair, and the second, who declines to have anything to do with the matter. The Columbian Government is said to favour auctioning the scheme to the Americans if they would bid, and officious conversations take place on the necessity of doing something. The shareholders demand an account of the expenditure of the capital and intend to make the directors responsible.

At the Mayoralty of Berthecourt (Oise), babies are now baptized in the name of the Republic, and so duly registered.

THE SONNET.—VI.

HAVING traced the connection between certain events in Milton's life and the more personal of his sonnets, we will now consider some of the impressions left on critical minds by these truly noble poems. Dr. Johnson thought that "three were not bad"; but Dr. Johnson has not classified the remainder, and we must infer that they were bad in the great man's judgment. Johnson's remarks on Milton were not altogether commendable, and without further explanation, such a negative piece of criticism is only worth recording as a curiosity of judicial unfairness. Hallam expresses himself thus: "Milton's sonnets are indeed unequal; the expression is sometimes harsh, and sometimes obscure, sometimes too much of pedantic allusion interferes with the sentiment; nor am I reconciled to his frequent deviations from the best Italian structure." Let us examine this statement a little closely.

Milton's sonnets are unequal. So are Hallam's sentences and Shakespeare's plays. Every writer's work is unequal. Wordsworth wrote hundreds of sonnets; they

are unequal. Blanco White wrote two sonnets; they are unequal—one being in the very front rank of all, the other being markedly inferior and seldom heard of. Milton could not maintain equality with such opposed subjects as "To the Nightingale," and "On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catharine Thomson, my Christian Friend." Hallam's statement is baldly true, and a school-boy might have made it.

The expression is sometimes harsh. In examining Milton's sonnets where do we discover his harshness? The two sonnet-squibs, "On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises," certainly fall under this charge, but they are not to be treated seriously; they are satirical poems written in a very unsuitable form, and are valuable only as showing the utter scorn in which Milton held the barbarous noise "of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs" that opposed him. As sonnets they are valueless, and could not be considered in any properly collected anthology. The expressions of the other sonnets are not harsh. Nothing could be more sweetly soft than that "To the Nightingale," which catches somewhat of the "liquid notes that close the eye of day." There is an easy colloquial flow in the sonnet to Mr. H. Lawes, and a grand liturgical tone in the Piedmont Sonnet. If some few old forms of speech are to be considered harsh because they have been lost to the language, then the charge must be allowed against certain lines; but surely this would be a peculiar critical view to take. By such measurement Caedmon would appear quite rough. Milton wrote in a vigorous language, for he dealt with mighty matter. Lyly might have adopted a less harsh style, but there was nothing euphuistic about Milton.

Sometimes obscure. As a matter of fact, there is no real obscurity in Milton's sonnets. Certainly he did not compose in easy quatrains largely made up of pretty polysyllabic adjectives. He was a wielder of substantives and substantial thought. His object was to hit out from the shoulder, rather than to shake by the hand—to enforce a great truth instead of to pay a small compliment; he therefore wastes no words on the subject. Milton's is not a decorative sonnet, but a solid and harmonious piece of work. To call him obscure because one has to remember two or three lines back, argues a short memory in a critic; yet there are several passages which have been made obscure by a thick head, much as a clear pool may be made muddy by stirring. Criticism often destroys beauty in poetry without creating anything out of the ruins. It is useless pulling a rose to pieces in order to find the secret of its perfume. The following passage has been a source of stumbling to some readers who must have placed themselves in the dark. It is from the first sonnet given in our last paper:

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endureth.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.

The first four lines cited are closed by a period, but the *it* nevertheless must most unmistakably refer to the "inward ripeness" for which the young poet was waiting. Such passages can only be made obscure by obtuseness.

Sometimes too much of pedantic allusion interferes with the sentiment. This is not at all correct. Milton has several biblical and classical allusions in his sonnets; but they are never used without excellent reason and except in the right place. It will be interesting to give a list of the allusions to the classics; for Hallam would scarcely call Milton a pedant for aptly using a scriptural illustration. Here are all the classical and other allusions:

- Sonnet I.—The Muse. Jove's will.
- Sonnet III.—The Muse's bower. The great Emathia conqueror and the house of Pindarus. Sad Electra's poet and the Athenian walls.
- Sonnet V.—The victory at Cheronæ and "the old man eloquent."
- Sonnet VI.—Quintilian.
- Sonnet VII.—Latona's twin-born progeny.
- Sonnet VIII.—Midas ears. Phebus choir. Dante and his Casella.
- Sonnet X.—Hydra-heads.
- Sonnet XII.—Rome's senators. The Epirot and African.
- Sonnet XIII.—The triple tyrant. The Babylonian woe.
- Sonnet XV.—Favonius. Attic taste. Tuscan air.
- Sonnet XVI.—British Themis. Euclid. Archimedes.
- Sonnet XVII.—Alcestis.

Now as a matter of fact can these allusions, made in every instance most aptly, be called pedantic? We must remember that Milton was a remarkably fine classicist and a citizen. The images that arose from the memory of his reading came to him as sweetly as the scent of clover to Clare or the sound of the sea to Shelley. The absence of natural imagery in Milton's sonnets has often been remarked; but Milton was not a dweller with nature. Most of his days were spent in London, and most of his thoughts were busy with political rather than with poetical affairs before he was blind. After that nature became a sealed book; but the Latin and Greek authors were still read aloud to him. But we maintain that his allusions are exact and proper—they apply to the occasions of their use—they are appropriate to the events they enlighten—and they therefore assist and never interfere with the sentiments involved. Could anything be more happily expressed than the allusion to "that old man eloquent" in his sonnet "To the Lady Margaret Ley," which was fully

explained in the last article? In Professor Masson's "Jocose" sonnet "Captain or Colonel or Knight in arms" etc., could any allusions be more appropriate than the two great historical incidents wherein poetry has overcome the cruel passions of war? Instead of the allusion to the house of Pindar, perhaps the simple mind of Hallam would have preferred a comparison with a lark's nest spared by a school-boy. All the allusions in the sonnets are such as would readily occur to a classical scholar; they must appear plain to any ordinarily educated reader, and cannot be termed "pedantic" except by an ignoramus or a hypercritic. Hallam was no ignoramus.

His frequent deviations from the best Italian structure. This remark is interesting as it immediately suggests the question, What is "the best Italian structure"? In an article on the sonnet which appeared in a *Quarterly Review* of 1873, the statement is made that in a MS. Latin treatise on Italian poetry, sixteen different kinds of sonnets are mentioned. This was written in A. D. 1332. Mr. J. A. Symonds has shown the oldest sonnet, so far known in any language to have been written by Piero delle Vigne about the beginning of the 13th century. His form was very near to that which afterwards became the Italian sonnet-proper. As a curiosity we re-present it as given by Mr. S. Waddington in his preface to "Sonnets of Europe":

NATURA D' AMORE.

Pero ch'Amore non si pro vedere,
E non si tratta corporalmente,
Manti ne son di si folle sapere
Che credono ch'Amore sia niente!
Ma poi ch'Amore si face sentire
Dentro del cor signoreggiar la gente,
Molto maggiore pregio de' avere
Che se'l vedesse visibilmente.
Per la virtute della calamita
Como lo ferro attrae non si vede,
Ma si lo tira signorvolmente.
E questa cosa à credere m' invita
Che Amore sia, e dammi grande fede
Che tuttor sia creduto fra la gente.

In this oldest of sonnets the octave and sestet are distinctly marked, the octave is built on two rhymes and the sestet on three; there are four rhyme-sounds used throughout, and one rhyme is common with the octave and sestet.

It is curious to notice, also, that the same word occurs twice as a rhyme-ending. Another very early sonnet by Jacopo da Lentino, written about thirty years later, has all the characteristics of the above. We will give it here for the sake of comparison, and also because it is the origin (direct or indirect) of Shakespeare's song, "Tell me where is Fancy bred," etc.:

Amore è un desio, che vien dal core,
Per l'abondanza di gran piacimento:
E gli occhi in prima generan l'Amore,
E lo core li dà nutrimento.
Bene è alcuna fiata nome amatore
Senza vedere suo innamoramento:
Ma quell' amor che stringe con furore,
Dalla vista degli occhi ha nuscimento:
Che gli occhi rappresentano allo core
D'ogni cosa che vedea bono e rio
Com'è formata naturalmente:
E lo cor che di ciò è concepitore,
Immagina, e piace quel desio:
E questo Amore regna fra la gente.

The characteristics of the two early sonnets cited are to be found in the Italian writers down to Fra Guittone d'Arezzo, who made the first distinction of importance to be made law by the seal of Petrarch. This was only in the arrangement of the lines of the octave, so far as the rhymes were concerned. In the oldest form they are alternate throughout, viz.:—*a.b.a.b.a.b.*; whereas in the Petrarchan form—which we suppose is the best Italian structure meant by Hallam—the arrangement is *a.b.b.a.a.b.b.a.*

The sestet consists of two or three rhyme-endings and a great variety of forms exists; but the structure of the sonnet by Piero delle Vigne was endorsed by both Fra Guittone and Petrarch, so far as the sestet is concerned. It consists of two tercets, viz.:—*c.d.c.d.e.* We therefore find "the best Italian structure" to be a combination of Fra Guittone's octave and the sestet of Piero delle Vigne; the formula of which is:—*a.b.b.a.a.b.b.a.c.d.c.d.e.* So far as mere form is concerned, this is most harmonious. As a matter of fact, we doubt if this form of construction were used by any sonnet-writer before Milton. If so, it is exceptional, and we cannot at once remember an example, though as many as over thirty variations of sonnet-form were used up to the time of Milton. The octave, proper (*a.b.b.a.a.b.b.a.*), was used by Wyatt, Donne, Drummond, Sydney, Constable, Barnes, and other early writers; but the sestet employed was a variation from the approved pattern of a double-tercet. Drummond, of Hawthornden, used the greatest variety of sonnet-forms—fifteen or more. Milton only used seven forms. The sestet chiefly employed consisted of a quatrain and a couplet, viz.:—*c.d.c.d.e.e.*, favoured by Sydney, Constable, Barnes and Drummond; or, *c.d.d.c.e.e.*, employed by Wyatt, Donne, and Drummond again. Sydney also used a couplet, followed by a quatrain, viz.:—*c.c.d.e.e.d.*, and Constable has this variation, *c.d.c.e.d.e.*—all of which sestet-forms were used with the Petrarchan octave (*a.b.b.a.a.b.b.a.*). Therefore, if Milton did deviate from the best Italian structure, he at least sinned in excellent company and was moreover the first to use the best Italian form, which occurs in five of his sonnets. Milton's favourite form seems to have been the following:—*a.b.b.a.a.b.b.a.c.d.c.d.e.*, which is constructed on four rhymes only, and occurs in seven of his English sonnets.

Now this is a form used by Fra Guittone and is distinguished by a two-rhymed sestet. The following is

given as a specimen and was composed by the old Italian master in the middle of the thirteenth century :

LA CONSTANCE SPERANZA.

Gia mille volte quando Amor m'hai stretto
Io son corso per darmi ultima morte
Non possendo restare al aspro e forte
Empio Dolor ch'io sento dentro al petto.
Voi veder lo potete, qual dispetto
Ha lo mio cor, e quanto à crudel sorte
Ratto, son corso già, sino alle parte
Dell'aspra morte, per cercar diletto.
Ma quando io son per gire dall'altra vita
Vostra immensa Pietà me tiene, e dice,
"Non affretar l'immaturo partita ;
La verde Età, tua Fedelta, il disdice ;"
E à restar di qua mi prega, e invita ;
Si ch'io spera col tempo esser felice.

It may be remarked also, that in no instance did Milton deviate from the "best Italian structure" of the octave, whereas, previous English did to a large extent; but his deviations in the sestet can be paralleled from Petrarch and other excellent Italians. Not one of the five Italian sonnets written by Milton was composed on the "best Italian style throughout." The charge against Milton is therefore a little ungenerous altogether; but there is one noticeable feature about his sonnets that has also caused the critics to differ without affecting the poetry. Milton is said to have been the first sonnet writer who blended the octave and the sestet, or ran the former into the latter without a break of thought or expression. This is not strictly correct; but Milton certainly cared little about preserving any proportion between the major and minor portions of his structure. Mr. Theodore Watt had not then elaborated the undulatory law of the sonnet, so Milton should not be blamed too severely for having lost his balance between his octaves and sestets. By blending them Mr. Mark Pattison asserts that Milton missed the true end of the Petrarchan sonnet; whilst Mr. Hall Caine contends that he invented a new form. Mr. T. Watt says a sensible thing when he remarks that Milton's sonnets are English in impetus, but Italian in structure. Mr. William Sharp infers that "Milton considered the English sonnet should be like a revolving sphere, every portion becoming continuously visible, with no break in the continuity of thought or expression anywhere apparent." Sir Henry Taylor epigrammatized the peculiarity as the absence of point in the evolution of the idea. Before Milton, the sonnet had been used chiefly to express love sentiments and describe nature; to utter feelings of friendship or chants for the departed; but "in his hand, the thing became a trumpet, whence he blew soul-animating strains—alas! too few!" Landor remembered this when he wrote:—"He caught the Sonnet from the dainty hand of Love, who cried to lose it; and he gave the notes to Glory."

Crabb Robinson states that Wordsworth used to speak of some fourteen lines in "Paradise Lost" which made a perfect sonnet in all but rhyme; but these lines have never been identified and even if they were they would serve only as an example of accidental composition. Milton's sonnets do not strike one immediately by any one characteristic except their personal expression; it is only on reading them again that they are lifted from the earth to the sky—from the individual to the abstract world of men. Mr. Lowell says, "He had that sublime persuasion of a divine mission which sometimes lifts his speech from personal to cosmopolitan significance." This is noticeably present in the sonnet "On His Blindness," which, though at first seeming only a lament and consolation for his own personal affliction, is really applicable to all who by any reason of misfortune are impatient with Providence.

SAREPTA.

VOLAPUK.

A LANGUAGE is a spacious shimmering sea,
The voyager upon its heaving breast
Sees sun and stars rise, shine, and sink to rest
And rise again from its infinity.
He who would know its hidden heart must be
A fearless seaman skilled in sail and oar,
With zeal unflagging—only such explore
Its far-off shores and boundless mystery.
But lo! a pond dug in a day and night,
Its sides composed of Babel's bricks with skill
Cemented close to make it notion-tight,
Yawns empty, waiting till kind sages fill
With wisdom, and the herds they labour for,
Gather to drink at this small reservoir.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE contract made between the city and the Grand Trunk Railway, by which we agreed to build half of the beautiful new station, stipulated that the platform should all be roofed in. The company has now proceeded far enough towards the fulfilment of this part of the contract as to invite criticism from the people. The plans of the company and the expectations of the public, although running in an identical direction, do not appear to have reached an identical conclusion. The roofs, as at present being constructed, are over the platforms only, and not over the trains. They are high and narrow, and are supported by a liberal supply of spacious wooden pillars which are pronounced to be obstructionists to the passenger traffic. The protection thus afforded to the platforms is somewhat capricious, and as we are waking up to the privilege and duty of grumbling, the company is being

hauled over the coals. Doubtless, however, this great and generous corporation will recognize and perform all that is expected of it. A very awkward feature of the new station, and one easily remedied, is the want of an approach from the western end of the city. Carriages and pedestrians are compelled to enter by a curious angle pointing eastward, and to retrace their wheels and steps. In winter when journeys are few, the distance is inappreciable. But in summer, when the daily travel on the suburban trains is simply enormous, a few minutes are worth counting. As the clock nears the five and six o'clock departures, many an anxious face comes hurrying from the west, with longing eyes to times gone by when a six-foot fence was no sooner seen than overcome.

The company has done much to improve the cab service at the station. A new "shelter" has been erected for the cabbies, a class in the community who hardly meet with the consideration they deserve. The shelter is not an enlarged pigeon box with just enough of temptation to enter to enable one to resist it. It is not only an escape from the elements outside, but a comfortable invitation to elements within, where Mr. Cabby may consult the time of day, wash his hands when he throws off the reins of government, read his daily paper, and, with filtered *aqua pura*, assuage the proverbial thirst of his craft. In order to suggest an exemption from the inexpressible habits which follow in the train of tobacco, the floor is laid with cocoa-matting.

The Montreal Café Company has formally inaugurated the first interpretation of its intentions. A large shop on Notre Dame Street has been converted into sumptuous refreshment chambers, where, with a capital of \$12,000 the company proposes to imitate the great café companies of England, to provide the maximum of quantity and quality in food for an inverse ratio of expenditure, to help on the tide of temperance principles and to yield a fair return in profit. The appointments are under the management of a former chief of St. James' Club, and the initial opening of the establishment enlisted the sympathy and the presence of a representative gathering of gentlemen.

Excavations for our new Young Men's Christian Association Building on Dominion Square are being prosecuted with vigour and expedition. Interesting revelations of our past history come to the surface now and then with the spade of the navvy. As he jokes with his neighbour in the trench and throws up his load, his face lengthens into a grim seriousness as he comes upon coffins fastened down with stones. The site is part of an ancient burying ground which was so marshy that interments had to be secured with stones laid on the top. The association is entering on its work for the winter. Evening classes of all kinds open this week.

The Young Women's Association made an important departure last winter which is to be continued with still greater aggression this season. Evening classes under the care of professional instructors are opened in millinery, dressmaking, shorthand, book-keeping, type-writing, French, German and elocution, and the response proves how timely the idea has been carried out. The association has long been in urgent need of a building in keeping with the importance of its labours, and no branch of its work will, sooner than these classes, secure universal sympathy and support in that direction.

Though under different auspices, another venture on the part of our energetic women announces itself with the autumn leaves. A house in Sherbrooke Street has been leased, and furnished with cookstoves, gas ranges and the latest improvements in kitchen utensils. Classes for cookery for ladies, children and domestics are projected. Ladies from England and Boston have been engaged, and we are to have no more indigestion.

Mr. Scott, our Montreal Art caterer, has returned from Europe with treasures for picture buyers, selected from examples of Dias, Daubigny and Troyen. He has been bold enough to exhibit, without the glamour of gilt frames, a worthy collection of our own John Hammond, fresh from his brush in Normandy.

The City-Council has decreed that our organ-grinders shall no longer be permitted to disturb the minds of our business men, even if it be with the comforting assurance that "Baoy is sleeping so cosy and fair," or that "Mother sits by in her old oaken chair." The gentlemen of the wandering lyre are forbidden to proclaim such family matters before nine in the morning and after eight at night, and their music is absolutely prohibited within certain limits. Of course, this does not mean that our Montreal babies must not be disturbed in their soft slumbering or their mothers in their "angels' visits" of rest. It means that our Montreal fathers and husbands must not be reminded about either.

A man, Adams, who took up his abode in the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary three years ago, has outwitted the officials and escaped from the remaining five years of his punishment. The convict had worked outside with a gang of fellow-prisoners. When the men were counted over in bed at night all was reported right, but the roll call in the morning found one short. An enquiry revealed the fact that Adams had caused a man of straw to be laid in his bed. The counterfeit deceived the guard, and Adams got the advantage of a night's start.

There is some doubt of the Philharmonic Society re-assembling for this winter. The expense and labour are very heavy, and the burden falls on the shoulders of a few. Perhaps the few have had the last straw. But the Mendelssohn Choir is about to commence its practice for the season. The programme contains part songs from Men-

delssohn, Max Bruch, Rheinberger, Rubinstein, Brahms, Saint-Saens, Lassen, etc., and three cantatas, Goring Thomas' "Sun Worshippers," Jensen's "Feast of Adonis," and Hamish MacCunn's "Lord Ullin's Daughter." These are new pieces for the choir, but the undying enthusiasm and artistic constituents which have held it together for quarter of a century, and which have given it the unapproachable eminence it enjoys, need not quail at entering upon fresh fields. All our minor musical societies are re-organizing, and our musicians are expecting a busy and successful winter.

After a week of unprecedented rain, the ships in the harbour are spreading out their canvas to dry in the October air.

VILLE MARIE.

FUNERALS IN INDIA: CHRISTIAN, HINDOO, MAHOMMEDAN, PARSEE.

A CEMETERY is the last place one must go to. When I arrived in Bombay, however, it was the first place I visited, for reasons I need not stop to state. A drive of about half-an-hour brought me to the picturesque cemetery of Sewree, situated on undulating ground a few miles from the city. At first sight it discovers no features different from those of English burial-grounds. There are the same kinds of chapels wherein the service is read; and the same array of tombstones resting beneath over-hanging trees, or amid the foliage of evergreen shrubs. The practised eye, however, soon detects a difference in the verdure that gently waves over the houses of the dead. The graceful and tall Palmyra palm, and the *palma gracilis*, stand like silent sentinels amid less imposing companions; while a peculiar kind of banyan cannot fail to arrest attention, with its branchlets, like ropes, entwining themselves amongst the parent boughs, sometimes actually tying themselves into knots, at others having the appearance of snakes asleep under the shade of perennial verdure. Occasionally, too, the scales of the rock-snake may be actually seen as the reptile glides amid the dark grass that covers the ground.

As a rule a cemetery, all things considered, is a cheerful place. I do not believe in those who "call up spirits" whenever they see marble tomb-stones. I pin my faith to the inscriptions and the epitaphs. When I see tablet after tablet recording the virtues of "aged 65" or "75" or "80" or "90" I grow cheerful and like the healthy record of the place, thinking, perhaps, too lightly of the "sceptre which is not nigh," and the end that I am thus reminded is "far off." The cemetery at Sewree, however, is anything but cheering. There is not even a quaint epitaph to raise a smile, and hardly a tribute that calls for remark. "Aged 23" or "25" or "26" or "31" is the distinctive feature that makes one feel uncomfortable. It is a gloomy reflection that most of those who lie at Sewree have succumbed to a climate in which Death revels with the young, the fair and the beautiful.

A European funeral in India is by no means so impressive a ceremony as in England. There is so much hurry-scurry about the affair. This is rendered necessary by climatical reasons. Burial always takes place a few hours after death. I have breakfasted with a person in full health and vigour in the morning and have attended his funeral in the evening. I do not wish it to be supposed from this that Bombay is a peculiarly unhealthy place, but most of the deaths that do occur are remarkably sudden, and the funerals, following immediately afterwards, have to be conducted with great rapidity. There is, consequently, a lack of finish about them, which renders them less solemn than the funerals at home. The mourners hurry to the spot from all quarters, in every sort of vehicle. A great deal of the habiliments of mourning are improvised, and not unfrequently some important matter or other has been overlooked. I remember on one occasion that the grave was not wide enough, and during the solemn reading of the service for the dead, the undertaker stamped the coffin into its resting place with the heel of his boot.

On leaving Sewree we drove back to Bombay, and proceeded to Queen's Road; a fashionable drive, which in one portion passes between the graceful sweep of Black Bay and three places, contiguous to each other, all devoted to the disposal of the dead, viz., the Hindoo Cremation Ground, the Mussulman Cemetery, and an old disused European Cemetery. A little further on, too, are the "Towers of Silence" where the Parsee dead are "exposed." The Hindoo Cremation Ground is merely a large open space surrounded by a high wall. As one drives along the road to the fashionable quarter of the district, the smoke from the funeral pyres is seen floating in soft wreaths above the walls, and a faint odour is perceptible, but there is nothing obnoxious or repulsive in either. A Hindoo funeral and the method of cremation are peculiar; and I would observe here that there is very little difficulty in witnessing these as well as other Oriental customs, by those who really wish to do so. Englishmen in India, however, as a rule, assume the arrogance of "proud conquerors" and regarding the natives as inferior and subject races, imagine they have "rights" to do what they like, and the idea of respecting the feelings of the people or their customs is something to which they cannot bend. For my own part, by simply taking off my shoes, I have attended service in the Mussulman mosques, and by treating the natives as my equals I have been invited to weddings, funerals, and pic-nics; and have visited the homes of both Hindoos and Mahomedans, associating with their families, and have conversed with the females of the household without the intervention of the purdah (curtain or screen.)

To proceed with my account of a Hindoo funeral. The first peculiarity that arrested my attention was that no hired undertaker was employed. The relatives and friends do all the work themselves. When a Hindoo dies, information is at once sent to the friends and relatives of the deceased. These assemble forthwith, and some of them go to the Bazaar to buy the articles necessary for the ceremony. They procure two strong bamboos for the bier, some split chips of bamboo, some coin, about half a piece of white shirting, one earthen-pot, some copper pots, some pieces of sandal-wood, some clarified butter, rice, and, if the weather be wet, some rosin and oil, to replenish the flames. When the men return from the Bazaar, they make a bier, over which some *tulsi* leaves, and sacred grass called *durbhas*, are spread. The ceremony ought to be performed by the son of the deceased. Indeed so essential is it for the peace of the departed soul that the son should perform these ceremonies that in the case where a man has not a son, one is adopted for the purpose. If, however, the son be not within call at the time of his father's death, the necessary formalities may be performed by the father of the deceased, or by his brother, or by any other male member of the family. He who has to perform the ceremony must first bathe, then shave off his moustache, and bathe again. All the while *muntras* (or sacred hymns) from the Vedas are recited by the officiating priest. In fact, every part of the ceremony is attended with the recital of *muntras*. Sacred fire is kindled in the earthen-pot, after which the body is taken out of the house by the friends and near relations; it is well washed, a piece of cloth is passed round the waist, and the body is then stretched upon the bier and covered by a cloth, but the face is left exposed. The bier is then borne away by the friends, and the chief mourner (the son), who is to light the funeral pile, walks before the procession with the earthen pot in his hands. All the mourners must be bare-headed. It is a daily occurrence in India to meet such a procession following a bier on which rests a body with the face exposed, vividly recalling the scene at Nain when One "came nigh and touched the bier; and the bearers stood still. And He said, 'Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!' And he that was dead sat up and began to speak."

When the procession arrives at the burying place, the bier is placed on the ground, and the mourners erect a pile. This is done in the following manner: Four holes are dug, and strong posts about five feet high are fixed in them. Between the posts the piles are erected, so that it should not give way while burning. When half the pile is finished, the body is removed from the bier and placed over the pile. *Muntras* are repeated when the holes are dug, and when the fuel is first piled. After placing the body on the pile, some of the relations and friends of the deceased dispose sandal-wood pieces over the body. *Muntras* and prayers are repeated, and the remaining fuel is heaped over the body to complete the pile. Then the chief mourner walks round the pile three times and sets fire to it. In about fifteen minutes it is a huge flame, and in less than three hours the entire body is reduced to ashes. Then the fire is quenched, all the mourners being required to drop some water on the spot in the name of the deceased; after which the whole procession repair to the sea, or to one of the many tanks that are everywhere in India and bathe. Thence they proceed to the residence of the deceased, see the lamp that was lighted on the spot where the dead body was kept, and then depart for their respective dwellings. Before returning from the burning-ground alms are distributed to the poor according to the means of the family.

The Mussulman cemetery in Bombay, I have said, adjoins the Hindoo cremation ground. There is little difference in its appearance to an ordinary English cemetery, except that the graves are almost all in the shape of a mound, that is, are not flat, and the heads of them all point to the north. The funeral obsequies of Mahomedans, however, are very peculiar. When death is approaching "a learned reader of the Koran is sent for, and requested to recite with a loud voice the *Sura-e-Ya Sin*,* in order that the spirit of the man, by the hearing of its sound, may experience an easy concentration or death;" for the Mussulman holds that "the living principles of the whole system are concentrated and shut up in the head, when death is the consequence" (*Qanoon-e-Islam*). It is said that when the spirit was commanded to enter the body of Adam, the soul, having looked into it once, observed: "This is a bad and dark place and unworthy of me." Then God illuminated the body with "lamps of light," and commanded the spirit to enter. It looked in a second time, beheld the light, and saw the whole dwelling; but said, "There is no pleasant sound here for me to listen to." It is believed by the Mussulmans that it was owing to this circumstance that the Almighty created music, on hearing which the soul became so delighted that it entered the body. It is also believed that the sound that pleased the soul resembled that produced by reciting the *Sura-e-Ya Sin*; and this chapter is therefore read at the hour of death for the purpose of tranquillizing the soul. (Reverent thought, that reciting the holy promise of resurrection is so soothing!) Other passages are also read by those around the bed, after which sherbet, made of sugar, etc., is poured down the dying one's throat to facilitate the exit of the vital spark. The moment the spirit has fled, the mouth is closed; the two great toes are brought into contact and fastened together with a thin slip of cloth, and

ood (incense) is burnt near the corpse. The burial takes place as soon after death as possible—generally within a few hours. There are professional male and female "washers," whose duty it is to wash and shroud the corpse. The washers dig a hole in the earth to receive the water and to prevent its spreading over a large surface, as it is considered unlucky to tread on such water. The washing is performed with great ceremony, and every time water is thrown on the body the washers say: "I bear witness that there is no God save God, who is the One and Who has no co-equal; and I bear witness that Mahommed is His servant, and is sent from Him." The body is then shrouded with much ceremony. Should the relict of the deceased be present, they get her to remit in the presence of witnesses the dowry he had settled upon her, unless that has been done while he was alive. When his mother is present she says: "The milk with which I suckled thee I freely bestow upon thee." This is done because a person who has sucked a woman's milk is considered to be under great obligations to her, as, without it, he could not have lived; that debt she now remits. Wreaths of flowers are then placed on the body, which is carried to the grave on a bier, or, in the case of those who can afford it, in a box or coffin. It is considered highly meritorious to follow a bier and on foot. There are then recited four creeds and the blessing, and one or two persons (relatives or others) get into the grave and lay the body on its back, with its head to the north, and the face turned towards Mecca. The depth of a grave for a woman is only to the height of her waist, and for a man to his chest. The grave is made about 4½ cubits (i. e. 6½ feet) long, and if the body turns out to be longer, that is considered a proof that the deceased was a great sinner. Each of the persons attending the funeral takes up a little earth and throwing it into the grave whispers: "We created you of earth and we return you to the earth, and we shall raise you out of the earth on the day of resurrection." Steps are then taken to prevent the body from being crushed by the earth which fills up the grave; a mound is made in the shape of a cow's tail or the back of a fish, and water is sprinkled on it in three longitudinal lines. After the burial *fateeha* are offered in the name of all the dead in the cemetery. It is believed that while this is being done two angels examine the dead, making him sit up while they enquire of him as to his life and religion. If he has been a good man he replies to their queries; if not, he is mute; and in the latter case the angels torment and harass him with an instrument of torture call the *gurse*, similar to that with which fakirs beat and stab themselves. After a funeral, wheat, rice, salt and money are distributed to the poor. The cloth that was spread on the bier becomes the grave-digger's perquisite. He, however, spreads it on the grave on every *ziyarat* day (or day of visiting the tomb to pray) until the fortieth, after which he keeps it to himself.

Contiguous to the Mussulman burial ground is the old European cemetery, now no longer used. Here rest, by the "verge of the salt sea flood" many who bore well-known names, "sages who wrote and warriors who bled." The old primitive wall has been removed and an elegant iron fencing substituted. The tombs are, for the most part, in a state of decay. And the action of nature has been accelerated by native thieves, who steal portions of the grave-stones for the purpose of using them to crush the ingredients before mixing in their curry.

Continuing along the Queen's Road (above mentioned) we approached the pleasantest part of Bombay Island, viz., Malabar Hill. This rocky promontory was formerly the resort of tigers, etc., but it is now dotted over by the bungalows of the leading inhabitants of the city, and is indeed the fashionable quarter. It is on the eastern spur of this hill that are situated the "Towers of Silence," where are disposed the dead of the Parsees, the descendants of the Medes and Persians, otherwise known as "Fire Worshipers." A rocky eminence is generally selected for the Towers of Silence, because the Zend Avesta enjoins that the dead must be carried to "the most waterless and treeless part of the earth; the purest and the driest; where the cattle and beasts of burden least walk along the ways." Over the entrance gate to the enclosure on Malabar Hill is an inscription to the effect that none but Parsees may enter there. This prohibition was rendered necessary by the unseemly and inconsiderate conduct of those who used formerly to be admitted within the enclosure. The gateway is reached by a sort of giant staircase, half-a-mile long, and is striking and picturesque. It is overhung and shaded by palms and other trees, notwithstanding the injunction just quoted. By the kindness of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy (the Chief Justice of the place), I was permitted to disregard the notice at the entrance, as one of the travelling companions of the Prince of Wales on his Eastern tour. On passing the portals I found myself in a kind of small courtyard, from which I could only advance by mounting some half-dozen steps. On the right is the Suggree, a low stone building open on all sides, in which prayers are

offered for the dead. The object of having the courtyard lower than the level on which the Suggree is built is to prevent the ceremonies from being profaned by unbelieving eyes. When the mourners are numerous they group themselves around the building and as it is open they can of course see all that goes on within, and take part in the prayers. The dead, it should be mentioned, are never taken into the Suggree. Passing this building we enter a garden ablaze with flowers, amongst which roses—always a favourite flower in the East—are remarkably conspicuous. Along the walks are garden seats of elegant design, as in some European countries. Here the relatives of the deceased rest after the toilsome ascent of the basalt staircase, and on subsequent occasions, they come hither to pray. Beyond the garden, on the undulating summit of the hill is a park-like, grass-covered tract in which at irregular intervals, are the Towers of Silence where the dead are laid. The Towers, of which there are six, are round, and are about thirty to forty feet high, and the same in diameter. They are solidly built of stone, the walls being upwards of three feet thick; and they are all coloured white (the Parsee colour for mourning). There is no window, and only one door to each of them, which covers a small aperture about a third of the way up. To this aperture access is obtained by a narrow stone causeway, up which the bier-bearers alone with the dead may venture. So sacred are the Towers, that no one except the bearers, who are set apart for the purpose, may approach within thirty paces of them, though why I cannot say, as the Zend Avesta says that the "place for the men who carry the dead must be thirty paces from the fire, thirty paces from the water, thirty paces from the *beréema* (i. e., a bundle of twigs) which is bound together, three paces from the pure man." Inside on the rock pavement spaces are marked out on which the dead are placed to await the vultures, and pathways are marked out for the bearers to walk upon without defiling the place where their unconscionable burdens are to rest.

The Parsees, as the Mussulmans, begin the preparations for the funeral before the death of the dying person. As soon as the physician declares that the case is hopeless, the invalid is washed and clothed in fresh clothes. The attendant priests recite consoling texts from the Zend Avesta, though often enough the dying man does not understand the language in which they are spoken, for the Parsees pray (aloud) and worship in the Zend language. The priests also pray on these occasions as follows: "May the Almighty pardon you for anything that you may have done against His will, His commandments, and the dictates of the true religion of Zoroaster. May the merciful Lord give you a good and happy abode in the world to which you are about to enter, and may He have mercy upon you!" If the person be in possession of his senses he joins in these devotions; if not his son or nearest relative bends over him, repeating the words in his ears; though sometimes this is done by one of the priests. Immediately after death the body is placed on an oblong piece of stone, which is laid on the floor of the house. The washing, the clothing and the prayers are supposed to have purified the body. Henceforth no one must touch it. It is pure and so it must remain. The female members and relations of the family sit in the same room with the body, watching; the men sitting on benches at the door of the house or in the verandah. If death take place during the day the body is carried to the Towers of Silence before sunset; otherwise it is kept until the following morning and then taken there. On arrival the *nassesalars*, or bier-bearers, place the body on an iron bier and two priests stand facing the corpse while they recite a part of the *Izeshne*, a sort of funeral sermon full of solemn warnings, instruction and advice, very similar to what a Christian minister might preach on such an occasion. This recital lasts about an hour, after which the body is covered with a white shroud and is carried to the Towers on the Hill. No vehicle can on any account be used; no one must even follow in a vehicle; the whole journey, no matter what the distance, must be made on foot. All who form part of the cortège must have been washed and purified and clothed in white, and to touch anyone would be to become defiled. The women in some cases wear black, the men never. No woman ever attends a funeral; the female relatives of the deceased always remain at home on that day, but they may and do go afterwards to the gardens near the Towers to pray. Following the bier-bearers in procession, holding scarves passed from one to the other, those forming the cortège wend their way slowly to the basalt staircase already mentioned. Laboriously ascending these, they reach the crest in a quarter of an hour, and the priests go through the sacred ceremonies in the Suggree. These ceremonies are chiefly prayers and praises, e. g., "Of all my sins I repent with *Talet*.* Praise to you: the souls of the deceased praise we, which are the *Fravashis* of the pure, namely to the best in purity. To him belongs riches, brightness, to him health of body; victoriousness of body; to him gifts of fortune of much brightness; to him heavenly posterity, to him long life; to him the best place of the pure, the shining wholly brilliant. A thousand healing remedies, ten thousand healing remedies, wish I. For the reward of good deeds, for the forgiveness of sins, do I purify from love to the soul," and so on. When the prayers are over, and those who have come the long and weary journey are rested, the body is borne to the foot of the causeway leading to the door of one of the Towers. Here the face is uncovered that all may take a last lingering look, and the whole assembly bow to it, a mark of reverence that is also

* It is highly meritorious to accompany a bier, and that on foot, following behind it; for this reason, that there are five (a) *furze* *Kufacea* incumbent on Mussulmans to observe. 1st, To return a salutation; 2nd, To visit the sick and enquire after their welfare; 3rd, To follow a bier, on foot, to the grave; 4th, To accept of an invitation; 5th, To reply to a sneeze, e. g., if a person sneeze and say instantly after, *Allhamdulillah* (God be praised), the answer must be *Yur-humauk-Allah* (God have mercy upon us.) *Qanoon-e-Islam*, chap. xxxviii.

(a) A *furze* *Kufacea* is any custom complied with in obedience to the Koran.

† A *fateeha* is not only the first chapter of the Koran, but is a prayer specially recited for the recovery of a sick person or for a safe voyage.

*That is a chapter in the Koran entitled *Ya Sin* (i. e. Y. S.) The meaning of the initials is unknown; they are supposed to have a mystical import, and to have been of divine origin. The chapter itself treats of the Resurrection.

* The *Talet* are formularies of confession.

shown by a Parsee whenever he meets a body being carried to the Towers. The face is covered again, and is carried by the bearers into the Tower.

The large and park-like space on which the six Towers stand is enclosed by a high wall, outside of which are hundreds of acres belonging to the Parsees, and which they keep as a sort of neutral territory between the sacred Towers and the world at large. What goes on inside therefore no one can see; but what happens is this. About fifty vultures make their abode in the lofty palms within the enclosure, and when the body is deposited within the Towers, they swoop down upon it, and do not rise again until all the flesh has disappeared. In a few hours nothing of the body remains except the bones. Many stories were at one time current that fragments of human bodies, pieces of flesh were taken up by the vultures, carried by them outside the park, and the surrounding neutral belt, and then dropt on the roads, and in the gardens of the neighbouring houses. One lady complained that an eye had been so dropped into her cup as she was sipping tea on an open verandah. Those who retail stories, and those who believe them, are ignorant of the habits of these jackals of the air. The vulture never leaves its prey until it is gorged. On the American Pampas, when they alight upon their quarry, they are so loth to quit the spot that they eventually become unable to fly from it on the approach of horsemen, who find no difficulty in knocking them over with their whips. Within the Towers they are secluded from all disturbance, and those who have watched for the purpose have never seen them come to the top with any substance whatever. It is only when all is over that they come to the summit of the Towers, where they remain for hours without moving. Then they take their heavy flight to the palms around, beyond which they seldom, if ever, travel. There is nothing of a sacred character ascribed to these obscene but useful birds. They are regarded simply as a means of preventing decomposition, and in accomplishing that task they perfectly succeed. The consequence is that the grounds about the Towers have nothing of the hideous taint of the charnel house. There is nothing obnoxious to health; there is not the faintest odour of death to mingle with the perfume of the roses blooming around. When the body is denuded of flesh, the bones fall through an iron grating into a pit, whence they are afterwards removed by a subterranean entrance, taken away and cast into the sea.

After the body has been deposited in the Towers as above described, the bier-bearers return from the Towers, the priests and the mourners wash their hands and faces, and jointly pray to the Almighty to have mercy on the departed spirit; all then return to their respective homes. The friends, neighbours and acquaintances of the deceased visit his relatives every morning and evening for three days to offer consolation to them. "On the fourth day a solemn feast takes place, and the relatives go to the Fire Temple, and once more offer prayers for the deceased. The women remain in mourning three, ten, or thirty days as they may find convenient."

From the above it will be seen that the Parsee believes that his soul goes to heaven or elsewhere, according as he has spent a holy or wicked life. Indeed the word "Paradise" comes from the Zend Avesta. A *para dhika*, that is "enclosed park," was in ancient times necessary for the safety of every family or group on the Persian plains, and fearful denunciations were levelled by Zoroaster at whoever moved the paling or fence. *Para* survives in our word "park," and *dhika* in "thick"; that is, something that encircles or smears round.

WILLIAM TRANT.

WILKIE COLLINS.

THE death of Wilkie Collins robs the admirers of interesting books of a strong creator of fiction. He belonged to the school of Charles Dickens rather than to that of Thackeray. He was a happy mean between the two, though in directness of telling a story he was superior to either. He never digressed as Thackeray often did. He never preached as Dickens frequently did. But he told his story in a continuous way, and he never made his reader halt between chapters. A few of his novels stand out far above his average work. He never quite equalled "The Woman in White," though he wrote many entertaining books fully as weird. His stories were always full of movement, and despite the fact that character-drawing was not Collins' forte in the light that character drawing is the forte of George Meredith or Charles Reade, he contrived to create at least half a dozen personages who will survive the century. He depended on action and a plot, and action and a plot will be found in every tale that has fallen from his prolific pen. He had, moreover, a style of his own—a singularly direct and fascinating style—and his books have given pleasure to many thousands of men and women. Nothing immoral ever came from the mind of Wilkie Collins, the son of William Collins, an artist who painted nothing base, and the namesake of a great painter in pigments, who gave us only beauties and nothing gross.

The writer of these lines ten or eleven years ago, while editing the *Canadian Monthly*, enjoyed the personal friendship of Wilkie Collins. In his letters to his editor he always had something interesting to say about the book immediately under his hand. From a mass of correspondence this letter is selected. It refers to the story of "The Fallen Leaves," published in 1879. It has never been published before, and as it throws light on one of Mr. Collins' favourite characters, we print it here entire:—

LONDON, Thursday, March 13th, 1879.

MY DEAR STEWART,—A line to thank you for the *Canadian Monthly*—which reaches me regularly—and to say that I enclose three more revises of "The Fallen Leaves," in advance of the publication here on the 2nd, 9th and 16th April next.

On February 13th, I wrote to answer your letter—sending revise to the end of March, and asking for a line in reply to assure me that the business part of my communication was clearly understood between us.

You will find that the 16th weekly part introduces a new character, belonging to a class which some of my brethren are afraid to touch with the tips of their pens. She is, nevertheless, the chief character in the story—and will probably lead me into another novel in continuation of "The Fallen Leaves." You will see (especially when you receive the revise of part 17, for April 23rd) that the character is so handled as to give no offence to any sensible person, and that every line is of importance to the coming development of the girl, placed amid new surroundings. But perhaps some of the "nice people with nasty ideas" on your side of the ocean may raise objection. In this case, you are entirely at liberty to state as publicly as you please (if you think it necessary) that my arrangement with you stipulates for the absolute literal reprinting of "The Fallen Leaves" from my revises, and that the gentle reader will have the story exactly as I have written it, or will not have the latter portions of the story at all. I don't anticipate any serious objections. On the contrary, I believe "Simple Sally" will be the most lovable personage in the story. But we have (as Mr. Carlyle reckons it) thirty millions of fools in Great Britain and Ireland—and (who knows?) some of them may have emigrated.

I intended to write a short letter. "Hell is paved —," you know the rest.

Yours very truly,

WILKIE COLLINS.

George Stewart, Jr., Esq.

—Quebec Chronicle.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN'S POEMS.

WHEN April moved in maiden guise
Hiding her sweet inviolate eyes,
You saw about the hazel shoots,
Beyond the ruddy osier roots,
The violets rise.

At even, in the lower woods,
Amid the cedarn solitudes,
You heard afar amid the hush
The argent utterance of the thrush
In slower interludes.

When bees above in arboured rooms
Were busy in the basswood blooms,
You drowsed within the sombre drone,
Dreaming, and deemed yourself alone,
Harboured in glooms.

The singing of the sentient bees
Brought wisdom for perplexities,
They taught you all the murmured lore
Of seas around an ancient shore,
Of streams and trees.

You saw the web of life unrolled,
Fold and inweave, weave and unfold,
Crimson and azure strand on strand,
From some great gulf in vision-land,
Deep and untold.

And as the soft clouds opal-gray
Against the confines of the day
Seem lighter for the depth of skies,
So, lighter for your saddened eyes,
Your fair thoughts stray.

I pluck a bunch before the spring,
Of field-flowers reflowering,
Upon a fell that fancy weaves,
A memory lingers in their leaves
Of songs you sing.

You must have rested here sometime,
When thought was high and words in chime,
Your seed-thoughts left for sun and showers
Have blossomed into pleasant flowers,
Instead of rhyme.

And so I bring them back to you,
These pensile buds of tender hue,
Of crimson, pink and purple sheen,
Of yellow deep, and delicate green,
Of white and blue.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

THE DECLINE OF THE "NOM DE PLUME."

THE *nom de plume* has steadily declined in favour among magazine writers and essayists during the past ten years, especially in America. There is much to be said in favour of it, and there is perhaps more to said against it. Be its intrinsic value what it may, however, it is clear that something is working in modern

breasts which renders concealment unnecessary and prevarication undignified. Here and there a name, slightly out of ordinary run, like that of Charles Egbert Craddock, deludes the unthinking public; but the average showing of signed poems and papers of to-day results in a majority of real names. The desire for notoriety has, one fears, much to do with this modern habit. Life is not long enough, say the scribblers, to permit of two reputations working themselves out side by side. Besides, it is so frequently suggested that the use of a *nom de plume* tends to the impression that the writer is somehow ashamed of his work—or of himself. Whatever the reason, the first is certain. In England, many of the most charming papers, poems and editorials are unsigned, either by *nom de plume* or actual name of the writer. The same course prevails among Europeans, though the French are fond of seeing their names in print. But in examining our own periodicals published in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities of the Union, we are met with dozens upon dozens of names, actual and properly church-and-godfather-given there can be little doubt. And one very curious fact survives this examination, and this is, the partiality of Americans for three-barrelled names! In this respect our native writers are certainly original. It is quite uncommon to meet with the three-barrelled name in England or her colonies. The great English lights of literature were two-barrelled; either from modesty, preference, or simply because they did not possess a middle name. But on this side the Atlantic two, it would seem, are not sufficient.

Here are some English names culled at random:—

Geoffrey Chaucer,	Alfred Tennyson,
Philip Sidney,	Bulwer Lytton,
Walter Raleigh,	Clark Russell,
Francis Bacon,	Rider Haggard,
William Shakespeare,	Charlotte Brontë,
Charles Dickens,	Etc., etc.

Here are some American ones taken the same way:—

Ralph Waldo Emerson,	Eliz. Stuart Phelps,
Edmund Clarence Stedman,	Eliza Allen Starr,
Mary Hallock Foote,	Harriet Prescott Spofford,
Mary Mapes Dodge,	James Russell Lowell,
John Vance Cheney,	Frank Dempster Sherman,
Horatio Nelson Powers,	Etc., etc.

Are these examples enough, or do we require the title-page of the September *Atlantic Monthly* to point the moral, as follows:—

Stuart F. Weld,	Eben Greenough Scott,
Harry P. Robinson,	Sara Orne Jewett,
Margaret J. Preston,	Charles Worcester Clark,
Frank Gaylord Cook,	W. R. Thayer,
Edwin Lassetter Bynner,	Julie M. Lippmann.

Certainly, it is conceded that against this long, yet only very superficial, array of triple names, we have the shorter ones of

Maurice Thompson,	Susan Coolidge,
Edgar Fawcett,	Nathaniel Hawthorne,
	Marian Harland.

Still, when we are taking the literary census, as it were, these triple-barrelled names do so persistently recur that we are sure they far outnumber the others. For here] come

Rose Terry Cooke,	George Parsons Lathrop,
Mary Riley Smith,	H. H. Boyesen,
Louise Imogen Guiney,	Henry Cabot Lodge.
Louise Chandler Moulton,	Charles Wells Moulton,

and hosts of lesser lights. Take down any number of the *Century*, *Scribner's* or the *Atlantic* for the last five years and you will notice the growth of the Three-Barrelled name from the initial, middle and last names. At one time this last arrangement was very popular, but from it has evolved the still more general custom alluded to. Whether it is more convenient, or dignified, or impressive, is not made known. But judging from the results, editors and publishers, if not reviewers—who are altogether the hardest to impress of the three—seem to be well disposed towards the bearers of these compound and elaborate names.

In the long run, nevertheless, it is the *one* name a name has got to live by. We never say, "Do you admire George Gordon, Lord Byron?" but "Do you like *Byron*?" Similarly, we speak in loving and reverent terms of Hawthorne, of Thackeray, of Holmes, of Whittier, of Tennyson, of Macaulay. The plurality of names does very well for the present, and it probably falls in with many characteristics of the age, but when genius arrives and a *real* name is made, one is enough.

Au reste, there will always be some lovers of the *nom de plume*. The trembling youth who posted his modest packet of sketches, signed "Boz," was actuated by feelings neither culpable in themselves nor in keeping with this generation when he refrained from putting his own name at the bottom of the thickly-covered sheets. There be, truly, sadder things under the sun than diffidence, self-distrust, patience and confidence in Time—the sure friend of genius. In the meantime more ordinary mortals have to work hard to get recognition, money and *Kudos* while they are alive—the proper season, after all, in which to enjoy them. In face of practical issues and the need of identifying oneself with one's work, the *nom de plume* is bound to go, and the Three-Barrelled name to stay.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association met on Wednesday at Newcastle-on-Tyne, under the presidency of Professor W. H. Flower, the chief of the Natural History Museum in London. It is, as the President reminds us at the opening of his address, twenty-six years since the Association met in this town, when its President, now Lord Armstrong, was a man whose fame had even then spread from Newcastle all over the world. It need hardly be pointed out that Newcastle is a singularly appropriate centre for scientific men to meet in, since it is the northern capital of the great chemical industries, while the Armstrong Works at Elswick are in themselves a marvellous instance of applied science, and the geological features of the neighbourhood are peculiarly interesting. Indeed, Newcastle may be said more than any other of our great towns to live and thrive by the applications of modern science. There is a certain appropriateness, too, in the choice of a President, since Newcastle possesses probably the best natural history museum that is to be found in this country outside London. Perhaps it was this fact which determined Professor Flower to devote the main part of his address to the subject about which he speaks with most authority, the practical organization of museums. It was a choice which may be thoroughly commended, for there is no subject in connection with the organization of study that is at this moment of more pressing importance, or upon which the words of a sagacious expert are more valuable. We shall be doing no wrong to Professor Flower if we remark that this purely practical portion of his address is by far the best portion. He is not endowed, like some of his scientific contemporaries in England, and still more in France, with the graces of style or with the power of putting the generalizations of science in a new and taking form; indeed, it may be said that the opening and the conclusion of his address are of a somewhat elementary character, and that many of the generalizations are of a kind which one need hardly go all the way to Newcastle to hear. But when he comes to the practical work in which he has latterly so much distinguished himself, to the exposition of the principles upon which collections of natural history objects ought to be made so as to bring them most readily under the eyes of the visitor or within the scope of the investigator, the address is admirable and important.

Touching first upon the early history of museums, and remarking upon the singularly late date in the history of the human mind at which such collections began to be organized at all, Professor Flower goes on to sketch the development of natural history museums in our own country, from the time when the two Tradescants formed their curious collections (1656), and the Royal Society its infant museum (1681), down to the foundation of the British Museum and the highly important moment when the natural history collections belonging to it were taken away and housed in a palace of their own in South Kensington. From this he passes to the principles upon which such collections ought to be organized. He points out the hindrances and difficulties that are placed in the way of scientific investigation by reason of the imperfect classifications which one age permits itself, and which another age does not always logically revise. He remarks that one of the most serious obstacles that can arise in this way arises from the creation of vested interests. "Professorships and curatorships of this or that division of science are founded and endowed," and when the scientific world has decided that the old distinctions must be amended, the holders of those posts naturally obstruct because their interests would be invaded by such revision. Thus there are all over Europe places where zoology and comparative anatomy are still taught by different professors, and where the one will in his collection have the care of an animal's skin and the other the same animal's skeleton and teeth. These fundamental matters, however, are not the subject to which the President mainly addresses himself, but he rather turns his attention to questions of detail, as to which his own long experience and distinguished performance have given him an unrivalled right to speak. Assuming that a town has founded its museum with a definite object in view, and that means are forthcoming to keep it up in a proper way, the common idea is that when the cases have been put up and filled—no matter how—the thing is done. "The truth is," says the President, "the work has only then begun. What a museum really depends upon for its success and usefulness is not its building, not its cases, not even its specimens, but its curator. He and his staff are the life and soul of the institution, upon whom its whole value depends; and yet in many—I may say most—of our museums they are the last to be thought of."

In these days, when much praiseworthy effort and much money are expended on founding museums, it is well that the world should be reminded by a high authority that unless a museum is well organized and well managed it is really apt to do more harm than good. People suppose that if they send valuable objects, say the skins of rare birds, to a museum they are certain to be kept safely and to be properly utilized. Professor Flower points out that their fate is often far otherwise. "Dirty, neglected, without label, their identity lost, they are often finally devoured by insects or cleared away to make room on the crowded shelves for the new donation of some fresh patron of the institution. It would be far better that such museums should never be founded. They are traps into which precious—sometimes priceless—objects fall only to be destroyed; and, what is still worse, they bring

discredit on all similar institutions." To avoid this danger the founder of a museum must, in the first place, consider which of two objects they have in view. Museums are divided by Professor Flower into those of research and those of instruction—those which are intended for advanced students, and those which are intended for the instruction and the enlightened amusement of the many; that is, of all who take an interest, more or less serious, in the progress of some branch of science, and who wish to possess some elementary though clear knowledge of the facts of the world around them. We need not here go in detail through the deductions which the President draws from this fundamental principle. Enough to say that he lays down what may almost be called a body of rules for the establishment of either kind of collection, and that it will not be his fault if in future the founders of museums, whether individuals or corporate bodies, fall again into that mistake and initial confusion to which the Professor attributes the failure of the majority of museums.

We are glad to observe that Professor Fowler strongly sets his face against certain tendencies common in the minds of ill-informed members of Parliament and others with regard to the proper arrangement of both kinds of museums. For example, nothing is more usual among those who live by clap-trap than to demand that a very much larger number of the specimens belonging to our national museums should be displayed in cases in the public galleries. The British taxpayer, it is urged, finds the funds for keeping up the museum, and he, consequently has a right to see all that it contains whenever it may please him to go and look. The answer is, that his right is strictly limited by the interests of the museum itself, viewed as the permanent home of these rare specimens; or, to put the matter in another form, by the rights of the community, which is entitled to have its museum kept for it in the best way. To take one objection alone out of many, the action of light is as injurious to many preserved natural objects as it is to water-colour drawings, and if the museum is intended to be permanently useful, the one should be as carefully shielded from long exposure to light as the other. Professor Fowler puts the matter in a nutshell when he says collections of this kind—of the kind useful for research—must be "treated as books in a library, and be used only for consultation and reference by those who are able to read and appreciate their contents." With regard to the second class of museums (and it must, of course, be remembered that large museums may very well have separate departments serving both ends) the President lays down a number of principles out of which we need do no more than extract some of the most striking. A museum of this kind ought never to be crowded, and, as the President says, a crowded gallery condemns the curator. Again, each object must be properly and fully labelled; indeed, it would be well for all curators of museums to bear in mind the definition of a well-arranged educational museum, quoted by the President, as "a collection of instructive labels illustrated by well-selected specimens." A third point is Professor Fowler's protest against the singularly imperfect form in which most of the specimens in zoological or ornithological museums are presented, owing to the low level at which, speaking generally, the art of taxidermy remains. The museum at Newcastle is, among provincial museums, the exception which ought to prove the rule, for, as is well known to all ornithologists, its curator, Mr. Hancock, is not only a naturalist, but an artist in bird-stuffing. It ought, however, to be mentioned, though the fact is not to our honour as a nation, that while in England good bird-stuffing is rare and very dear, in some Continental cities, and notably in Zurich, there are to be found taxidermists who for very moderate prices will stuff groups of birds or animals in such a manner as to give the most spirited representations of what they were in life. These however, are matters of detail, and the President does not end without passing from detail to something higher. Valuable and indispensable as museums are, it is well to be reminded, as he reminds us, that they cannot teach us everything, even in the department of natural history. Zoology is the science of living beings; and of the finer problems of life the dead bones and skins can teach us little. Of very much we are as yet entirely ignorant, but to know our ignorance is the beginning of knowledge.

At Tuesday's meeting of the geographical section the President (Sir Francis de Winton) read a paper written by Mr. J. G. Colmer, the secretary to the offices of the High Commissioner for Canada, of which the following is an abstract:

He pointed out that it was only a few years ago since that part of the Dominion, with its divisions of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Athabaska, was known as the Hudson's Bay Territory or Rupert's Land, and that outside the Hudson's Bay Company it was little more than a geographical expression, so meagre was the knowledge that existed of the fertility of the soil and of its mineral and other diversified resources. The subject created no enthusiasm at the time, and the question of the country being opened up for settlement and for the use of mankind remained in abeyance until the formation of the Dominion. The object of the paper was to show with what energy and enterprise it has since been, and is being, developed; and the advantages that are likely to follow its rapid settlement by the over-crowded populations of Europe. Mr. Colmer expressed the opinion that to make such a territory accessible is the most practical way of utilizing, for the public good, the geographical knowledge placed at our disposal by the intrepid explorers who invariably precede the march of civilization. The history of the Canada Pacific

Railway was alluded to, as well as the preliminary survey of the line—the difficulties in connection with which have not been sufficiently recognised; and reference was also made of the physical characteristics of the country, and to the land system in operation, particular mention being made to the colonization experiments now taking place. In conclusion Mr. Colmer said that a fertile country of great extent, practically unknown twenty years ago, had in that period been opened up for habitation, that its trade and population had considerably increased, and that the foundation of a system had been laid for bringing the vacant lands now awaiting occupation into the use for which Providence destined them—finding homes and sustenance for the congested populations of the Old World.—*English Paper.*

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM THE ROCKIES.—IV.

GOOD-bye to the Glacier and down the easy grade of the Pass we go on passenger No. 1, swinging round under Ross Peak, over the far-famed Loops, through the snow sheds, and side by side we dash along by the impetuous Illecillewaet that, rushing over rocks and between high cliffs with more noise than the train, seems to be making a race of it and foaming over with an angry roar at its defeat. Soon we have left it behind and rattling past the silver mining station named after the river and grand old Twin Butte we come out into the Columbia Valley at Revelstoke, and perceive, off to the south, beautiful Mount Begbie with his glaciers shining in the sun. Putting away the temptation to stop off and sketch him till our return journey, we pass on by the beautiful Arrow lakes, through the Eagle Pass to Salmon Arm and the Shuswap lakes; then comes the open ranching country and charming Kamloops, rural and picturesque, and anon we enter the cañon of the Fraser, feeling that we must get off at Yale and become more intimately acquainted with the same. This we proceed to do by walking back four or five miles and putting in a good day's work among the rugged rocky gorges through which the river rushes; the moss-covered rocks of the Fraser cañon being almost unequalled in all our journey for a peculiar quality of velvet texture, the sheen of which in dark shades of olive green almost defies imitation by the brush. The evening train comes along at just the right time to return us to comfortable quarters at North Bend, and so two or three days are spent in careful study, when once more we are on the move, and after a hundred-mile-ride from Yale through the fertile delta of the Fraser, we find ourselves gazing on the salt waters of the Pacific in Burrard's Inlet from the streets of the busy city of Vancouver.

Real estate! real estate! This is the burden of the Vancouver soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, apothecary, ploughboy, th—, no; there is no trade in Vancouver beginning with "th," but there is no doubt the real estate boom is in full blast here, and not for idle speculators only. Buildings are going up on all sides; frame houses, brick houses, stone houses, blocks of stores, churches, everything but prisons, and they are not wanted. Bricklayers and masons are getting five dollars a day; labourers, two and a-half. Bricks are twenty and twenty-five dollars a thousand, and lots are any price you like to mention. Two of our party who were here two years ago say that a fair-sized town has sprung into existence since that time to the west of the older portion, and where colossal trees were growing grandly, graded streets with good sidewalks now exist. From an artist's point of view the situation of the place could hardly be improved; with salt water around three sides of it and picturesque mountains only a few miles away, it is almost perfect, and at sunset seems to be a new edition of fairy land. A few gaunt, burnt pines, cedars, and gigantic stumps standing around, serve to remind one that it is still the land of saw-mills and wooden streets.

The people here are enthusiastic about their city, and see it in their mind's eye as the future third city of the Dominion; indeed, now that the supposed underlying coal has been actually reached and tested, I am not sure but that this estimate will be raised a note or so higher. In sober fact there seems to be good cause for a fair amount of enthusiasm. With a climate, situation, and soil hard to beat, and depending on such solid bases for progress as mining—coal and mineral—lumber of the finest kinds, agricultural produce from a fertile surrounding country, fresh and salt-water fisheries, added to its claims as the terminus of the trans-continental road, with all facilities for oriental trade and coasting, it seems not unlikely that some of the expectations may be realized.

By way of mental progress, I observed that a free reading-room and library has been opened on Water Street, but I was sorry to see such a purely sceptical or atheistic journal as the *Twentieth Century* on the tables, for many of the patrons are quite young, and an unformed mind easily mistakes sophistry for truth, and assumptions for deductions. A daily attendance of seventy-eight shows that the institution is appreciated. I also found on Pender Street an Evangelical Union reading-room, which has been lately opened, but is not yet much patronized. A service is held on Sunday afternoons, but only five or six attend as yet. I did not find a copy of THE WEEK in either of these reading-rooms; this hiatus in the educational system of Vancouver should be filled up or the British Columbia mind will grow up lop-sided.

After a solid week's work in Stanley Park making

studies of the three big trees (perhaps I should say three biggest trees among many big ones), I am pretty well acquainted with it, and although with the exception of a drive round it it is still entirely in a state of nature, and so dense that it cannot be explored, still the rough material is there for a very fine pleasure ground for the city, though a little far off at present. However, with street cars it will be quite available; situated on a peninsula, it juts out into the ocean, on the opposite side of the inlet, and in full view of the whole water front of the city. As it contains nine hundred and forty acres, it will, when cross roads are constructed to give access to the interior, contain some fine woodland scenes, and somewhere in the jungle of trees and undergrowth there is said to be a lake, but I could find no road to it, nor is it down on the official map. By desperate attempts to penetrate the dense forest I discovered some trees apparently larger than the three to which paths have been cut. The largest one measured was fifty-six feet round the base, another I think larger, but unmeasured, was hollow and like a large room inside, but dark and dismal, also damp, being surrounded with huge ferns and a species of slender stemmed maple, to which the moss clings and hangs in huge bunches, which give a tropical aspect to the forest. A few snakes, small, and apparently harmless, and some shell-less snails about six inches long, semi-transparent and altogether uncanny, gave a tinge of the demoniac to the wood interiors, where we sat all day long at work till two out of three caught severe colds, and had to change their location to summer spots outside.

Nearly three thousand miles from Montreal we are still in Canada, and fully impressed that it is an extensive country, whose magnificent distances we have again to travel over for six days and nights before we can again reach Toronto. We also become aware of some other facts that are perhaps not sufficiently considered, one of which is the service that has been performed by the great line of railway on which we have travelled in welding together the provinces through which it passes. It is a question whether the railway has not already given back to the country the large sum it has cost. The twenty thousand white inhabitants of British Columbia at Confederation are now more than five times as many, and the influx is chiefly from the older provinces. The people of Ontario are no longer styled Canadians in distinction from British Columbians or Manitobans, and the homogeneity of the people has been doubtless more advanced than would have been possible in any other way in the same period of time; moreover, not at Vancouver alone, but all along the line, wherever material for production exists, whether mines, agriculture or lumbering, prospects of progress are very encouraging. Kamloops, Revelstoke, Illecillewaet, Anthracite, Canmore, and Calgary are only a few of the places whose existence has become possible or been immensely benefited by the means of communication now afforded with the older provinces and the coast, and whose importance in the near future would be hard to estimate. What they want now is an influx of people and capital, and the influx is now taking place to such an extent that the jealousy of our neighbours to the south is aroused, and they are finding out at last that Canada is something more than a few acres of snow, and that it covers the larger half of the continent, and bids fair to be a more serious rival in the future than it has been in the past, not only in railway business but also in all kinds of production for the world's markets. On the whole, the old Roman maxim that good roads are the first need of a country is more than confirmed in the present instance, and more true in the days of steam than ever before. To return to Vancouver and its prospects, the cost of clearing the land and uprooting the gigantic stumps is a serious obstacle to progress, as while the price of land may be low in the first instance, when the cost of clearing is added it will be seen to be higher than good cleared farms in Ontario. For instance, a friend purchased about eighty acres of bush land two years ago, near New Westminster, at eight dollars an acre. He now finds that it will cost him a hundred and thirty an acre to clear it, and it is not so heavily timbered as a great deal of the land round Vancouver. Another friend paid one hundred and fifty dollars an acre for clearing. Compared to these prices Muskoka is a cheap country to clear. Another obstacle to the progress of this part of British Columbia is the fact that so much of the delta of the Fraser has been bought by speculators, and is being held for a rise. Actual settlers who will build up the country have to travel a long way, and make roads in many cases through wild lands before they can buy direct from the Government, unless they are prepared to pay a bonus to the speculator, in some instances much more than the cost price of the land. When will communities learn that the man who wants the land for actual use is the only man who has any kind of right to it? Perhaps about the time when the millennium arrives. In spite of all this, let us hope the now historic "We cannot check Manitoba," may be extended to British Columbia.

T. MOWER MARTIN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AMERICAN IDEA OF GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I was vastly diverted by the criticism of your correspondent, "G. M. M.," on my note on the American idea of government. I beg to assure you that the intention of claiming an American anything that was not properly so called, or of hurting delicate susceptibilities by

"capturing" what does not belong to us, was far from my thought and intention. Dear brother Canadian, we are all of one blood; we have a common ancestry; our institutions rest on the same glorious foundation; our mother tongue is our most prized possession, and unites us with a bond of sympathy of unchangeable power. I regret very much to see, at any time or in any place, any reflections on the English origin of the American people. I, for one, rejoice in the fact that we are of British origin, though that does not remove the greater joy that the founders of the Republic were endowed with sufficient strength of purpose to start in business for themselves. There has, in late years, grown up in this country a considerable feeling against all things English, but I do not believe that among thinking and intelligent people such views are countenanced. On the contrary, our relations with the mother country are so close, our ties of blood so numerous, the feeling of international friendship so firm, the bondage of language so binding, that any depreciation of that origin is to be found only among those whose opinions are not to be considered.

But to come to the point: I do not in the least see that "G. M. M." destroys my claim for the essential American idea of government. The passage that he cites from Tacitus is not the only one that could have been deduced to illustrate the point. Every student of primitive life, every reader of early history, every traveller in uncivilized lands, knows the pow-wow and the palaver, the town-meeting and the council. It is not necessary to go back to Tacitus and our German ancestors to ascertain this fact when there are modern illustrations almost without end, which one has only to look for to see, and which bob up unasked in every community. This does not in the least detract from the claim that the American idea of representative government is essentially an American one, and entitled to be so called. The idea is American because it has first been carried out successfully here, and because its influence from America has been more extended than any previous system of the same kind. Granted that the idea can be found in a primitive form among the early Germans, there is no reason why it should be called the German idea any more than the Hottentot or Central African. It made no progress, it created no nations, it failed to influence the political thought of the world. The idea was not even developed, but existed only in a primitive and torpid state. Under the vivifying influence of the American law-makers it sprang into active life, and new forms were given it, and in its renewed and rejuvenated aspect it assumed a character distinctively its own. What was dead before had now come to life. The principle was practically a new one; to all intents and purposes it was created right here on American soil.

Under the influence of American thought this idea assumed a new importance. In whatever shape it may have existed previously in the world it was chaotic, useless, dead; but now all this was changed. Not only was a government established for a new people, but all existing governments have been visibly affected by it. The importance of THE PEOPLE has grown to an enormous extent, and in the most autocratic of monarchies are to be found thousands of liberals and republicans. I have already enlarged on this point in my previous communication, and it need not be repeated here. Sufficient, I think, has been said to establish the claim of an essentially American idea of government. The argument, in a word, is that as it received its first complete form from the Americans they should be credited with it. Christopher Columbus discovered a new world, but a more studious traveller than he received the honour of having it named for him. This was in token of esteem for the learning and ability he displayed in making known its advantages and peculiarities to Europeans. And at least on similar grounds are not Americans entitled to a claim for devising an idea of government?

New York, Sept. 24, 1889.

BARR FERREE.

TRUE TALE.

MR. HORATIUS BRUNELL was a young organist. He disliked his pretentious Christian name so much that he changed it in early life to Horace. So at the age of twenty-six his card ran as follows:—

HORACE BRUNELL, A.C.O., L.C.M., R.A.M.

Organist and Rector Chori
St. Margaret's, Chislehurst.

Being possessed of a slight annuity, he found his choice of a profession very delightful, fond as he naturally was of the organ and of instructing his boys. As for being a genius and all that kind of ecstasy, Horace indulged in no such visions. He had crammed with perseverance worthy of better things at text books and primer for his examinations, and aided by a naturally fine memory and equally good mathematical powers, had taken his degree quite comfortably. As for the condition of his mind six months afterwards, when dates, and facts, and figures, and chords, and inversions, and progressions, were all mixed up together in an *olla podrida* of miscellaneous and motley hue; it happily did not colour his attitude towards his pupils, or his performances on the king of instruments. Having the sense to try his luck out of London, he got his first organ when he was twenty-three, and instantly made his mark in the profession. An able, clear, interesting performer, a sound theoretician, a capital choir-master, and an amiable, gentlemanly young fellow, it seemed as if Horace Brunell were doomed to that fortunate slavery—a career of happy mediocrity. But it proved to be otherwise.

Horace made the most of his little choir, a mixed one, ladies and gentlemen; gave them delightful Anglican services and tuneful Anglican anthems, created much party spirit in the town, and proved himself enthusiastic, capable, and consistent. The last organist had been an effete and soaked specimen of a genius who composed all his own hymn-tunes and chants, who disdained evening practices. The one before him had been a lady, widowed, faded but fast, whom the church authorities could not any longer tolerate after two years of inefficient, though occasionally brilliant, services. Therefore Horace, being the direct reverse of all this, and a good musician into the bargain, was eagerly and warmly welcomed. Six months passed, and the cloud was on the horizon.

Horace pleased the choir, he pleased the churchwardens, he pleased the rector, a darling old man of seventy-nine, he pleased the rector's wife, sister of an earl, a stately old lady of sixty, he pleased—very much, indeed—the rector's five daughters, he pleased the congregation. He pleased the visitors from King's Court and Checkley, from the Metropolis, and from the county town. He pleased the squire and his numerous family, he pleased the local amateurs—most difficult of all usually to impress. In short, he pleased everyone with whom he came in contact, from Sunday-school superintendent to sexton, except the curate. And the curate he could not please. At the end of the second six months Horace felt his position no longer tenable. The curate found fault with everything. There was no taste in the playing, there were no tunes to the hymns. The chants were either too slow or too fast, the voluntaries were either too secular or too sombre. And all this was from time to time poured into the ears of the rector's five daughters and the rector's wife. From these receptacles it filtered to the rector—naturally, thence to the congregation. At the end of the third six months Horace sent in his resignation. Either he or the curate had to go, and nobody dreamt of summarily dispensing with the curate. So poor Horace resigned. Everyone was vaguely, irritably sorry, but nobody had the courage to find out what was wrong. As for the curate, a little surplus egotism was all that troubled him. He was a bit of an amateur himself, and fond of drowsing away Saturday afternoons in the dim church, playing original melodies on the *vox humana* stop, after the manner of amateurs, especially curates. This unfortunate predilection was one of Horace's grievances, as Saturday afternoon he usually liked to devote to the improvement of his own practice. But he saw he would have to go, and he went.

His next choir was a small one of boys. Here, again, his good nature acted like a charm. The choristers adored him. The rector, who had dreams of muscular Christianity, and who had tried it on for six months previous, was soon satisfied that in the young organist he had a powerful ally. Horace, still a trifle sore and disappointed over his first resignation, threw himself heart and soul into his new work, one result of which was that the boys began to worship him and the rector to consult him. For a time Horace was the lion of the hour, the pet of the vestry. Unfortunately, when he had been at Stoke Newton about a year, the rector departed for a Continental tour, taking in the Synod on his way, a convention and the theatres in town, and remaining two months in Norway for his health.

During his absence Horace ably filled his place with the boys, so well indeed that when the rector returned he was not received with quite the amount of enthusiasm he would have liked. Two months passed and the rector perceptibly cooled. Poor Horace saw cloud number two from afar. The rector was jealous. Finally, the behaviour of one of the big boys, a kind of fair-haired bully with an exquisite soprano voice, appearing to him to result from his treatment by the organist, the latter and his rector came to—words. Horace insisted that the breach of decorum in question was utterly outside his province. The rector returned that since the organist had interfered before outside his province, it was very likely he had done so in this case. Horace resented the word "interference." The rector lost his temper, Horace's was none of the sweetest by this time. The rector insisted that the boy should apologize and that Horace should indite a letter to the vestry. The organist refused. The end was not far off. The rector was so injured, so shocked, so grieved, that Horace gave in. He wrote the letter, and hated himself for it ever after. Things were patched up for three months more, when at last Horace resigned again. The boys were, like many boys, falling away from him, encouraged by the rector. This he could not stand, and once more he set himself to find a church and an organ.

His next venture was, where, added to the rector and curate, a choir master was employed. This did not promise well, and before six months had passed the unhappy young man saw comparative ruin staring him again in the face. This time he had to submit to the directions given out by the choir-master, who made suggestions as to his pieces, method of performance, and who was always using the organ himself—worse than his early foe, the curate. Out of this nest of enemies poor Horace fled to a Dissenting chapel of magnificent proportions, where he was to be allowed to do just as he liked with regard to his pieces, his work naturally consisting more of solo work than of accompanying. Here, Horace rested silent many days—that is, as organist, about five months in all, after which his Anglican soul yearned for the hymns and chants of his childhood. He played in such a half-hearted way that the congregation began to suspect his interests were lacking in the conducting of their attempt at ritual, and once more he saw himself on the downward path.

One night Horace sat reviewing his many failures as an organist. He had, quite recently, come into a comfortable legacy bequeathed him by a spinster godmother in Wales, and his position was now lucratively secure. Yet his active mind and body disdained giving the thing up. A novel idea struck him. Instead of answering advertisements, he would advertise himself. He would *hire his own parson!*

Accordingly, in next issue of the *Athenæum*, *Academy*, *Spectator*, *Musical Times*, etc., the following item appeared:

WANTED.—By an accomplished and earnest Organist, A Parson—ordained clergyman of the Church of England preferred—to undertake service, preach sermon, etc. Must be thoroughly capable, conscientious, and good speaker. Salary, £100 per annum. Unmarried man preferred. Address *Organist*, care Novello, Ewer and Co.

(To be continued.)

THE WEST, OR CHINOOK, WIND.

The "zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,"
Yet with his love is ne'er allowed to rest;
But, scorn'd, he rends her cloudy veil in twain,
And as a hurricane sweeps o'er the plain.

Fierce, fiery, free—a blustering, bellowing blast,
He shrieks with fury as he rushes past;
In circling clouds the dust before him flies,
Dark, leaden, ominous are his inky skies.

The thundering echoes, sounding far and near
Are now more thund'rous as his hosts appear.
His followers come—a mighty cavalcade—
On in the path their mighty chief has made.

The frighten'd cattle low for vales in vain,
The wild horse neighs and shakes his flowing mane,
And, seeing in the gale his spectral form,
He rushes onward with the roaring storm.

The fragrant rose-bud on the hill's green side,
The shelter'd alders near the river's tide,
The prairie flowers and e'en the joint-grass high,
Bow deep obeisance as he passes by.

Ah, whither dost thou go, thou wild, west wind,
Born in the womb of thy Creator's mind?
Where'er He listeth, onward will I roam,
Hasting, unresting, till He call me home.

Lethbridge, N.-W.T. JOHN D. HIGENBOTHAM.

NOTE.—It is almost needless to state that all west winds are hardly so boisterous as the one here described, yet if I refer the reader to any one who has lived in that portion of the North-West bordered by the Rocky Mountains, he will find that these lines are not exaggerative of the generality of west winds. J. D. H.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A MOVEMENT is being pushed in London for the endowment of a musical scholarship in memory of Carl Rosa.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3rd, witnessed Mr. Forsyth's highly interesting Concert-Lecture at the Toronto College of Music.

A RECENT paragraph in the *Home Journal* says that "Mrs. Agnes Booth is studying the role of the Queen in Browning's drama, 'In a Balcony.'"

THE Gloucester Musical Festival has been the chief event of the autumn season in England. Miss Ellicott, daughter of the Dean, was fortunate enough to have a cantata performed, about which no critic appears as yet enthusiastically inclined. Her work is spoken of rather as an "exercise." Albani, Barrington Footo and Miss Anna Williams were the chief vocalists.

THE new comic opera by MM. Bisson and Planquette, which is intended shall eventually follow "Paul Jones" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, will probably have a preliminary trial this winter at the Folies Dramatiques, Paris. The work is in three acts, the libretto is already complete, and M. Planquette is now at his country house near Cabourg putting the finishing touches to the music.

HENRY IRVING has invoked the aid of the British Lord Chamberlain to stop Fred Leslie's burlesque of him in petticoats. The Gaiety manager says that if obliged to suppress the caricature of Irving he will substitute that of Kyle Bellew. Irving, like Lawrence Barrett, is very sensitive in regard to any attempt at ridiculing his dramatic methods by burlesquing them. With Leslie's wonderful capacity for imitation, it may be imagined that he would set all London in a roar over the eccentricities and mannerisms of the great actor.

THE Wagner performances at Bayreuth were very successful this year. The balance in the treasury amounts to 205,000 marks, or about \$50,000. This will be devoted to the production of "Tannhauser" next season. The large amount is due in part to the refusal of Herr Betz, of Berlin, and Frau Materna, of Vienna, to accept any reward for their services. A number of other performers refused to accept more than half of their usual fee. The entire expenses this year reached the sum of 326,000 marks, including fees, cost of production and "side issues." The income was 531,000 marks. More than 30,000 people attended the performances. The share of the Wagner family amounted to 52,000 marks.

OF the Kendals, the well-known English actors, who are coming to this country next month, Mr. William Winter writes from London to the *New York Tribune* as follows:

"Mr. Kendal is a comedian in the school that was represented, and led, by the late Lester Wallack; but neither Mr. Kendal nor any other light-comedy actor of this period is comparable with Mr. Wallack. That light is extinguished, and we are not likely to see it relumed. The fact is not without significance, however—as marking a radical change in the complexion of theatrical life—that Mr. Wyndham takes the place of Mr. Sothorn, and that Mr. Kendal takes the place of Mr. Wallack. You will see in Mr. Kendal an actor of spirit, refinement, grace and polish. In Mrs. Kendal you will see a woman of acute sensibility and fine intellect, proficient alike in repose and in action, an artist to the finger-tips, and beyond question the best romantic and sentimental actress of her time. She is the sister of Robertson, the dramatist. She was the original Galatea. Her long career has been signalized by many brilliant achievements. You have heard already about the farewell dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, at which Mr. Chamberlain presided, and you have been told that Mr. Irving was not present. He could not well have taken part in a testimonial to a lady and gentleman who have long been conspicuous among the opponents of his style. This is to state the case mildly. The London theatrical camp is divided into many parties, and these parties are not held together by the ties of affection. You would look a long time without finding either Mr. and Mrs. Kendal or Mr. John Hare in the party of Mr. Irving. The greatest actor on the English stage is a man of broad mind, but he is also a man of absolute and implicit sincerity; and that, I think, is reason why he was not present at the dinner of compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal."

A SIX-ACT historical play with scarcely any plot, with a maximum of dialogue and a minimum of incident, gloomy in its character, and almost unrelieved by contrasts of a lighter nature, presenting on the stage a well-known story essentially dramatic in itself, but from which the dramatic interest has been nearly eliminated, is not inspiring or edifying in the witnessing. Such a play is "Josephine, Empress of the French," written for Mdle. Rhea by Mr. Albert Roland Haven, and given at the Globe Theatre last week. Josephine, Napoleon, Talleyrand, Fouché, Murat, Eugène de Beauharnais, Pauline Bonaparte, Hortense de Beauharnais, De Bourienne, Cambarceres, Madame Junot and others famous in French history have their due place in the story, but to no special purpose. In fact, the piece consists of six episodes in the life of Josephine, strung together with no special skill, and almost wholly lacking in dramatic effect. Some liberties have been taken with the truth of history, the most glaring of which is the death of Josephine after Napoleon's return from Elba, she having died nearly a year before that event, but Mr. Haven can point to very eminent poets who have offended in a like manner. The fault of the play lies in its want of a connected story; in truth, in the want of any story at all, for scenes from the career of a noted historical character cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered a story, especially when there has been no attempt to develop that character, and to present it as a well-rounded individuality. The text is well written, but is prolix, and sometimes wearisome, and would be greatly benefited by curtailment, particularly in the last act, in which the death scene is prolonged beyond all reasonable discretion. Josephine is presented throughout in an almost saint-like aspect, as a species of Patient Grissel; Napoleon is shown in a considerate and generous aspect, quite at variance with the Napoleon of history; and the other personages that move through the piece have not apparently caused the dramatist any very deep thought, except, perhaps, Talleyrand, with whom some care has been taken. Mr. Haven, has, however, paid much attention to scenic effect, and with excellent results, and he has also afforded many opportunities for striking pictures, in which the really beautiful costumes that have been provided for the play are prominent factors.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

NURSERY FINGER-PLAYS. By Emilie Poulsson. Music by Cornelia C. Roeske. Illustrations by L. J. Bridgman. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price \$1.25.

It would be difficult to find a more bewitching book for the nursery or the kindergarten than this delightful collection of little poems, uniquely illustrated by an artist full of sympathy with his subject, and set to simple music especially adapted to the voices and abilities of the very young children for whom it is chiefly intended. In all times and among all nations, finger-plays have been the delight of childhood, from the first efforts of the crowing baby fingers at "Pat-a-cake" to the more elaborate school exercises learned in unison. There is something more than mere fun in the motions, too. The little fingers grow strong and flexible by use, and many a dormant thought is awakened in the childish brain through the lively, active movement of nerve and muscle. Of the eighteen finger-plays contained in this dainty volume, many are especially "baby's own," and with a little help he can easily learn simple exercises, aided by Mr. Bridgman's quaint and expressive illustrations. Other plays are for older children, up to seven or eight, to be used for kindergartens, and we can conceive of no prettier sight than a class of little tots going through the various motions under the direction of a bright teacher who could thoroughly enjoy such training. The book must be seen and used to be appreciated, and we are safe in saying that no mother or teacher who can possibly afford the investment of \$1.25 will ever regret purchasing this unfailing source of pleasure and profit, in the home and the kindergarten.

FATHER DAMIEN. A Journey from Cashmere to his Home in Hawaii. By Edward Clifford. London: Macmillan and Co.; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

Heroic self-denial in the service of humanity finds a response in the universal human heart. In an age when self-interest is one of the most predominant of notions, the recognition of unselfish devotion to duty for the good of others is marvellously prompt and generous. Even the little island of Molokai, in the Hawaiian group, is not too remote to obscure the splendid self-sacrifice of Father Damien in ministering to the temporal and spiritual wants of the doomed colony of lepers who were the loving objects of his care. Dr. Clifford tells the story well. His little volume is very interesting. Mournful as its tenor is, the gloom is relieved by the cheery hopefulness that pervades it. On his way to Hawaii, Dr. Clifford crossed the American continent. A sentence or two from his introductory chapter will at least interest Canadian readers. Of Niagara Falls he says: "To comfort those who can never see the former [the Falls] I would only remark that the photographs are so excellent that not much is lost by not going to see the original. It is very large, very colourless, and one often remembers how easily it could kill one. But that is a poor sort of thought, and does not quicken the pulse. I do not wish, however, to spoil the pleasure of any 'Britisher,' as he stands on the soil of Canada gazing at the Falls, and rejoices in the proud thought that Queen Victoria owns this beautiful sight! It is certainly well adapted for crowds of travellers to say, 'Oh!' at." It would, however, be wrong to take this as a fair specimen of the Doctor's descriptive powers. "The Lake of Fire"—a chapter in which he relates his visit to Kilavea—is a much more graphic piece of descriptive effort. The narrative of Father Damien's work is powerfully and sympathetically written. A fine likeness of the hero-martyr appears as a frontispiece to the little volume.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. In sixteen volumes. London: Macmillan and Co.; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

Three specimen volumes of this very complete and handsome edition have reached us. Of these perhaps the apology of Aristophanes and the Agamemnon of Æschylus, will be the most fascinating and novel. There existing few specimens of the poet's prose, great interest will attach to the little preface accompanying the translation of the Agamemnon, in which toleration is asked for the Greek forms of spelling; thus Mr. Browning gives us Cassandra and Klutainnestra, Aigisthos and Kalchis, in place of the commoner, if incorrect, long accepted versions. The volumes are of convenient size and contain pleasant, moderate type.

THE HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES OF MAJOR MENDAX. By Francis Blake Crofton. A Book for Boys. Philadelphia: Hubbard Bros.

We have here in the person of a most meticulous military man our old friend F. Blake Crofton, well known now for many years in Canadian literature. That he has, however, made good his title to the respect and acquaintanceship of circles outside Canada is shown by the numerous kindly and at the same time critical notices that accompany his book of delightful fooling. These sixty-one tales evince much natural humour and inexhaustible powers of imagination. Following are three English notices which speak for themselves:

The Major was not at all a judicious uncle, it must be confessed; but no doubt the nephews, who had no faith in his veracity, respected him very sincerely for his powerful imagination. The good Major's descriptive powers run away with him altogether, and he entertains his family with exciting fictions told as serious facts, and is not at all disturbed when accused of flagrant mistakes and obvious absurdities. His adventures are in Africa, where he has escaped on the back of an ostrich from a lion, he has studied the kangaroo, has been partly eaten by cannibals, etc., etc. The book is cleverly written and very amusing. —*Manchester Examiner*.

From Messrs. Frederick Warne & Son we have further Christmas books for children. One of these is entitled "The Major's Big-Talk Stories," by Francis Blake Crofton. As far as we can judge, it is of American origin, and it is a sort of new edition of "Baron Munchausen." The adventures of the Major are truly wonderful. Possibly they will not be believed; indeed it would be an unfortunate thing if they were; but they will delight every young reader who may become possessed of them. He will be very deficient in humour, indeed, if he does not relish the absurd stories which the volume contains. —*Scotsman*.

"The Major's Big-talk Stories" provide delightful reading and the enchanting tales are made doubly entertaining by the introduction of a number of original illustrations. —*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

IN questions respecting appointments to professorships, there should, we venture to think, be as little as possible of outside interference. It is wise on the most public grounds, as well as natural, to look first to our own *alumni*, because the appointments then act as prizes for home industry and effort. But the paramount consideration plainly is the interest of the student, which calls for the selection of the best teacher wherever he can be found. Patriotic preference of an inferior man will be punished by the intellectual leanness of the next academical generation. —*Bystander*.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A LITTLE dramatic weekly called *Le Clut Noir* is published in New York.

HERBERT SPENSER is said to have completed his autobiography. It will not be published, however, until after his death.

WITH its October number the *Cosmopolitan* will be increased in size to 128 pages, an addition which will make it as large as *Scribner's*.

MESSRS. SAMPSON, LOW AND COMPANY are publishing "Trooper and Redskin: Recollections of Life in the North-West Mounted Police, Canada, 1884-8," by John G. Donkin.

WE have received a reprint in pamphlet form from the *American Geologist* of Mr. George M. Dawson's paper on the "Ore Deposit of the Treadwell Mine, Alaska," which he read before the Royal Society of Canada at its last meeting.

DR. GEO. STEWART'S reminiscences of Wilkie Collins are gratefully reprinted in our columns. The intimacies that naturally arise from a life spent in correspondence, rather than in much personal intercourse with people, is one of the compensations of the editor's career.

THE failure of Belford, Clarke & Co., with liabilities placed at over \$400,000, is significant that success is not always to be attained in pirating foreign publications and deluging the American market with them in connection with the trashiest of native literary productions.

IN this issue appears a poem by one of our rising poets whose work has for some time past been cordially welcomed across the line. The note of Duncan Campbell Scott is a refined one and breathes a pure love of nature, in this respect following much in Mr. Lampman's line.

WE have received a copy of the report furnished by the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada upon Church Courts and Prison Reform, signed by A. M. Rosebrugh, M.D. Also the seventh series of the Johns-Hopkins University Studies in Historical Science, being Dr. Bourinot's "Federal Government in Canada."

THE principal writers for the Bok Syndicate Press (there are some forty-five in all) are Grace Greenwood, Lew Wallace, Will Carleton, Marion Harland, Max O'Rell and, until his death this week, Wilkie Collins. It is said that the combined ages of the brothers Bok (there are two of them) "do not make the figure 50."

THE new Canadian copyright law provides that a work to obtain copyright must be printed and published in Canada within one month of its first appearance elsewhere; and that such works must be registered at the Ministry of Agriculture before or simultaneously with their first publication elsewhere. Protection is granted for twenty-eight years.

THE *Book Lover* for October gives the following letter from George Eliot to Mrs. Trollope in fac-simile, original size. It is dated at the Priory, Dec. 30, 1879, and is interesting, as it discloses one of DuMaurier's sources of supply for his delightful social skits:

"DEAR MRS. TROLLOPE,—I enclose the best photograph within my reach. To me all portraits of him are objectionable, because I see him more vividly and truly without them. But I think this is the most like what he was as you knew him. I have sent your anecdote about the boy to Mr. DuMaurier, whom it will suit exactly. I asked Charles Lewes to copy it from your letter with your own pretty words of introduction. Yours affectionately, M. E. LEWES."

THE first number of *The Canadian Bibliographer and Library Record* will contain an excellent portrait of Gerald E. Hart, of Montreal, the author of the now well-known book, "The Fall of New France;" an article on "French-Canadian Books," by George Stewart, jr., editor of the *Quebec Chronicle*, and other original and selected articles apropos to the purpose of the publication. Arrangements are now being made for a series of articles from well-known Canadian writers, to appear in future numbers. Mr. Richard T. Lanoeffield will supervise the editorial columns of the *Bibliographer*.

BEGINNING with the new volume in October, the *English Illustrated Magazine* will be printed in a new type, and the letter press will be printed across the page; the magazine will also be increased in size. During the year there will appear among other articles a series of illustrated papers by Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian; a series of illustrated sporting articles, written by men who have played a prominent part in the sporting world; among which, in an early number will be issued "Yacht Racing," by the Right Honourable the Earl of Dunraven; illustrations of the yachts "Valkrie," "Irex," "Yarana," and others will be produced.

MESSRS. BELL & SONS will shortly publish a new volume by Mr. Waddington, entitled "A Century of Sonnets." The *Athenaeum* says the memorial tablet movement has been started in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Already Bewick's workshop, the birthplace of Lord Collingwood, the sight of the old Close Gate, and the lodgings of George Stephenson in Eldon have been indicated by appropriate inscriptions. This week tablets have been affixed to the house on the Sandhill from which Bessie Surtees eloped with John Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon), and to the bookseller's shop at Grainger Street, end of Nelson Street, in which Garibaldi, Kossuth, and other distinguished exiles met their local friends when visiting Newcastle under the guidance of Mr. Joseph Cowen. It is proposed to commemorate in similar fashion the birthplace of Lord Armstrong, in Pleasant Row, Shield Field, and the houses

on the other side of the Academy of Arts in Blackett Street, occupied half a century ago by the local artists, H. Perlee Parker and the elder Richardson.

THE following excerpts from a letter appearing in a recent issue of the *Daily Telegraph* shows that Sir Edwin Arnold has not been simply pursuing pleasure: "South-westerly squalls and blinding sheets of rain, relieved occasionally by gleams of pale unwilling sunshine, were troubling the busy tideway of the Mersey when we embarked, on Thursday, August 22nd, at Liverpool, for Quebec and Montreal. Those who take this very interesting route to the American Continent forego the swift passages made to New York by the great racing vessels which fly across in little over six days. On the other hand, the trajet from land to land on the St. Lawrence line occupies only five days—at least with anything like fair weather,—and at its termination there is, further, the delightful voyage up the great Canadian river, some 700 or 800 miles of quiet and picturesque navigation. True, also, upon this Canadian track, should the nights be dark, there is always some risk from icebergs in and about Belleisle Straits, and a certain amount of anxiety must haunt the captain, if, as is generally the case, fogs cover the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But during the summer and early autumn months the attractions of the Dominion route are pre-eminent, and our good ship was full to the last berth with Transatlantic tourists returning from the Paris Exhibition with homeward-bound Canadians and emigrants."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

IF.

If you were safe in heaven,
And I at the outer gate,
Would our lives seem less even,
Or mine be a harder fate?

For then I might hope, by waiting
In penance and patient prayer,
Hourly my grief relating,
Some time to enter there,

Where the lowest may look highest,
High as a crowned king,
And the farthest may come nighest,
And the saddest be glad, and sing.

But here, though my soul beseech you,
Though we may meet and speak,
I know I can never reach you,
No matter how far I seek.

—*Mary Ainge De Vere, in Lippincott's for October.*

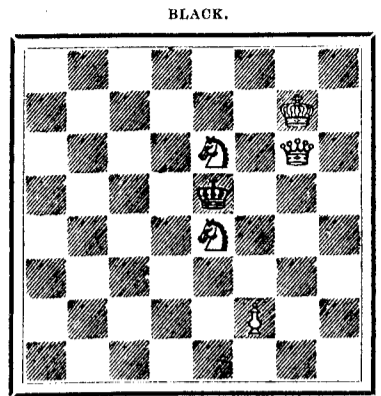
THE INFLUENCE OF SEASON ON LUNACY.

THE old idea that Luna and lunacy have an intimate relation appears to be not wholly without foundation. This, at any rate, is demonstrated by the Commissioners in Lunacy for Scotland—that the seasons have a distinct influence on asylum statistics. The tables of admissions during the years 1880-87, show that there are two well-marked periods—one in which the number rises considerably above the average, and the other in which it falls considerably below. The average monthly number for the eight years was 1,699. During the three months of May, June, and July, the number was 628 above what it would have been if the average number only had been admitted. On the other hand, during the months of October, November, December, and January the number was 462 below what it would have been if the average number had been admitted. The table shows further that this rise and this fall are preceded by a gradual rise and a gradual fall—the rise taking place during February, March, and April; and the fall taking place during July, August, and September. "The special frequency," the Commissioners say, "with which asylum treatment is resorted to during the period from the middle of April to the middle of July corresponds with what has been observed by asylum physicians—that there is a tendency to an exacerbation of the mental disorder of patients in asylums during the early part of summer; and it is interesting to notice also that the statistics of suicide in the general population show that this occurs most frequently during the same period." The greatest number of recoveries takes place during June, July, and August, and they are fewest during the months of November, January, and February. The regularity in the rise and fall of the numbers is twice interrupted. The rise is interrupted by a fall in April, and the fall is interrupted by a rise in December. "It is considered probable that these interruptions are due to some causes which recur regularly at these periods, because they are well marked in character; and it is suggested that the December rise is occasioned, in part at least, by the annual statutory revision of the condition of patients in asylums during that month. This revision is made by medical officers of asylums with a view to determine whether they can properly give the certificate of the necessity for further detention in the asylum which is annually required to legalise the continued residence of all patients who have been three years in an asylum. The occurrence of the large number of recoveries during the months of June, July, and August is probably due to the large number of admissions during May, June and July, as more than forty-eight per cent. of all the recoveries which take place during the first year of residence occur within three months of the date of admission."

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 397.

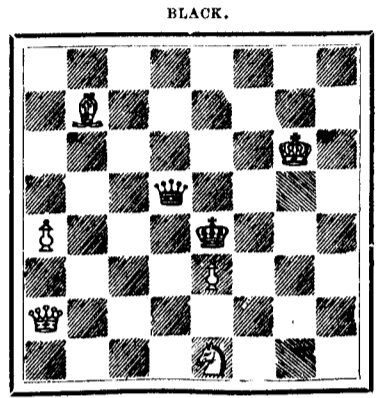
By R. SCHWARZ.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 398.

By JOHN BARRY, LACHINE.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 397.		No. 398.	
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. B x P	K x Kt	1. Kt-K B 3	K-Kt 5
2. Kt-Q 5	K moves	2. Q-R 5 +	K x Q
3. Q mates.		3. Kt-B 6 mate.	
	1. K-B 3		
2. Kt-Q 5 +	K moves		
3. Q mates.			
	With other variations.		

GAME PLAYED BETWEEN MR. E. E. BURLINGAME AND THE REV. S. R. CALTHORP.

[From Columbia "Chess Chronicle."]

Mr. Burlingame.	Mr. Calthorp.	Mr. Burlingame.	Mr. Calthorp.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	16. R x P + (f)	K-R 1
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	17. B-R 6	Q-R 5
3. B-B 4	Kt-B 3	18. R x B P	Q x B
4. Castles	B-B 4 (a)	19. Q x Kt +	Q x Q
5. P-Q 3	P-Q 4 (b)	20. R x Q	K-Kt 2
6. P x P	Kt x P	21. Q R-K B 1	B-Kt 5
7. Kt x P	Kt x Kt	22. R-B 7 +	K-Kt 3
8. R-K 1	Castles	23. P-K R 3	B-K 7
9. R x Kt	B x P + (c)	24. Q-K-B 6 +	K-Kt 4
10. K-R 1 (d)	Kt-B 3 (e)	25. P-R 4 +	K x P
11. Q-K 2	B-Q 5	26. R-Kt 7	B-Kt 5
12. R-K Kt 5	R-K 1	27. K-R 2	R-K 7
13. Q-B 1	Q-K 2	28. R-R 6 +	B-R 4
14. Kt-B 3	B x Kt	29. B-B 7	R-K 4
15. P x B	Q-K 8	30. P-Kt 3 mate.	

NOTES.

- (a) Probably best; converting the game into a Giuoco Piano.
- (b) This loses a Pawn. P-Q 3 is the correct book move.
- (c) An unsound sacrifice.
- (d) He should have taken the Bishop, and if Black played Q-B 3+, replied with Q-B 3, winning two pieces for the Rook.
- (e) Kt-B 3 would probably have been better.
- (f) Well played, and virtually the winning move.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory. The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point. The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington. In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California. Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours. Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.]

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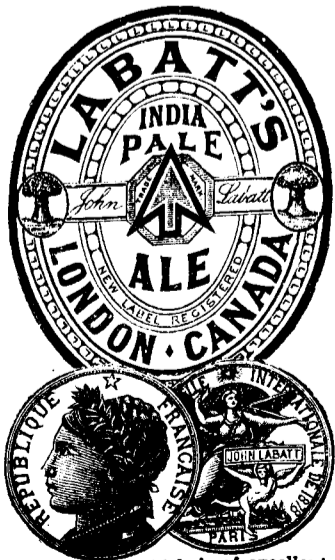
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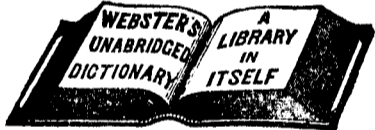


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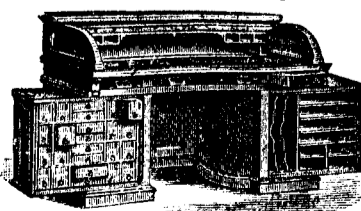
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