

# THE WEEK.

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## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, POLITICS, AND CRITICISM.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Our people in these times are so much under the dominion of material interests, and above all, are so engrossed in the traffic of politics, that anything that appeals to the higher nature of man or contributes in any degree to the elevation and refinement of the popular taste is apt to be coldly received, if not utterly disregarded. How large, or rather how small, a proportion of the hundred thousand citizens of Toronto, for instance, will turn in this week to the exhibition rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists to give themselves the intellectual treat of an inspection of the paintings of the year, and, patriotically, to note the advance of art in our midst, and at the same time encourage by their presence those who have adopted art as a profession? If the exhibition attracts its hundreds, where it ought to attract its thousands, it will perhaps be considered fortunate. But why is this? Because the aims of the society—will it be said?—are beyond the bourgeois taste of the art department of our agricultural shows, and that the training and culture of our native artists must therefore go for naught. The reply does the country honour! Did the exhibition contain a national tableau representing the actors, say, in the recent Conspiracy case, with all the accessories and excitement of the Police Court enquiry, no doubt we should have crowded rooms, and the interesting picture would "draw" for weeks. Whatever the Academy may foster, thank heaven, it does not gravely foster the sensational in art. In the rooms of the Society, for the time being, one can forget party politics, and get out of range of the "shooting gallery" and belligerent journalism.

But the visitor to the Art Exhibition, though he may regret the absence of any Canadian historical subject, largely conceived and gravely treated, will find little to disappoint him in the collection brought together for the year. It may be said that the art faculty has not descended, like Minerva from the head of Jove, upon any one member of the society in particular.

There is a larger average of good work, especially in oils, than has been seen for years; and there is manifest fruit of more thorough study, and a more intelligent appreciation of artistic aims and objects. In oils, the most noticeable and interesting pictures of the year are Messrs. Martin's "Close of a Stormy Day"; Sandham's "Call to Sunrise Mass"; Cruickshank's "Hauling the Mast"; Forbes' "Rocky Mountain Canon"; Harris' "Colour-Sergeant Hard Pressed," and a portrait subject by Mr. Forster. Mr. Bell-Smith's "Daughters of Canada," and two of Mrs. Schrieber's paintings figure among the ambitious pictures in the gallery, but they fall short of that merit which would entitle them to place among the successful products of the year. Other pictures, also in oils, are worthy of mention were we here attempting a criticism on the year's showing, which we are not. In water-colours the showing for the year is, as usual, excellent, and the visitor will find much to delight him especially in the contributions of Messrs. Porteous, Fowler, O'Brien, Perré, Matthews, Walker, and Cresswell. Mr. Gagen's work in flower subjects, and the sculpture of Messrs. Reed and Dunbar also merit notice. Not only the society, but the Province, is to be congratulated on so admirable an exhibit as our native artists have brought together. It will bring discredit on the Canadian name if the exhibition this year fails of success.

READ in conjunction with the speech of Sir Richard Cartwright in the Toronto Opera House on Tuesday night, a statement in the *Winnipeg Weekly Times* to the effect that Mr. Blake is about to retire from the leadership of the Opposition is noteworthy. Our contemporary, though a Tory organ, has hitherto been free from the blinding partizanship which has characterized other leading papers, and is not likely to originate or circulate a *canard* pure and simple. Of the reasons attributed for Mr. Blake's retirement—the discontent in the Reform party with his leadership, and his discouragement at the desertion of a score of followers in the vote on the railway resolutions—little importance can be attached to the latter. It is the sort of rumour that commonly follows such little political *désagrément*s. But the open secret that "a gathering of the faithful is to be held in Toronto at the close of the present month," with a view to re-organizing the Reform Party, would appear to give colour to our contemporary's prophecy that Sir Richard Cartwright is to be proposed for the leadership in succession to Mr. Blake, "who, there is little doubt, has resigned that position." Be this as it may, of Mr. Blake's failure as a party leader there seems to be no question. Possessed of exceptional abilities, of high character, and a powerful speaker, he is singularly lacking in the qualities necessary to impart cohesion to a following including so many antagonistic factions as the Opposition. Added to which, with a reputation founded rather upon his oratorical powers than upon the able advocacy of great principles, Mr. Blake does not appeal to popular sympathy as a man with a policy which might with advantage to the State be substituted for that of his Machiavellian rival. The disorganization which this fact and a want of tact have produced amongst his followers have made it possible for the *Times* to say: "It is almost the same treatment that was accorded to Mr. Mackenzie. It is the only policy the Grit party has possessed since the return of Sir John Macdonald to power—the policy that there shall be a change in leadership every few years. The party is like Japhet in search of a father—it is ever searching for a leader who will lead on to victory."

THE departure of Mr. Macpherson, Minister of the Interior, for Europe is practically the close of his political career. Of course the usual rumours of disagreements in the Cabinet, shelving, and the like, will follow, and Mr. Macpherson will no doubt be credited with having lost the confidence of his chief. Personal reasons, not party quarrels, are, however, the sole cause of his leaving home and probably the Cabinet. Mr. Macpherson is unfortunately suffering from a very serious malady which renders proper attention to the duties of office impossible.

BRADSTREET's weekly report shows thirty-five failures in Canada, during the past week, as compared with twenty in the preceding week, and with thirty-one, fourteen, and fifteen respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. In the United States, 187 failures and suspensions were reported, against 133 the preceding week, and 166, 116, and eighty-three respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881.

## CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

In Canadian politics there is a welcome lull which may last some time, unless, contrary to the expectation of many, a renewal of the Conspiracy Trial should vex the summer air. In gladly taking leave of these subjects, let the "Bystander" once more assure his brethren of the press, some of whom appear difficult of conviction, that no shadow of injurious imputation is implied in his view of their position as that not of judges, but of advocates bound to present the case on one side and themselves not committed to any belief in the case which they have to present. Do we not laugh when the defendant in *Bardell v. Pickwick* is shocked at seeing his counsel walking away arm-in-arm with the counsel for the plaintiff? Why then should we be shocked at the supposition that the editors of our two party journals, even after such a war of words as that which has lately preceded and is continuing together in the social hour, and like unprejudiced and easy-going men of the world chat in a light and bantering vein about the tremendous issues of the day, find that they are pretty well agreed about them, and find that they are perfectly agreed as to the nothingness of party politics and the folly of the masses who go mad about them. In the morning you read what you cannot help thinking a very one-sided and virulent editorial: in the evening you meet the writer and are charmed with his openness of mind, his urbanity, his perfect freedom from all the characteristics of his editorial. Do you accuse him of duplicity? No more than you accuse of duplicity the actor who plays *Othello* because you find that he is not black when he is off the stage.

THERE is a point upon which it seems necessary to say a word in a rather more serious strain. Independent writers are sometimes arraigned as being guilty of a breach of allegiance to the Liberal party, of which it is assumed, and perhaps rightly, that they have heretofore been members. But before they can plead guilty to the indictment, they must be convinced that the Liberal party named in it is the same to which their allegiance was originally pledged. If it is not, they will naturally decline to sacrifice their independence to a name. Now, supposing the Liberal party as it at present exists in Canada, to be correctly represented by its ablest and most powerful organs, it must have introduced into its creed certain articles of the most momentous character which did not form a part of the creed of the Liberal party in any country twenty or perhaps ten years ago. One of these is socialism, or something nearly approaching to it, embodied in the proposition that all property beyond the measure necessary to supply the personal wants of the holder is to be considered a quasi public trust. A second is the policy of restraining individual liberty, for which the Liberals of former days fought, by sumptuary and regulative laws. A third is the promotion of sexual revolution, in all its phases, economical, domestic and political. A fourth is agrarianism, which is carried apparently to the length of palliating agrarian murder, and beneath which, as no rational distinction can be drawn between ownership of land and ownership of anything else, lurks a still more extensive principle of confiscation. The merits of this programme are not here discussed, much less are the motives of the eminent journalists who advocate it impugned. It may be the genuine and inevitable birth of time; but unquestionably it is a new birth, and requires to be fully considered in all its parts before it can be adopted, as a whole, by anyone who is not prepared to risk the dissolution of society. Difference of opinion on any one of the points embraced in it must do more to divide, than agreement on any of the ordinary party issues can do to unite. With questions so fundamental the Irish question, perhaps, can hardly be ranked. Yet the dismemberment of the United Kingdom is at least as serious a matter as anything relating to the Boundary dispute or the contract for Section B, not with reference to Great Britain only but to Canada, since the triumph of Irish Catholicism over the Union at home, would surely be followed by an aggravation of its yoke here. The most genuine of Liberals, therefore, if he is a Unionist, may well hold himself aloof from those who for the sake of capturing the Irish Catholic vote in this country, are countenancing an attempt to dissolve the Union, especially if he is one who firmly believes that the result of separation to Ireland could only be confusion and civil war. It is a curious illustration of the remark recently made as to the disregard into which the English race has fallen upon this continent, that when an Englishman protests against being led, with the bitterest enemies of his country, to an attack upon her most vital interests, nobody thinks of giving him credit for being actuated by English feeling. It is taken for granted that his pen must be governed by some clandestine motive connected with the party politics of Canada, and that he must be trying furtively to thwart Mr. Blake or afford underhand assistance to Sir John Macdonald. Yet it is

surely conceivable that he may care very little about any of the party politicians, and very much about his native country. The next general election may possibly throw some light upon this subject.

ON the vote of censure Mr. Gladstone's majority was once more pared down to the minimum, though that minimum is fully sufficient to keep a government alive. The Parnellites, contrary to general expectation and their own apparent interest, voted against the Government which is carrying the Franchise Bill. But their motive is not difficult to divine. They knew that without their votes the Government would be sustained, and they reduced its majority in order to keep it as weak and as dependent on themselves as possible. Their course was profligate, for they had all along been denouncing the war, and the motion was in effect one of censure on the Government for not prosecuting the war with more vigour; but profligacy is a trifle to the terrorists of the Land League. Some of our friends in the Canadian press must feel the advantage of being able to treat discordant themes in separate issues; otherwise they would have some difficulty in combining their ardent support of Mr. Gladstone with their equally ardent support of people who vote against his government and are trying to cut his throat. The treatment of the author of Disestablishment and the Land Act by the Irish agitators will go far to settle the verdict of history on the characters of these men, while it demonstrates with the certainty of scientific experiment that not by benefits or by expressions of sympathy are the hearts of such people to be won. That a party which openly avows as its object not only the dissolution of the Union but the destruction of Great Britain should be able, or even for a moment be allowed to fancy itself able, to wreck the councils of the empire by playing off one British party in Parliament against the other, shows how low faction can bring the greatest and what was once the most high-spirited of nations. Mr. Forster's onslaught upon the Government will no doubt be regarded as the deferred payment of a debt which has been accumulating since the time when he was driven from the Irish Secretaryship by the ascendancy of Mr. Chamberlain, and the liquidation of which might well appear indispensable to a strict man of business. He is, however, an Imperialist; and though as becomes his Quaker origin, he always professes to be an Imperialist of the drab, not of the scarlet order and to eschew as the means of aggrandizement, trusting entirely to philanthropic influences, in practice he admits that philanthropy sometimes requires the help of a pinch of gunpowder. If he has any intention of joining a ministry reconstructed on a moderate Liberal basis after Mr. Gladstone's departure, he would have done better by being quiet or confining himself to amicable remonstrance in the House, and pressing his counsels in private on his destined colleagues. Politicians are rarely as grateful as they ought to be for the attempt of a conscientious friend to put them in a minority.

IT cannot be denied that the situation in Egypt is bad and promises trouble. Mr. Bright, we may be sure, congratulates himself on the foresight which led him to leave the Government rather than take part in the Egyptian expedition. Gordon, it appears, overrated his own influence, as workers of miracles are apt to do. Mr. Gladstone, captivated by the man, shared his illusion, and with the sanction of the Government he has advanced into a position from which it is desperately difficult to extricate him, while nobody can bear to think of leaving him to his fate. The Government which, unlike the Opposition and the journalists, is responsible, naturally and properly hesitates to risk the lives of a British force, and with them the honour of the British arms, in any desperate adventure. To say that it is betraying Gordon, may be left to Lord Randolph Churchill, who compares Mr. Gladstone to Pontius Pilate, washing his hands of the blood of Christ. The whole business, however, evinces the weakness of diplomacy and war carried on, not by the Government, but by the journals and the people at large. Yet the end of a struggle, if there is to be one, between England and a religious impostor at the head of a horde of barbarians, cannot be doubtful; in spite of the difficulties of locality and climate, the steady pressure of a great Power sustained by inexhaustible resources will prevail. The serious difficulty is not the strength of 'El Mahdi, whose overthrow would be only a question of time, but the jealous attitude of France, which seems to grow more pronounced. The soul of Mr. Gladstone, we may be sure, is filled with anguish. But he has the consolation of feeling that he has successfully reversed the Jingo policy in other quarters. What would be the situation of England if to the Irish and Egyptian difficulties were now added a chronic warfare in Afghanistan and an embroilment with Russia? It is something to know that England in Egypt is not like France in Tonquin and Madagascar, a mere filibuster, and a scourge to the country visited by her armies. Her tutelage, if she can only keep herself clear

of the Jews, will be an unspeakable blessing to the helpless peasantry, who have never known just rule, on whom Arabi's soldiery would have trampled, and whom El Mahdi's fanatical savages would pillage and slaughter. It is something also to see that, miserable as is the behaviour of faction in Parliament, the conflict has evidently produced a swell of patriotic feeling in the nation. Let this continue, and the Irish as well as the Egyptian problem may be solved.

WHATEVER may happen in Egypt or elsewhere, the position of the Government seems to be secured by the abject weakness of the Opposition. It is one of the most serious features of the situation that there is practically no Conservative party. The leaders, besides being the feeblest and the most discredited that ever appeared at the head of any party in the British Parliament, are known to be quarreling among themselves; and the cause of their quarrel is the uncontrollable and shamelessly avowed desire of some of them to clamber at once into office by means of any alliance, however treasonable, or any trickery, however immoral. It is quite evident that they have no policy or definite line of action. They are actually engaged in constructing a platform, the planks of which are put in and taken out before the eyes of a curious world in stump speeches and magazine articles. One day they talk reaction, the next day they talk socialism, or an amalgam of the two, while the dullest mechanic can see that their socialism is merely a bait thrown out to catch his vote, and that if they were once securely installed in power, the socialistic pledges would be colourably redeemed by some futile Dwellings Act, while a policy of reaction pure and simple would prevail. The democratic Toryism which Lord Randolph Churchill has been preaching at Birmingham is nothing but a reproduction of the theories of Lord Beaconsfield, which again were little more than a reproduction of those of Bolingbroke, tricked out in the finery supplied by an oriental imagination. Not even when presented by Lord Beaconsfield did they exercise any appreciable influence on the course of events. Three times Lord Beaconsfield, under the name of Lord Derby, was carried into office without power, by a momentary break in the ranks of his opponents, and was ejected again as soon as those ranks closed. In 1874 for the first and only time he was carried into power; not, however, by his fantastic programme, but by a great Conservative reaction arising from the immense increase of wealth, and from the alarm with which all holders of property viewed the progress of communism in Europe and which caused a number of moderate and independent men to give, for the first time in their lives, a Conservative vote. Had he been the statesman that his admirers pretend he was, he would have recognized the true source of his victory, and would have consolidated the ascendancy of his party by pursuing a policy of moderation. Instead of this, he plunged, amidst the plaudits of the Music Halls, into a policy of disturbance, essentially revolutionary, and thus alarmed afresh, though in another way, and arrayed against himself the very class which by flying to him for safety had turned the balance in his favour. Then Conservatism, represented by Lord Derby, left his side, and at the next election he fell headlong, the moderate and independent electors passing back in a mass to the other camp. This is the series of events from which, rightly interpreted, wisdom might be learned, but from which the genius of Lord Randolph Churchill draws the inference that in showy programme, Parliamentary trickery, a revival of Jingoism and a compact with Disunion lies the real hope of the fortunes of his party. If there were now at the head of the Conservatives a man with half the claims on public confidence possessed by Peel, there would soon be a strong reaction in their favour. But such a man, beyond doubt, would discard as not less shallow than dishonourable the dodges which Lord Randolph Churchill presses upon the acceptance of the party as daring statesmanship, and wait with dignity and patience till he could by legitimate means obtain from the deliberate suffrage of the nation, not merely a month of office but real and lasting power.

A COLLISION has once more taken place between the austere morality of the Custom House and the license of classic writers. It is very easy to understand what effect a perusal of Rabelais must have produced on the mind of an honest custom house officer, totally ignorant, as he probably was, of the place which the great buffoon holds in history, and of the esoteric meanings of his buffoonery. It is too true that Rabelais is dirty, even for a French writer. His good things, it has often been said, are like pearls picked from a dunghill, and it must be added that the pearls are thinly scattered and the dunghill is very foul. Coleridge declared that out of the depths of hidden meaning in Rabelais he could draw sermons which would astonish all the churches; but his pledge was never redeemed, and if it had been, we may be very sure that the putative father of the sermons would not have known his own children. When the theory of cryptic doctrine

has been carried as far as reason will permit, there still remains a mass of the merest ordure, hateful to every gentleman as well as to every Christian. But filth unhappily is to be found in a large number of our great writers, including almost the whole of the Elizabethan dramatists with Shakespeare at their head; and the Custom House cannot discriminate; or rather, it is almost sure to discriminate the wrong way by excluding coarse licentiousness and admitting that which is ten times more dangerous because it is refined and subtle. Surely, common-sense and experience have settled the question as to the expediency of any censorship but that of public taste. At all events, the Custom House is evidently not qualified to play the part of censor.

THE Democratic party has more than once shown a disposition to adopt Tariff-for-Revenue only, as a plank in its platform, but has succumbed to the opposition of its Protectionist section. At the last Presidential election, indeed, the plank was actually inserted, but when the party was advancing into action, the Protectionist wing began to break away, and General Hancock was compelled to write a letter of explanation which, however, led only to the usual results of an attempt to change front under fire. What has happened before may happen again, and the declarations which are now heard of a resolution to adopt a Revenue Tariff plank and abide by it may once more evaporate when the hour of battle again arrives, and the Protectionist wing once more begins, as it almost certainly will, to break away. But the state of the case is greatly changed by the existence of this enormous surplus and the incontrovertible evidence of excessive taxation which it affords. There can be no doubt as to the growth among the people of a feeling in favour of reduction, and should commerce be dull and wages low in the interval between this and the election the feeling cannot fail to increase. Some of the Republican organs indeed begin to show a nervous consciousness of an incipient turn in the tide. In party politics very small bodies, if compact, cast very long shadows and produce an undue effect on the imagination of politicians. The Protectionist section of the Democratic party is compact and it is clamorous; but it is not large; and even supposing that it could not be kept from bolting, its secession might be more than compensated by an added measure of popular support. The bold policy may even, from a party point of view, be the best. Little, at all events, is risked by it. Without a Revenue Tariff plank the Democrats, having no good reason for a change of government to offer to the people, cannot win, unless the other party makes some great mistake in its nomination; with a Revenue Tariff plank and a candidate of high character, it is at least possible that they may.

THE *Contemporary* has an article entitled "Anarchy, by an Anarchist." The author is M. Elisée Reclus, who finds that the very life of humanity "is but one long cry for that fraternal equity which still remains unattained," and which he proposes to attain by the abolition of all law and government, thereby leaving the physically weak entirely to the tender mercy of the physically strong. Thus we have one set of regenerators whose ideal is an army of workers despotically regulated, and another whose ideal is an unregulated mob. The sole aim of Mr. Elisée Reclus and his friends, he says, is "to put an end to the endless series of calamities which has hitherto been called by common consent the progress of civilization," and there can be no doubt that if he had his way this aim would be accomplished with a vengeance. This social vision, if he only knew it, has been already realized by the Bosjesmen and the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego. Strange to say he speaks with enthusiasm of the grand discoveries which our century has witnessed in the world of science and of the industrial appliances, so marvelous in their character, to which those discoveries have given birth. Does he think that these are not integral portions of "the endless series of calamities called the progress of civilization?" Does he imagine that the industrial appliances, or even the scientific discoveries, were or could possibly have been produced without the exercise in the industrial sphere of a great deal of that authority which, in the political sphere, he deems absolutely incompatible with fraternity. He descants upon the unequal distribution of wealth. It is a subject of which nobody who has a heart can ever think without sadness. But is wealth the only thing which is unequally distributed, or which, if inequality is fatal, as he says, to human brotherhood, must be redivided before human brotherhood can exist? If, as he tells us, the Indian sage was right in saying that he who had no cart could not be the friend of him who had a cart, can the ugly be the friend of the beautiful, the weak of the strong, or the man whose brain power is small of the man whose brain power is great? Like other writers of his school, Mr. Reclus assumes that the wealth of the world is a sort of cake given by some external power, irrespective of human effort, and that having been unfairly divided it requires to be divided anew. A little reflection, if he

is capable of anything so cold-blooded, would show him that it is the product of human effort, which varies vastly in its productiveness according to individual capacity and energy, and is stimulated by desires of profit and advancement which, if he were allowed to roll humanity flat, would stimulate no more. He would then see what was the value of that right to a fair share of the good things of the world with which he imagines all men to be born. The second generation would inherit an equality and fraternity of destination. The reveries of Mr. Elisée Reclus do not materially differ from those of Rousseau, nor does he fail, amidst his yearnings for universal brotherhood, to show his affinity to the immediate disciples of that master. He is mealy-mouthed and wraps up his sinister meaning in highly philanthropic language, but he means to open the reign of fraternity with the guillotine.

It is perhaps an amiable and salutary, at all events it is a singular feature of conspiracy in the present age, that conspirators instead of holding dark meetings in caves and vaults, now take counsel with each other before an edified public in the leading magazines. While M. Elysée Reclus ingenuously propounds his plan for an anarchy, to be opened by a reign of terror, Mr. Head Centre Stephens, between the same covers, takes the world into his confidence on the policy and prospects of Fenianism in Ireland. Vanity is not the most malignant of vices, and with regard to this Irish question especially, it has done the community against which plots are being hatched no small service by loosening the tongues of the plotters. What the Head Centre himself wants he has not made very clear to us: apparently he wants some less Parliamentary and more military course of action. But there can be no doubt whatever as to his feelings toward Mr. Parnell, who by his dictatorship, and by his monopoly both of the glory and the gains of agitation, has evidently begun to give umbrage to his rivals in that line. Such has been for the last half century, in fact ever since Catholic Emancipation, the history of the political movement in Ireland. There has been a constant succession of adventurers, whose objects were usually selfish, and who have generally ended by selling the cause, or by pulling each other down. Mr. Stephens paints with a free hand the portraits of some of his predecessors in this line of ambition, and he may be well assured that the gallery is not yet closed. Agrarian suffering in Ireland unhappily is real, though, its main causes being overpopulation and thriftlessness, it cannot be relieved by public robbery, as the practical result of the confiscations already begins to prove. But the political grievances are unreal. Since Disestablishment, at all events, Ireland has had politically no serious ground for complaint. She has had more than her share of members in Parliament, and if her delegation, instead of looking after her legislative interests, has chosen to spend its time in brawling or, as Mr. Stephens alleges, in place-hunting, that is no fault of her partners in the union, who have never refused to consider any measure which the Irish members have, with anything like unanimity, proposed. There were defects in local institutions, but these, together with the parallel defects in the local institutions of Great Britain, Parliament was not only willing, but was actually preparing to cure. The political agitation, therefore, has always been hollow; it has derived force and substance only from its alliance with agrarianism; and the characters which it has produced have been accordingly poor and weak. Some of them have been enthusiasts: but the best of these have ultimately abandoned the cause, and taken to better ways of improving the lot of the Irish people; others have been mere sharpers. Not a single agitator has ever made two blades of grass grow where one had grown before, while as a body they have not only diverted the minds of the people from productive industry to political mendicancy, which is now becoming an ingrained habit, but by keeping the country in a constant turmoil, and rendering all investment insecure, have prevented the development of such resources as Ireland possessed. Mr. Stephens' testimony is strong as to the probable effect of the extension of the Irish franchise, which he says will put political power into the hands of a far more revolutionary class. He may be suspected of a lurking inclination, by creating alarm, to spoil the game of Mr. Parnell; but his forecast is, to say the least, as trustworthy as that of statesmen who have abandoned their judgments to the control either of a theoretic philanthropy or of the Irish Vote.

THE usual libations of obituary eulogy are being poured upon the grave of Charles Reade. He leaves a gap in the circle of great novelists which there seems to be nobody to fill. In fact there are decided symptoms of decadence in fiction, and the fund of plots and characters which the human mind is capable of inventing, appears to be approaching exhaustion, as well it may, considering that novels have been appearing in England at the rate of two in every three days. Reade's merits were

undeniable: they culminated in "Christie Johnstone": his plots were interesting, and some of them bore the test of dramatization; his characters, if not very deep, were clearly outlined; his language was eminently strong, fresh and vivid. His morality, as a rule, was pure, though in "A Terrible Temptation" it was, to use Mr. Compton Reade's phrase, "lubricious." It always seemed unaccountable that a generally clean man should have written that dirty book. It appears that Reade prided himself upon being a gentleman; but when stung by the criticism which he sometimes richly deserved, he gave public vent to his rage in language such as never came from a gentleman's lips or pen. This want of dignity had its root in the almost insane self-love which led him to introduce into one of his novels an elaborate, and it is needless to say, absurdly flattering portrait of himself. This is, at all events, a better excuse than that tendered by some of his friends, who declare that he did not lose his temper and that his pretended fits of rage were advertisements. But his main offence against art and against society was pamphleteering under the guise of fiction. His accounts both of the lunatic asylums and of the model prisons, though they might have some slight foundation in isolated cases of abuse, were, as general pictures of the institutions, totally and criminally false; and the attack on asylums could not fail to do mischief by setting families against the only remedy which affords any hope for the insane. To use fiction as an engine of controversy is to usurp an unlimited license of coining facts in support of your own case; and when the writer's object is to create a prejudice against any man or body of men the practice becomes at once a most culpable and a most dangerous form of slander. Denial is hardly possible, however innocent the victims of the attack may be. Even "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not unobnoxious to criticism on this ground, and if it misrepresented the South, the responsibility of its author is heavy, for it did not a little to kindle on both sides the passions which led to civil war.

THE journals are full of F. D. Maurice, whose life has been published by his son. He was one of the intellectual circle of J. S. Mill, whose estimate of him in his own autobiography is perhaps as just as any that has been formed, though the portrait was that of a Christian leader drawn by one who was not a Christian. "I have always thought," says Mill, "that there was more intellectual power wasted in Maurice than in any other of my contemporaries. Few of them certainly have had so much to waste. Great powers of generalization, rare ingenuity and subtlety, and a wide perception of important and unobvious truths, served him, not for putting something better into the place of the worthless heap of received opinions on the subject of thought, but for proving to his own mind that the Church of England had known everything from the first, and that all the truths, on the ground of which the Church and orthodoxy had been attacked (many of which he saw as clearly as anyone), are not only consistent with the Thirty-Nine Articles, but are better understood and expressed in those articles than by anyone who rejects them. I have never been able to find out any other explanation of this than by attributing it to that timidity of conscience, combined with original sensitiveness of temperament, which has so often driven highly gifted men into Romanism, from the need of a firmer support than they can find in the independent conclusions of their own judgment. Any more vulgar kind of timidity no one who knew Maurice would ever think of imputing to him, even if he had not given public proof of his freedom from it by his ultimate collision with some of the opinions commonly regarded as orthodox, and by his noble origination of the Christian socialist movement." Mill rates Maurice's intellectual power very high, placing him even above Coleridge, whose disciple, however, in the fullest sense of the term, he unquestionably was, and whom, to ordinary minds, he at least rivalled in obscurity. It is easier to acknowledge in his writings the constant presence of an intensely religious spirit and of broad religious sympathies than to understand his theological system, or even positively to assure ourselves that he had one, while his modes of reconciling his liberalism with the formularies of the Church, are sometimes, and notably in the case of the Athanasian creed, so far-fetched and super-subtle as to shake our confidence in his good sense. To the formularies of the Church, however, he steadfastly adhered, and he even faithfully practised her asceticism, fasting rigorously on the appointed days. Yet the High Church Warden of Keble College who, in a notice of the Life, is anxious to add this eminent figure to the company of the faithful, evidently feels that he has a ticklish task in hand. On the question of Eternal Punishment Maurice came into direct collision with Orthodoxy, and was expelled from his Professorship in an Anglican College. Perhaps he gave even greater offence to Anglicans by his tilt against their renowned apologist Mansel, with whom he was not well qualified to cross swords as a logician, but upon whose theory he

fixed what proved a fatal brand when he dubbed it Orthodox Atheism. Perhaps his clearest title to reverence is that which is mentioned last in Mill's description. It is a sufficient proof of the gratitude due to the originator of Christian socialism that he should have numbered among his devoted adherents such a man as Thomas Hughes. Whether he was right in his special schemes for dispensing with the aid of the capitalist and substituting co-operation for competition is more than doubtful; the result seemed to show that he was not: but there can be no doubt that in his own person and those of his followers he vividly presented at a most critical juncture of the social movement, in opposition to the Communism of envy and hatred, of confiscation and of the guillotine, that other kind which has its place in the heart of every one who has received the teaching of Christ.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

THE proclamation requesting that June 28th be set aside for the observance of Her Majesty's birthday is causing much dissatisfaction. It would be almost safe to say that had the Queen known this change of date would cause one tithe of the inconvenience actually attending it, she would never have commanded the alteration. Many persons had already made arrangements before the substituted date was announced, and in some towns municipal preparations are too far advanced to permit of their being changed. The celebration is also thrown forward to, and will be lost in, the semi-centennial festivities. The more utilitarian and less loyal citizens are inclined to protest against the declaration as inconsiderate and sentimental. Certainly it is unfortunate.

DESPITE the proclamation just made with regard to the official holiday to be observed as commemorative of the Queen's birthday, there will be no alteration of the original dates fixed for the holding of the Annual Race Meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club, at The Woodbine, namely, Saturday and Monday, the 24th and 26th instant. Nothing is now wanting to ensure the meeting an unqualified success. The number of entries is extremely large, far in excess of former years, and though the proportionate number of acceptances has not been so large as was expected, still the fields will be sufficiently big to guarantee good contests. Reports from the various owners and trainers of the horses likely to be seen on the Woodbine track are satisfactory, and most interesting racing is sure of being witnessed. Five events are set down for decision in the programme of each day. On the first, the Trial Stakes, a three-quarter mile dash, sets the ball a-rolling, with but five entries; but as "Disturbance" and "Lloyd Daly" are both starters, a good race may be expected, which should result in the victory of the aged son of "Terror." The Queen's Plate, which comes second on the list, has the large entry of twenty-two, for which the three-year old "Willie W," own brother to "Princess," is much fancied. The distance is a mile and a half for maidens. The Woodbine Steeplechase, of two and a-half miles, has eleven entries, for which "Gilt Edge" should prove a good thing. The Open Cash Handicap, of one and a-quarter miles, closed with fifteen entries, "Boatman" being top weight; but as he is likely to be an absentee, and as "Springfield" is amongst the non-contents, while "Fanny Wiser" has broken down, the issue should be left between "Scalper" and "Blanton." The Welton Cup, one and a-quarter miles, at present has eight entries, for which "Charlie Weir" looks a good thing. The racing on the second day starts with the Ladies' Purse, of three-quarters of a mile, for which thirteen are nominated. The Queen's Hotel Stakes, of mile heats, has six entries, three of which are entered for the preceding race. The Dominion Handicap, of one and a-quarter miles, has the large entry of twenty-two, with the old rivals "Disturbance" and "Bonnie Bird" at the head of the list, the stallion conceding two pounds to the mare. The Railway Steeplechase, of two and a-half miles, has thirteen entries, of which "Rienzi" and "Chancellor" look well in. The Consolation Selling Stakes brings the meeting to a close. The judges at the race meeting will be Mr. William Hendrie, of Hamilton, Captain Campbell, of Montreal, and Lord Melgund, all gentlemen thoroughly experienced in racing details. His Lordship is no mean performer between the flags himself, for under the name of "Mr. Raleigh," he has carried the well known and popular colours of the white, blue sleeves and cap, to many a well earned victory. *Apropos* of His Lordship's family, several erroneous statements as to whose son he is have lately appeared in Canadian locals. It may here be stated that his father bears the time-honoured title of Earl Minto.

WHATEVER the date of the Toronto Semi-Centennial celebrations, it is the interest of every citizen to see them carried out thoroughly. It is

therefore satisfactory to see that the various committees are now hard at work elaborating the programme of the fêtes, though the announcement that there is considerable difficulty in getting sufficient funds is ominous. Everyone must hope the executive are justified in anticipating the festivities will pass off with *éclat*, but one would naturally suppose that if there were a large amount of popular interest in the matter, the necessary funds would be forthcoming without repeated appeals to the citizens.

THE Adelaide street Skating-rink, Toronto, is in course of transformation, an American firm having rented the premises for roller-skating. A new floor is being put in the covered portion, and it will be surrounded by a raised platform for spectators. The alteration will, it is expected, be completed by about the middle of June, by which time there will be accommodation for several hundred skaters. The proprietors have been very successful in establishing rinks in many of the principal American cities, and promise to provide for Torontonians first class facilities for practising this fascinating recreation. It is asserted that the majority of ladies and gentlemen who try roller skating prefer that amusement to ice-skating, and that it is daily becoming more popular in the States and in England.

A CORRESPONDENT of an English Journal reports that at Vienna the traditional washing of the feet of old people took place at Easter in the great hall of the Burg. The Empress not being in Vienna, the washing of the feet of the twelve old women did not take place, but each of those selected had the dress, the dishes, and the thirty silver coins sent to her house. The twelve old men, several of whom were over ninety years of age, were led to the Emperor and his Court, dressed in old German costume, and seated at the table prepared for them. Headed by Count Kinsky, Chief of the Kitchen Department, pages brought in the four courses, which his Majesty, the Crown Prince and Archdukes set before the old men. The Emperor afterwards performed the ceremony of washing the feet, after which he gave to every old man a bag containing thirty silver coins, and then they were sent home in state carriages.

THE following incidents, copied from Old Country contemporaries, give an idea of the true inwardness of the Beaconsfield-primrose mania in England: A British Museum reader, on the memorable "Primrose Day," on handing his umbrella to the official appointed to take charge of such property, was invited by him to accept a bunch of primroses. Surprised at this civility, the reader asked the reason for it. "Well, sir," answered the custodian, "a gentleman sent up two large basketsful, and asked me to give a bunch to everyone who came in." Another gentleman, thirsting for something besides book-learning, called at one of our large "bars" for a glass of beer, and when paying for it he also was surprised by the Hebe who had served him offering to place a dainty little bunch in his button-hole with her own dainty little hands. "Why this kindness?" he asked. "Oh, you see," was the reply, "an old customer brought us a lot of these bunches, and asked us to give them away to our friends." It is the very irony of fate, surely, that in this apotheosis of the great master of Jingoism and tinsel, his worshippers should be made to offer a crown of pure and simple primroses!

THE Philadelphia *Progress* writes with a breadth of view which is a reproach to many of its older contemporaries as follows:—"This grand Republic of ours, is sometimes called upon to do extraordinary things. After declaring that peoples of all nations were welcome here, we, at the bidding of the Pacific coast, went squarely back upon our principles and shut out the Chinese. Now there are nervous souls who demand that 'there should be an act of Congress, perhaps a constitutional amendment might be necessary, to prevent aliens from holding lands and making the fact of citizenship the prerequisite to the privilege of land tenure' (*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle*). To the same purport the *Chicago Farm Journal*: 'Why Lord This, and Duke That, and Earl The Other should be permitted to send their ill-gotten pounds over here, and absorb from 100,000 to 2,000,000 acres apiece of our land, through the agency of the land-grabbing monopolies, represented by Huntington and his ilk, hold it for a rise, though contributing nothing toward the improvements which cause that rise, is beyond our comprehension. Let Congress make all haste to pass such laws as will cut this off short.' And *Omaha Bee*: 'If something is not done to check this movement, there will grow up in this country a system of landlordism similar to that existing in the countries of the old world. The landlords will live luxuriously in London and Paris, while the farmers will simply be tenants.' What are we anyhow? What may and may not the foreigner do on our shores? We are mighty particular in recognizing his rights in one respect. He can stand up and publicly preach

rebellion against his home government without interference, and raise money here to arm assassins and dynamite fiends. No one says him nay in this."

JAMES STEPHENS, late Fenian Head Centre, has an article in the current *Contemporary* on "Ireland and the Franchise Bill," in which he declares if that measure becomes law it will very sensibly increase the revolutionary vote throughout Ireland. As for Mr. Parnell, the Franchise Bill will bring parliamentary candidates to the front in Ireland with much extremer views, and he will have to give way to a "more advanced" leader. Even Mr. Biggar and Mr. Healey will be cast aside, the one as "an obstructive fossil," the other as "a mere moderate." Troublesome men will be sent to the House, with such revolutionary aims and aspirations as will eventually bring them to imprisonment in the Tower. This is a queer sort of patriotism, uttering slanders upon the Irish people that at any rate are not justified by the results of the Land Act. Fortunately Mr. Stephens is not likely to have such a following as he had befortimes, and moderate Irishmen know perfectly well that the House of Commons would soon devise means to put an effectual stop to excessive blather and treason. "England must make up her mind, after the passing of the Franchise Bill, to rule Ireland as a conquered province in a chronic state of siege." And England would not hesitate so to do if the unfortunate necessity arose, of choice between that and dismemberment. It is amusing to note that the late Fenian head-centre is much more concerned about Mr. Parnell's course than about the policy of the British Government. But there is no mistaking Mr. Stephens' programme: The bloody Sassenach is to be intimidated into granting separation; James Stephens is to be made president of an Irish Republic, and Ould Erin will be happy evermore! The paper is remarkable as indicating the utter inability of the writer to see any good that has been done by anybody for Ireland from O'Connell downwards.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER does not care to acknowledge that his theory of liberty has failed—that *laissez faire* means the destruction of the weaker by the stronger, and that it is the function of society to protect the helpless against tyranny, and especially against monopoly. He continues his argument in the *Contemporary* that government is founded upon aggression, and likens legislators to a chemist's assistant who purges for inflammation and kills his patient. He has obtained illustrations in every region, and he protests against interference in all. But he does not touch the real argument that monopoly is itself the defeat of freedom; and that it is only by interference that the State can get rid of monopoly. His sense of freedom is freedom of monopolies—only they will not be State monopolies. And if the theory be carried to its full, not only the chemist's assistant, but the properly qualified doctor, will be forbidden to administer medicine. "Let nature have its own course," Mr. Spencer would say, because the doctors sometimes make mistakes.

THE disgraceful Lord St. Leonards *esclandre* may eventuate in the British aristocracy being shorn of an ancient privilege. Though not, in the true sense of the term, a member of the aristocracy, the black-guard, unfortunately attached to that order, who has so sullied his manhood and his rank, claims to be tried by a jury of his peers. If this should be granted, whatever the verdict, the popular notion of justice would be shocked, and though the reports said to be cabled about such an act jeopardising the British aristocracy are pure nonsense, it might very well cause an outcry against such antiquated privileges. It is a sight for the gods to note how this miserable scandal has been made a party question by some Canadian organs! One would make it an additional reason for abolishing the hereditary Chamber; another sees in the House of Lords the quintessence of wit and intellect. It would be as reasonable to hold the journalistic world responsible for the extraordinary vagaries of these tin-plate knights-errant as to make the Upper House answerable for the depravities of one who is a member simply by virtue of being his father's son, and who has never been recognized other than as one of its necessary evils.

THE report that intimate friends of General Gordon are satisfied he is really in no danger, that there is perfect concord between the General and the Ministry, and that the success of his peculiar mission is assured, is a sufficient explanation, if true, of the attitude of Mr. Gladstone on the Egyptian question, and will prove unwelcome news to the Opposition, whose condemnation of the Government has been understood all through to be purely political and fictitious. Much more serious, as affecting the War Office, are the charges now formulated of gross irregularities and

rascalities in the transport and commissariat departments of the Anglo-Egyptian campaign of 1882. The reports must be taken with the usual pinch of salt, more especially as they come *via* New York; but it is unfortunately true that when anyone is to be killed abroad, the men sent to do it are largely left to their own resources, and there may prove to be some foundation for the scandal.

#### THE WYCLIF QUINCENTENARY.\*

WHILE these lines are in the hands of the printer, English Protestants will be commemorating the work of Wyclif in London. Wyclif died on New Year's Eve, December 31, 1384; but that has not been thought a convenient day for an English gathering, and in consequence the 21st of May has been selected as the anniversary of an important event in the life of the reformer, and as occurring while many persons from all parts are assembled in the English metropolis. If Toronto, which celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Luther in a worthy manner, should awake to the duty of commemorating the five hundredth anniversary of the death of Wyclif, there is still time to take measures for so doing.

Wyclif is certainly less known to his countrymen than he ought to be; and it is very difficult to convince those who have little time to study his life or his works, that he was a very great man and has been a great power in the world. It was not that he originated all, or most, of the ideas which have been most prominently connected with his name. That could be said of very few men. But he grasped the significance of those ideas with a new firmness, he appreciated their importance with a clearness superior to that shown by any of his predecessors, and he carried on the work of maintaining and defending them with a decision and a boldness which, for his time, was very remarkable, we might say, wonderful.

One great difficulty in the way of believing in the intellectual and moral greatness of Wyclif arises from the fact that he seemed to make but little impression upon the succeeding age. This notion, however, has been exaggerated, and it is not altogether difficult to account for the visible success of his work having been less than might have been expected.

It was not merely that printing was not yet invented, nor merely that Wyclif, as has been well suggested, had not clearly seen as Luther did, that an appeal could be made to the masses of the people only by the presentation of some positive doctrine, which, like that of Justification by Faith, could influence at once their consciences and their hearts. There were other reasons in Wyclif himself, and in the circumstances of the age which succeeded his own, which will help to account for this partial failure.

It would appear that Wyclif was somewhat lacking in those qualities of geniality and robustness which were so mighty a power in the case of Luther; perhaps, also, in some measure, of the later reformer's lion-like courage, although it seems quite untrue that he was timid, evasive, and ready to shrink from the consequences of his words. It is admitted by Wyclif's more ardent admirers that he was not distinguished by fervour or enthusiasm. His distinction was moral and intellectual, and those qualities come out in his writings, mingled at times with something of fierceness and indignation when he is stirred up to rebuke some superstitious doctrine or mischievous practice. At the same time, the influence which he possessed in the University of Oxford, which enabled him for a long time to keep the ecclesiastical authorities at bay, showed that he possessed no inconsiderable power of attraction. If a man who was teaching that which the Church of his age regarded as flat heresy could induce his university to bid defiance to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Pope, as he did, he must have had other qualities than his acknowledged blamelessness of life and pre-eminence of intellect.

But there were other causes operating to prevent the spread of Lollardism. Although for a time the reformer enjoyed the protection of John of Gaunt, it was this man's son who was to prove the most dangerous enemy to the disciples of Wyclif. The imperfect title of Henry IV. to the crown rendered necessary all the support he could obtain, and therefore he ingratiated himself with the clergy by persecuting the Reformers. The first bloody statute against heresy was passed in this reign. On the other hand, the risings of the peasantry were most unjustly attributed to Wyclif's teachings, and this aroused the resentment and suspicions of the nobles. It was among the middle class, the really English portion of the population, that the Wyclifite doctrines were held and cherished, and through all the miserable period of the French wars and the succeeding Wars of the Roses, there is

\* The spelling of the reformer's name seems about as uncertain as that of our greatest dramatist. As two schools spell, respectively, Shakespeare and Shakspeare, so German critics spell Wiclif, and English Wyclif. It is not very important, but it seems quite impossible to decide between them.

reason to believe that there were multitudes who clung to the persecuted faith. But the time of the middle class was not yet.

If, however, Wyclif's influence had ceased or was hidden in England, it was spreading elsewhere. It is no longer doubtful that Hus and Jerome had imbibed the doctrines of the English reformer, and they were burned at Constance in 1415. A long time had to pass before Luther arose to continue the work which they had begun, but it is certain that he was stimulated by the remembrance of the Bohemian Reformers. It is true that Luther spoke of Wyclif's work as mere hair-splitting; but Luther was apt to say strong things, and sometimes without due consideration. At least he was indebted to Wyclif for giving the beginning to the work which he was himself appointed to continue. A chronicler of the 15th century declares, that the "books of the evangelical doctor, Master John Wyclif, opened the eyes of the blessed Master John Hus, as several trustworthy men heard from his own lips," and Paletz, one of the opponents of Hus, told the latter, "Since the birth of Christ, no heretic has written more dangerously against the Church than thou and Wyclif."

We cannot here dwell upon the incidents in the life of Wyclif. Its earlier portion is hid in obscurity. During his residence in Oxford, first as master of Balliol and afterwards as warden of Canterbury Hall, he warmly espoused the nationalist side against the claims of the papacy. For a long time he escaped formal condemnation, even although he attacked the central dogma of transubstantiation. Ultimately he was forced to leave Oxford; but although he was exposed to a good deal of annoyance, it is astonishing to remark how little of real danger he incurred. On these matters of detail we cannot now dwell. Those who wish to study the life and works of Wyclif at length may safely be recommended to read Lechler's *Life*, translated by Lorimer. There are several smaller compilations which will give the mere facts; indeed most of the histories of England will furnish the principal incidents in his conflict with the authorities of the Church. We must here confine ourselves to pointing out some mistakes which have been made respecting his motives and his teaching.

It is to be regretted that the usually fair and moderate Lingard should have displayed such bitterness in his account of Wyclif. According to this historian the reformer was provoked by his removal from the wardenship to attack the friars, and so continued their enemy through life. There is no doubt that Wyclif, as a secular priest, had to give way to the regulars, but his rivals at Oxford were monks and not friars; and no one could know better than Dr. Lingard the difference between these orders.

It was not until quite late in life that Wyclif began his attack on the friars, perhaps not before 1381, certainly not before 1378, and this was long after the Oxford dispute. So far was he from turning against the friars because of his dispute with the monks, that, in his earlier writings he spoke of them often with commendation on account of their voluntary poverty. It is quite clear to any one who studies Wyclif's life or writings that he was in downright earnest, whether he was rebuking the avarice and luxury of the clergy, or protesting against the arrogance and greed of the papacy, or arguing against what he regarded as the prevailing corruption of doctrine.

As regards those portions of his teaching which have been assailed with peculiar virulence, we select that on "Dominion" for notice, because his opinions on this subject have been declared to be subversive of the rights of property. The origin of this controversy was connected with the claims of the Papacy to universal authority over things temporal as well as things spiritual. Among the schoolmen there were some who supported this view, and others, such as William of Ockham, who, like Dante, declared there were two masters of the world, the Pope over spiritual things, and the Emperor over temporal things. But in England the Emperor had no authority, and another chief lord had to be found from whom property should be held. Wyclif was not the first to go to the root of the matter. It was one whom he acknowledged as his master, Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, who first maintained that God Himself was Chief Lord, and that every man held of Him and must do Him service for all that he possessed. This doctrine, which was defended by Wyclif, was directed against the claims of the Papacy; and it is obvious that, if stated without qualification, it might become mischievous. Only those, it might be inferred, who were in grace, had any right to their earthly possessions. And Wyclif declares: "He that standeth in grace is very lord of things, and whoever faileth by default of grace, he faileth right title of the things that he occupieth and unableth himself to have the gifts of God." But Wyclif and his followers drew no such inference from this principle as has been imputed to them—namely, "that they were saints and their adversaries sinners, and therefore the application of the doctrine was very simple." On the contrary, he makes it clear that he is here dealing with man's relations to God, and in this respect no theologian would

differ from him, and not with the mutual relations of men in society. "There are," he says, "two titles by which a man holds temporal goods; the title of original justice and that of earthly justice. By the title of original justice Christ possessed all worldly goods, as Augustine often says; by that title—the title of grace—all things belong to the just; but civil possession has little to do with that title, therefore Christ and His disciples despised civil rule and possession, and contented themselves with holding only according to the first title." It is clear that this was directed against the Pope's claim to control, as the Vicar of Christ, all earthly things, secular as well as spiritual.

It may, however, be inferred that Wyclif encouraged men to refuse their dues to men who were living in sin, and this has actually been asserted. But this is not the case. He certainly taught that a man in sin forfeited his dominion, but he also taught that no one could tell who was in mortal sin, for he did not accept the division of the casuists, of mortal and venial sins; and he distinctly and continuously asserted the duty of obedience to wicked rulers. It will be remembered that, when Mary Queen of Scots accused John Knox of teaching treason in his "Regiment of Women," the sturdy reformer replied that the theories of Plato and others had not prevented them from being loyal citizens in the countries to which they belonged. In the same way, Wyclif held that, ideally, only the godly man could properly hold of God his over-lord, and most religious men would say that he was right; but this in no way interfered with a man's obligation to observe the laws under which he lived.

We have drawn special attention to this point, as it is one which is often urged as a fatal objection to Wyclif. There are many other things which we would gladly dwell upon, more especially upon his work as the first translator of the Bible into English, and the first writer of English prose who could claim distinction in that department. We should also have liked to bring out more clearly the individuality of the man in his combination of earnestness and moderation, of prudence and heroism, for it is not true that he trimmed and evaded the force of his own words. His later writings make this quite clear. For satisfaction in these and many other points, we must refer our readers to Lechler and Buddensieg and others who are entitled to speak with authority on the subject. C.

### THE C.P.R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.—XI.

#### DOWN THE ILLE-CILLE-WAUT ON FOOT.

AT McMillan's camp on the Ille-cille-waut, the trail that we had followed from the summit of the Selkirks ended; and the valley that extended before us was clothed with a pathless tangle that the trail markers were cutting through at the rate of perhaps half-a-mile a day. The distance to the second crossing of the Columbia, however, was estimated at only seventeen miles, and we felt that old travellers ought to be able to worry through in some way or another. Our chief apprehension was that the Indians from Kamloops might not be at the mouth of the Ille-cille-waut. We had telegraphed from Winnipeg to British Columbia that they must be there between September 8th and 12th. So far we were up to our programme, for we had reached McMillan's camp on the evening of the 6th; and the Major said that the intervening seventeen miles could be made in four days. Our party numbered twelve; the original three, Al., Dave, and seven fine fellows from McMillan's camp. Mr. Fleming and I carried little; all the rest shouldered packs from forty to nearly a hundred pounds in weight, carrying them knapsack fashion, or by means of a tump-line across the forehead, after the manner of the Scotch fishwives to be seen on the streets of Edinburgh with their great baskets of fish from Newhaven.

In all my previous journeyings, other men had been before me and had left some memorial of their work, a railway, a Macadamized or gravel road, a lane, a trail, or at least, blazed trees to indicate the direction to be taken. Now, we learned what it was to be without benefit of other men's work. Here, there was nothing even to guide, save an occasional glimpse of the sun, and the slate-coloured churned-up torrent, running generally west or south-west, hemmed in by cañons, from which we turned aside only to get mired in beaver dams or alder swamps, or lost in labyrinths of steep ravines, or to stumble over slides of moss-covered rocks that had fallen from overhanging mountains. It rained almost every day. Every night the thunder rattled over the hills with terrific reverberations, and fierce flashes lit up wierdly tall trees covered with wreaths of moss, and the forms of tired men sleeping by smouldering camp fires.

How our men managed to get along, carrying packs which, of neces-

sity, were in some cases of awkward shape, seemed to me little short of a miracle. They clambered over, or squeezed under, fallen cedars of enormous size, wriggled through dense alders that obstinately got between their legs and twisted round their loads, wound their way up precipices where they could hold on by little save their eyelashes, stepped lightly over slippery rocks, and even when they fell headlong among the prickly aralea, the packs almost strangling them at the same time, took everything as a matter of course. Sometimes, for a change, we waded up to the knees through the ice-cold water of the river where the current was moderate, and a sandbank on the shore offered relief. Instead of moving continuously, the men, on account of the weight of their packs, preferred rapid marches for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time, with brief rests between. Al. led the way, sometimes too rapidly for the slower members of the party. The men ahead vanished out of sight, and not a trace of them could be seen. It might be thought that they would always leave some kind of trail, but a spruce or hemlock thicket, or a bare fallen log along which they had run, showed no sign. At such times the feeling of desolation was overpowering. Morasses, tangle, interlaced logs in every direction! We had to press on, and there were always the thirty-two points of the compass to choose from; but whatever point was taken, we soon wished that we had taken another. It is easy enough to cross or crawl under one fallen tree; but to push through fallen trees for even a quarter of an hour, stumbling into holes or slipping over soft moss against sharp snags seems hours long. One dense thicket is nothing; but to get into a wilderness of alders till you think that there is nothing in the world but alders, all of them obstinately obstructive, is something that tries temper and strength. To Canadians, the beaver is what the eagle is to Americans, and the lion and the unicorn to Britons; but wading for half-a-mile through the fetid water or the black or red muck of an old beaver dam, with the knowledge that at any moment you may tumble into a hole and be completely submerged, is apt to make you undervalue the industry of the beaver. But no one grumbled. Once or twice an unparliamentary expression burst from the lips of Dave, but the recording angel did not put it down. We did our best to keep together. When that could not be done, we took the consequences. Sometimes we were able to put on a spurt for a few hundred yards, where the valley opened out and the thick underbrush disappeared, or, we struck bear or cariboo trails that had been used for centuries and on which were marks not an hour old. It required judgment to know how far we should use these, for they generally led from a stream or favourite feeding-ground to their abodes near the snow-line, where in our circumstances we had no wish to go.

Travelling, such as I have tried to outline, has its charms; but the charms are chiefly those that the savage appreciates most keenly; the delight of stretching wearied limbs on a bed of spruce boughs laid thatch-wise, half contentedly, half impatiently, watching the cook preparing supper, and inhaling the savoury smell of fattest pork and the fragrance from the tea kettle. The constant pressure to get on made us rather insensible to the beauty of the scenery except in the evening, and after a good wash and the gratification of appetite. Besides, the Selkirks, except at the summit, are not to be compared to the Rockies. The valley of the Bow is so wide and open that the mountains on each side can be easily seen; but the Beaver and the Ille-cille-waut run in more contracted valleys, and the valleys are so choked with heavy timber that views can be had of few points. There are not many flowers, but mosses and ferns are innumerable, and shrubs like English holly and ivy, and bushes laden with wild fruit abound. The chief impression, however, that remains on the memory is that of a succession of forest-clad hills, mountain streams running between, and always within sight or hearing the raging torrent and cascades of the Ille-cille-waut.

On the morning of September 11th we crossed to the north side of the Ille-cille-waut, over an immense jam of logs and driftwood which made a complete bridge, thirty feet high and 200 broad across a deep and furious river. At this point we were within three miles of the Columbia, and while resting for early lunch, it was suggested that a shot be fired to attract the attention of our Kamloops Indians, if perchance they had reached the trysting place. Fired it was, and scarcely had its reverberations ceased when it was answered. Every one sprang to his feet, cheering again and again. Our fears were at an end. To make sure, two shots were now fired in rapid succession, and these were answered by the same number. There could be no doubt that our Indians were waiting for us, and no one wished to delay a moment. We picked up our loads, and pressing on with swift feet, soon after noon reached a high bank overhanging a noble river that swept away to the south with a current of six or seven miles an hour. Here was the Columbia that we had left

a week ago, running to the north. In its course to and round the Big Bend and through its famous Dalles, it had received many tributary waters, and now it was some 1,200 feet wide. Right opposite us was a little eddy or bay, and there, near the shore gleamed a white tent among bushes with three or four Indians near. A mile or two back rose the Gold Mountains, a range stretching away to the north and south, another barrier between us and the Pacific, but cut down, apparently almost to the level of the river, opposite where we stood, by the Eagle or Moberly's Pass. The range was not so lofty as the Selkirks, but to the south, one three-peaked mountain was covered by an immense snowfield, culminating in a glacier. The sun now burst forth, driving the clouds away, and shining on mountains and river, and away into the heart of the Pass; and through air cleaned by a week's rain, not only every feature of the wide extended scene, but every shade of colour came out with marvellous distinctness.

But could those be our Indians? For, now, children are seen running down through the bushes to the river's brink. Two Indians push off two canoes and row across and up the river to the point below the bank on which we stood. A short conversation between them and Al. reveals that they are Fort Sheppard Indians from the South who had been hunting in the Gold Mountains for some weeks. At any rate, we had arrived first at our trysting place, and whether our Kamloops Indians came or not, we were secure from risk of starvation, and from the necessity of turning back. Postponing till next day any decision as to our course, we asked the Indians to take us and our dunnage across the river, and said good-bye to McMillan's men, saying it with great regret, for a finer lot of fellows, modest, patient, self-reliant, pure in speech, I never travelled with. The canoes looked fragile, for each consisted of a strip of spruce bark stretched over a light framework; but heavy men stepped lightly into them without fear, and our packs were thrown in without much additional effect. Once in motion, their long sharp-pointed prows cut through the water like great swordfish; and, taking advantage of the stream, we were at the Eddy in a few minutes. On the bank sat several grave-looking Indians, and in the rear clustered squaws and papooses. Among the aspen bushes were two or three tents, partly canvas and partly bark. Skins of black and cinnamon bears, cariboo, and mountain sheep, and goats hanging on the trees and about the tents, with the unmistakable odour of fish and flesh drying in the air showed that our friends had been successful in hunting and fishing. Purchasing for a dollar an armful of dried cariboo meat, we sent it across to the men who were re-arranging packs for their return journey, and then looked out for a place to pitch our tent at a convenient distance from the odours of camp Siwash.

After a swim in the Columbia, we dined off a savoury mess of dried salmon parboiled and fried with a little flour, eating our meal with a calm sense of satisfaction. The Kicking Horse and the Selkirks were behind us. Even if our Indians did not turn up, we could doubtless hire those on whom we had so luckily happened, to take us down the river to the N.P. Railway, or to guide us through Moberly's Pass to Lake Shuswap. So we felt that we could rest and enjoy the glorious afternoon. Between the Selkirk and the Gold ranges the Columbia swept grandly, its banks bearing only clusters of green aspens, or on sandy flats the tall jointed goose, or snake, grass. The Gold foothills had been covered with spruce, but fires had swept across them so effectually that we could see the naked, burnt rocks up almost to the snow line of the mountains behind. The rocks were chiefly slate or granite, with veins of quartz that promised well to prospectors. Above the rush of the Columbia the roar of the falls of the Ille-cille-waut, three or four miles away, could be heard. We had missed seeing these by crossing at the jam of logs and making directly for the Columbia in the forenoon. The gap in the Selkirks through which the Ille-cille-waut runs appears as almost a direct continuation of the lateral fracture in the Gold range to which Moberly gave the name of the Eagle Pass; and we could see how natural it was for him to divine at once that a pass across the Selkirks could be found by pressing through such a gap. As the afternoon wore into the evening, Al. and I took a walk to inspect the camp of the Indians. They were gathering together for prayer, and while one led, the rest chanted responses and counted their beads. Al., like most Americans, detested Indians, but he pointed to the leader, a man past middle age, called Baptiste, as one who had stuck faithfully by him on a previous expedition, and of whom nothing but good was to be said. Going on towards the mouth of the Pass we heard loud cries, but the shouts were so re-echoed among the hills and caught up by the young Indians and McMillan's men on the opposite bank, that we thought it best to return to camp and give information and perhaps fire a shot. We had not been long there when Mr. Fleming came in with a light step, and introduced to us Mr. McLean, of Kamloops, and four Shuswap Indians. All had gone



well. Our connections had been made from the opposite ends of our long journey separated by three ranges of mountains and trackless forests. McLean told us that we had still to travel twenty miles without a trail; that he had left at that point horses and provisions in charge of an Indian; and he produced letters and a long sheet of foolscap with a most attractive list of supplies, awaiting us there. Fortunately we had brought on provisions sufficient for a forced march, and we could, therefore, supply ourselves and McLean's party for four or five days more. Ten or fifteen miles beyond the horses, we would come upon Mr. G. V. Wright constructing a waggon road from Shuswap Lake in our direction, and driving along it luxuriously in a buggy, and then our trials would be at an end. Mr. Mara's steamer would take us from the Lake to Kamloops; and there we would be within touch of the engineers constructing the railway all the way down to Port Moody.

As this series professes to speak only of the Kicking Horse and the Selkirks, I shall not touch upon the last section of this journey of ours by the C.P.R. from Lake Superior to the ocean. To me its chief interest was in connection with railway construction through the Cascade and Coast range—the last billows of that sea of mountains that rolls between the plains and the Pacific. Thousands of Chinamen are engaged on the grade, and more patient, sober, inoffensive, hard-working people, as a class, I have never seen. Instead of excluding white labour, they are the Gibbonites needed to do the cheaper and more menial work that civilization demands. White men are needed as engineers, officials, overmen, timekeepers, mechanics, and for all kinds of rock work. Hence there are more whites in the Province now than ever there were before. But I shall not touch upon the Chinese question, save to express the shame and despair with which I see Canadians and Americans forgetting their common sense and their avowed belief in the Golden Rule of Christ, and even of Confucius, whenever our neighbours on the other side of the Pacific are concerned.

GEORGE MONRO GRANT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAW STUDENTS' DINNER.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—The *World* complains that at the law students' dinner too much of the time was taken up by the speeches of the invited guests and too little was given to the speeches of the students themselves. The complaint is perfectly well founded, and I have seen the same mistake made at other dinners. But the blame does not rest on the invited guests. They are specially brought there to speak, with toasts assigned them, and were they to confine themselves, as the *World* seems to wish, to two or three sentences, they would be deemed guilty of disrespect to the audience. If Mr. Blake were only to make a "snappy" speech, he would disappoint expectation and give offence. The right course is that suggested by the *World*—to let the invited guests enjoy their dinner and listen without speaking. Perhaps their health, collectively, might be proposed and one of them might return thanks for all. No speeches should in any case be made upon the merely formal toasts such as "The Queen," "Parliament," "The Army." All the time should be given to the toasts of the evening. I should think that most of those who are commonly invited on these occasions would heartily welcome the change.

Yours, SENIOR.

THE FARMERS AND PROHIBITION.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—As it is never well to go to war without counting the cost, I beg to offer a few statistics for the consideration of financiers and others. Ontario grows about fifteen millions of bushels of barley annually, seven millions of which are worth 40 cents per bushel for feeding purposes, under the present conditions of law; but as eight millions of bushels additional would be on hand if not required for malting, the value of the whole as a feeding power would be reduced to 30 cents per bushel, when the account would stand thus:—

15 millions of bushels @ 30c. .... \$4,500,000

At present this account stands:—

7 millions of bushels @ 40c. ....	\$2,800,000
8 " " for malting @ 70c. ....	5,600,000
	<u>\$8,400,000</u>
	\$3,900,000

Leaving a balance against the farmers, should the Scott Act prevail generally, of three millions nine hundred thousand dollars annually.

Farmers know all about proper rotation of crops, and that barley is a specialty of the soil of Ontario—a crop which is every year becoming more valuable, while wheat which scourges the land, is becoming cheaper, and competed in by the whole world. It is said with an amazing amount of assurance by people who think they risk nothing themselves in making the experiment, that farmers can grow something else or feed more cattle. Feeding cattle involves a large additional outlay of money and a much longer time in realizing the proceeds in cash, besides the risk of live stock; and they can do all that better under present conditions, if so minded. If they make additional profit it is really additional, and not making up a loss in order to please extreme people who seem to prefer whiskey to the products of their native soil.

Let us take a look at some of the effects of this sumptuary policy. Take a good barley farm of 100 acres, on which twenty acres of barley are grown; the crop at twenty-eight and a-half bushels per acre—ascertained average—would produce 570

bushels of wheat, which at 30 cents per bushel for feeding purposes would realize \$171. Under present conditions it would realize 170 bushels at 40 cents, \$68; and 400 bushels at 70 cents, \$280. In all \$348, against \$171, a loss to that farmer of \$177 annually. This loss, \$177, capitalized at ten per cent., would lessen the value of that farm by \$1,770. Now, supposing said farm to be valued at \$7,000, and, as in the case of many perfectly good farmers, it is mortgaged to one half of its value, amounting to \$3,500. How would loan societies and others regard this changed value? It would be wise in farmers to ascertain, as the reduced value of the land would not leave sufficient margin on a one-half advance as before. The account would stand:—

Value of land under old conditions .....	\$7,000
Reduced value under new conditions .....	1,770
	<u>\$5,230</u>
Available for renewed mortgage .....	\$2,615
Cash to pay difference on old mortgage .....	885
	<u>\$3,500</u>

But it may well be asked, "Why should the farmers suffer through a sumptuary Act of Parliament for the good of the whole community, and not the loan societies also?" And why, for the matter of that, either of the two specially? Why not the other monied classes as well? And why, in the name of common sense, should all these matters not be pre arranged, and not left to develop in consternation?

There is yet plenty of time, should common prudence be exhibited, and the Governor-General advise—under advice of Ministers, of course—a stay of proceedings where the Scott Act is not yet adopted, till after Parliament re-assembles. If not, I am afraid our esteemed Minister of Finance will have difficulty in borrowing, if English securities are to be tampered with by direct Act of the House. England holds a large amount of money lent out in Ontario, and England has a great respect for vested interests.

BREWER.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

HE lived in that past Georgian day,  
When men were less inclined to say  
That "Time is Gold," and overlay  
With toil their pleasure;  
He held some land, and dwelt thereon,  
Where, I forget—the house is gone;  
His Christian name, I think, was John,  
His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him—a face  
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,  
Fresh-coloured, frank, with ne'er a trace  
Of trouble shaded;  
The eyes are blue, the hair is drest  
In plainest way, one hand is prest  
Deep in a flapped canary vest,  
With buds brocaded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,  
With silver buttons; round his throat,  
A soft cravat, in all you note  
An elder fashion—  
A strangeness, which, to us who shine  
In shapely hats, whose coats combine  
All harmonies of hue and line,  
Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see;  
Men were untravelled then, but we,  
Like Ariel, post o'er land and sea  
With careless parting;  
He found it quite enough for him  
To smoke his pipe in "garden trim,"  
And watch, about the fish-tank's brim,  
The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue;  
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung;  
He liked the drone of flies among  
His netted peaches;  
He liked to watch the sunlight fall  
Athwart his ivied orchard wall,  
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call  
Beyond the beeches.

His were the times of paint and patch,  
And yet no Ranelagh could match  
The sober doves that round his thatch  
Spread tails and sidled;  
He liked their ruffling, puffed content;  
For him their drowsy wheelings meant  
More than a Mall of beaux that bent,  
Or belles that bridled.

Not that, in truth, when life began  
He shunned the flutter of the fan;  
He too had, maybe, "pinked his man"  
In beauty's quarrel;

But now his "fervent youth" had flown  
Where lost things go, and he was grown  
As staid and slow-paced as his own  
Old hunter, Sorrel.

Yet still he loved the chase, and held  
That no composer's score excelled  
The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled  
Its jovial riot;  
But most his measured words of praise  
Caressed the angler's easy ways,  
His idly meditative days,  
His rustic diet.

Not that his "meditating" rose  
Beyond a sunny summer doze;  
He never troubled his repose  
With fruitless prying;  
But held, as law for high and low,  
What God witholds no man can know,  
And smiled away inquiry so,  
Without replying.

We read—alas, how much we read,—  
The jumbled strifes of creed and creed  
With endless controversies feed  
Our groaning tables;  
His books—and they sufficed him—were  
Colton's "Montaigne," "The Grave" of Blair,  
A "Walton"—much the worse for wear,  
And "Esop's Fables."

One more—"The Bible." Not that he  
Had searched its page as deep as we;  
No sophistries could make him see  
Its slender credit;  
It may be that he could not count  
The sires and sons to Jesse's fount,—  
He liked the "Sermon on the Mount,"  
And more, he read it.

Once he had loved, but failed to wed,  
A red-cheeked lass who long was dead;  
His ways were far too slow, he said,  
To quite forget her;  
And still when time had turned him grey,  
The earliest hawthorn buds in May  
Would find his lingering feet astray,  
Where first he met her.

"*In Cælo Quies*" heads the stone  
On Leisure's grave—now little known,  
A tangle of wild-rose has grown  
So thick across it;  
The "Benefactions" still declare  
He left the clerk an elbow-chair,  
And "Twelve pence yearly to prepare  
A Christmas Posset."

Lie softly, Leisure; doubtless you,  
With too serene a conscience drew  
Your easy breath, and slumbered through  
The gravest issue;  
But we, to whom our age allows  
Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,  
Look down upon your narrow house,  
Old friend, and miss you.

From "Old World Idylls," by Austin Dobson.

### THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"  
"An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

#### XIII.

THAT night was an almost sleepless one for Pauline, and during the next morning she was in straits of keen contrition. Theoretically, she despised her aunt, but in reality she despised far more her own loss of control. Her self-humiliation was so pungent, indeed, that when, at twelve o'clock on this same day, Courtlandt's card was handed to her, she felt a strong desire to escape seeing him, through the facile little falsehood of a "not at home." But she concluded, presently, that it would be best to face the situation at once, since avoidance would be simply postponement. Courtlandt was as inevitable as death; he must be met sooner or later.

She met him. She did not expect that he would offer her his hand, and she made no sign of offering her own. He was standing near a small table, as she entered, and his attention seemed much occupied with some exquisitely lovely roses in a vase of aerial porcelain. He somehow contrived not wholly to disregard the roses while he regarded Pauline. It was very

cleverly done, and with that unconscious quiet which stamped all his clever doings.

"These are very nice," he said, referring to the roses. He had a pair of tawny gloves grasped in one hand, and he made an indolent, whipping gesture toward the vase while Pauline seated herself. But he still remained standing.

"Yes," she replied, as we speak words automatically. "They are rare here, but I knew that kind of rose in Paris."

"Did your husband—that-is-to-be send them?" asked Courtlandt. His composure was superb. He did not look at Pauline, but with apparent carelessness at the flowers.

"Yes," she said; and then, after a slight pause, she added: "Mr. Kinde-  
lon sent them."

Courtlandt fixed his eyes upon her face, then. "Wasn't it rather sudden?" he questioned.

"My engagement?"

"Your engagement."

"Sudden? Well, I suppose so."

"I didn't expect it quite yet."

She gave a little laugh which sounded thin and paltry to her own ears. "That means you were prepared for it, then?"

"Oh, I saw it coming."

"And Aunt Cynthia has told you, no doubt?"

"Yes. Aunt Cynthia has told me. I felt that I ought to drop in with my congratulations."

Pauline rose, now; her lips were trembling, and her voice likewise, as she said:

"I do hope that you give them sincerely, Court."

"Oh, if you put it in that way, I don't give them at all."

"Then you came here to mock me?"

"I don't know why I came here. I think it would have been best for me not to come. I thought so when I decided to come. Probably you do not understand this. I can't help you, in that case, for I don't understand it myself."

"I choose to draw my own conclusions, and they are kindly and friendly ones. Never mind how or what I understand. You are here, and you have said nothing rude yet. I hope you are not going to say anything rude, for I haven't the heart to pick a quarrel with you—one of our old, funny, soon-healed quarrels, you know. I am too happy, in one way, and too repentant in another."

"Repentant?"

"Yes. I said frightful things yesterday to Aunt Cynthia. I dare say she has repeated them."

"Oh, yes, she repeated every one of them."

"And no doubt with a good deal of wrathful embellishment!" here exclaimed Pauline, bristling.

"Do you think they would bear decoration? Wouldn't it be like putting a cupola on the apex of the Trinity Church steeple?"

"Not at all!" cried Pauline. "I might have said a great deal worse! Oceans and continents lie between Aunt Cynthia and myself! And I told her so!"

"Really? I thought you were at pretty close quarters with each other, judging from her account of the row."

"There was no row!" declared Pauline, drawing herself up very finely.

"What did she accuse me of saying, please?"

"Oh, I forget. She said you abused her like a pickpocket for not liking the man you're engaged to."

Pauline shrugged her shoulders, in the manner of one who thinks better of the angry mood, and handsomely abjures it. "Positively, Courtlandt," she said, "I begin to think you had no purpose whatever in coming here to-day."

His sombre brown eyes began to sparkle, though quite faintly, as he now fixed them upon her. "I certainly had one purpose," he said. She saw that his right hand had thrust itself into the breast of his coat, as though it searched there for something. "I wanted to show you this, as I imagined that you don't see the horrid little sheet called *The Morning Monitor*," he proceeded.

"*The Morning Monitor!*" faltered Pauline, with a sudden grievous premonition, as she watched her cousin draw forth a folded newspaper. "No, I never heard of it."

"It has evidently heard of you," he answered. "I never read the vilely personal little affair. But a kind friend showed me this issue of to-day. Just glance at the second column on the second page—the one which is headed 'The Adventures of a Widow'—and tell me what you think of it."

Pauline took the newspaper with unsteady hand. She sank into her chair again, and began to read the column indicated. The journal which she now held was one of recent origin in New York, and it marked the lowest ebb of scandalous newspaper-license. It had secured an enormous circulation; it was already threatening to make its editor a Croesus. It traded, in the most unblushing way, upon the curiosity of its subscribers for a knowledge of the peccadilloes, imprudences and general private histories of prominent or wealthy citizens. It was a ferret that prowled, prodded, bored, insinuated. It was utterly lawless, utterly libellous. It left not even Launcelot brave nor Galahad pure. It was one of those detestable opportunities which this nineteenth century, notwithstanding a thousand evidences of progress, thrusts into the hands of cynics and pessimists to rail against the human nature of which they themselves are the most melancholy product. It had had suits brought against it, but the noble sale of its copies rendered its heroic continuation possible. Truth, crushed to earth, may rise again, but scurrilous slander, in the shape of

*The Morning Monitor*, remained capably erect. It fed and throve on its own dire poison.

Pauline soon found herself reading, with misty eyes and indignant heart-beats, a kind of baleful biography of herself, in which her career, from her rash early marriage until her recent entertainment of certain guests, was mercilessly parodied, ridiculed, vilified. These pages will not chronicle in any unsavoury details what she read. It was an article of luridly intemperate style, dissolute grammar and gaudy rhetoric. It bit as a brute bites and stung as a wasp stings, without other reason than that of low, dull spleen. It mentioned no other name save Kindelon's, but it shot from that one name a hundred petty shafts of malign inuendo.

"Oh, this is horrible!" at length moaned Pauline. She flung the paper away; the tears had begun to stream from her eyes. "What shall I do against so hideous an attack?"

Courtlandt was at her side in an instant. He caught her hand, and the heat of his own was like that of fever.

"Do but one thing!" he said, with a vehemence all the more startling because of his usual unvaried composure. "Break away from this folly once and forever! You know that I love you—that I have loved you for years! Don't tell me that you don't know it, for at the best you've only taught yourself to forget it! I've never said that I loved you before, but what of that? You have seen the truth a hundred times—in my sober way of showing it! I've never thought that you returned the feeling; I don't even fancy so now. But I'm so fond of you, Pauline, that I want you to be my wife, merely liking and respecting me. I hate to shame myself by even speaking of your money, but you can sign that all away to some hospital to-morrow, if you please—you can get it all together and throw it into the North River, as far as I am concerned! Send Kindelon adrift—jilt him! On my soul I beg this of you for your own future happiness more than anything else! I don't say it will be a square or right thing to do. But it will save you from the second horrible mistake of your life! You made one, that death saved you from. But this will be worse. It will last your life-time. Kindelon isn't of your *monde*, and never can be. There is so much in that. I am not speaking like a snob. But he has no more sense of the proprieties, the nice externals, the way of doing all those thousand trifling things, which, trifling as they are, make up three-quarters of actual existence, than if he were an Indian, a Bedouin or a gypsy! Before Heaven, Pauline, if I thought such a marriage could bring you happiness, I'd give you up without a murmur! I'm not fool enough to die, or pine, or even mope because of any woman on the globe not caring for me! But now, by giving me the right to guard you—by making me so grateful to you that only the rest of my life-time can fitly show my gratitude, you will escape calamity, distress, and years of remorse!"

It had hardly seemed to her, at first, as if Courtlandt were really speaking; this intensity was so entirely uncharacteristic of him; these rapid tones and spirited glances were so remote from his accustomed personality. Yet by degrees she recognized not alone the quality of the change, but its motive and source. She could not but feel tenderly toward him, then. She was a woman, and he had told her that he loved her; this bore its inevitable condoning results.

And yet her voice was almost stern as she now said to him, rising, and repelling the hand by which he still strove to clasp her own:

"I think that you admitted that if I broke my engagement with Ralph Kindelon it would not be—I use your own words, Court—the square or right thing to do. . . Well, I shall not do it! There, I hope you are satisfied."

He looked at her with a surpassing pain. His hands, while they hung at his sides, knotted themselves. "Oh, Pauline," he exclaimed, "I am not satisfied!"

She met his look steadily. The tears in her eyes had vanished, though those already shed glistened on her cheeks. "Very well. I am sorry. I love Ralph Kindelon. I mean to be his wife."

"You meant to be Varick's wife."

"It is horrible for you to bring that up!" she cried. "Here I commit no mistake. He is a man of men! He loves me, and I love him. Do you know anything against him—outside of the codes and creeds that would exclude him from one of Aunt Cynthia's dancing-classes?"

"I know this against him; he is not true. He is not to be trusted. He rings wrong. He is not a gentleman—in the sense quite outside of Aunt Cynthia's definition."

"It is false!" exclaimed Pauline, crimsoning. "Prove to me," she went on with fleet fire, "that he is not true—not to be trusted. I dare you to prove it."

He walked slowly toward the door. "It is an intuition," he said. "I can't prove it. I could as soon tell you who wrote that villainous thing in the newspaper, there."

Pauline gave a laugh of coldest contempt. "Oh," she cried, "in a moment more you will be saying that *he* wrote it!"

Courtlandt shook his head. The gesture conveyed, in some way, an excessive and signal sadness.

"In a moment more," he answered, "I shall be saying nothing to you. And I don't know that I shall ever willingly come into your presence again. Good-by."

Pauline gave no answer, sinking back into her seat as he disappeared. Her eye lighted upon the fallen newspaper while she did so. Its half-crumpled folds made her forget that her cousin was departing. She suddenly sprang up again, and caught the sheet from the floor. A fire was blazing near by. She hurried toward the grate, intending to destroy the printed abomination.

But pausing half-way, she once more burst into tears. A recollection

cut her to the heart of how futile would be any attempt, now, to destroy the atrocious wrong itself. That must live and work its unmerited ill.

"And to this dark ending," she thought, with untold dejection, "has come my perfectly honest ambition—my fair, and proper, and wholesome plan!" And then, abruptly, her tearful eyes began to sparkle, while a bright, mirthless smile touched her lips.

"But I can at last have my retort," she decided. "He will help me—stand by me, in this miserable emergency. I will send for him—yes, I will send for Ralph at once! He will do just as I dictate, and I know what I shall dictate! Miss Cragge wrote that base screed, and Miss Cragge shall suffer accordingly!"

(To be continued.)

BOOK NOTICES.

AIRS FROM ARCADY AND ELSEWHERE. By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

An unpretending little volume, full of graceful writing, with a dash of Bohemianism which adds to its charm. Mr. Bunner has earned a distinct reputation as a writer of *vers de société*, and is a regular contributor to the magazines. Indeed, many of the poems in the work under notice are old acquaintances which have previously appeared in the monthlies, but are none the less welcome for that.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Edited by Austin Dobson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This *bijou* volume is one of the Parchment Series, and both in the manner of treatment by Mr. Dobson in his notes, and the beautiful letter-press and binding, would have rejoiced the heart of "Poor Poll." The editor has based this edition upon the text of that of 1773, the last which appeared during Goldsmith's lifetime, and both preface and notes are indicative of the strong sympathy there is between him and the author. The famous tale is commented upon with a loving familiarity and in charming periods that elucidate and embellish it to a considerable degree. Mr. Dobson is to be complimented upon the manner he has acquitted himself of his task.

INDIAN IDYLLS. By Edwin Arnold, C.S.I. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is another volume of polished verse, by the author of "The Light of Asia," and though perhaps not possessed of quite so much merit as the last named charming book, is full of interest and good literary work. The idylls consist of eight poems selected and translated from the Sanscrit epic "Mahābhārata." The morality preached in that great Indian poem is little inferior in its order to that of the highest Christianity. Mr. Arnold says "the stories, history, songs, religion, art, learning, philosophy, morality—the very phrases—of the Indian epic are intimately interwoven with Hindu life and history. They have constituted the library, the newspaper, and the Bible—generation after generation—for all the succeeding and countless millions of Indian people."

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. VOLS. I. AND II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

These little volumes are the first of a series which it is intended to publish in handy form, so that they may be carried in the pocket and read at leisure. They are tastefully got up, and each book contains a number of short stories by well-known authors, which have already appeared in the magazines. Certainly the idea seems a good one. Vol. I. contains: "Who Was She?" by Bayard Taylor; "The Documents in the Case," by Brandon Matthews and H. C. Bunner; "One of the Thirty Pieces," by William Henry Bishop; "Balacchi Brothers," by Rebecca Harding Davis; "An Operation in Money," by Albert Webster. Vol. II. contains: "The Transferred Ghost," by Frank R. Stockton; "A Martyr to Science," by Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D.; "Mr. Knollys," by the author of "Guernedale"; "The Mount of Sorrow," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Sister Sylvia," by Mary Agnes Tinckero.

THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND. By John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Had the deceased historian been gifted with prophecy, he could not have more tersely and truly gauged the post mortem verdict of the literary world. Indeed, and in truth, Mr. Green "died learning"—laid down his pen whilst adding to a store of knowledge already large and varied. One glance at the portrait which forms a frontispiece to the volume noticed is sufficient to reveal the exquisite intelligence and sensitiveness of his nature, and the refined, eager features seem to index the polished literary qualities which his writings show him to have been so richly endowed with. The loss of such a man in the prime of his life and powers was an irreparable literary calamity. As Mrs. Green pathetically shows in the preface, "The Conquest of England" was written with the very shadow of death overhanging. That, however, did not dishearten the heroic worker, who, with his noble purpose of writing the historic development of the English race only half finished, took the warnings of disease rather as an incentive to more vigorous work. The scope of this volume is well-known. It first enlarges the ground covered by his previous histories—the time of the Danish Conquest—then treats of the final success of those piratical invaders, leading up to the exciting story of the Norman Conquest. The author's

exact knowledge has amplified the history of this imperfectly-known period, and, coupled with his broad views and scholarly style, has enabled him to present a brilliant and a reliable work that ought to find a place in every library.

**THE LIFE OF FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.** Chiefly told in his own letters. Edited by his son, Frederick Maurice. With portraits. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The son of Frederick Denison Maurice has chosen the military, not the clerical profession, but though with commendable modesty throughout these two volumes he keeps himself studiously out of sight, it is discernible that he has followed his father's teaching, and is distinguished by the same exalted moral principles that made his father so influential and lovable. The story of Mr. Maurice's life in these two volumes is as fully as it is admirably told. Readers will find in them the portraiture of one of the best of men. There have been, and will continue to be, differences of opinion as to the value of his teaching; there will be none respecting the high moral and spiritual perfection to which he attained. Though Mr. Maurice has, not without reason, been classed as a member of the Broad Church, along with Arnold of Rugby, Llewellyn Davis, Charles Kingsley, Dean Stanley, and others, he himself would have repudiated the claim. His dislike of all partyism was intense. He held truths in common with that section in the Church of England; he had to engage in keen controversy with many who attacked his views, but to him controversy was always exceedingly distasteful. The depth and earnestness of his convictions made him, from a sense of duty, anxious to commend them to others and to remove the misapprehensions of those who opposed what he held to be most important truths. He was no mere dreamer of speculative dreams. In everything he was practical. He abounded in deeds of active philanthropy. He was as much at home in instructing village children as in addressing the cultured and critical hearers who delighted to listen to his teaching in St. Peter's, Vere street. The Life of Mr. Maurice was worthy of preservation by the embalming process of biography; the task has been carefully executed by a filial hand; its reading is both profitable and delightful.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

#### THE TREBELLI CONCERT.

ON Monday evening last a large and fashionable audience assembled at the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens to hear the concert announced to be given by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, the famous contralto cantatrice. Among the audience were all or nearly all of the representative professional musicians of the city, besides a large proportion of the *dilettanti*. Madame Trebelli was assisted by the following well-known and popular artists: Mr. Edward Mollenhauer, of New York, violinist; Mr. Charles Werner, also of New York (chamber 'cellist to the Emperor of Brazil, to whose court he is about to return), violoncellist; Herr Isidore Luckstone, pianist, and Mr. Ivan E. Morawski, basso vocalist. The programme was well selected, and comprised some standard works of the masters, but presented no especial feature in the way of novelty. The concert was opened by Madame Trebelli, who sang a single verse of "God Save the Queen." The first number was the Andante and Scherzo from a Trio by Scharwenka. The Andante is a quiet and graceful movement with poetical and fanciful motives. The Scherzo is vigorous and somewhat more formal in its construction, and very melodious. Messrs. Werner, Mollenhauer, and Luckstone did full justice to the composition, appearing quite at home in its individual intricacies, and producing a delightful ensemble. No. 2, "Sorgete," from the opera Maometto II. (Rossini), was sung by Morawski. This song, composed in the Italian school of florid vocalization, does not seem to give a basso an opportunity to display the quality or profundity of his voice. Like rapid passages upon a double bass or tuba, it may be possible, but it is not effective. Again, taken away from the opera of which it is nearly always an integral part, it loses its force from the want of coherency and association. Although Mr. Morawski's mastery over the difficult vocalization was apparent, and gained him an *encore*, it was quite plain that the song was not approved. To the recall he responded with the well-known favourite of the concert-room, "I am a Friar of Orders Grey," rendering it in such a manner as to leave little or nothing to be desired. No. 3, Solo violin, Fantasie Caprice, by E. Mollenhauer, and played by the composer. In the double capacity of composer and performer Mr. Mollenhauer certainly takes high rank as an artist. The Fantasie is all that its name implies—fantastic, but sufficiently formal withal. Its themes are well pronounced, and the variations and *cadenzi* try almost the entire compass of the fingerboard, the difficult feat of rapid double stopping, harmonics, and all the other effects of solo violin playing. As a violinist Mr. Mollenhauer is undoubtedly an artist of great power. His bowing is vigorous, his tone pure and mellow, his piano and harmonics clear, soft and sweet. The audience at once recognized his ability, and united in an *encore*. No. 4, "Di Tanti Palpiti," from the opera of Tancredi (Rossini), was sung by Madame Trebelli. Although this beautiful song has been sung continually in the concert-room with always more or less of success, the same remark as applied to "Sorgete" will apply here. The long recitative before the aria, apart from the scene and action of the opera, becomes obscure or altogether unintelligible, loses its dramatic force and character, and is therefore unfit for the concert stage. It is probably due to the few concluding bars of well-pronounced melody, rhythmically constructed, that this song has retained its place as long as it has upon the concert platform. Again this recitative and cavatina gave Madame Trebelli an opportunity to exhibit

her power and compass and dramatic force. It cannot be denied that she is a great *artiste*. To the *encore* which was unanimously awarded her she replied with "Chantez, rien Dormez" (Gounod). No. 5, Violoncello solo, "La Musette," a dance of the sixteenth century, a quaint and pretty melody well suited to exhibit the appealing, rich and sombre *timbre* of the 'cello, was played by Mr. Werner. This gentleman, a thorough and conscientious artist, uses his instrument only in a legitimate way, never resorting to tricks of any kind to win the applause of an audience.

The second part of the programme opened with the well known violin solo by Paganini, "The Witches' Dance." This trying piece Mr. Mollenhauer performed in an artistic and entirely satisfactory manner, if we except the passage double stopping in harmonics. This passage is very difficult, and only a few violinists have succeeded in mastering it perfectly. In that instance alone Mollenhauer was not quite satisfactory. No. 7: Madame Trebelli appeared in an English song, by the English composer Cowen, entitled, "Regret," followed by a Mazurka (Chopin). The simpler form of the former song gave Madame Trebelli an opportunity to fully reveal the power, quality, and compass of her rich voice. She won an enthusiastic recall, to which she good naturedly responded by singing in a most charming manner the exquisite little *garvotte* from Ambrose Thomas' "Mignon." This drew a storm of applause and another *encore*. Appearing this time with the song "Habanera," from "Carmen," in which, if possible, she eclipsed all her former efforts. Independent of her singing, Madame Trebelli seems to have won the hearts of her audience by her kindly appearance and evident good natured desire to please them. No. 9, Solo piano, Polonaise, in A flat major (Chopin), was performed by Herr Isidore Luckstone. This gentleman, who is quite young, possesses a firm and vigorous touch, clear technique, and graceful delicacy. He, however, appeared to be slightly nervous. Taking his tempo a little too fast, he occasionally sacrificed the clearness of his phrasing; nevertheless, his rendering of the Polonaise was highly creditable as a whole, and in reply to the *encore* which was given him, he played "Polish National Dance" No. 1 (Scharwenka). To Herr Luckstone fell also the difficult and responsible task of accompanying during the evening, in which duties he was most happy, giving entire satisfaction. The concert closed with a drinking song, to an old Swedish melody, sung by Mr. Morawski, in which he certainly appeared at his best. No failures, no disappointments, no change of programme; everything was faithfully carried out as announced, and the audience will thank Messrs. Suckling and Sons for their enterprise in bringing on so fine a company, and thereby affording them so pleasant and instructive an evening.

RAFAEL JOSEFFY will give two grand piano recitals in Toronto in the first week in June.

"IN THE RANKS," by George R. Sims and Henry Pettit—sufficient guarantees for the vitality of the play—is to be given in the Toronto Opera House next week.

"JOSHUA WHITCOMBE" was played to good houses in the Toronto theatre on the three latter days of last week. It is an essentially "one character play," in which Mr. Denman Thompson gives his favourite character, "Uncle Josh,"—rather funny but at times very vulgar.

THE Hamilton Philharmonic Society have decided to present during Christmas week, "The Redemption," Gounod; in February, on the 200th anniversary of Handel's birth, the "Messiah," and later in the spring a repetition of "Elijah." The Society expect to have a chorus of over 300 voices. Coupon tickets for the three performances will soon be out, when a guarantee canvass will be made.

THE Hanlons played to fairly "good business" in their popular Parisian absurdity in the Toronto Opera House, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and again in the Pavilion on Saturday. "La Voyage en Suisse" has no pretensions to dramatic merit, and is merely written up to show the extraordinary gymnastic horse-play of the brothers Hanlon, who are ably assisted by an excellent comedian in Mr. E. V. Sinclair.

MRS. J. R. ADAMSON'S *matinée musicale* in Messrs. Mason & Risch's music warerooms, Toronto, on Saturday, was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The gifted *violoniste*, who played with her accustomed manipulative skill and good taste, was assisted by Miss Hillary, as vocalist, and Mr. H. W. Field, pianist. If the selections had been more popular the hearers would have been better pleased, and the object of the performance would have been just as well attained.

THE Toronto Quartette Club gave their fourth concert of Chamber Music, in the Philharmonic Hall, on Thursday evening last, to a very good audience. Miss Corlett and Mr. Schuch were down on the programme as soloists, but the latter did not appear—a misfortune, as there was too great a preponderance of instrumental music for an average assembly. Miss Corlett sang "The Last Watch," and "To an Absent Friend." In the latter selection she was specially successful, and once more made good her claim to rank in the front of Toronto soprano singers. The Club's selections were not of the happiest. They were too high-class, and to the untrained listener would pass for practice themes, albeit well performed. This does not apply, however, to the Quintette, Op. 114, A major, by Schubert, which was played in a manner that reflected the highest credit upon the Club. It should be noted here that Mr. Whittaker gave the members valuable assistance as double bass, and a word of special praise must be given to the pianist. Herr Jacobsen was, of course, *facile princeps* as violin, and gives great promise of becoming a finished performer. In giving future obligatos the 'celloist would do well to moderate his tone. In playing to Miss Corlett's second number he at times almost drowned that lady's most beautiful passages.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

JOHN B. ALDEN, of New York, has published a neat little translation (by J. Fitzgerald, M. A.) of the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles."

AN English translation, by Mr. T. W. Lyster, of Duntzer's "Life of Goethe," with portraits and illustrations, has just been brought out in Boston.

A VOLUME of political portraiture from the pen of Mr. David Anderson, a leader writer on one of the London dailies, is announced under the title of "Scenes in the Commons."

THE *Rambler* calls itself "a journal of men, manners, and things." It is published weekly, in Chicago, and treats of society, art, music, drama, and literature, in a light racy way.

CHEAP editions of Mr. Egmont Hake's "Story of Chinese Gordon," and of Mr. Archibald Forbes's Life of General Gordon have recently come from the press and are being eagerly read.

"EURIPIDES as a Religious Teacher," "Frederick Denison Maurice," "The Bloody Assizes," "Madame Tallien," and "The Proposed Monument to Coligny," are included in the selections of the current number of *Littell's Living Age*.

AN English translation, by Prof. Ten Brock, of the University of Michigan, of Prof. Gindely's "History of the Thirty Years' War," has just appeared. Professor Gindely holds the chair of German History in the university of Prague.

DR. MORITZ BUSCH, whose story of "Bismarck in the Franco-German War" will be remembered by historical and literary students, has brought out a further work on the same hero, entitled, "Our Chancellor." It is a curious bit of portraiture.

MR. LIBRARIAN 'SPOFFORD'S "American Almanac and Treasury of facts, statistical, financial and political" for the current year has been received by the Toronto book-trade, as has also its English contemporary, "The Statesman's Year Book" for 1884.

PROF. THOROLD ROGERS' new work on the History of English Labour has just appeared. It bears the title of "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," and is a most interesting contribution to a subject on which accurate information has long been unattainable.

THE editorial rooms and business offices of the *American Queen* have been removed to the Corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, Union Square, South, New York, the recent rapid growth of this popular paper having rendered larger accommodations absolutely necessary.

THE Rev. Heber Newton, of New York, whose "Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible" created much stir in ecclesiastical circles in Gotham last year, has brought out a work entitled "The Book of the Beginnings: a story of Genesis, with general suggestions as to methods of studying the Old Testament."

THE author of "Dorcas," who also wrote "Arius the Libyan," and who is now known to be Mr. Nathan Kouns, a lawyer of Jefferson City, comes to his own defence in *The Continent's* monthly edition for June for his free use in his story, which treats of the early Christian Church, of the miraculous raising of the dead at the hands of the Apostles of the primitive Church.

E. E. HALE, H. B. Stowe, "H. H.," Rose Terry Cooke, Edgar Fawcett, A. W. Tourgee, E. P. Roe, and many other American authors are contributing to *The Continent* a series of anonymous stories, called "Too True for Fiction," founded on fact; and *The Continent* offers attractive prizes to the readers who can guess which of the forty stories is by which of the two-score of authors.

THE professor of Rhetoric and English language in Princeton College, Mr. T. W. Hunt, has issued his new text-book on "The Principles of Written Discourse." The work presents in an interesting and logical manner the leading laws, qualities and forms of written prose discourse, and aims to show the vital relation of the expression of our thought to our mental, emotional, and ethical nature.

A NEW and important work on American Ornithology has this week been published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, viz., the first of three volumes on "The Water Birds of North America," by Messrs. Baird, Brewer, and Ridgway. The Companion work, on the "Land Birds," was published by the same firm in 1874. The hand-coloured edition of the new work is especially attractive and valuable.

A SMALL volume under the title of "Reflections in Palestine," selected from letters written by General Gordon during his recent sojourn in the Holy Land, will be published by Macmillan and Co. immediately. The General left instructions for its publication before his departure for the Soudan, and has since written from Khartoum on the subject to the friend in whose hands he placed the letters. The volume will, therefore, appear with his full sanction.

A TRANSLATION of M. Emile de Laveleye's "Elements of Political Economy," which appeared in Paris in 1872, has just been issued by Messrs. Bertram, of New York. It is written in sympathy with the new school of economics, in opposition to that of Adam Smith, Richards, and Mill. Prof. Ellis Thompson, of the university of Pennsylvania, has also just issued a work on Political Economy, with especial reference to the industrial history of nations.

FRENCH writers have of late taken to study their neighbours from near points of view. Recently we have had Max O'Rell's "John Bull and his Island," and Philippe Daryl's "Public Life in England," both

of which have been interesting in their comments. Now we have a well written and suggestive work on "Les Allemands," par le Père Didon, which is exciting the critics, especially of Germany. An English translation of M. Didon's work is announced.

THE *June Century* will contain two very timely editorials, one on the Cincinnati riot and the other on the militia. Dr. Eggleston contributes a paper on "Commerce in the Colonies." It is said that this sketch of the growth of ship-building, the early currency, and the various problems of trade will be interesting reading in view of recent discussions in Congress of similar problems. The paper is illustrated with fac-similes of old engravings and a complete set of colonial coins.

NUMBER four of *The Art Union* has a beautiful "artotype" reproduction of Mr. Bierstadt's painting, "Mountain Sheep, or Big Horn." An interesting article on The National Academy Exhibition is accompanied by a number of choice illustrations, including (among the best) "A Summer Evening," "Good Night," "A Dreamer," "A Woodland Brook," "The Morning Ride," etc. Charles M. Kartz has a very graceful poem on "The Story of Pygmalion." *The Art Union* has already made good its claim to take rank in the front of illustrated art magazines.

ROSE PUBLISHING Co. will publish next week a novel entitled "Professor Conant." The author is the Hon. Lucius S. Huntington, who was lately Postmaster-general, and has been for years a member of the Queen's Privy Council of Canada, and for the past two years has resided in New York. Professor Conant, at first an "Oxford professor" and afterwards a member of Parliament, wins high distinction as a scholar, a publicist and a statesman. He loves the people, and teaches them to defend democracy and imitate the great American Republic. He visits this country and enjoys such an ovation as John Bright might expect. American hearts and homes are open to receive him. The book abounds in English, American and Colonial pictures. One week the reader visits royalty, far among the Winter sports of Canada, and the next counts flocks and herds among the ranches of the Sacramento Valley.

THE WALL STREET PANIC.

TRANSACTIONS in "margins," "futures," "privileges," and "puts," terms used by the stock gamblers on Wall Street, New York, to signify modifications of one not at all times creditable line of procedure, received on the Wednesday of last week, a check so serious that at one time it was believed the disaster would equal the widespread ruin caused by the operations on 'Change on the ever memorable Black Friday of 1873. Happily, such forebodings have not been realized. The direful predictions indulged in by croakers last week have now merged into the reality, that the worst is passed. It is true that the reckless speculations of a few New York stock-brokers during the eight or ten days previous to the crisis of the 14th had resulted in the failure of six extensive brokers' establishments, the complete collapse of one bank, the temporary discredit of another, and the short suspension of a third, yet the business of the country has been by no means affected; the other banking establishments of New York have not felt one pulsation of the shock, and those of the Dominion of Canada were too far off to be interested in the slightest degree.

The crisis of the panic on Wall Street culminated on the 14th. The more immediate causes that led up to that crisis were the suspension of the Marine Bank, the collapse of the large brokering house of Grant, Ward & Co., and the subsequent struggle of brokers to overreach one another. There were, however, more remote causes—the medium harvest of '83, and the consequent slight depression of trade and commerce. The less remote causes had been in active operation a short time previous. Potent amongst these, was the depression in the price of wheat, petroleum, and railway shares. The comparative stagnancy of the trade and commerce of the country led on to these causes, and added its own quota to bring about the final result. It is fortunate, however, that the event reacted so little upon the general business of the country—and when we say "country" we include, financially, the Dominion of Canada—that not a single interest except that of petroleum has, or would have, felt the rebound. The banks, the most sensitive of commercial barometers, have not responded in the slightest degree to the strong impulse on Wall Street on the 14th and 15th. The reason for this immunity from a disturbance having its seat in what is sometimes called the "monetary heart" of the continent is not far to seek. The stock-brokers who operate at the board room on Wall Street no longer belong to the general interests of the country. They now form a class by themselves. Commercial men fear and distrust them. Investments are not often effected through their direct instrumentality. Their fees are large, and their proclivities for fleecing their unfortunate clients still larger. Their operations are now principally conducted among themselves. Many of them have descended to the plane of the ordinary English "bucket shops" for public support. In that capacity their efforts have been unceasing to draw in the unwary to contribute even small sums to pool for margins. The sums thus obtained are perfect wind-falls. No profit has ever been known to emanate from such ventures. Those who are induced to make them are almost invariably fleeced, not only of the money pooled, but also of additional sums charged for alleged professional services. Thus the goose that had been fondly expected to lay for them golden eggs was prematurely killed. Through such greed and sharp practice the public is estranged from New York operators. The Wall Street panic was, therefore, nothing but the issue of an internecine struggle between Wall Street brokers, a few of the more respectable of whom are also presidents and directors of banks, the funds of which they employed in their operations.

The way in which the Marine Bank, The Second National Bank, and the Metropolitan Bank, got mixed up in the melee was this: The firm of Grant, Ward & Co. is a large brokering establishment, the members of which are General Grant, his two sons, Ward, and one or two others. Ward was, and probably is at present, a prominent director of the Marine Bank—though it is now irretrievably insolvent, and can scarcely need, except in a Pickwickian sense, the services of a director, yet in a legal

point of view he will still be regarded as such. He made inordinate use of his connection with the bank by borrowing extensively its funds. He failed to meet his obligations on the settlement day, which was the fifth of May, and the Marine Bank, through his shortcomings, closed its doors on the following day. The firm of Grant, Ward & Co. collapsed on the same day, crushed by the weight of liabilities, which amount, it is stated, to fourteen millions of dollars. The Grants blame Ward for the catastrophe, alleging that it was he who went headlong into speculations with the character of which they were totally unacquainted. The public will, however, be scarcely inclined to exonerate them from all blame, inasmuch as it is extremely unlikely that some inquiry would not be instituted into some of the most prominent of these speculations, nor would the two ledgers—one for public inspection, and the other for private use—the items not agreeing in all respects, be likely to escape the notice of even the most careless members of a company. To say the least of it, it must be confessed that a manifest oversight savouring of criminal negligence must be laid to the charge of the other members of the company, who neither examined into the transactions nor checked Ward in his heavy borrowings from the Marine Bank. This recklessness on the part of Ward and negligence on the part of his partners were the immediate precursors of the crisis. The suspension of the Marine Bank and the failure of Grant, Ward & Co. had shaken public confidence and created distrust. But the manifest fraud of keeping two ledgers, as discovered in the suit of Captain Spence against the firm, should lessen the one and mitigate the other. Wild excitement, reckless speculations, uncalculating distrust and a feverish desire to unload reigned rampant on Wall street from the 6th, the date of the failure of Grant, Ward & Co., until they had culminated in the crisis of the 14th. The desire to unload, caused the prices of stocks to go down rapidly, through which immense losses were sustained. The clients of some of the brokers were unable to meet their engagements. The brokers lost heavily on their own accounts. The double burden brought them to the ground. But clients and brokers are members of the same fraternity, changing their relations to each other as opportunities offer. They have had large dealings with each other, and have consequently for some time lived upon each other, regular investors, as we have already intimated, declining to purchase. Add to these the fact that the banks, which make advances in anticipation of the operations, were clamouring to be recouped, and a picture is afforded of the circumstances that immediately led up to the panic.

But to proceed. The President of the Second National Bank is a reckless stock gambler. His unsuccessful operations for a week or ten days previous to the crisis resulted in a loss, it is said, of two millions of dollars. His inability to recoup the bank, the funds of which he had employed, would have compelled that institution to suspend had not his father, Mr. Amos Eno, stepped into the breach and saved the institution from the crash which would indubitably have resulted from the fierce run upon it during the entire banking hours of the 14th. The ruin that would have resulted from the reckless speculations of President Eno was averted by the magnanimity of his father, who came forward just at the nick of time and saved both the son and the institution over which he presided. The bank, therefore, never succumbed. It only had to endure the slight odium of a temporary discredit. It narrowly escaped the fate of the Marine Bank.

Mr. Sweeny is president of the Metropolitan Bank. He, like President Eno of the Second National Bank, is a prominent stock operator. He also speculated extensively and lost an enormous sum, part of which belonged to the bank over which he is president. His bank was unable to meet the run upon it on the 14th, and was compelled to suspend. Dealing principally in Government securities, the suspension of the Metropolitan Bank surprised not a few; but in an emergency like that of the 14th, realizing upon such securities could not be effected quickly enough to surmount it. Through the activity of the sub-treasury and the munificence of the Clearing House Bank funds were soon obtained which enabled the bank to re-open its doors on the 15th.

The ruin of one bank, the discredit brought upon another, and the temporary suspension of a third were caused by having at their head men habitually engaged in stock broking operations which they supported and sustained by the funds of the banks with which they have been connected. The recent crisis will have the effect of discontinuing such practices. The result will be, as a New York financial journal has stated, such that banks will hereafter secure their integrity by discarding as directors and presidents men addicted to dangerous speculations. Presidents and directors of banks in New York, who are also stock speculators or brokers, are few in number. The recent exposure will have the effect of rendering them still less.

The probability is, that the disaster of the 14th would have been more widespread had not the Treasury and the Association of New York Bankers interfered. The former announced its willingness to make advances on unmatured Government securities on a very generous percentage, to any solvent bank that needed ready money, and the latter adopted a resolution through its representative, "The Clearing House Bank," which may enable any bank temporarily embarrassed to keep open and continue doing business. Twenty millions of dollars will, it is said, be forthcoming to maintain that resolution. In its pursuance a committee was appointed to secure notes and other securities from embarrassed but otherwise solvent banks, and to grant upon the security of such paper loan certificates bearing six per cent. interest to any amount not more than seventy-five per cent. of the face value of the securities so deposited. Upon the strength of this resolution and the immediate aid afforded by the action taken upon it, the Metropolitan Bank was enabled to open its doors after being closed for a few hours only.

It is needless to state that from the nature of the recent panic on Wall Street, the character of the agents charged with its promotion, the timely steps taken to alleviate its consequences, and the wise precautions adopted to prevent any evils that may ensue from it, the money centres of the Dominion of Canada—Montreal and Toronto—can be little affected, principally from the fact that our moneyed men do not dabble with stocks in Wall Street, and if they did, no evil consequences would ensue because of the protection now afforded. We are pretty well satisfied that they were merely passive spectators at a respectable distance, of the frantic excitement and furious gesticulations of a few gentlemanly black-legs in the Board-room of the Commercial Capital of the United States. It is true that the stocks of the Canada Southern and the Canada Pacific Railroads underwent great depreciation, but they have now risen to pretty nearly their normal figures. At any rate the great bulk of our capitalists are but slightly interested in the securities of these railroads.

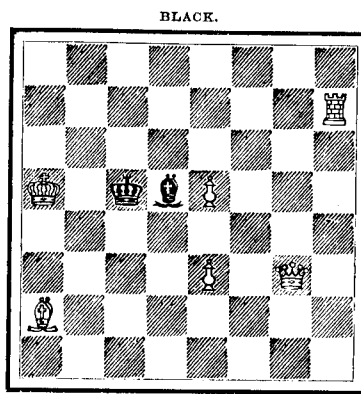
DION C. SULLIVAN, L.L.B.

CHESSE.

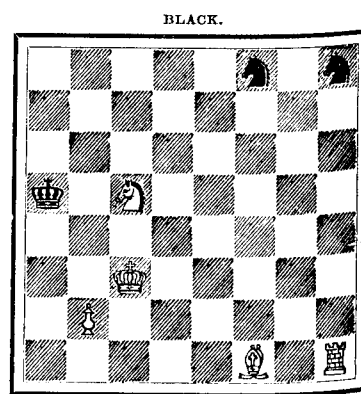
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 12.  
By J. Parkinson, Toronto Chess Club.

PROBLEM No. 13.  
By E. B. GREENSHIELDS, Montreal Chess Club.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 6.

1 Kt K 3.  
Correct solutions received from C. E. A., Toronto; E. B. G., Montreal; J. B., Ottawa; F. W. M., Detroit.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 7.

1. R Kt 3 to B 3, 1. P takes B. 2. B Q 5, 2. P takes Kt. 3. P Q 4, 3. P takes P. 4. P Q 3, 4. P takes R. 5. Q Q Kt 2 ch, 5. Either P takes Q mate.  
Correct solution received from E. B. G., Montreal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. G., Montreal.—Send along the 3-er. H. J. C., London.—Yours received. Thanks. Have ordered it. T. P. B., Detroit.—Why don't you organize one?

GAME NO. 8.

Chess in Toronto.

A lively skirmish played in the summer of 1882 between Messrs. H. Northcote and C. W. Phillips, of the Toronto Chess Club.

Giucoco Piano.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. Northcote.	Mr. Phillips.	Mr. Northcote.	Mr. Phillips.
1. P K 4	1. P K 4	17. R Kt 2	17. Q Kt R 5
2. Kt K B 3	2. Kt Q B 3	18. R Kt 4	18. Kt B 4
3. B B 4	3. B B 4	19. Q Q 3	19. Kt Q 3
4. P Q B 3	4. P Q 3 (a)	20. Q K Kt 1 (c)	20. B takes B P
5. P Q 4	5. P takes P	21. Q R Kt 2	21. P K B 4
6. P takes P.	6. B Kt 3	22. R Kt 4 (d)	22. B B 4
7. B Q Kt 5	7. P Q R 3	23. R Kt 3	23. Q R K 1
8. B R 4	8. P Q 4	24. R K 2	24. Kt K 4
9. Kt B 3	9. Kt K 2	25. Q Q 1	25. Kt takes P (e)
10. Castles.	10. B Kt 5	26. R takes R (f)	26. R takes R
11. K R 1 (b)	11. Castles.	27. Q takes Kt	27. R K 8 ch
12. P takes P.	12. Q Kt takes P	28. K Kt 2	28. R Kt 8 ch
13. B B 2	13. B takes Kt	29. K R 3	29. P B 5 dis ch
14. P takes B	14. Q Kt B 4	30. K R 4	30. B B 7 ch
15. B Kt 5	15. Q Q 2	31. K R 5	31. Q B 2 ch
16. R Kt 1	16. Kt Kt 3	32. B in.	32. P takes B mate.

- (a) Kt K B 3 is slightly stronger.
- (b) Quietly preparing, even at the sacrifice of pawn position, for a heavy attack on the opposing K quarters.
- (c) White now has an apparently overwhelming attack, but from this point Black turns the tables, and finishes the game in spirited style.
- (d) This R is forced into a ruinous inactivity.
- (e) White's last move was played apparently to tempt Black to take this P in order that White might win a piece. He wins the piece certainly, but he loses the game.
- (f) Falling into his own pitfall. After this Black has a forced mate in seven moves.

THE CIRCULATING GAME OF CHESSE.

From the St. John Globe.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt K B 3, C. F. Stubbs, St. John N.B.	1. P. Q. 4, M. J. Murphy, Quebec, Can.
2. P Q 4, W. H. Lyons, Louisville, Ky.	2. Kt Q B 3, L. M. Jewett, Athens, Ohio.
3. P Q B 4, W. J. Ferris, Newcastle, Del.	3. P takes P, G. Tatnall, Wilmington, Del.
4. P Q 5, J. W. Shaw, Montreal, Can.	4. Kt Kt 1, W. Braithwaite, Unionville, Ont.
5. P K 4, A. Hood, Barrie, Ont.	5. Kt K B 3, H. N. Kittson, Hamilton, Ont.
6. Kt B 3, A. B. Block, Galveston, Texas.	6. P K 3, C. E. Dennis, Thurlow, Pa.
7. B takes P, R. W. Pope, Elizabeth, N.J.	7. B B 4, W. A. Platt, Garden City, L.I.
8. B K Kt 5, E. E. Burlingame, Elmira, N.Y.	8. P K R 3, J. W. Miller, Cincinnati, O.
9. B takes Kt, E. W. Keeney, Newport, Ky.	9. Q takes B, G. Powers, Gr'd Rapids, Mich.
10. Castles, W. A. Shinkman, Grand Rapids, Mich.	10. P K 4, Jas. Roberts, Philadelphia, Pa.
11. Q Q Kt 3, S. Herzberg, Salt Lake City.	11. P Q B 3, J. B. Johnson, St. Joseph, Mo.
12. P takes P, J. E. Narraway, St. John, N.B.	12. Kt takes P, I. Ryall, m.d., Hamilton, Ont.
13. Kt Q 5, A. J. Schweichler, M.D., Manitowoc, Wis.	13. Q Q 3, K. D. Peterson, Milwaukee, Wis.
14. Q R Q 1, J. C. J. Wainwright, South Boston.	14. Kt Q 5, J. G. Belden, Hartford, Conn.
15. Kt takes Kt, Mrs. J. W. Gilbert, Hartford, Conn.	15. B takes Kt, J. C. Romeyn, Rondout, N.Y.
16. K R 1, A. Oldask, Meriden, Conn.	16. Castles, C. H. Tutton, Buffalo, N.Y.
17. P K B 4, J. A. Sittser, Tunkhannock, Pa.	17. B K Kt 5, John Costello, Athens, P.

NEWS ITEMS.

ZUKERTORT is in New Orleans.  
Mr. J. A. KAISER, of Philadelphia, denies the report that he will edit the problem department of Brentano's Chess Monthly, if revived.  
SELF-REGISTERING CHESS-BOARD.—We have received a communication from Mr. Hours-Humbert, Councillor of the Court of Appeal, and President of the Chess Society of Besancon, that he has constructed a chess-board on which the score of a game played is automatically registered. We are in correspondence with the inventor, and shall probably be able to practically test this valuable piece of mechanism, which we shall report on its merits.—*Chess Monthly*.  
If we mistake not, a certain member of the Quebec Chess Club invented a somewhat similar contrivance three or four years ago, but whether he ever put it to the test or not we are not in a position to state. Such an invention, however, cannot but prove a boon to chess players, especially in recording match games, and also to the indifferent player whose modesty so often prevents him from searching his pockets for a pencil.—*Quebec Chronicle*.  
LONDON INTERNATIONAL CHESS CLUB.—The following story was told by Mr. Rosenbaum, the "director of play" in the late London Tournament:—I was accosted one afternoon by a gentleman of good proportions, a ruddy complexion, and strongly-marked provincial cut. Pointing to my badge of office, he said, "Suppose you are in charge of this entertainment? I was." "Then will you tell me where is the carpet with the big squares, and the moving figures?" "I surmised that he had come to the wrong place, and that he wanted the living chess." "He did; but wasn't this chess?" I replied that this was chess by the greatest living masters. "And what are they trying to do, staring at the boards and images?" "Studying their moves, trying to beat each other." "And how many moves does it take to win?" "That depends upon the strength of the defence." He moved about, looking at each master intently, then came back to me and said, pointing to the stalwart figures of Captain Mackenzie and Dr. Nos, "I know nothing about this game, but I will back them two to give any of the rest 15 moves in 100."—*Book of the Tournament*.

### WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

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

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

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Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.

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I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours, with many thanks,

REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal, January, 1884.

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Houses rented, rents collected, loans and insurances effected. Property bought, sold and exchanged.  
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**STEWART & SON, (LATE STEWART & STRICKLAND),**  
ARCHITECTS, BUILDING SURVEYORS AND VALUATORS.  
Offices—30 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.  
WM. STEWART. WM. H. STEWART.

**W. A. IMPEY,**  
Dealer in all kinds of  
**Window Shades and Spring Fixtures**  
271 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, ONT.  
Estimates given on application.

**CRAZY PATCHWORK!**  
THE STANDARD SILK WORKS,  
No. 23 Park Row, New York city,  
having on hand an unusual quantity of remnants, will send to any lady subscriber of this paper enough pieces of BEAUTIFUL SILKS AND VELVETS to make a beautiful quilt with.  
Send for a dollar package.

**CACTUS Rare and Beautiful Texan and Mexican**  
sorts, hardy, requiring absolutely no care, except protection from severe frosts; novel and curious in form, and some with flowers of exquisite beauty and fragrance. Send 20c. for small specimen. Illustrated circular free.  
**TROUPE NURSERIES,**  
TROUPE, TEXAS, U.S.A.  
These plants can be shipped at any season of the year.

**WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY,**  
INCORPORATED 1851.  
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.  
Cash Assets, - - - - \$1,289,112 00  
Income for Year - - - - 1,690,828 28  
Fire and Marine Insurances effected at moderate rates. Agencies in all towns throughout the Dominion and United States.  
A. M. SMITH, Pres. JAS. BOOMER, Sec.  
J. J. KENNY, Man. Director.

**CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Capital & Funds | Annual Income  
ABOUT | ABOUT  
**\$6,500,000. | \$1,200,000.**

**BY INSURING NOW TWO YEARS' PROFITS**  
Will be secured at the  
**DIVISION NEXT YEAR.**  
April, 1883.

**UNITED EMPIRE LOAN CORPORATION,**  
50 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

**SAVINGS BANK DEPT.**  
Deposits received from \$1 upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit at 4, 5 and 6 per cent. No notice required for withdrawal of moneys.  
JAMES SCROGGIE, Manager.  
MONEY TO LOAN ON MORTGAGE SECURITY

**CANADA PERMANENT LOAN & SAVINGS Co.**  
Incorporated, A.D. 1855.

Subscribed Capital - - \$3,000,000  
Paid up Capital - - - 2,200,000  
Reserve Fund - - - - 1,100,000  
Total Assets - - - - 8,000,000

**SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.**  
Deposits received, repayable on demand or short notice. Interest is paid, or added to the principal half-yearly.

**DEBENTURES.**  
Money received for investment in sums to suit lenders, for which debentures are issued in currency or sterling, with interest coupons attached, payable in Canada or in England. Trustees and executors are authorized by law to invest in the debentures of this company. Circulars, with particulars as to terms, may be obtained from the OFFICE COMPANY'S BUILDINGS, TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.  
J. HERBERT MASON,  
Managing Director.

**BANK OF OTTAWA.**  
OTTAWA

Authorized Capital, - - - \$1,000,000  
Subscribed Capital, - - - 1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital, - - - 993,253  
Reserve - - - - 110,000

**JAMES MACLAREN, Esq., President.**  
**CHARLES MAGEE, Esq., Vice-President.**  
Directors—C. T. Bate, Esq., R. Blackburn, Esq., Hon. Geo. Bryson, Hon. L. R. Church, Alexander Fraser, Esq., Geo. Hay, Esq., John Mather, Esq.  
GEORGE BURN, Cashier.  
BRANCHES—Amprior, Carleton Place, Pembroke, Winnipeg, Man.  
AGENTS IN CANADA—Canadian Bank of Commerce. AGENTS IN NEW YORK—Messrs. A. H. Goadby and B. E. Walker. AGENTS IN LONDON—English Alliance Bank.

**CANADA WEST LAND AGENCY COMPANY, (LIMITED.)**  
CAPITAL - - \$100,000.

**Directors:**  
HON. G. W. ALLAN, President.  
A. H. CAMPBELL, Esq., Vice-President.  
ROBERT GILLESPIE, Esq., Gov. Canada Co. London, England.  
GOLDWIN SMITH, Esq., D.C.L., Toronto.  
J. S. LOCKIE, Esq., Toronto.  
J. S. PLAYFAIR, Esq., Toronto.  
HON. R. M. WELLS, Toronto.  
W. J. MENZIES, Esq., Edinburgh, Scotland.  
WALTER F. SMITH, Esq., London, England.

The Canadian Farm Journal which contains the largest amount of Property for Sale in Ontario of any list published, will be furnished to applicants by the London Office, 37 Royal Exchange, E.C., on receipt of 1d. postage, or by the Head Office in Toronto, on receipt of 3 cent stamp. Besides a large number of Farms and other property in all parts of the Province, they have amongst others the following beautiful residences:—

2592. Cobourg. Desirable residence, with extensive lawn and 8 acres of ground, beautifully laid out. The house and rooms are large, particularly the drawing-room. Price, \$8,000, which is a great bargain.

2079. Valuable small farm and residence, 28 acres, good loam soil, well watered, 2 storey brick residence, 10 rooms, kitchen and cellar, frame barn, carriage house, etc. Very fine orchard of choice fruit trees. Price, \$4,500; \$2,000 down, balance to suit at 6 per cent.

2500. Delightful residence in Port Burwell, comprising 23 acres fronting on Lake Erie. Large frame house, nearly new, 13 rooms, with bath, hot and cold water, etc. Also 2 frame dwellings, frame barn and numerous out-buildings. About 3 acres orchard of old and young trees. Price, \$6,000; \$2,000 down, balance on easy terms.

**J. R. ADAMSON, Manager,**  
14 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

TORONTO.  
**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**  
WEEK COMMENCING MAY 26TH,  
BROOKS & DICKSON'S  
*IN THE RANKS.*

**HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.**  
EVENING MAY 30TH, AFTERNOON MAY 31ST.  
**OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.**

**Steamer Chicora.**  
Daily, commencing May 24th, leaving Toronto at 7 a.m. for Niagara and Lewiston.  
**Steamer Empress of India.**  
Daily, commencing May 24th, leaving Toronto 3 p.m. for Port Dalhousie.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION COMPANY.**  
**BOBCAYGEON,**  
**STURGEON POINT,**  
THE FAVORITE CANADIAN SUMMER RESORT.  
Rail to Lindsay and thence by Boat.

The best shooting, fishing and boating to be had. First-class Summer Hotel (Sturgeon Point Hotel) on the Lake Shore.  
Leave Toronto 7.00 a.m. Arrive Bobcaygeon 1.30 p.m. Leave Bobcaygeon 2.30 p.m. Arrive Toronto 8.55 p.m.  
On Saturdays the Boat will also make connection with the 4 p.m. train from Toronto, returning Monday morning.  
Special reduced fare tickets on application at Grand Trunk Railway ticket offices.

**JNO. A. BARRON, JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
Secretary, General Manager,  
Trent Valley Nav. Co. Grand Trunk Ry.  
Montreal, April 29th. 1884.

**HAMILTON MERRITT,**  
ASSOCIATE ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, ETC.,  
**MINING ENGINEER & METALLURGIST,**  
15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.



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139 CHURCH ST., TORONTO,  
Manufacturers of Real and Imitation Stained Glass. Send for circulars, etc. Costs from 35c. per foot up. Send for sample fan-light \$1, size 16x30 in.

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**GARDEN HOSE,**  
**GRASS SHEARS.**  
**W. H. SPARROW,**  
WOLVERHAMPTON HOUSE.  
87 YONGE STREET.