

# THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Fifth Year.  
Vol. V., No. 34.

Toronto, Thursday, July 19th, 1888.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies, 10 cents.

A Blue Cross before this paragraph signifies that the subscription is due. We should be pleased to have a remittance. We send no receipts, so please note the change of date upon address slip, and if not made within two weeks advise us by post card.  
No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.  
Paid-up Capital - - - \$6,000,000  
Reserve Fund - - - 500,000

**DIRECTORS:**  
HENRY W. DARLING, Esq., President.  
Geo. A. Cox, Esq., Vice-President.  
Wm. Gooderham, Esq., Matthew Leggat, Esq.  
George Taylor, Esq., W. B. Hamilton, Esq.  
James Crathern, Esq., John I. Davidson, Esq.  
B. E. WALKER, - - - General Manager.  
J. H. PLUMMER, - - - Ass't Gen. Manager.  
WM. GRAY, - - - Inspector.  
New York.—J. H. Goadby and Alex. Laird, Agents.  
BRANCHES.—Ayr, Barrie, Belleville, Berlin, Blenheim, Brantford, Chatham, Collingwood, Dundas, Dunnville, Galt, Goderich, Guelph, Hamilton, Jarvis, London, Montreal, Orangeville, Ottawa, Paris, Parkhill, Peterboro', St. Catharines, Sarnia, Seaford, Simcoe, Stratford, Strathroy, Thorold, Toronto, East Toronto, cor. Queen Street and Boulton Ave.; North Toronto, 765 Yonge St.; North-West Toronto, 111 College St.; Walkerton, Windsor, Woodstock.  
Commercial credits issued for use in Europe, the East and West Indies, China, Japan, and South America.  
Sterling and American Exchanges bought and sold. Collections made on the most favourable terms. Interest allowed on deposits.  
BANKERS.—New York, the American Exchange National Bank; London, England, the Bank of Scotland.  
Chicago Correspondent—American Exchange National Bank of Chicago.

## MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA.

Capital, - - - \$5,799,000  
Reserve Fund, - - - 1,700,000

Head Office, Montreal.  
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.  
Andrew Allan, President.  
Robt. Anderson, Esq., Vice-President.  
 Hector McKenzie, Esq., Jonathan Hodgson, Esq., John Cassils, Esq., John Duncan, Esq., Hon. J. C. Abbott, M.P., H. M. Allan, J. P. Dawes, Esq.  
George Hague, General Manager.  
W. N. Anderson, Supt. of Branches.  
Bankers in Great Britain—The Clydesdale Bank (Limited), 30 Lombard Street, London, Glasgow, and elsewhere.  
Agency in New York—61 Wall Street, Messrs. Henry Hague and John B. Harris, Jr., Agents.  
Bankers in New York—The Bank of New York, N.B.A.

## THE QUEBEC BANK.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1813.  
CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE, - - - QUEBEC.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.  
RON. JAS. G. ROSS, - - - President.  
WILLIAM WITFALL, Esq., Vice-President.  
SIR N. F. BELLEAU, Kt., Jno. R. Young, Esq., E. H. SMITH, Esq., WILLIAM WHITE, Esq., Geo. R. RENNELL, Esq., Cashier.  
JAMES STEVENSON, Esq., Cashier.  
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN CANADA.  
Ottawa, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; Pembroke, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Thorold, Ont.; Three Rivers, Que.  
AGENTS IN NEW YORK.—Bank of British North America.  
AGENTS IN LONDON.—The Bank of Scotland.

## Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York,

ASSETS OVER \$118,000,000,  
the largest financial institution in the world, and offers the best security. Its re- sults on policies have never been equalled by any other company. Its new distribution policy is the most liberal contract yet issued, placing no restrictions upon residence, travel or occupation. No forfeiture and definite cash values.  
R. H. MERRITT, Gen. Managers,  
41 Yonge St., Toronto.

## IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Paid-up ..... \$1,500,000  
Reserve Fund ..... 550,000

**DIRECTORS.**  
H. S. HOWLAND, President.  
T. R. MERRITT, Vice-President, St. Catharines  
William Ramsay, Hon. Alex. Morris.  
Robert Jaffray, P. Hughes.  
T. R. Wadsworth.  
HEAD OFFICE, - - - TORONTO  
D. R. WILKIE, - - - B. JENNINGS,  
Cashier, - - - Inspector.

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO.  
Essex Centre, Niagara Falls, Welland, Fer- gus, Port Colborne, Woodstock, Galt, St. Catharines, Toronto—Yonge St. cor. Queen—Ingersoll, St. Thomas.

BRANCHES IN NORTH-WEST.  
Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary.  
Drafts on New York and Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed. Prompt attention paid to collections.

## NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1809.  
Fire Premiums (1884) ..... \$7,000,000  
Fire Assets (1884) ..... 13,000,000  
Investments in Canada ..... 982,517  
Total Invested Funds (Fire & Life) .. 33,500,000

Toronto Branch—26 Wellington St. E.  
R. N. GOOCH, } Agents, Toronto.  
H. W. EVANS, }  
TELEPHONES.—Office, 423. Residence, Mr. Gooch 1081; Mr. Evans, 3034.

## The Glasgow & London Insurance Co.

Head Office for Canada, - Montreal.  
Government Deposit ..... \$100,000 00  
Assets in Canada ..... 208,029 64  
Canadian Income, 1887 ..... 336,904 00

MANAGER, STEWART BROWNE.  
ASSISTANT MANAGER, J. T. VINCENT.  
Inspectors:  
W. G. BROWN, - - - C. GELINAS.  
A. D. G. VAN WART.

Toronto Branch Office—34 Toronto Street.  
HUGH BROWNE, Resident Secretary.  
GEN. AGENTS—WM. FAHEY, W. J. BRYAN.  
Telephone No. 418.

## Atlas Assurance Co. OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1803.  
Capital, - - - £1,200,000 stg.  
Head Office for Canada, Montreal.

OWEN MURPHY, M.P.P., LOUIS H. BOULT,  
Joint-Managers.  
Agents in Toronto—  
WOOD & MACDONALD,  
92 King Street East.

## NATIONAL ASSURANCE CO. OF IRELAND.

Incorporated 1822.  
Capital, - - - £1,000,000 stg.  
Head Office for Canada, Montreal.

OWEN MURPHY, M.P.P., LOUIS H. BOULT,  
Chief Agents.  
Agents in Toronto—  
WOOD & MACDONALD,  
92 King Street East.

## THE COMMERCIAL COLLECTING AGENCY

HEAD OFFICE:  
No. 45 Toronto Arcade, Toronto.  
Attorneys at every point in Canada. Con- nections in the United States and Great Britain.  
G. I. ANDERSON & CO., Gen. Managers.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Trustees of the East Presbyterian Church will offer for sale by PUBLIC AUCTION, at THE MART, 57 King Street East, in the said City of Toronto, on THURSDAY, the 9th of August, 1888, at 12 o'clock noon, Lots 4, 5 and 6, on the west side of Parliament Street (opposite St. David Street), Toronto, according to registered Plan 160, having a frontage of 78 feet by a depth of 145 feet.

TERMS—Ten per cent. of purchase money on date of sale, purchaser to assume a mortgage of \$4,000 at 6 per cent., and to pay balance in cash within one month from date of sale with interest.  
Further particulars can be obtained from OLIVER, COATE & CO., Auctioneers.

## NEW NOVELS.

"A DEAD PAST,"  
BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

"The Hon. Mrs. Vereker,"  
BY THE DUCHESS.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT EDITION.  
PRICE 35c. EACH.  
For Sale by all Booksellers.

The Toronto News Co'y.  
PUBLISHERS' AGENTS.

## Accident Insurance Co. OF NORTH AMERICA.

HEAD OFFICE, - MONTREAL.  
Claims paid, over 15,000. The most popular Company in Canada.

MEDLAND & JONES, GEN. AGENTS  
EQUITY CHAMBERS,  
No. 1 Victoria Street, Toronto.

## Georgian Bay Mail Line

either permitting, the Steamers  
PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC

Will leave Collingwood every TUESDAY and SATURDAY respectively at 1 p.m., on arrival of the G. T. R. morning trains from Toronto and Hamilton, calling at Meaford, Owen Sound and Wiarton, for all points to Sault Ste. Marie.

PARRY SOUND.  
The steamer NORTHERN BELLE will leave Collingwood for Parry Sound, Byng Inlet and French River on Mondays and Thursdays, at 1 p.m., on arrival of morning trains.  
For tickets or further information, apply to R. Quinn, N. and N. W. Div. G. T. R.; John Earls, G. T. R. Union Station; or P. J. Slatter, corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto; or to Charles Cameron, Manager Great Northern Transit Co., Collingwood.

## WILLIAM DOW & CO., BREWERS & MALTSTERS

MONTREAL.

## ONLY \$11.10 TO NEW YORK.

Take the Erie to New York, as it is one of the finest equipped lines from Suspension Bridge to New York. Pullmans can be secured at Suspension Bridge. Rate reduced to \$11.10 from Toronto to New York. Passengers leaving New York at 5 o'clock p.m. will arrive in Toronto next morning at 10.15 a.m. This is the only line making this connection.

## GRAND TRUNK RY OF CANADA.

### NORTHERN & NORTHWESTERN DIVISION

MUSKOKA SUMMER SERVICE.  
On and after Tuesday, 3rd July, the Muskoka Tri-Weekly Express Train Will leave Toronto at 10.20 a.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Muskoka wharf, returning, leave Muskoka wharf at 5.50 p.m. on alternate days, making close connections with steamers on

MUSKOKA LAKES.  
On and after the above date a coach and SLEEPING CAR from Toronto to Muskoka wharf will be attached to the 11 p.m. train from Toronto, Saturday and Sunday nights expected. Passengers will have the privilege of remaining in car until time of departure of steamer.  
JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager.

## Canadian Pacific Ry.

WILL SELL  
Cheap Return Tickets  
TO THE

## PACIFIC COAST,

VANCOUVER, B.C. VICTORIA, B.C.  
TACOMA, W. T. PORTLAND, ORE.

FROM TORONTO  
ONLY \$103.50

Tickets are good on going trip for thirty days and to return any time within ninety days from date of issue.

For further particulars, rates, etc., apply to any Agent of the Company.

## DOMINION LINE.

### PASSENGER SERVICE.

### ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

LIVERPOOL SERVICE.  
SAILING DATES  
From Montreal. From Quebec  
\*Vancouver..... 9th May. 10th May.  
Toronto..... 17th May.  
\*Sarnia..... 24th May. 25th May.  
\*Oregon..... 30th May. 31st May.  
Montreal..... 7th June.  
\*Vancouver..... 13th June. 14th June  
Cabin rates from Montreal or Quebec \$50 to \$80, according to position of stateroom, with equal saloon privileges.

BRISTOL SERVICE  
For Avonmouth Dock. Fortnightly sailings. Rates of passage from Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool, Cabin, \$50 to \$80; Second Cabin, \$30; Steerage, \$20.  
\* These steamers are the highest class, and are commanded by men of large experience. The saloons are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and they carry neither cattle nor sheep.  
For tickets and every information apply to  
GZOWSKI & BUCHAN, 24 King St. East.  
GEO. W. TORRANCE, 18 Front St. West.  
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,  
Gen. Agents, Montreal.

**50c. PORT DALHOUSIE 50c.**  
 AND RETURN.  
 Every Saturday at 3.40 p.m.  
 By Favourite Steamer  
**EMPRESS OF INDIA**  
 From Geddes' Wharf, Yonge St.  
 ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, AT 11 P.M.  
 Home Monday morning by 5 a.m.  
**RETURN TRIP ONLY \$2.00.**

**Niagara River Line.**  
 PALACE STEEL STEAMERS  
**CHICORA AND CIBOLA.**  
 Leave Yonge Street Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4.45 p.m., for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with Michigan Central and New York Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, and all points East and West. Tickets at all offices of the C. P. R.; Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St.; A. F. Webster, 56 Yonge St.; Gzowski & Buchan, 24 King St. East; C. W. Irwin, 35 Yonge St. JOHN FOY, Manager.

**ONTARIO'S GREAT SUMMER RESORT.**  
**FRASER HOUSE,**  
**PORT STANLEY, Ont.**  
 Situated on the Northern Shore of Lake Erie, 150 feet above the lake. The lawn occupies fifty acres. House is first class in every particular. Free bus to and from trains and boat.  
 W. A. FRASER, Manager.

**LURAY INN,**  
 LURAY, PAGE CO., VA.  
**AT THE FAMOUS CAVERNS.**  
 Through Buffet Cars from New York. Superb scenery, music, and cuisine of peculiar excellence.  
 G. K. MULLIN, Prop.


**ISLAND : HOUSE,**  
 S. W. HARBOR, MT. DESERT, ME.  
 Entirely remodelled and enlarged. Capacity 250 guests. OPENS JUNE 15th. Terms moderate. Send for circular.  
 H. H. CLARKE, Prop.

**HOTEL WAVE,**  
 3 OCEAN STREET,  
 SWAMPSCOTT, Mass.  
 Open from June 1st to October 1st  
 The above hotel has been newly furnished with all the modern conveniences. Within three minutes' walk of horse cars and steam cars. Good facilities for bathing and boating. Carriages at short notice. Terms reasonable.—MRS. M. A. LITCH, SWAMPSCOTT, MASS. P. O. Box 406.

**Mt. Mansfield Hotel,**  
 STOWE, Vermont.  
 The Largest Hotel in the Famous Green Mountains.  
**SUMMIT HOUSE,**  
 On the top of Mt. Mansfield, 4056 feet above the level of the sea. Nine Miles from Mt. Mansfield Hotel. OPEN FROM JUNE TO OCTOBER.  
 SILAS GURNEY, Gen. Manager.

**NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,** Boston, Mass.  
 The Largest and Best Equipped in the World—110 Instructors, 2252 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, \$5 to \$25; Board and room, with steam heat and electric light, \$5 to \$7.50 per week. Fall Term begins Sept. 13, 1888. For illustrated Calendar, giving full information, address E. TOURJEE, Director, Franklin Square, Boston, Mass.

Honourable mention, Paris, 1878.  
 Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.  
**COSGRAVE & CO.**  
 MALTSTERS, BREWERS AND BOTTLERS,  
 TORONTO,  
 ARE SUPPLYING THE TRADE WITH THEIR SUPERIOR  
**ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,**  
 Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian Brands of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities.  
**Brewing Office, - 240 Niagara Street.**  
 TELEPHONE No. 264.

**FOOD FOR THE HOT WEATHER.**  
 — THIS IS WHAT —  
**Johnston's Fluid Beef**  
  
 JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

Claims to be when the appetite fails, when the stomach rejects all kinds of food, when the system is run down. In cases of mental and physical overstrain causing debility Johnston's Fluid Beef will supply strong nourishment that can be retained and thoroughly digested by the weakest stomach. It will give tone to the stomach, restore waste from whatever cause and supply food for brain, bone and muscle.

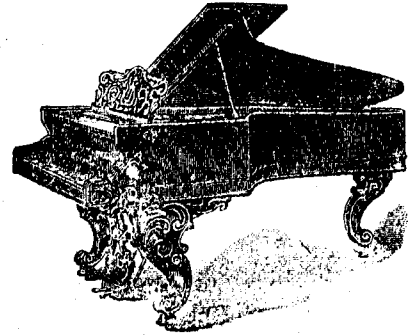
**ELIAS ROGERS & CO.**  
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
**COAL and WOOD.**  
 HEAD OFFICE:—90 KING STREET WEST.  
 BRANCH OFFICES:—409 Yonge Street, 765 Yonge Street, 552 Queen Street West, 244 Queen Street East.  
 YARDS AND BRANCH OFFICES:—Esplanade East, near Berkeley St.; Esplanade, foot of Princess St.; Bathurst St., nearly opposite Front St.

**CURE FOR ALL!!**  
**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.**  
 Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism.  
**FOR DISORDERS OF THE CHEST IT HAS NO EQUAL.**  
**FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS.**  
 Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.  
 Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London; And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.  
 N.B.—Advice Gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

**TWO CONTINENTS BEATEN BY CANADA.**  
 To Jas. Good & Co.: MAY 3rd, 1888.  
 GENTLEMEN,—I have no hesitation in recommending ST. LEON SUPERIOR to any other mineral water known to me (not excepting the celebrated Waukesha, of Wisconsin, and the Carlsbad, of Germany,) as a remedy for the uric acid diathesis (gout and rheumatism) and diseases of the kidneys, including diabetes, mellitus and Bright's disease, when freely used. To persons in health it is an excellent regulator and health preservative, as well as an agreeable beverage.  
 W. E. BESSEY, M.D., C.M., L.R.C.P.S.,  
 Specialist, 174 King Street West, Toronto.  
**JAS. GOOD & CO., Sole Agents,**  
 220 and 67 YONGE STREET, also 101 1/2 KING ST. WEST, - TORONTO.

**HEINTZMAN & CO.,**  
 MANUFACTURERS OF  
**PIANOFORTES**  
**GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.**

One of the oldest Piano houses now in the Trade.  
 Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.  
 Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.  
 Illustrated Catalogue free on application.  
**Warerooms: 117 King St. West, Toronto.**

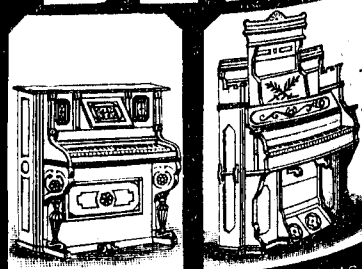


**HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,**  
 [LIQUID]  
 A preparation of the phosphates of lime, magnesia, potash and iron, with phosphoric acid in such form as to be readily assimilated by the system.  
 Prepared according to the directions of Professor E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, Mass.  
**FOR DYSPEPSIA, MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION, NERVOUSNESS, Weakened Energy, Indigestion, Etc.**  
 Universally recommended and prescribed by physicians of all schools. Its action will harmonize with such stimulants as are necessary to take. It is the best tonic known, furnishing sustenance to both brain and body. It makes a delicious drink with water and sugar only.  
**Invigorating, Strengthening, Healthful, Refreshing.**  
 Prices reasonable. Pamphlet giving further particulars mailed free. Manufactured by the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.  
**Beware of Imitations.**

**PURE GOLD FLAVORING EXTRACTS**  
**BAKING POWDER**  
 BAKING POWDER IS MADE FROM ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR AND SODA FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE THE STRONGEST, PUREST AND BEST.

**WINES.**  
**PORTS**—Comprise Hunt & Co.'s, Sandeman & Co.'s Old Commendador (30 years old).  
**SHERRIES**—Julian & Jose, Pemartin's, Yriarte's & Misa's.  
**STILL HOCKS**—Deinhard's, Laubenthal, Mierstein, Rudesheim, Johanneberg.  
**LIQUEURS**—Curacao "Sec.," Menthe Verte Forte, Marasquin, Chartreuse, Creme de Rose, Creme de Vanille, and Parfait Amour.  
**CHAMPAGNES**—Pommery & Greno's, G. H. Mumm & Co.'s, and Perrier's.  
 NATIVE WINES IN GREAT VARIETY.  
 Goods packed by experienced packers and shipped to all parts.  
**Caldwell & Hodgins,**  
 Grocers and Wine Merchants,  
 248 and 250 QUEEN ST. WEST,  
 Corner of John Street.

**"BELL"**  
**PIANOS ARE THE LEADING INSTRUMENTS FOR PURITY OF TONE & DURABILITY.**  
 CATALOGUES FREE.  
**W. BELL & CO. GUELPH, ONT.**



# THE WEEK.

Fifth Year.  
Vol. V. No. 34.

Toronto, Thursday, July 19th, 1888.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

## The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

TERMS.—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.  
ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.  
Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage pre paid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.  
All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure THE WEEK's tasteful typographical appearance, and enhance the value of the advertising in its columns. No advertisement charged less than five lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.  
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

### CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE.
The North-West Territories Act	535
The Manitoba Elections	535
Coming Political Changes	535
Quebec Debt Conviction	535
Senator Hoar on the Fisheries	535
President Cleveland's Pension Vetoes	536
The Immigration Question in the States	536
Sir Morell Mackenzie and his Critics	536
The English Educational Commission	536
International Copyright	536
Missionary Denunciations	537
Railroad Dynamite Conspiracy	537
The Imperial Conference in Europe	537
The Boulanger Duel	537
Responsible Government in Hawaii	537
THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND—II	537
THE COURSEUR-DU-BOIS (Poem)	Samuel M. Baylis. 539
LONDON LETTER	Walter Powell. 539
MONTREAL LETTER	Louis Lloyd. 540
SUMMERING (Poem)	Rev. Prof. K. L. Jones. 541
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Governing Body of McGill University	G. Hague. 541
OPPORTUNITY (Poem)	A. Lawrence Thompson. 542
EUGENIE DE LA MAIN	Rev. C. T. Easton. 542
THE "ANCIENT MARINER" AGAIN	W. B. C. B.—Sarepta. 543
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	544
LITERARY GOSSIP	545
OBESS	546

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

THOSE who noted the peculiar features of the North-West Act passed at the last session of the Dominion Parliament will not have been surprised to see indications of a very general dissatisfaction amongst the Territorial electors, with its provisions. Most of the candidates at the recent local elections protested, it is said, in vigorous terms against the anomalous position in which the people of the Territories are placed, and declared themselves in favour of a responsible local executive. It was too much to expect that, accustomed as a large majority of the people of the North-West were, in the provinces which they have left, to full self government, they would take kindly to the paternal system which they find provided for them. One of the speakers who was elected by acclamation, argued, not without much force, that the new state of affairs is worse than that it replaces. It was certainly better to have the Lieutenant-Governor occupying a place in the Assembly, and thus brought into direct contact and consultation with the people's representatives, than to have him, as now, exercising irresponsible authority from without, simply as the agent of the Ottawa Government. The demand for a responsible local executive will, with a little popular agitation, soon become too strong to be resisted.

SELDOM has a political party in one of the provinces been so utterly discomfited as the Conservatives in the recent Manitoba elections. But for the local divisions of the Government supporters in two or three constituencies there would scarcely have been left even the nucleus of an Opposition, and, as it is, the Government will have hardly half-a-dozen hostile critics to face, at the outset, in the new Legislature. This is a state of things that cannot last, and ought not to last. Under the cumbersome and illogical party system an efficient Opposition is almost as essential a part of the political machinery, and almost as necessary to good administration, as an efficient Government. There is no reason to expect that the Greenway Cabinet will prove so much above the average, either in wisdom or in integrity, as to be able long to shun the errors or withstand the temptations into which party leaders who can have everything their own way are pretty sure to fall, and the blunders and lapses of the party

in power will soon nourish the feeble Opposition into strength and vigour. The great want of the defeated party at the first will be that of a skilful and trusted leader; for it seems highly improbable that one so completely discredited as Mr. Norquay can regain the confidence of the party which, whatever his good qualities and intentions, he has led to ruin. Meanwhile Mr. Greenway and his colleagues have before them an open door, a noble opportunity to raise the local Government and Assembly to a position of honour and influence such as they have not hitherto attained.

THE papers are commenting on the unusual undertone of political independence which ran through the speeches of some of the Orange orators on the Twelfth. This is but one of various indications that the spirit of blind loyalty to party is rapidly losing its hold on many of the more thoughtful minds, in the ranks of both the old Canadian parties. The sign is full of promise of purer politics and better government. So long as the people are divided on some really great question of principle or polity, such as that of Responsible Government, it is natural and fitting that the electors should range themselves in two great bands on opposite sides of the line of political cleavage. But there are few more prolific sources of evil to the political life of a State than the perpetuation of old party prejudices and animosities long after the original lines of division have been obliterated. Other great questions may indeed arise, and it may be found expedient to retain the familiar names to represent new and living issues. In that case a process of re-adjustment must take place. Independent and conscientious members of the old parties will be found exchanging camps in large numbers. Such a process has been for a few years past going on in the United States, where new questions, such as Civil Service and Tariff Reform, are taking the place of the old slavery and state-sovereignty watchwords. Such a change took place, to a considerable extent, a few years ago in Canada, when the issue between Protection and Free Trade was first joined. Such a re-arrangement, on a still more extended scale, will, it may be pretty safely predicted, take place within the next few years, as the people find themselves compelled to choose between such opposing tendencies as those of Commercial Union and Independence on the one hand, and Imperial Federation on the other. The speeches of the Twelfth show that the new leaven is already at work. It is, at any rate, vastly better that political battles should be fought on great questions than that such contests should degenerate into mere struggles for office.

THE Act recently passed by the Quebec Legislature, at the instance of the Government, for the conversion of the public debt of the Province, contains the following remarkable clause: "It shall be lawful to determine the delay within which the holders of the present debentures may exchange them for the new debentures, or claim the redemption thereof in cash, and to order that after such delay interest shall accrue upon all classes of debentures at the rate specified for the new debentures." It is reassuring to know that the Government, before proroguing, distinctly pledged themselves that no attempt would be made to enforce the provisions of this clause in the case of holders of existing bonds except upon such terms as may be found both equitable and acceptable. When it is borne in mind that the new debentures to be issued bear a much lower rate of interest than those at present outstanding, and that many of the latter do not legally mature for a number of years, it will be evident that such distinct pledge was imperatively needed in the interests of public morality and the good name of the Province. Even so, and accepting the pledge as given in good faith and absolutely reliable, it is difficult to see what the Government had to gain by incorporating in its wise Act a clause of such more than doubtful morality, thus taking powers which they have no intention of using, and whose use would be morally indefensible. It seems a pity Mr. Mercier had not frankly consented to the modification or repeal of so obnoxious a provision, as its very existence in the Act savours too much of the nature of intimidation.

THE people of both England and Canada must have been astonished at the revelations made by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, in his speech before the United States Senate on the Fisheries Treaty. Neither they

nor their Governments, we venture to say, ever suspected themselves of such deep designs, or took credit for a policy so astute and far sighted, as that ascribed to them by the New England orator. Canadians had supposed that in taking steps to protect their in-shore fisheries, and to enforce the provisions of the Treaty of 1818, they were simply exercising the natural right of every people to guard their own property. They must now be surprised to learn that the preservation of their fisheries has been but a secondary and comparatively unimportant consideration, and that what they have really been aiming at is to contract within the narrowest possible limits the naval training ground of the neighbouring Republic, to enlarge their own in like proportion, and to compel the people of the United States to contribute for the development of the British and Canadian navy, by becoming purchasers of Canadian-caught fish, and thus aiding their "only possible enemy," to support a naval school "in comparison with which Annapolis or Greenwich is quite unimportant." Such an harangue suggests a curious question in psychology. When a politician of the character and capacity of Senator Hoar wishes, for partisan purposes, to enunciate such views with all due solemnity, does he first drag himself into the belief that he actually believes the things he is about to utter, or does he soothe and cajole his conscience by some subtle moral casuistry until he is persuaded that the misrepresentation is harmless or justified by political exigencies? Whatever may be the true explanation of the phenomenon, it is well, in the interests of peace and good neighbourhood, that the antidote to such mischievous perversion is so soon and so effectively administered in the Senate, in calm, sensible and logical addresses, such as that of Senator George which followed.

THE attempt which is being made in certain Republican quarters in the United States to stir up prejudice against President Cleveland on the ground of his "numerous vetoes of measures for pension relief," is likely not only to fail of its purpose, but to redound to the advantage of the Democrats in the campaign. The manner and spirit in which President Cleveland is carrying out the Pension Act shew him at his best, as a sturdy, uncompromising, and courageous administrator, a lover of honesty and justice. The reasons attached to the various vetoes are so cogent that only the most prejudiced or the most sceptical can fail to be convinced that they were wise and right. In several cases it is clearly shown that to have granted the pension would have been to sanction an unjust discrimination against thousands equally as well entitled to receive it as the applicant. In other cases the evidence of fraudulent intent is clear and unmistakable. For example in one instance the Act vetoed was made to relieve a pensioner of 1812 by increasing his pension from \$8 to \$20 a month. But the President says that only a month before application was for reimbursement of expenses attending the sickness, death, and burial of this same soldier, and was acted upon by the proper officers. The evidence of hostility to veterans which can be elicited from such vetoes is not likely to prove very damaging to Mr. Cleveland in the eyes of those of the American people who admire uprightness and hate fraud.

THE movement for the further restriction of immigration in the United States seems to be making headway. Among significant utterances of prominent men, those of Mayor Hewitt, of New York, and George William Curtis have attracted considerable attention. Mayor Hewitt points out that whereas in former times people flocked to the country to escape foreign oppression, a large proportion of those who are now coming in are brought in by corporations and are practically serfs. The national danger is largely increased by the fact that not only the labour but the votes of such can be purchased very cheaply. He urges that no man be given the franchise who cannot read and write, which is a reasonable proposition. But when he goes further and contends that no foreigner should be given it until he has been in the country fourteen or twenty-one years he is surely becoming extreme and undemocratic, though it must be confessed that recent statistics, showing the overwhelming preponderance of foreign born voters in New York and elsewhere, are alarming and call for precautionary measures. Mr. Curtis pitches eloquent and fervid words of warning to the same key. The nation, he declares, is imperilled "by the ignorant, lawless, idle and dangerous overflow of other countries." "A miscellaneous multitude, sprung of many nations, without a common heart to vibrate instinctively to common memories and associations, would lack that supreme patriotism which is the moral defence of the nations. Let us beware, then, how we water our life blood." All this may not be uncalled for, or unwise, but it is very different from the spirit in which the great Republic formerly welcomed all comers, confident in its power not

only to absorb but to assimilate the largest possible inflow of foreign elements. Truth to say, it has hitherto succeeded, to a wonderful extent, in doing so.

As we anticipated, Sir Morell Mackenzie emphatically denies having made any such ill-advised statements as those ascribed to him, in reference to his knowledge of the cancerous nature of the late Emperor's malady. His present rôle of silence is a wise one. It would have been better for the dignity of the profession, and of those distinguished members of it who have put their names to the report recently published at the German capital, had all who had to do with the treatment of the deceased monarch observed the same reticence. Such a display of professional, or national, jealousy—the public will not be slow, and can hardly be astray, in ascribing the report to one or the other of those sources—on the part of men so eminent, is a surprise and a humiliation to all concerned. The points in dispute are such as, in the nature of the case, can neither be proved nor disproved, and, hence, should not be made subjects of assertion. In a matter in which life, especially the life of so important a personage, was at stake, the balance of judgment will always incline to the side of the more cautious and conservative treatment. As to the highly sensational reports concerning the alleged surveillance of the bereaved Empress, and the nature of the disclosures which she is supposed to hold in reserve, the sceptical attitude is probably the wiser, though it must be admitted that the manner in which the Imperial palace was undoubtedly guarded for several hours after Frederick's death was a singular and suspicious circumstance. The public will have to await developments with what patience it can. It may be long before it can be definitely known what embers of fact underlie the smoke-clouds of sensational rumour which just now fill the atmosphere about the Prussian Court.

THE majority and minority reports of the Royal Educational Commission appointed by the British Government are likely to afford matter for earnest discussion for many months to come. On many points—such as those relating to the supply of schools, school management and inspection, manual and technical instruction, etc.—the Commissioners are in essential agreement. Some of the recommendations of the Majority Report are of special importance, e.g., those relating to the need of providing better accommodation for the children, including a proper "amount of air and space, suitable premises, airiness and lightness of site, and a reasonable extent of playground;" to the fixing of teachers' salaries, providing larger staffs, better means of training, etc. The two burning questions are the granting of aid to denominational schools out of the rates, and the development of religious teaching in the Board Schools. On these points the sharp division of opinion amongst the members of the Royal Commission is but the foreshadowing, or rather the reflection, of a similar division amongst educationists and the public generally. On these points the dissentient minority of the commissioners, including Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Lyulph Stanley, Dr. Dale and five of their colleagues, could not bring themselves into line with the majority of fifteen, and as the views of the minority will be warmly and influentially supported, there is every probability of a renewal, at an early day, of the bitter disputes that accompanied the passing of the Act of 1870. There can be little doubt that the complete secularization of the whole system of State education alone can afford the basis of a lasting peace, but the subject is hampered with so many complications that this outcome still lies probably far in the future.

THE Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce has taken alarm at the International Copyright Act now before the United States Congress, and calls on the British Government to enter into communication with that of the United States with a view to securing an arrangement worthy of the name international. The object is certainly a good one though the time is probably unpropitious. Edinburgh is specially interested in the American measure now proposed, which, by giving English authors a right of property in their own books when published in the States only on condition that the books shall be printed from type set up there, threatens to put the craft of the English, and Scotch printers in danger. The effect of this Act, it is thought, would be that the English author, being already protected in his own country, and being anxious to take advantage of the security offered in the United States, would send all his manuscript to be printed there, and would thence supply the English as well as the American market. As the proposed Act can scarcely find favour with American authors whom it leaves subject to competition in their own market with the influx of cheap English literature, and as it can scarcely be acceptable to the reading

public for whom it would greatly increase the price of English books, the prospects of its being rejected by the Senate are thought to be good, and thus, in the opinion of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce, the way will be open for an equitable international arrangement, beneficial to all parties.

THE last meeting of the great Mission Conference held a few weeks since in London, was a protest against three great iniquities which are being perpetrated amongst heathen races with the sanction of the British Government. These are the opium trade with China, the liquor traffic with the native tribes in Africa, and licensed, Government-regulated prostitution in connection with the military in India. The meeting was held in Exeter Hall, and the statements of fact made by the various speakers justified their warmest denunciations. In regard to the opium traffic, a defence of the Government was essayed by a member of the Civil Service in India, who argued that to put an end to the opium traffic in China would now be an impossibility, but his arguments were met with the crushing rejoinder that all that was asked of the Government was that it should close its opium factories in India and cease to manufacture and trade in the pernicious drug. Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, stated in reference to the drink traffic, that in some cases 700 per cent. profit was made by selling the villanous stuff, and whole tribes were being extirpated by it. Boys of fourteen or fifteen were paid their wages in drink, and girls were to be seen in large numbers lying drunk round the canteens of the traders. The Malagasy were being ruined by the same curse, for 10,000 barrels of rum were being sent yearly to half a million of people. The same thing was going on at Zanzibar. All the machinery of civilization was at work to spread drunkenness. Resolutions condemning the opium trade and the drink traffic, and appointing a deputation to wait on the King of the Belgians to thank his Majesty for the course he had pursued in reference to the latter matter were adopted. A resolution was also carried to the effect that the Conference viewed with shame and sorrow the system of State-regulated vice in India, and hoped that the Government would vigorously follow up the recent action of the House of Commons. Some of the medical regulations issued in connection with the Government management of this unspeakable vice were thought unfit to be read at the Conference, but samples have since been published. Whether the representations of this influential body will have any effect in inducing the British Government to wash its hands of all complicity in practices so fraught with evil to the aboriginal races, and, in the case of the last, with growing danger to the lives and safety of the British in India, through the hatred and resentment of the educated natives which are said to be becoming daily more intense, remains to be seen.

SHOULD the guilt of the dynamite conspiracy against the Burlington railroad be brought home to members of the Brotherhood of Engineers, as now seems probable, it will be greatly to be regretted in the interests of the Labour organizations. It would, of course, be unjust to hold other organizations responsible for the action of this particular one; perhaps it may be proved unjust to hold even this organization responsible for the acts of certain of its members. But, nevertheless, the bad odour of so cruel and cowardly an attempt will be sure to cling more or less to the whole body, and will not fail to excite injurious suspicions against kindred societies. It is to be hoped that the Brotherhood, as such, may be able to clear its skirts of all suspicion of complicity, or even of sympathy, with methods which would do more to bring Labour unions into discredit, and destroy their usefulness within their legitimate sphere, than almost any other conceivable course.

THE world-wide interest which attaches to the meeting of the German and Russian Emperors strikingly shows to how great an extent, even so late in the nineteenth century, the destinies of Europe are in the hands of two or three individuals. What makes the reproach to our vaunted civilization still greater is the fact that these individuals are not chosen by any process of either natural or national selection, but owe their tremendous powers to the accidents of heredity. Should the result of the conference be a renewal in some form of the triple alliance, Europe will no doubt breathe easier for a time, though the pledges of peace will pretty surely be purchased at the sacrifice of some of the smaller nations. The price of Russia's adhesion will, there is little doubt, be the virtual suzerainty of Bulgaria, and, it is by no means likely that Austria's assent to such an arrangement can be purchased at any less price than that of a similar supremacy in Servia. Whether those principalities will bow to the inevitable, and suffer their liberties and aspirations to be set aside without a struggle, is one of the questions which help to complicate the problem.

France, if her rulers can spare time from duels and other internal excitements, will, no doubt, strive hard to avert the isolation with which she is threatened, and which may be regarded as the prime object of the conference, but the combinations will probably prove too strong for her. Whether the young Emperor of Germany will be content with the proud consciousness of power as chief arbiter of all the destinies involved, or will stipulate for some more substantial return for his good offices, remains to be discovered. On the whole the world has seldom seen conferences of more importance, judged by the gravity of the issues which are, to all seeming, involved, than those about to take place between the Emperor of Germany and those of Russia and Austria.

RESORT to the arbitrament of the duel for the settlement of the dispute between Premier Floquet and General Boulanger has probably proved disastrous to the latter in more ways than one. Even should he recover from the somewhat severe wound inflicted by the sword of the civilian, he can scarcely hope to regain his former prestige in the eyes of the people. The idol of the hour has been ignominiously hurled from his pedestal. The would-be-conqueror of Germany and Dictator of France has been worsted in a broil by a man many years his senior, and destitute of his professional training. The conclusion drawn from his lack of personal prowess against his ability to lead the army or rule the nation may be very illogical, but not more so than the duel itself, to which the French masses still pin their faith as a criterion of merit. It seems impossible that they can retain their enthusiasm for the man who has been thus humiliated in the eyes of the whole nation. Neither his rude insolence in the Chamber nor his vindictiveness in the fight will, in the face of his overthrow, convince the populace that he possesses the stuff of which genuine heroes are made. Boulangism is probably finally discredited in France.

THE working of responsible Government in Hawaii is developing some peculiar features. At the recent opening of the regular session of the Legislature, King Kalakawa, who, by the way, is said to have been spending his days for some time past in disgusting drunken orgies with certain of his followers, at first refused to read the speech which had been prepared for him, because it recommended some measures which he did not approve. His ministers reminded him that, the Government being "ministerial," he was not personally responsible, but he continued moody and obstinate, and when finally induced to read the speech, took care to omit the passages to which he objected. The probabilities are, however, that the Government will go on without being very greatly affected by his personal views, which, as may be supposed, are not remarkable for intelligence. Should he be so ill-advised as to use too freely or vigorously the personal right of veto which is his in virtue of a recent decision of the Hawaiian Supreme Court, he would probably find the experiment a rather dangerous one in the present temper of his not very loyal or admiring subjects. The revolution which has been for some time imminent in the Islands would be pretty sure to be precipitated.

#### THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND.—II.

WE have already remarked on the generous tone of Mr. Matthew Arnold's comments upon American affairs. He tells us that, two or three years ago, he said that "what, in the jargon of the present day, is called 'the political and social problem,' does seem to be solved there"—in the United States—"with remarkable success." He pointed out that "the contrast which in this respect the United States offer to our own country is, in several ways, much to their advantage."

But Mr. Arnold was startled out of a state of comparative complacency by the strong language of Sir Lepel Griffin, who declared that "there is no country, calling itself civilized, where one would *not* rather live than in America, except Russia." Certainly, then, thought Mr. Arnold, one cannot rest satisfied with admiring the institutions of the United States and "their solid social condition, their freedom and equality, their power, energy and wealth. One must go further, go on to examine what is done there towards solving the human problem, and must see what Sir Lepel Griffin's objection comes to."

Of course, every one who thinks at all knows the immense difficulty of forming judgments of any value on subjects so large and complicated. Mr. Arnold was so sensible of this difficulty that he had some thought of imitating Theophrastus, and putting off the discussion of the "human problem" in America until he was ninety-nine years of age. But then he reflected that he might not come near that time of life; and alas! as we know, he

did not come within a generation of it. We cannot but be thankful that he gave us these fruits of his observation before the pen dropped from his hand.

Most of us remember the howl of indignation with which the publication of Sir Lepel Griffin's book was greeted. Many who cared very little for America or Americans accused him of exaggeration and misrepresentation. Perhaps he had been unfortunate in his experiences. No one can see everything in a country, or even every phase of its life; and one's general impressions are largely determined by particular incidents. Two men equally well informed, equally impartial, might live in Canada or in England, and go away with totally different opinions as to the desirableness of the one country or the other as a place of residence. Sometimes we marvel at the audacity with which writers and speakers will pronounce, offhand and dogmatically, on persons, classes, nations.

No one can fairly accuse Mr. Arnold of this hasty arrogance, or of the temper which would beget it. His attitude towards the American people is that of affectionate gratitude and admiration. He is ready and eager to make the best of things, and not the worst, generous in his appreciation of their good qualities and accomplishments. His criticism is, therefore, of special value, and represents not so much a judgment as an intuition—the things which he saw rather than the conclusions which he inferred, and his whole article is stamped with this character.

Mr. Arnold's views of civilization in no way differ from those which are generally accepted. It is, he says, the humanization of man in society, the satisfaction for him, in society, of the true law of human nature. In other words, it is the full and complete realization of human life in all its parts, elements, powers — "the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners.

We are perfectly civilized only when all these instincts in our nature . . . have been adequately recognized and satisfied."

As regards one aspect of the subject, the commercial and monetary, Mr. Arnold points out that, for persons who have from three to fourteen hundred pounds a year, America is a much less comfortable country to live in than England. For those who have smaller incomes it is better. But he does not consider this to be the real question. He refers with satisfaction to the much greater equality, the much less division into classes, to be found on this side of the Atlantic. One thing he notices, which we believe most strangers who have mixed in American society have remarked, "a charm in American women, which you find in almost all of them, wherever you go. It is the charm of a natural manner, a manner not self-conscious artificial and constrained." To a certain extent the same may be remarked of a vast number of Canadian women. As we are doing our best to get at the truth on these subjects, we may add that it cannot be applied in its whole extent. What Mr. Arnold says of English women applies, in part, to ourselves.

"I have often heard it observed," says Mr. Arnold, "that a perfectly natural manner is as rare among English women of the middle classes as it is general among American women of like condition with them." At the same time he does not flatter the Americans, for, while he admits the naturalness of the manners of the women, he adds: "It may not be a beautiful manner always, but it is almost always a natural manner, a free and happy manner, and this gives pleasure."

All this is good, he says, but more is required in order to a perfect civilization; and this, he says, may best be described by the word *interesting*. This is the charm of the old Greek civilization, and this—lamentable to relate—is missing in the American. And, amidst a great deal of charming writing, he tells us, in effect, that the interesting in human life is its poetry, its idealism. The "great sources of the interesting are distinction and beauty, that which is elevated, and that which is beautiful."

In trying to explain the absence of the aesthetic taste, we think Mr. Arnold is hardly correct when he says that "in the long settled States east of the Alleghenies the landscape in general is not interesting." Surely this could not be said by one who travelled from Montreal to Boston and New York, passing through the region of the White Mountains and taking excursions into some of the loveliest parts of the State of New York. Indeed there are in this district large stretches of very charming scenery. But the critic is certainly much nearer the mark when he speaks of the Americans as "restless, eager to better themselves, and to make fortunes," and that "the inhabitant does not strike his roots lovingly down into the soil, as in rural England." And again, "the charm of beauty which comes from ancientness and permanence of rural life the country could not yet have in a high degree, but it has it in even a less degree than might be expected."

He is quite right again when he says that the Americans came originally, for the most part, from that great class in English society among

whom the sense for conduct and business is much more strongly developed than the sense for beauty. And not only so, but America has not the nourishment of the sense of beauty in the ancient monuments, the cathedrals, parish churches, and castles of the scholastic and feudal age, nor the charming examples of domestic architecture which are the product of a later period. As a consequence, he says that of the really beautiful, in architecture, in painting, in literature, they have produced very little as yet.

It is the same, he says, with distinction as with beauty. "If there be a discipline in which the Americans are wanting, it is the discipline of awe and respect. "Can we refute this charge, if it is brought against ourselves?" Our most conspicuous defect is our lack of reverence. Here, as in the States, our ethics and our theology have been popularized, until they come very near being vulgarized. Mr. Arnold says that Lincoln, rather than Washington, is the ideal man of contemporary America. Washington, in the present estimate of his countrymen, is but an English officer. The glorification of "the average man" is hostile to distinction, and so is the addictedness to "the funny man," who is a national misfortune. Most of all, perhaps, the newspapers are hostile to it. But, after all, the newspapers only represent and keep alive the state of things as it is. Mr. Arnold is very hard upon the newspapers. While admitting the ability which many of them display, he says: "But, on the whole, and taking the total impression and effect made by them, I should say that, if one were searching for the best means to efface and kill in a whole nation the discipline of respect, the feeling for what is elevated, one could not do better than take the American newspapers."

To all this there is a very obvious rejoinder that the state of things complained of is only what might be expected. Americans are immersed in business, they have no witnesses to antiquity around them, very little leisure for meditation, or for anything apart from practical interests, and therefore the peculiar sense of beauty and distinction, the sentiment of the ideal and the poetic, can be neither generated nor sustained. If Americans would say something of this kind, Mr. Arnold would be fairly content. Such convictions would be the best proof that they were not wholly destitute of the qualities the absence of which he deplures. "If," says our critic, "the community over there perceived the want and regretted it sought for the right ways of remedying it, and resolved that remedied it should be; if they said, or even if a number of leading spirits amongst them said: 'Yes, we see what is wanting in our civilization, we see that the average man is a danger, we see that our newspapers are a scandal, that bondage to the common and ignoble is our snare; but under the circumstances our civilization could not well have been expected to begin differently. What you see are beginnings; they are crude; they are too predominantly material, and so forth. If this were said, we should have no severe criticism to offer."

But, the writer persists, the Americans will not say this; they "seem in certain matters, to have agreed, as a people, to deceive themselves." This is good, and it is so good just because it is, in a measure, true of every nation and of every individual. We none of us like to confess, even to ourselves, those faults which are most conspicuous to our neighbours.

And the worst of it is that "all this tall talk and self-glorification meets with hardly any rebuke from sane criticism over there. . . . There are plenty of cultivated, judicious, delightful individuals there. They are our hope and America's hope; it is through their means that improvement must come. They know perfectly well how false and hollow the boastful stuff talked is; but they let the storm of self-laudation rage, and say nothing. For political opponents and their doings there are, in America hard words to be heard in abundance; for the real faults in American civilization, and for the foolish boasting which prolongs them, there is hardly a word of regret or blame, at least in public."

All this is excellent. We should, however, remark, what Mr. Arnold did not know Americans well enough to discover, that a great deal of the tall talk is not taken, and is not meant to be taken, seriously. Still, there underlies it a solid mass of self-complacency, which is the foe of all real progress. We can hardly imagine counsels more necessary or more useful than those of Mr. Arnold, and they are scarcely less necessary in Canada than in the United States.

CRITICISM measures a man by his highest reach. With the coming years Whitman will grow in stature among American poets. It is not impossible that when the age in which he lived has passed into history, his figure will assume Titanic proportions. With his almost inexplicable artistic defects, his was a poet's soul, for its essence was universal sympathy. He loved humanity in its wholeness; he looked upon it and saw that it was good. Above all, he loved his country with uncompromising devotion, and without one backward look of desire or regret.

THE COUREUR-DU-BOIS.

In the glimmering light of the Old Regime  
A figure appears like the flushing gleam  
Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream,  
Or jewel without a flaw.  
Flashing and fading but leaving a trace  
In story and song of a hardy race,  
Finely fashioned in form and face—  
The Old Coureur-du-Bois.

No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering wing  
Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing.  
Through his woodland realm he roved a King!  
His own sweet will his law.  
From the wily savage he learned his trade  
Of hunting and wood-craft; of nothing afraid:  
Bravely battling, bearing his blade  
As a free Coureur-du-Bois.

A brush with the foe, a carouse with a friend,  
Were equally welcome, and made some amend  
For the gloom and silence and hardships that tend  
"To shorten one's life *ma foi*!"  
A wife in the hamlet, another he'd take—  
Some dusky maid—to his camp by the lake;  
A rattling, roving, rollicking rake  
This gay Coureur-du-Bois.

Then peace to his ashes! he bore his part  
For his country's weal with a brave stout heart.  
A child of nature, untutored in art,  
In his narrow world he saw  
But the dawning light of the rising sun  
O'er an Empire vast his toil had won.  
For doughty deeds and duty done  
*Sabât!* Coureur-du-Bois.

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

LONDON LETTER.

On the table by the book-shelves are silver bowls, majolica bowls full of honeysuckle and yellow azaleas; branches of wild roses in tall vases ornament the little piano; through the panes of the bow-window I can see into the charming corner garden, where are clumps of old fashioned flowers—red bergamot and cloves, sweet william and corn cockles—and twisting round trellises, quick growing hops, fragrant clematis and jasmine, convolvulus and beautiful lengths of vine make a veritable bower of this London house. Snatches of talk from down in the street come in with startling clearness over the green railings and scented blossoms, and reach me in this cushioned recess; echoing footsteps, like those hurrying ones that surrounded Lucie Manette's Soho home, tramp quickly, pace slowly, in and about the sunny road. Yonder a thrush piping his midday song from the branches of the maytree is silenced by the clatter of the Kensington bells ringing for service—in the aisle of the church, by the way, lies the Lord Warwick, who watched at Addison's death-bed—but the mechanical trill of a lark (Shelley's "blithe spirit") fluttering ceaselessly against the bars of its cage, continues heedless like all other complainers of either chimers or voices. No longer blithe, indeed, is this poor little captive from the corn-fields—who was the cruel person who first thought of imprisoning birds?—and the familiar turns and shakes sound sadly enough from over the square inch of turf and thimbleful of water, terrible substitutes for meadows and brooks without end.

In this charming parlour you too would like to be, I think, with the glass doors of the shelves wide open, and the possessor of these golden brown volumes ready to explain how this treasure came into the family, how that, bought for next to nothing, proved exactly the edition of all others the most scarce, now turning the leaves to show me notes, or a reference to some other writer, or an inscription (delightful suggestive signs of former readers, decorating like knots of ribbon or ruffles of lace the black and white pages) anon allowing me to take into my hands for closer inspection specimens of binding which, like some in our museums, or in the Bodleian Library, give one the same sort of pleasure produced by a fine picture. Here is a pocket Dante (1552) the covers made by Evis, binder to Henry III, Henry IV, and Louis XIII, on the flyleaf of which is the following sentence perfectly legible, the ink unfaded, the writing full of character: "Mr. Digges sent me this book from Oxford, 22nd Dec, 1599, Fran. Walleys." So the proud owner after near three hundred years tells you and me of his Christmas gift from that dear University, where maybe he was educated, and where doubtless Mr. Digges was his tutor. Was the volume kept as a pocket-piece, and read of spare moments. Did he bring it out, I wonder, in the honeymoon days (like the ungallant bridegroom in Mr. Boughton's picture) when the pretty bride in her pointed cap and brocade farthingale lost her charm for the moment, and the choice Italian and queer woodcuts of Mr. Digges' present consoled Francis Walleys for any disenchantment from which he may have suffered. If these pages could speak for themselves, instead of echoing Dante's words, they would tell of the time when

the Virgin Queen in her unloved and unlovely and addled old age was on the throne, the King of Scotland waiting impatiently for her decease, and Shakespeare prospering in London (do you know that Donnelly declares "the newspapers of England are standing with journalistic bludgeons round the rotten corpse of a national delusion," a sentiment worthy of Jefferson Bucks, when, turning his attention from War he dallied with Literature) had just applied to the Heralds' office for a grant of arms, had helped to produce "Every Man in His Humour" at the Blackfriars Theatre, and was seriously thinking of buying the Great House in Stratford to which to repair when the pleasures of the "Mermaid" ceased to attract. What a trio of adventurous centuries has the tiny book lived successfully through. Civil wars have raged outside of its velvet case, kings have gone into exile, thrones have crumbled into dust, great discoveries have been made, adventurers have come to new lands. Over its covers eager voices have called for the favorite toasts, angry ones have discussed the policy of His Majesty's Ministers in connection with the American rebels, triumphant ones have told of the Trafalgar and Waterloo days, and just a year or two ago of the fall of Sebastopol. Almost as fresh as when it left the hands of the binder, the Dante lies on its shelf touched only occasionally and reverently by careful admirers, and if Mr. Walleys discover its whereabouts (do you remember Mr. Lang's pleasant verses on a similar subject?) I think he will feel satisfied at the manner with which his gift from Oxford is treated in its present home.

From near Mary Wollstonecroft's *Letters from Norway and Sweden* (1797), I take down the first volume of Murphy's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, "bought at the sale of Mrs. Piozzi's library," says a note on the front page, and I find in the lady's own writing just above that note that in November, 1816, she purchased the books of Aplum at Bath. Turning the leaf between these annotations and the shockingly bad portrait of the lexicographer forming the frontispiece, I come to where is fixed a sheet of rough yellow paper addressed to the flighty dame who owned, according to Dr. Burney, those "expressive eyes," and on which is scrawled the following: "Dear Lady (I read), I am this evening come to Bolt Court after a ramble in which I have had very little pleasure, and now I have not you to talk to nor Mrs. Mason. I carried bad health out, and have brought it home. What else I bring is abundance of compliments to you from everybody. Lucy I cannot persuade to write to you, but she is very much obliged. Be pleased to write word to Streatham that they should find me the 'Biographia Britannica' as soon as possible. I believe I owe Queenie a letter, for which I hope she will forgive me. I am apt to omit things of more importance. Let me hear from you now quick. Our letters will pass and repass like shuttlecocks. I am, dearest madame, your most humble servant, Sam Johnson. Nov. 6, 1777." And this, which the receiver did not think interesting enough to include in her collection of printed letters is not the only treasure the book contains. For on nearly every page Mrs. Piozzi, reading before me, has left some specimen of bitter wit, with those friends who interfered in her second marriage (unwarrantably it seems now, surely?) had reason to dread, or some token of the learning of a woman who knew Latin and was the companion of most of the wise folk of the day. In her beautiful writing, extraordinary for a person well on the way to eighty years of age, she sets down many a sentence that would sting those of whom she speaks. "Tacitus informs us"—the author of the life thus pompously begins a paragraph, interrupted by Mrs. Piozzi's sneering laugh, "Dear Murphy," she cries from the margin, "when he was serious he always talked of Tacitus; when he was merry he always talked of Foote!" Again, a little later on, when Prior is mentioned, "His Cloe was Clotilda Tickell I find" (she writes). "She lived to be 101 years old, and died an object of disgust and deformity." By the side of Johnson's death bed Mrs. Piozzi lingers with her pen in hand. "They should have told him they apprehended a mortification. Why treat such a mind like the mind of a common patient?" She sets against the dreadful description of his bodily and mental sufferings. So on almost every page, here, there, where you least expect "Thrale's grey widow" bids you turn your attention to her. "Alas poor H. L. P.," she writes in one or two places, and "Alas poor H. L. P.," one cannot help repeating after her, with her daughters estranged, her second husband dead, with most of her old friends open enemies, she sits in the drawing-room in that steep gloomy Gay Street in Bath, with the pages open before her reminding her of that past life which must seem so very far away. Step by step she goes over those old days at Streatham Common, in Southwark, in Grosvenor Square, in Brighthelmstone, when Johnson was her guest for months at a time; thinks again of Baretti and Garrick, of Burke and Goldsmith, Fanny Burney and charming S. S., (why did that clever young lady never marry?) of little Harry's death, and of Queenie, and how pretty she looked the day she sat to Sir Joshua. How often we have all met at that cheerful board and listened to the famous tales, and how well we know the Reynolds portraits, and the prints pasted on the dining-room walls. "She has done nothing right since Thrale's bridle has been off her neck," declared Johnson in an angry mood, a speech which it would have been kinder if Boswell had suppressed, but the truth of which is proved by the manner in which she managed the years when left to herself, the Conway episode showing how easily, to the end, her vanity and credulity could be taken advantage of. One does not like to think of her, for so long surrounded by the best society London could give, now deserted in her old age by those fair weather friends. One never knows if Piozzi was happy in his choice, but I warrant he heard often enough from his wife of the immense sacrifice she had made for him; and I think he must have had hard work to soothe her when Johnson wrote those cruel letters and Miss Burney looked in the other direction when they met at routs.

There is much to tell you of all the other books with which these shelves are piled, English, and French, Italian and Latin, but I am afraid I might

## MONTREAL LETTER.

bore you. So I must content myself with saying that Miss Austen finds no place behind these glass doors (you will recollect Charlotte Brontë's curious dislike of Miss Austen's work, and Macaulay's enthusiastic love for it) though Miss Edgeworth who, to me, is unreadable is here in a grand gown of gold and brown. Personally I cannot imagine a much greater loss than never to have known *Emma* and her friends, never to have visited Weymouth with *Frank* and his demure fiancée, strolled with *Lydia* and *Wickham* along the High street of that Garrison town, or gone to the Bath balls with the owners of *Northanger Abbey*. The principal collector of this library died in '56, yet no first editions of the early Dickens or Thackerays were bought: Perhaps she (for the owner was a lady) could not, like Howells, suffer the mannerisms of the one or the confidential attitude of the other. That the books a man possesses will tell you his character every one knows ("no one is a hypocrite in his pleasures" is a Johnsonian proverb) and it is easy to read this lady's from her's. Given much poetry, many essays and memoirs, a little history, a score of sermons, and some good novels beginning with Richardson and Scott, there is left nothing to desire—beyond perhaps a few works of humour, of travel, of imagination. But it is very rare, they tell me, to find a woman who knows wit when she hears it, who cares a fig for foreign countries, for the Princess Badoura and her sisters, or for stories like Hawthorne's *Transformation*: though here one has no right to complain in the face of so many evidences of a sound and cultivated intelligence.

In consequence of the death of the Emperor of Germany, some of the Oxford commemoration services were abandoned, to the grief of the visitors; still, much was left of every description. The grey city in its green settings, with its peculiar tranquil, old-time atmosphere, is another world to the ordinary Londoner, who lingers on the threshold of these wonderful quadrangles, and chapels, halls and libraries (where one feels uncommonly small and ignorant), and gazes with dazed wonder at the thousand points of interest that present themselves to the most superficial person. One should see, I am sure, two or three of the simple sights first, gradually to accustom oneself to the greater wonders. It is as well, I think, to stand for a few minutes in front of Sir Joshua's exquisite windows in New College Chapel (designed by the President, executed in Schia by Ferri), and watch the attitude of Charity with her children, the graceful flowing lines in the figure of Hope, the expression of Fortitude. Some will tell you that these ladies do not worthily represent the cardinal virtues. For most of them Mrs. Gwatkin stood (years after she told Nagdon she had sat to Sir Joshua for this piece) smiling in the Leicester Fields studio with feathers on her head, or clasping a baby in her arms. There is nothing heroic in the composition—indeed the end virtue on either side remind one not a little of Angelica Kauffman's goddesses—but the feeling and charm and refinement are so great one forgives the inequality, the occasional lack of strength. Then there are Johnson's rooms in Pembroke College, up the narrow oak stairs to the second floor over the archway, where you can look out of the window from which he threw the famous shoes, and can listen to traditions of his unsatisfactory career here, and how he left after three years without taking his degree. Down in the Hall they have the old wooden desk on which his wrote his Dictionary with Tetty by his side, and if you open it you will find an impression from his seal, a stern Roman head. Sir Thomas Browne, Pym, Camden, Beaumont, the dramatist, Shenstone, were once students here, and Whitefield (whose tabernacle is still in Tottenham Court Road, looking as it did when Theo and George Warrington drove past it in the chariot) and Blackstone; but I don't know if any of their lodgings are identified; visitors only ask to see Johnston's. I was told there is the bust of the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* against a pillar in Christ Church, which no one who loves Burton will miss, and there are pictures in the magnificent Christ Church Hall (we have been here before with George III. and his court on the day when Lady Charlotte Bertie went out backwards with a sprained ankle, and the maids of honour and eque-ries were starved) portraits by all the great men from Holbein to Millais which alone are worth a journey to see. John Inglesant, Lady Isabella and young Lady Fentham turn into Trinity Chapel as we pass, and Charles II. comes down the street toward us, surrounded by his spaniels, scaring the wraith of his grave-visaged father. In the quiet quadrangles you meet at every turn the heroes of real life or of fiction with whom the name of Oxford is connected. As Dickens wandered through the City Churches without knowing the date of their erection or the histories of their parsons, so it is best to loiter through these enchanted spots, till, by degrees, the Spirit of the town teaches one insensibly all one is fit to learn.

WALTER POWELL.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN, in his admirable contrast of Tennyson and Browning, has made it clear, that while the Laureate sees life on the orderly and institutional side, Browning sees it on its spontaneous and inspirational side. The one seeks the explanation of the mysteries which surround him, and the processes by which life is unfolded in the slow, large movement of law; the other goes straight to the centre whence the energy of life flows. Society is much to Browning, not because it teaches great truths, but because it reveals the force and direction of individual impulse. Tennyson continually moves away from the individual emotion and experience to that wider movement in which it shall mix and lose itself; the fragment of a life gaining dignity and completeness by blending with the whole. Browning, on the other hand, by virtue of the immense importance he attaches to personality, is continually striving to discover in the individual the potency and direction of the general movement. Every life is a revelation to him; every life is a channel through which a new force pours into the world.—*Andover Review*.

Now that the clôture annuelle makes our sundry places of amusement even more demure in appearance than they are during the season, and Crawley mansions everywhere have been placed under tinker supervision, it is very delightful to find an habitation which one may visit weekly, daily, always sure of welcome, and, what seems more delightful still, which one cares to visit. Need I tell you such must, perforce, be a library? We can quite understand the chink of the "white bits," as he pays his orchestra chair makes the gentleman of yesterday at once not only reconciled, but pleased, though some crack-brained prima-donna should venture up far giddier heights than his sweet-voiced daughter, and the much maligned street-piano put to shame the accompanist. But if you are not a gentleman of yesterday, that the Fraser Institute is free, will in nowise lessen your appreciation of its many attractions, and they are many, too many perhaps.

In 1870 one Mr. Hugh Fraser, having amassed enough money to make it worth while to question whether a public institution or collateral heirs would perpetuate his name and memory the more flatteringly, naturally decided the city had better be put in his debt. Unfortunately, however the collateral heirs (as collateral heirs always do) differed very widely from this opinion, and, bringing the case before the court, fought tooth and claw during some fourteen years to get poor Mr. Hugh's fortune. But the deceased's executors entrusted with the grateful task of providing "a free public library, museum, and gallery, to be open to all honest and respectable persons whosoever, of every rank in life without distinction, and without fee or reward of any kind," must obviously gain their case, inasmuch as the testator had died unmarried, and feeling, doubtless, he owed his fellowcitizens certainly no less than his relations. In 1885 the *Fraser Institute* was opened, but the seemingly interminable litigation had woefully decreased its financial resources, and this, of course, necessitated an appeal to the generosity of Montrealers. Sometimes we wonder whether a man turns benefactor for the sake of his name or his nation. Twenty stipulations are made; the people tacitly dissent; experienced heads could imagine far more profitable ways of spending the money; but it is a gift, and as such must be gratefully and submissively accepted, much in the same spirit, the small girl takes everything and anything the brother of larger growth feels prepared to bestow upon her. This talk appears ungrateful enough, yet why hoodwink ourselves and the world? Why receive without argument, what a suggestion might make really profitable?

In the city of Montreal we have two public libraries, neither of which is at all worthy our standing. The *Mechanics' Institute* I suppose, fulfills more or less adequately the end to which it was established, an end, as its name implies, not difficult of fulfillment. But with the *Fraser Institute*, the case is different. Mr. Fraser dreamed a Free Library, Museum, and Gallery of Art—in other words the country-shop affair most of our institutions are. Nobody doubts we have at present in the *Fraser* "a commencement more important and more extensive than that of some other institutions of a similar class, which now stand among the finest literary, scientific and artistic institutions in the world," but from melancholy precedents everybody has reason to ask if it will prove more than a commencement. Our Art Gallery has existed some years I believe, can we boast any valuable work beside Millet's Little Shepherdess? And the Natural History Society, a fossilized, gray, glum, patient, old institution, haunted by mummies, and on Sunday mornings very often by the disaffected. Such, scientifically and artistically speaking, is our situation. With the books of the Institut Canadien, and those of the Mercantile Library the *Fraser Institute* possessed the nucleus of an admirable collection.

15,000 volumes was no mean beginning. Now the Book Club in connection with it, and many generous donors, supply hundreds more every year. From one point of view you see we have reason to entertain very great expectations. But alas! art and ornithology will intrude themselves. That fatal division of force which everybody is crying out against, manifests itself here by huge cases of stuffed birds, and thirty-eight paintings, one would long to see exchanged for as many modern literary works of which the *Fraser Institute* stands sorely in need. Once let people know they must give books or money, and only books or money, and let the institution direct every effort to the filling of shelves and not glass cases, and Montreal shall possess—no, not a British museum, ambitious citizens, but a far better library than if the public be allowed to pay its donations in stuffed foxes, skulls, and questionable art.

The "welcome!" that meets you printed on the great big door-mat of the *Fraser Institute*, is repeated through the cosy reading-rooms, reserved respectively for ladies and gentlemen, in the pleasant faces of the super-humanly patient lady assistants, by the genial autocrat, the librarian. Since warm days have arrived, many of the Institute's most constant frequenters prefer to follow their *dolce far niente* existence, snoozing on the promenade by the river, but let autumn come, and you will see these "honest and respectable persons" all back in their places at the farthest end of the well heated room, generally fingering weekly periodicals as if they were of vellum, while contemplating the mysterious signs they contain with simple, savage awe. Of course the *Fraser Institute* can boast a contingent of frowsy-haired, spectacled scholars, ardent youths, and large-brained boys as well; while horribly earnest college girls, and the old lady who reads every where on earth but at home, are its frequent visitors.

Mr. Boodle, the librarian, has worked hard and with brilliant success. Apart from the principal room containing all the books on general subjects, some very rare old editions of French romances, and the magnificently bound volumes Prince Jerome Bonaparte gave the Institut Canadien, another room is lined entirely with law books, a third with diverse pamph-



lets and parliamentary debates, and a fourth, in which, by the way, Mr. Boodle takes particular pride, with magazines, most beautifully arranged in chronological order. The ornithological collection of pictures have been relegated to the ladies' sanctum, whence, we may hope, their generous donors, approving an amendment to Mr. Fraser's decree, will some day have them removed, so that they may be replaced by what alone can very soon make the institute something better than "a commencement."

LOUIS LLOYD.

SUMMERING.

HERE we summer by the river  
Where the waters kiss the shore ;  
Through the pines and cedar branches  
Soughs the south wind "evermore"—  
"For ever and for evermore,"  
Hear the river's threnody,  
Sweeping on through isle and rapids  
Onward to the waiting sea.

After all the last year's travel,  
After all the toil and strife,  
In the great world's din of battle  
In the cycle change of life,  
Rest is welcome by the river ;  
In its calm and in its roar  
Still, methinks, it shouts or whispers  
"Ever and for evermore."

After all life's incompleteness  
There remains the shoreless sea,  
Whither tread our feeble efforts,  
Faiths and hopes and fears to be :  
There are peaceful hills, and voices  
Calling those blue waters o'er.  
"Here is rest for weary heart-ache  
Ever and for evermore."

Kingston.

K. L. JONES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GOVERNING BODY OF M'GILL UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I beg to crave a portion of the valuable space of THE WEEK for the purpose of correcting some mis-apprehension as to the character and conduct of the Governors of McGill University.

The Board of Governors is constituted under a royal charter, under the provisions of which, a fair representation of each Protestant church is secured.

All appointments are subject to confirmation by the Governor General. Under the terms of the charter of the University the duties of the

Governors are, in the first place, to administer the property, endowments, and finances of the College ; secondly, to make appointments to all offices therein ; and thirdly, to frame statutes for its government.

Purely academic functions, and all matters relating to the educational work of the University, are in the hands of a much larger body, almost all of whom are distinguished educationalists.

The evident intention was that the finances and property, together with the appointments, should be in the charge of a body of men of experience in the business affairs of life, having a knowledge of property, endowments, and investments, able to judge with regard to the capabilities of men, and experienced in the framing of laws and regulations ; providing at the same time in the administration of the teaching department for a full representation of the professional staff, and of affiliated Colleges in the various faculties connected with the University.

When the writer had the honour of being elected a Governor some years ago, there were included in the circle of that body two judges of the superior courts, two statesmen of high distinction who had served Her Majesty not only in Canada but abroad, and two eminent members of the bar of the Province of Quebec. The rest of the Governors consisted of merchants, bankers, and gentlemen occupying high official positions in the country, most of whom had been either personal benefactors (and some of them very large benefactors) to the College, or were connected with families whose benefactions had built up the property of the University.

This simple statement is sufficient to show whether the administration of the matters placed under their charge was in competent hands or not.

During the last few years death has brought about changes in the governing body, but it still contains a distinguished statesman, a judge of the superior courts, a gentleman of high eminence both at the bar and in political life, together with a number of others, who, though connected for the most part with business affairs, have shown both by their gifts and labours, the deepest interest in higher education. Two of these bear academic titles.

Such is the composition of the Board of Governors of the University at present.

A banker or a merchant is not necessarily ignorant because of his being devoted to business pursuits. Numbers of merchants and bankers of the present day are persons of literary culture and University education. The

ranks of authorship have been recruited from this class, as is well known by those whose knowledge is a little wider than that of the circles of one Canadian city. And even in the absence of these, let it be considered that men in the highest walks of mercantile and financial life are occupied with precisely the same matters in their daily calling with respect to which they have to act in the University. They are called upon to manage investments and administer finances. They are occupied in forming judgments upon the characters of men, and in administering the affairs of the country, or of corporations of which they are members. The business of framing statutes, regulations, and laws, is one of which they must have had experience.

As to its actual efficiency or otherwise, this body may challenge an appeal to history and facts. Every tree is known by its fruit. Under their administration the finances of the University have been so administered that not a bad investment has been made, nor a dollar of its endowment lost. A body of professors has been gathered together by their appointment, during the last thirty years, under whose teaching in various departments, the University has risen to a rank which need not be boasted of here. The standing of McGill University is too well known to make it necessary for anyone to speak of it.

It was by such a board of governors that the distinguished Principal was selected, and by them he has been sustained and helped forward in the mighty work he has done for superior education in Canada. Between him and the board there has always been perfect harmony. The governors have sometimes been sneered at because of this unity. But unity is strength. They are not a debating society. They have the heavy responsibility of action ; and action to be efficient and produce lasting results must be in unison.

I have sat upon numbers of boards during the last twenty-five years. Some of them were noted for wrangling, and invariably also for inefficiency ; others went on through a long period of years without a single division taking place, and in every instance there followed growth, prosperity, and usefulness.

With respect to the matter of co-education there are very great differences of opinion amongst educationalists. There is, however, another class who are sometimes entirely ignored in this discussion, but who have some claim to be considered, viz., the parents and guardians of students. I am well aware that we are not dealing with boys and girls. But young men and young women are subjects of care and parental responsibility also. The care of mothers for their daughters is a responsibility that cannot be set aside. Whatever may be the opinion of the nineteenth century on the subject, the settled opinion of a good many previous centuries, and of the law of God, makes it incumbent upon parents to think carefully of these things. I will venture to say that the opinions of mothers with regard to their daughters, and of fathers with regard to grown up sons, is as much entitled to respect when considering the question of their co-education, as is the opinion of those whose business it is to teach.

When the question was first discussed in the college there was very considerable difference of opinion on the subject. Not only was the Principal against co-education, but the whole of the governors, many of them heads of families, and a considerable number of the Professors and Fellows. And they gave reasons for their opposition.

It is not a matter of reason on the one side against prejudice on the other. It is a matter of argument and reason on both sides, with this important addition, however, that so far as the circle of McGill is concerned those who have had the most experience of the world, and whose observation embraces the widest circle of the affairs of life, were almost wholly against it.

The sneering style in which the large endowment for the higher education of women is referred to, is no doubt intended to advance the cause of which one of the professors is a leader. Whether the imputation of mercenary motives to the whole body of distinguished educationalists who constitute the corporation, is calculated to accomplish this, the impartial readers of THE WEEK can best judge. They can also judge what degree of acquaintance with the facts your correspondent had in suggesting a doubt as to whether Montreal had any interest in the College. Almost the whole of its properties and endowments have been contributed by present or former residents of the city of Montreal. The benefactions during the last seven years have amounted to nearly half a million dollars.

The question upon which it is sought to found an agitation in the University is simply this. The college has accepted a large endowment for the purpose of carrying out the higher education of women in separate classes. All the professors have voluntarily undertaken to co-operate in carrying on the work, and remuneration is being accepted therefor. Statutes and regulations embodying the methods of this separate education have been passed, and large numbers of young ladies have availed themselves of the benefits of it.

But this mode of teaching has been held up to ridicule and contempt by some who have agreed to carry it on, and who are in receipt of remuneration therefor. It has been described in a letter to the public press as a farce, and the work imposed by it as an intolerable burden. Not only so, there has been good reason to believe that it has been held up to scorn and ridicule before the very ladies who have been studying under its provisions, and before other bodies of University students.

This was so obviously to impair the discipline of the College, that the Principal, acting under a high sense of duty and responsibility, unpleasant though it was, felt himself compelled to notice it. Hence all this hubbub.

The action of the Governors has been to sustain the Principal in his wise and judicious upholding of the rules and regulations of the College, and in his determination that so long as they exist, they shall not be held up to ridicule before the students.

They might very fairly appeal to every head of a school whether he would allow his usher to denounce to the scholars the system under which it is carried on; to every head of a University whether its regulations should be held up to contempt by a professor to its student; to every head of a corporation whether its by-laws should be ridiculed by one of its officers to its servants. There could be but one response from all right thinking men.

They talk about the "outrage upon the freedom of thought," the reference to the "19th century and the middle ages," the suggestion of "a watchful eye being kept" and of "the merits of the case being ignored" and other rhodomontade of the same sort, are of the tone of a debating club. But the insinuation that the Board of Governors neglect their duties, is one that can only proceed from dense ignorance.

What the Principal and the Governors have firmly taken their stand upon is this. If a professor feels the carrying out the provisions respecting female education to be an intolerable burden to him, he is at liberty to relinquish them and the emoluments connected therewith. He is at liberty also if he chooses to introduce a resolution, or any number of resolutions on the subject, before the corporation of which he is a member, and whose special province it is to deal with them.

But he is not at liberty, that is, it is not reasonable, (for rational liberty and true reason are inseparable) to tell the students that the mode of teaching adopted by the University is a ridiculous farce. He is not at liberty, for it is not reasonable, to make speeches at undergraduate dinners, of the same character. And he is not at liberty, so long as he is receiving the emoluments of the University, to hold up its regulations before the public to scorn and contempt, thereby undermining confidence in the efficiency of the University, seriously impeding its usefulness, and discouraging gentlemen who desire to consecrate their wealth to the promotion of higher education.

One word in conclusion. Comparisons are the subject of a well known proverb. There is another proverb which expresses gathered experience in the phrase "save me from my friends." When a comparison is made such as that in the closing sentence of your correspondent Algonquin's letter, it simply gives rise to the enquiry whether some subjects are not more difficult than others, and whether with a given number of students of equal ability, and a given number of men of equally educational power, more of them would not take honours in such subjects as logic and mental philosophy than in classics and mathematics.

Zealous partisans like your correspondent need to be careful lest they fall unconsciously into both the dangers pointed out by Lord Bacon, namely, the "*suppressio veri*," and the "*suggestio falsi*."

And all who are interested in higher education may well remember a scripture admonition, which, as this is a University matter, I give in the original, "*πάντα δοκιμάζετε, το καλόν κατεχετε.*"

I write without consultation with any other Governor or with the principal. Being alone responsible for these utterances, I subscribe my own name.

G. HAGUE.

Montreal, July 13, 1888.

### OPPORTUNITY.

It is a thought both sweet and true  
That every morning sent to you,  
An angel comes, who on thy way  
Attends. Beside thee all the day  
She walks. With sweet appealing gaze,  
She offers thee, in countless ways,  
An opportunity so precious that if once 'tis lost  
The same again at any cost  
Can ne'er be given thee.

Burlington.

A. LAWRENCE THOMSON.

### EUGENIE DE LA MAIN.

THE village of La Have, in Acadia, was settled by the French in 1753. The La Have is a beautiful river, but comparatively unknown. No ruins of castles are on its banks to give it interest in the eyes of tourists. However, it is beautiful, and some reminiscences of old French Acadia are connected with it. Many islands lying at its mouth with their worn, jagged, granite cliffs form a barrier to the billows sweeping in from the Atlantic. There, mists from the ocean have their home, curtaining islands and sea from the view in soft folds of vapour. At such seasons there is nothing to warn the navigator, unacquainted with these shores, of dangerous rocks and shoals but the roar of the breakers dashing on the granite cliffs, or the hollow-booming sound of a billow rolling in upon a smooth sandy beach. On each side of the river are gently sloping hills covered with verdure and clumps of trees. They form a green border to the azure waters of the river. White cottages of fishermen dot its shores, adding relief to the hills in summer. Many green islets, scattered up and down the stream, lie like so many emeralds set in a groundwork of sapphire. In a summer evening often the sun in going down sheds a crimson glow over the mirror-like surface of the river. Soon shadows deepening over shore and forest tell that the day is drawing to a close. Mists creeping up from the ocean, and sombre shadows invading sea and land, invite the weary to slumber and rest. In the distance the echo of songs coming sweetly across the water, or the dull heavy thud of oars in the rowlocks of a boat, break in upon the silence. Fire-flies, like winged diamonds, flit through the darkness but for a moment. The last note of the evening songster dies away in yonder wood, and then the spirit of night on dusky

pinions wings its flight from heaven, veiling every object from view with the canopied shadow of its ebon wings. Music of sea and river ceases; silence reigns.

Where the river narrows a tongue of land juts out, called Point La Have. Where it breasts the waves it rises perpendicular to the height perhaps of sixty feet, more or less. There are the ruins of what once was Fort de la Main. Its outlines can yet be distinctly traced, though, after more than a hundred years, the parapet has crumbled into ruins. The embrasures can still be counted—six in number; the glacis is yet strongly outlined; the magazine has crumbled down, but where parts of the wall remain extant they show how substantially they were built, and with what nicety the stones were fitted together. A well that formerly supplied the garrison with water is now filled up with rubbish. Near the ruins of the fort are those of the chapel. On this the hand of man has been heavier than that of time. The stones of its foundation have to a great extent been carried away. From the appearance of its foundation it was a large and durable structure. Near the ruins of the chapel is the graveyard, where the former inhabitants of the village sleep.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire.

Yet even here rest is denied them. The intruder is the ever-restless sea, which is invading their narrow homes. Every year it washes away some of the cliff, till now human bones, bleached white, may be seen protruding from the side of the cliff, or washed out, lie on the beach at its foot. The sea respects neither the living nor the dead. Not far in the rear of the old fort is a pond, large and deep. It was formerly connected by a passage with the river, and served as a part of the defences of the fortress. Into this pond, says tradition, the French threw the guns of the fort, the chapel bell and treasures, on their retreat to Port Royal when defeated by the English.

This, then, is all that remains of the labours of De la Main. This was the place he selected for building the fort, and establishing the trading post and village.

The scenery of the place charmed him. The prospect up and down the river was enchanting.

Not far from the old fort and some distance back from the highway are the decaying and crumbling ruins of a stone house. This was the abode of the commandant De La Main in the happy days of French Acadia. The house stood on an eminence and commanded an extensive prospect of river and forest. Long, long has it been a deserted ruin. Once it was a happy place, its halls re-echoed with the songs and laughter of young people gathered to pass in merriment long winter evenings.

The grounds are all run to wilderness, but a few old-fashioned flowers still remain. This was the home of Eugenie.

When you look upon an old deserted and crumbling ruin of a house, a feeling of loneliness and sorrow creeps over you which is impossible to describe in words. Images of the past fill your mind. The imagination becomes busy with thoughts of other days. Look at this or that decaying mansion, falling to the ground by slow degrees, with moss-grown stones, green mould upon its walls, nothing but an air of desolation around it, and ask if change and decay are not legibly engraved over its portals. In this quaint, old-fashioned mansion (there are still existing sketches of it in Indian ink), built with negligence to style, Eugenie, the beautiful Eugenie, the belle and pride of La Have, lived and loved. It was her hands that tended the flowers, trained the creepers and roses round the portico to shade off the sun. The woodbine and Virginia creeper both lent their aid to screen, in dark glossy folds of verdure, the windows, but not content with this they sought the eaves and, as if with ambitious aspirations, climbed up to the wide chimneys, homes of fitting swallows. Here in winter the Commandant, kind and affable to all, welcomed his guests. Sparkling log fires roared up the large old-fashioned fire places. In those days the festal board was not made of oak in vain. Over all such festivities Eugenie presided as hostess. The old French song says she was in beauty like the lily or fragrant rose, when in the dewy morn' she blooms in modesty and only half displays its blushing loveliness. Her raven locks (says the song) hung in tresses round her snowy neck, which rivalled in whiteness the sea-gull. Her dark brown eyes expressed truth, and exerted an indefinable power over one's heart. In every community, no matter where, there is among its people, however rude and ignorant, an object of sometimes love, sometimes pride, to the inhabitants, some one more gifted by nature or more beautiful, but not always the happier on that account. Nature in her happier moods makes the fair sex her especial care. She endows them with beauty, every grace that is calculated to charm and entrance. Nature either gives them an engaging manner, sweetness of disposition, which is even more captivating than personal beauty, or loveliness of form and feature. Beauty attracts, disarms all ill-feeling and smothers all jealousy.

Such was Eugenie De La Main of the French village De La Have in Acadie. She was the object of pride, happily mingled with love, of the village.

Eugenie had a lover, Jean Ducette, son of the village doctor. He was known long after in another village far away from La Have as Eugenie's lover. The young people learned the sad story of his life from their parents, and when they happened to pass the gray-headed old man bowed with years, they would say "there goes—Eugenie's lover."

Alas! for the scenes of love and youthful fancy: green sequestered retreats, the babbling rill, walks in shady paths with loving friends. Changing seasons, gliding swiftly by, bear us on the noiseless tide which rolls to that shore whence we return nevermore. Love and youth go hand and hand. Love is sweet, and the youthful imagination is fired.

He sees nothing but the essence of perfection in his loved one. Love is the soul of ardent youth, its poetry speaking with truthful lips. It is, or should be, the sincere expression of the soul. It is the tie that binds for life two young throbbing hearts; a tie which death severs reluctantly. Love is a flower of slow growth. It is nourished in silence, very often in tears, and so frail that it drops and withers under the chilling influence of cold neglect.

At length it was whispered about the village that Eugenie was betrothed to Jean Ducette. Her father, whose sole companion she was, did not care to give up his loved Eugenie, but on mature consideration he considered he had no right through selfishness to thwart his daughter's happiness. He knew life was uncertain. He did not know when his child might be left fatherless as well as motherless. War was again raging between France and England, and nowhere more bitterly than in the colonies. Eugenie had never known the want of a mother, for her mother in giving life to her spent her own.

In the quiet French village of La Have there was great rejoicing, for it was on every body's tongue that Eugenie, the beautiful and good Eugenie, who was so kind to the poor and sick, so considerate of all, so unselfish, and in no respect proud, was to be married in June. The gossips never tired of talking about the interesting event. There was nothing but joy and good wishes in the hearts of the village folks for the young bride. No clouds rested upon the horizon of the future of Eugenie. Hope and joy alone were in that young bosom.

As the days passed and the wedding day drew near there was a feverish excitement in the small community. A fisherman had brought the intelligence a day or two past that he had seen a strange ship in the offing, but that she bore away to sea and disappeared. However he hastened to tell the commandant. The commandant did not think the strange ship was an English "man-o-war," as he had reason to believe that none were in those parts at present, but he took every precaution to guard against surprise, though he thought the English were far distant, and if they would make an attack it would be at first on Port Royal. The Indians in the neighbourhood were the devoted allies of the French, so there was nothing to fear from that quarter. It was the day before the wedding. An undefined fear passed the soul of Jean. But he said nothing to his friends. At length greatly to his relief the day drew to a close; night drew on, a beautiful night in June, when there is nothing to jar upon the tired spirit of man seeking repose from care, when Earth and Heaven are in unison.

The sentinel paced his weary rounds on the fort. The darkness deepened. There was no sound but the sigh of the winds and the ripple of the waves upon the beach. No enemy was feared, and the sentinel slept. As he slept he dreamed of his boyhood's home far across the ocean, in France, happy scenes of youth floated before his eyes, he heard again the songs which he had once loved to sing with his young and joyous companions. Suddenly a rifle shot awoke the echoes of the night, and the sentinel never dreamed again.

That shot alarmed the garrison and country. It was too late, they were taken by surprise. De La Main instantly was at his post, and put himself at the head of his men.

The English with a band of Indians were already assaulting the fort. Put another detachment made a simultaneous attack on the commandant's house; Jean Ducette and a band of brave settlers defended the place and fought bravely.

Eugenie was terrified at all the noise and commotion, she had never seen real war before. She was encouraged by her lover not to be afraid. Jean however knew the house could not be held much longer, for it was already set on fire. He, therefore, resolved to place Eugenie in the fort for greater safety, retreating by a secret way. To do this he ordered his men to make a sortie, and draw off the attention of the enemy from him but Eugenie wished to be taken to her father. "Take me to my father," she cried, "take me to my father!"

Well for her she did not know the truth, that her beloved father was mortally wounded and dying. The men made the sortie, and Jean and Eugenie made their way to the fort. When near the fort in its rear they found the garrison already retreating in boats across the river, and the enemy firing at them in the darkness. There was no time to lose, the river was close upon them, there was nothing for it but to leap into the water in the hope of being picked up by one of the boats. He took Eugenie in his arms, but just then a ball pierced her bosom. Jean thought no longer of retreat, or of resistance. He sat down on the ground still keeping the dying Eugenie in his arms. The last words she said, were "Oh! take me home, take me to my father!" Then, pressing Jean's hand, she died. This would have been to her even a greater pain than that of dying. They bore her to the fort, and laid her beneath a tent together with her father.

A deep sorrow fell upon the British officers and men alike when, next day, they saw the beautiful girl still in death by her slain father. Father and child were together in death. Poor Jean, her lover, was distracted. Nothing could console him for the loss of his loved Eugenie. He watched by her side with her cold hand in his, all day and all night. Everybody showed him compassion. On the morrow they were buried, a soldier's funeral and a soldier's grave were given to both. The English Chaplain performed the last sad rites in the French chapel. They were buried together, and the same military honours were paid father and daughter. Jean lingered round the grave for days, at length broken hearted, he left his native village forever. Such is the story of Eugenie De La Main, a tale of Acadie.

A veil like a dense mist lies always between the present and the past, but when that is swept away we find the past is but another present.

C. T. EASTON.

THE ANCIENT MARINER AGAIN.

IN THE WEEK of the 28th ult., M. Middleton combats the idea put forward by Louisa Murray, of an allegorical meaning in the *Ancient Mariner*. In disproof of the "moral allegory" theory, your correspondent gives the causes that led to Coleridge's writing the *Ancient Mariner*, the intended nature of the poem—supernatural, but with sufficient human interest to throw a glamour of reality over the supernatural, and to procure poetic faith—and adds that, although "any story that deals, though ever so slightly, with our humanity may be used to point a moral," yet "no one dreams that all such morals are intentional." Now let us consider what weight these considerations have as against the "moral allegory" idea of Louisa Murray and many other lovers of Coleridge.

Is it "fair to conclude" in the face of the poem itself and of the impression it makes upon many, I think I may safely say most, of those who devotedly study it, that, because Coleridge on undertaking the poem defined its scope no farther than as a "supernatural" poem containing a "human interest,"—is it fair to conclude that the supernatural world did not often resolve itself into the spiritual before the poet's enraptured eyes, and the "human interest" into man's relation to God? All Coleridge's writings that do not treat of something distinctly objective are remarkable for what I may, for the sake of brevity, call spiritual suggestiveness. The bent of his mind was peculiarly towards spiritual metaphysics; and while in the supernatural mood, it would be all but impossible for him to avoid contemplating in their spiritual relations those conditions which he had at first conjured up as merely supernatural.

I do not mean to say that the symbolism, "of man's soul alienated from God" until restored by the new birth of loving sympathy, is sustained throughout, or that any such "unbroken undercurrent of thought can be found" concurrent with the incidents of the tale of the *Mariner*. Such open obtruding of the moral sentiment throughout the poem would be too great a violation of the unity of the original plan for a writer of Coleridge's finely critical mind to be guilty of. But I do mean to say that such symbolism stands out strikingly in several individual passages of the poem; and that many of the verses at the end are moralizings in language that speaks to us, as plainly as language can, of a preconceived spiritual world in which the *Ancient Mariner* has been wandering, and that can have no meaning in reference to a world from which the spiritual has been entirely excluded, and in which the supernatural alone has place. Let me quote a few verses in illustration:—

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the Kirk

And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends!

And then the beautiful stanza which Mrs. Oliphant exquisitely describes as "your child's moral, a tender little, half-trivial sentiment, yet profound as the blue depths of heaven":—

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

Surely there is a moral here, and a moral intended too, notwithstanding the plan upon which the poem as a whole is constructed.

Again with regret to your correspondent's remark, that "no one dreams that all such morals are intentional," let me just point out that in attempting to deny the intention of the moral he admits the fact. Does not the admission of the fact of the moral bear rather an odd relation to the modest hope with which he concludes, "that some people will, in consequence of this paper, enjoy their jam without dread of its containing any powder" in the shape of a moral at the end?

W. B. C. B.

WHAT COLERIDGE SAID.

From the *Table Talk* of S. T. Coleridge, under date May 31, 1830, I extract the following: "Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired the "Ancient Mariner" very much, but that there were two faults in it—it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit of some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genie starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, because one of the date shells had, it seems, put out an eye of the genie's son."

Amid the occasional flash and clash of ephemeral opinions on works that endure the remarks of the genius which engendered them may not be esteemed altogether valueless.

SAREPTA.

LITERATURE is the written expression of the life and inner nature of man. It partakes of his restlessness; it is influenced by his outward circumstances and environments; it follows the fashions his fancy dictates, and discards them in compliance with his will. That is, literature has no separate life of its own; it is an intrinsic part of man's history, and follows the course of his development.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**THE CASE OF DR. PLEMEN.** By René de Pout-Jest. Canadian Copyright Edition. Toronto: William Bryce.

This is a novel of considerable interest. The scene is principally in France, and the story has a decidedly French flavour, but not in an objectionable sense. Its moral, if it has any, is the danger of relying too much on medical expert evidence in criminal cases, especially in cases of alleged poisoning—experts "who refuse to recognize anything outside their own theories, whose professional pride does not permit them for one moment to doubt their own infallibility." A trial in which expert evidence of this kind was used is one of the most interesting episodes in the story.

**THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE; Or, the Posthumous Jest of the Late John Austin.** By F. J. Stimson (J. S., of Dale). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a very clever little book. It is ingenious in plot and admirable in literary form. Old John Austin by his last will and testament gave the bulk of his fortune to his nephew, Austin May, but with a proviso that if he married before the age of thirty-five, or within eleven years after the date of the testator's death, the estate should go to his residuary legatee, whose name was enclosed in a sealed envelope, which was to remain unopened until his nephew married, or reached the age of thirty-five, or until eleven years after the testator's death, whichever should happen first. Austin May went abroad for eleven years, and the record of these years is most delightful reading. J. S., of Dale's reputation should be enhanced by this book.

**MUSKOKA ILLUSTRATED.** With Descriptive Narrative. By G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: William Bryce.

Every visitor to the Muskoka Lakes should provide himself with this exceedingly pretty and useful little book. Its size and shape are such that it can be conveniently carried in the pocket. The first of the illustrations—thirty-four in all—gives an excellent view of Toronto, and the last, of Parry Sound. The others indicate, for the most part the characteristic scenery of Muskoka. There are two maps, one a railway map of Ontario, showing Buffalo, Rochester, and New York; the other, a map of the Muskoka District, on which the roads and the routes of the steamers are indicated. Mr. Adam's descriptive narrative will be helpful to the tourist who visits the District for the first time, and of interest to all. He not only graphically describes the country, but gives many interesting historical reminiscences connected with it.

**BY A WAY SHE KNEW NOT.** The story of Allison Bain. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 482 pp., \$1.50.

Miss Robertson has written several stories, none of which we have read, but if they have anything like the merit which characterizes the one before us, she has no reason to be dissatisfied with her work. It is a strongly written story of Scotch life, the scene being laid in Aberdeenshire. Allison Bain, the heroine, is a character of unusual strength and beauty; and indeed all the characters are drawn with singular distinctness, as if from life, by a skilled artist. Miss Robertson has evidently lived among the scenes she describes so graphically, and known such people as she has so faithfully portrayed. We do not intend to even outline the story. We need only say that it is an exceedingly touching story of patient suffering, unselfish devotion, and almost sublime submission to duty. We can commend it, not only for its literary merit, but for the purity of its tone, and the nobility of character which it inculcates.

**WORD PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS WRITERS.** Edited by Mabel E. Wotton. London: Richard Bentley and Son.

In her introduction to this work the editor quotes the words of Lord Beaconsfield: "The world has always been fond of personal details respecting men who have been celebrated." The editor has endeavoured to gratify this very natural feeling by collecting personal sketches, for the most part by contemporaries, of the best known English writers "ranging from Geoffrey Chaucer to Mrs. Henry Wood." There is nothing biographical in the book. It gives "an account of the face, figure, dress, voice, and manner" of those who have a place in it. Of a good many there are several portraits by different pens, but all are brief, and four or five pages are the most accorded to any writer. The portraits are arranged alphabetically, beginning with Addison and ending with Sir Henry Wotton; but we cannot help thinking a chronological arrangement would have been preferable. "What is there," asks the *Boston Literary World*, "about a book made in England or Scotland that sets it apart with an indefinable beauty and elegance of its own, and stamps it at once to the eye as not of American manufacture? Is it the paper, or the type, or the ink—or what is it?" This book, with its fine, white paper, bold, clear type, wide margins, and chaste binding, possesses that indefinable charm which characterizes the publications of old country houses.

**A MODERN JACOB.** By Hester Stuart. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

This is an unusually good story of its kind. It pictures phases of both country and city life, but the scene is laid chiefly in the country. The story opens on the farm of Reuben Balcome, whose household consists of himself, his wife, and their twin sons, Jacob and Joel, who are as unlike each other in appearance, character, and temperament, as the Jacob and Esau of old are represented to have been. Nearly all the characters in the story are good, honest, likeable people—indeed, the only exceptions of importance are Jacob and his wife, and an inquisitive old maid who goes from house to house and gossip. Jacob is a sneak, a liar, and a hypocrite. He can pray as though his lips had been touched with a coal from the altar, and go directly from "meeting" to oppress some poor man who may have fallen into his clutches, "for he is a money lender in a small way." His wife is clever, but mean, sly, and a skinflint. Jacob slanders his brother and the girl his brother wishes to marry, and succeeds at last in making home-life intolerable for Joel, who goes away, marries the girl of his choice, and lives happily, save for his estrangement from his father and mother. Jacob soon has the sole management of the farm, and ultimately secures a deed of it, to the entire seclusion of his brother. This much to justify the title. Many readers will be more interested in Mr. Berkeley, Dr. Grant, and Margaret Lennox than in the Balcomes and the Ropers.

**FOUR OXFORD LECTURES. 1887.** By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

These lectures of the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford deal with two distinct topics—the first two with a retrospect, called forth by the Queen's Jubilee, of the last fifty years of European history; the second two with a dissertation on the Teutonic Conquest in Gaul and Britain, arising out of a discussion over some papers contributed by the author of *Macmillan's Magazine*, on "The Origin of the English Nation," and "The Alleged Permanence of Roman Civilization in Britain." The latter part of the present

volume, being both abstruse and controversial, will not be found very inviting to the general reader; its study may therefore be relegated to the philologist and antiquary. The review of modern European history, on the contrary, is important, and to all readers will be found full of interest. It dates from the Queen's accession, and rapidly reviews the changes on the political map of Europe during the past fifty years. A perusal of the lectures will impress on the mind how rapidly the age has been making history, and what changes even a generation has brought about among European Commonwealths, with the coming and going of rulers and the disturbed movements of political diplomacy and revolutionary unrest. The retrospect is both instructive and suggestive; instructive in regard to what has already happened, and suggestive of much that may yet be.

**THE REVERBERATOR.** By Henry James. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mr. Henry James is not seen at his best in this slight and unpleasant story. It is a clever character study, but the characters do not interest, while much of the book is frivolous and almost vulgar. Its *motif* is to represent some commonplace and *gauche* Americans in contact with Parisian life, and under the restless and reckless influence of some phases of the gay European capital. The principal characters are a "well-fixed" old American, his two characterless daughters, a vulgar, hare-brained American journalist, correspondent of *The Reverberator*, a slangy western society newspaper, and a French educated American gentleman and his aristocratic family connections. All there is of plot in the story is the engagement of the latter gentleman to one of the Dosson girls and the counterplot of the western journalist to break the engagement, by some foolish correspondence about the girl and her lover's family in his paper, and thus to win the young lady for himself. The effort is made to create interest for the heroine by her frank manners and unconventionality, with what success we must leave our readers, if they take up the story, to find out. The best parts of the book, to our thinking, are those devoted to the description of Dosson père, "a man of the simplest composition, a character as cipherable as the sum of two figures." This amiable, purposeless old man is capably sketched, drifting on the tide of Parisian hotel life and serenely happy in the fact that his silly daughters are being shown "the lions" of the French capital by a plausible but crafty Yankee journalist, whose gushing emotions and inane folly lead one of the girls into a delicate scrape. There is more than a suspicion of satire in the author's handling of this society journalist, as well as in his sketch of the Gallicised American family resident in Paris.

**TILTING AT A WINDMILL.** A Story of the Blue Grass Country. By Emma M. Connelly. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

We do not think the title of this story is particularly apt, for although George Atherton's work in the Blue Grass Country had no immediate effect, and only seemed to arouse the prejudices and hostility of the people, yet, as the last chapter declares, it ultimately overcame prejudice, disarmed hostility, and produced gratifying results. But the title is "taking," and its aptness is of little consequence.

George Atherton, a native of cultured Boston, a graduate of Harvard, a young man of excellent parts and character, though somewhat of a prig, had, during the war, rescued and nursed a wounded Confederate colonel. A few years later he was, to his intense surprise, formally notified that the colonel had left him his estate in Kentucky, with the stipulation, however, that he was to live on it for at least ten years. Atherton took possession of his property, and succeeded from the first in making himself unpopular with most of his neighbours, though a very few approved his plans and gave him what encouragement they could. But the great majority were bitter in their opposition to his negro school and his temperance society, and they reluctantly tolerated his public library. A mob burned his school-house and set fire to his dwelling. In the midst of all his troubles he found himself in love with more favoured rivals in the field.

The book, which is written by "a Kentucky girl born and bred," no doubt gives a faithful picture of social life in the Blue Grass State, and for a first novel it is a remarkably good one. The characters seem life-like, though we find it difficult to conceive of Corinne as the daughter of good Mr. Ingram. Portia, the heroine of the story, is perfectly natural, but we think there is more art in the portraiture of "Prince Irwin" than in that of any of the other characters.

**OLIVER CROMWELL.** By Frederic Harrison. Twelve English Statesmen Series. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

From a series of English statesmen, who have left an abiding mark on their country's history, the great hero of the Commonwealth can never be left out. Had his life been spared, how long the Protectorate might have lasted, is to-day an interesting speculation. "It is perhaps not an idle dream," says Mr. Harrison, "that, in some way, it might have handed on a peaceful and reformed State to a constitutional Monarchy, without the debasing interlude of the Restoration." But, as Fate willed it, however England fared under the restored Stuarts, Cromwell's work did not go for naught, either in the religious or in the political sphere; and the nation has never lost that which it gained in the contest of the Civil War. If the larger histories of the period, like those of Carlyle, Bissell, and Gardiner, are not read, such monographs as this of Mr. Harrison, and we would add to it Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Three English Statesmen* and Forster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth* should be familiar to every Briton, and to all who wish to have a lively sense of what they owe to the grand figures in history whose work it was to secure to humanity the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty. Did this remark need emphasizing, we might ask the incredulous to consider how changed is the history of the English nation from the year 1640, and to endeavour to forecast the trend of events during the Civil War without the aid of a Cromwell. Mr. Harrison, in brief space, gives all the essential facts in the life of the Protector, both as a soldier and an administrator, and outlines a striking picture of the man and his time, which many more ambitious works fail to supply. Nor is Mr. Harrison lacking in sympathy with the religious characteristics of Cromwell and his fellow Puritans, but on the contrary does ample justice to the temper of the times and to the type of manhood which the times produced. The chapter on the domestic life of Cromwell, in this respect, is a most valuable one, and it should be read by every one who wants to understand and to do justice to Puritanism.

**HISTORY OF PRUSSIA UNDER FREDERICK THE GREAT.** By Herbert Tuttle, Professor in Cornell University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

These two compact volumes are a further instalment of an ambitious, historical work, by an American Professor, dealing with an important period in modern European history, from the rise of Prussia as an independent State to the death of Frederick the Great. The present instalment covers the first fifteen years of Frederick's reign, viz., from 1740 to 1756. It is a period largely dealt with by Carlyle in his monumental work; but though the field may thus be said to be occupied, it is not altogether satisfactorily occupied, for Carlyle's work can hardly be called a true and adequate study of the period, nor were all the sources open to him as they have since become to later writers on the subject. There

is this further difference between the present work and that of Carlyle, namely, that Prof. Tuttle's work is more of a national history and less of an historical portraiture, and that the American Professor does not exalt Frederick, as Carlyle does, to the figure of a hero, nor, disregarding facts, pay him the homage of an unreasoning worship. In these important respects the two productions vary greatly; the one is an elaborate panegyric on Frederick, the other a sober, discriminating narrative, dealing with the broader question, of the rise of the Prussian people as a power on the continent, with a careful and detailed study of their social and political institutions. The figure of Frederick, of course, is in no way subordinate, nor during the formative period of the nation is the military history slighted. But both are considered with a view to elucidating the later national history, and with a keen eye to historical perspective. Much light is thrown on the political European situation at the period, on Prussia's relations with Austria, and on the attitude and policy of the other European powers, which culminated in the Seven Years' War. Throughout the work we get an impressive picture of Frederick, both as a military commander and a political administrator; while in the chapter on "The Philosopher of Sans Souci," we see the man surrounded by his literary and social friends and advisers, and the rain of philosophers whom Frederick loved to have about him at Potsdam. Professor Tuttle writes with ease and force, and with a full grasp of his resources and the materials of the history. Recent events, in connection with the headship of the German nations give increased interest to the narrative, and whet the appetite for its later instalments.

**PARTIAL PORTRAITS.** By Henry James. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

There is more than usual interest in this new work by Mr. Henry James, in the fact that, to a large extent, it is a novelist's criticism of the work of novelists. It does not follow as a matter of course that the creative and the critical faculty can be happily combined in one and the same person, though in Mr. James's case we should naturally expect much from the analytic quality so abundantly found in his novels, provided that his personal predilections did not mar his literary judgments and that he remained true to his artistic sense. No one can dip far into *Partial Portraits* without being at rest on this latter point. Mr. James, as a critic, is eminently fair and dispassionate, and unlike Mr. Howells, when he criticizes contemporary authors, he has no ill-concealed reservations, or any qualifying criticisms which an open, frank, and appreciative nature need withhold or disguise—nothing, in short, but his inability to say all the kind things he would say in elucidation of his *Partial Portraits*. Some of the papers will have already been met with in either English or American magazines. All of them, however, deserve preservation in book form; and the reader of any one of the series will thank the author for the opportunity of again meeting with the study. As the volume will doubtless be acquired by many of our readers, our notice of it may be brief. The book, as we have said, deals almost exclusively with novelists. The two subjects, outside writers of fiction, are Emerson and George Du Maurier. The first of them is an appreciative but discriminating review of Cabot's *Memoir of Emerson*. Emerson he treats as a spiritual but, exercising a singular power, despite his want of style, through his "felicities, inspirations, and unforgettable phrases," and so bearing a message to humanity and influencing conduct. The tribute to Du Maurier is fine and well deserved. It is a clever study of the work in *Punch* of the great society artist, whose power of expressing character in a face or figure is quite phenomenal. Among the novelists whose "partial portraits" Mr. James has given us, are George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, R. L. Stevenson, Daudet, Maupassant, Turgenieff, and Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson. There are two papers on George Eliot, one a review of Mr. Cross's biography, and the other a dialogue on the subject of *Daniel Deronda*. The review of *Life* is sympathetic and appreciative; and the reader will be charmed with the author's estimate of the great writer whose striking career and rare work he has so lovingly followed in the sketch. The other criticism of George Eliot appears as "a conversation" on *Daniel Deronda*, and its form enables the author, in an impersonal way, to criticize the work more freely, and to speak of it as "a ponderous and ill-made story," in sharp contrast to the art which the novelist displays in her earlier and more natural stories. Mr. James, however, takes care in the dialogue to do justice to the spirit of the book as something far higher and of more value than its form. The novel, he says, is full of the world. The articles on Anthony Trollope, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Miss Woolson will all be found of high interest. Of Trollope he says truly that much of the life of his time is reflected in his novels, and the best parts of them are eminently sound and true and genial. The man himself, he affirms, will remain one of the most trustworthy, though not one of the most eloquent, of the writers who have helped the heart of man to know itself. Mr. James speaks enthusiastically both of the work and of the mental equipment of Mr. Stevenson. His mind, he says, from an early age was furnished with the concrete Highlander, and though he has written but little about his native country, his happiest work shows that Scotland has the best of his ability and the best of his ambition. No less generous is Mr. James's appreciation of the art of Miss Woolson, much of whose work he heartily admires. The latter half of *Partial Portraits* is taken up with an analysis of the work of the French novelists, Daudet and Maupassant, and the Russian, Turgenieff; the volume closing with some remarks on Mr. Besant's paper on "The Art of Fiction." These criticisms deal chiefly with the characteristics of French, English, and Russian schools of fiction, and particularly in the fine essay on M. de Maupassant, with the delicate question of the artistic purposes of the school of French novelists to which M. Zola and M. de Maupassant belong in representing in fiction what to an English mind must be revolting and indecent. Mr. James's conclusions on this subject are eminently sane and wholesome. He holds that writers of this objectionable school have in their novels simply disregarded the whole reflective part of the men and women who compose their audience—"that reflective part which governs conduct and produces character." Of M. de Maupassant he remarks, that if he is a master of his art it is discouraging to find what low views are compatible with mastery.

The July *Outing* is exceptionally good. There is a special illustrated article on almost all sorts of out-door sport: "An Irish Outing," "A Wheel," and "Training for Cycle Competition" for the Cyclist; "After Trout in Canadian Waters," for the disciple of Isaac Walton; "The Happiest Day of My Life," for the canoeist; "Lawn Tennis," for those who love, or want to learn, the game; "America's National Game" for "Scoring Rules for College Clubs," for those devoted to baseball, and much more befitting the season. The illustrations are numerous and unusually good.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, who is specially qualified to deal with such a subject, opens the July *New Princeton Review* with "The Study of the Eighteenth Century Literature"; M. G. MASPERO, the French Egyptologist gives the result of his original investigations in "Egyptian Souls and Their Worlds"; Hon. Eugene Schuyler concludes "A Political Frankenstein"; Mr. Laurence Hutton writes of "Poetical Dedications"; and Mr. W. C. BROWNELL, in "New York after Paris," compares American and foreign life; Prof. Alexander Johnston endeavours to show that the "machine" is a necessity in politics.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THREE volumes of *The Henry Irving Shakespeare* have now appeared.

HESTER STUART is not the real name of the author of *A Modern Jacob*, but merely a *nom de plume*.

YALE College has shown its appreciation of Mark Twain's wit by conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

MR. HOWELLS'S *Silas Lapham*, and Helen Dawes Brown's *Two College Girls* will appear in Ticknor's Paper Series this month.

MISS CONNELLY'S *Tilting at Windmills* has proved so popular that the publishers (D. Lothrop Co.) are already preparing a second edition.

Mr. Percy M. Thornton, who has had access to the Stuart papers at Windsor Castle, is engaged on a work with the title "The Rise and Fall of the Stuart Dynasty."

IT is reported that recent visits of Canon MacColl to Hawarden are significant of the early publication of Mr. Gladstone's life and letters. The aged statesman is said to have gone over some of his papers with his visitor.

OF Tennyson's *Northern Farmer* the late Archbishop Trench said: "Every clergyman should study it. It is a wonderful revelation of the heathenism still in the land, and quite the most remarkable thing in the whole book."

MR. JAMES PAYN is described by the *Star* as a square-headed, broad-browed, spectacled man, more like a prosperous physician than an author. It is now almost sixty years since he made his first appearance on the stage of life.

THE report of the celebration of Independence Day at Roseland Park, Woodstock, Conn., occupied more than twelve pages of the *New York Independent*. Prof. Goldwin Smith was present and delivered an address on Commercial Union.

*Robert Elsmere*, the new novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, recently reviewed by Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century*, and which has already reached its seventh edition in London, will be issued this week in a cheap American edition by Macmillan & Co.

MR. J. F. LOUBAT has founded a prize of 3,000 francs to be awarded every three years to the author of the best treatise on North American history, geography, archæology, ethnography, philology or numismatics, and to be under the control of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres of Paris.

FORTHCOMING issues in the series of "Great French Writers," now publishing in translation by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, include *Montesquieu*, by Albert Sorel; *Voltaire*, by F. Brunetière; *Racine*, by Anatole France; and *Rousseau*, by Victor Cherbuliez. Paul Bourget is to write of *Balzac*, and M. Taine of *Sainte-Beuve*.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S new novel, *Mr. Meeson's Will*, is said to have given great offence in London, where the chief characters are readily identified by the literary guild, or such of the guild as, writing novels, have been entrapped by a publishing firm, as the poor, gifted heroine of the story was. Who will tell us what particular firm is aimed at?

WILKIE COLLINS is said to be the most courteous of correspondents. He is always prompt with his replies, and his letters are as gracefully written as his books. No curt laconics and brusque brevities with him; there is good nature in every line, and somehow when we get to the end of his chatty epistles we feel there is less of the usual formalism in his "Believe me, faithfully yours."

THE time for the Lothrop Literature Prize Competition has been extended to December 1st, in order to give school people the summer vacation and the fall for the preparation of manuscripts. This competition, it will be remembered, is open to all school people—children, students and professors in our public schools, colleges and institutions of learning (Sunday schools included), and to them only.

THE origin of the name Canada is laboriously sought in "Modern Language Notes" for June by Prof. A. Marshall Elliott says the *Nation*. He pronounces it European and Spanish, finding its nearest primitive meaning to be a glade or swampy pasture, such as bear this designation to-day on the pampas of the Argentine Republic. The fitness of applying such a term to the bold north shore of the St. Lawrence below Quebec—the first tract called Canada—is, however, hardly obvious.

MR. W. D. LIGHTHALL, M.A., B.C.L., Advocate, of Montreal, is editing a volume of Canadian Poetry which is to be published in England by Mr. Walter Scott. The selections are to be brought out in two forms—in the low-priced, but neat and tasteful series of Canterbury Poets, and also in the more costly Windsor series. Mr. Lighthall is himself one of our most spirited and scholarly poets, as readers of the *Week* well know, and is in every respect eminently qualified for the work he has undertaken.

THE heroic conduct of Mrs. Laura Secord in apprising the British of the contemplated attack of Bessler's forces in 1812, is once again made the subject of a poem, and this time the hand of a master has done it justice—the same hand that gave us *Tecumseh*. Vide the *Week* of June 21st. A first rate piece of work by a Canadian author is something uncommon enough to evoke enthusiasm, and the bard of Prince Albert rarely fails to "do us proud." After reading his latest we unanimously shout "Give us Mair, Charles, give us Mair!"—*Grip*.

OF the late George Frederick Cameron's *Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death* the *New York Critic* says: In the lyrics on freedom, for instance, it is not remarkable that a certain youthful egotism and shrillness are to be found; the fervour, the strenuousness, the sustained purity of these poems, are, on the other hand, truly remarkable. The author had not entirely outgrown the imitative stage; traces of Tennyson and Swinburne frequently appear, and once at least a touch of Marlowe; but not seldom we hear, penetrating through all familiar cadences, the individual voice of an earnest nature. Mr. Cameron, whatever the blemishes of his work, was a genuine poet; and it is to be regretted that he did not live to attain a more perfect utterance. A noble and hopeful spirit appears in the closing poem:

O poet of the Future! I,  
Of the dead Present, bid thee hail!  
Come forth and speak,—our speech shall die:  
Come forth and sing,—our song shall fail:  
Our speech, our song, fall barren,—we go by.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thou, with unloosened tongue, shalt speak  
In words of subtle, silver sound,—  
In words not futile now, nor weak,  
To all the nations listening round  
Until they seek the light,—nor vainly seek!

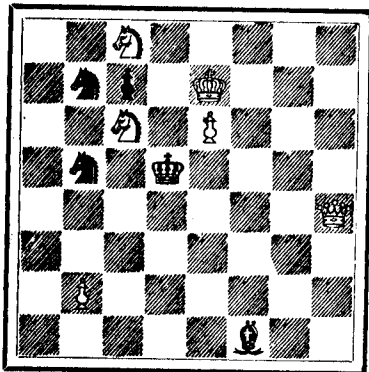
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 271.

By J. POSPISIEL.

From Illustrated London News.

BLACK.



WHITE.

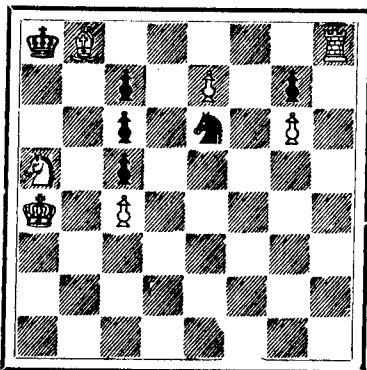
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 272.

By H. V. GOTTSCHALL.

From Illustrated London News.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 265.

- White. Black. 1. Kt-K2 P x Kt on B2 2. Q-B4 + K moves 3. Q or Kt mates. If 1. P x Kt on K2 2. Q-Q4 + 2. K-B6 3. Kt-K1 mate. If 1. R-Kt5 2. Q-QB6 + 2. K-K4 3. Q-K6 mate.

There are many other interesting variations which the solver can work out.

No. 266.

- White. Black. 1. R-R3 P-K6 2. R-R1 P x R + 3. Q x P mate.

Game played in the London Chess Congress in 1883 between Messrs. Zukertort and Blackburne considered the most brilliant game played at the Congress :

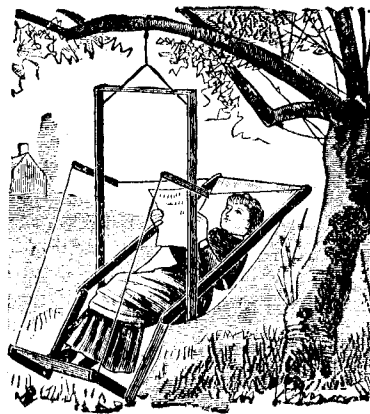
- Zukertort. Blackburne. White. Black. 1. P-QB4 P-K3 2. P-K3 K Kt-B3 3. K Kt-B3 P-Q Kt3 4. B-K2 B-Kt2 5. Castles P-Q4 6. P-Q4 B-Q3 7. Kt-B3 Castles 8. B-Q Kt3 Q Kt-Q2 9. B-Kt2 Q-K2 10. Kt-Q Kt5 Kt-K5 11. Kt x B P x Kt 12. Kt-Q2 Q Kt-B3 13. P-B3 Kt x Kt 14. Q x Kt P x P 15. B x P P-Q4 16. B-Q3 KR-QB1 17. QR-K1 R-QB2

- Zukertort. Blackburne. White. Black. 18. P-K4 QR-QB1 19. P-K5 Kt-K1 20. P-B4 P-Kt3 21. R-K3 (a) P-B4 22. P x P passing Kt x P 23. P-B5 (b) Kt-K5 24. B x Kt P x P 25. P x Kt P R-B7 26. P x P + K-R1 27. P-Q5 + P-K4 28. Q-Kt4 (c) QR-B4 29. R-B8 + (d) K x P 30. Q x P + K-Kt2 31. B x P + K x R 32. B-Kt7 + K-Kt1 33. Q x Q and Black resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) The best move. (b) Very good. (c) Brilliant; if Black takes Q he is mated in a few moves. (d) Black has no reply, taking K is no good.

— AUTOMATIC — SWING AND HAMMOCK CHAIR



PRICE \$3.00.

This chair is the best and cheapest ever offered to the public for solid comfort and rest, and differs from all others, being A CHAIR, SWING AND HAMMOCK COMBINED. It is adapted to the house, lawn, porch, camp, etc., and is far superior to the ordinary hammock in every way.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

C. I. DANIELS & CO., 151 RIVER ST., TORONTO.

J. S. HAMILTON & CO., Brantford, SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA

- Vin Villa Vineyards, Pelee Island. Pelee Island Wine and Vineyards Co., Ltd., Pelee Island and Brantford. West View Vineyards, Pelee Island. Fairfield Plain Vineyards, Fairfield Plain. St. Malo Vineyards, Tilsonburg.

Our brands are the best in the market. Ask your Wine Merchants for them. Catalogues forwarded on application.

J. S. Hamilton & Co. 91, 93 & 95 DALHOUSIE STREET, BRANTFORD.

Canadian Wine Manufacturers and Vine Growers' Agents.

Avenue Livery & Boarding Stables.

Horses, Hacks, Coupes and Buggies OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. Stable & Office, 452 Yonge St. G. E. STARR, PROPRIETOR. Telephone 3204.

ART. MR. D. ALEXANDER, ARTIST, pupil of Sir John E. Millais, R.A. Portraits in Oil, Pastel or Crayon. Classes in all branches of Portrait, Landscape, Animal and Flower Painting. Mr. Alexander has the largest and handsomest studio and private gallery in Toronto. Visitors welcome at all times. Studio-31 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

THE JAMES ROOFING CO'Y. CEMENT AND GRAVEL ROOFERS. 42 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

A. E. CALDWELL WOOD ENGRAVER 173 RICHMOND ST. W. TORONTO

LAWSON'S CONCENTRATED FLUID BEEF

Makes most delicious Beef Tea. It is a great strength giver, as it contains all the nutritious and life-giving properties of meat in a concentrated form. Recommended by the leading physicians.

SOLE CONSIGNEES: LOWDEN, PATON & CO., 55 Front St. West Toronto.

4 DECADES

HAVE COME AND GONE SINCE THE SUFFERERS FROM COLDS, LUNG BLES FIRST BY THE WISTAR'S OF WILD AND YET IT IS ON THE WRAPPER.



Pierce's Pleasant Little Purgative Liver Pills.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. A laxative, alterative, or purgative. These little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the CHEMICAL LABORATORY OF WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturer of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the nose into the throat, sometimes profuse, mucous and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh." Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting." THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2903 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh. ELI ROBBINS, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

A HOME COMPANY. CONFEDERATION LIFE ASS'Y Capital and Assets NOW OVER \$3,000,000

President: SIR WM. P. HOWLAND, O.B., K.C.M.G. Vice-Presidents: WM. ELLIOTT, Esq., EDW. HOOPER, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, 15 TORONTO STREET

J. A. MACDONALD, Managing Director.



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa

CANADA DEPOSITORY:

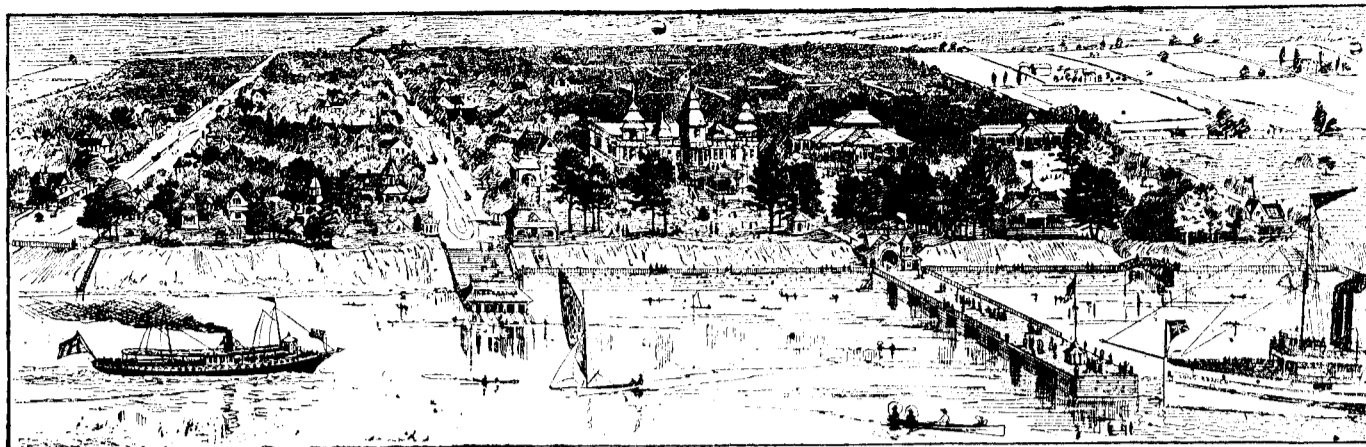
F. W. D. King, 58 Church St., Toronto.

No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen genuine which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it.

A WELL TRIED TREATMENT for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on application.—CHAS. G. KING, Canada Depository 58 Church Street Toronto.

EVERYBODY READS BIRTH, DEATH AND MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENTS IN THE MAIL

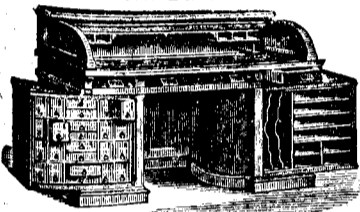


LONG BRANCH SUMMER RESORT

On Lake Ontario, seven miles West of Toronto, near Mimico. New Hotel, Pavilion, Store, Carousal, Bowling and Lawn Tennis Grounds, Promenades, Electric Lights, Amusements, City Telephone, Steamboat, Railway and Tally-Ho Coach Service, Elegant Villa Cottages. A Charming Resort for Residences, Tenting, Canoeing, Picnicking, etc. Residential Lots, \$100 and upwards.

Plans, Photographs, and other information on application to THOS. J. WILKIE, Office, 61 Adelaide Street East.

**W. STAHLSCHMIDT & CO.**  
PRESTON, ONTARIO,  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Office, School, Church and Lodge  
FURNITURE.



Rotary Office Desk, No. 61.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.

**G. N. W. TEL. CO.**

Special Messenger Department.



MESSENGRS FURNISHED INSTANTLY.

Notes delivered and Parcels carried to any part of the city

DAY OR NIGHT

Special rates quoted for delivery of Circulars, Handbills, Invitations, etc. Rates, etc., apply General Office, or

12 KING ST. EAST, - - TORONTO.  
TELEPHONE NO. 1144.

ALWAYS ASK FOR  
**ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS**



Superior, Standard, Reliable.  
Popular Nos.: 648, 14, 130, 135, 161.  
For Sale by all Stationers.

French, German, Spanish, Italian.

You can, by ten weeks' study, master either of these languages sufficiently for every-day and business communication, by DR. RICH. S. ROSENTHAL'S celebrated **MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM**. Terms, \$5.00 for books of each language, with privilege of answers to all questions, and correction of exercises. Sample copy, Part I., 25 cents. Liberal terms to Teachers. **MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING CO.**, Boston, Mass. World Building.

**Literary REVOLUTION**

STANDARD AND NEW PUBLICATIONS; lowest prices ever known. NOT sold by Book-sellers; books sent for EXAMINATION before payment, on satisfactory reference being given. **SIX-PAGE CATALOGUE** free. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 283 Pearl St., New York, or Lakeside Building, Chicago, Ill. Mention this paper.  
30 Adelaide St. East (upstairs), Toronto, Ont.

**"DOMINION" PIANOS**

And **ORGANS**, unequalled in the world for beauty of tone and durability.

TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC FORMERLY RUSE'S 68 KING ST. WEST

**THE CANADIAN GAZETTE.**

EVERY THURSDAY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INFORMATION AND COMMENT UPON MATTERS OF USE AND INTEREST TO THOSE CONCERNED IN CANADA, CANADIAN EMIGRATION AND CANADIAN INVESTMENTS.

EDITED BY THOMAS SKINNER,

Compiler and Editor of "The Stock Exchange Year Book," "The Directory of Directors," "The London Banks," etc.

SUBSCRIPTION 18s. PER ANNUM.

LONDON, ENGLAND: 1 ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, E. C.  
OR MESSRS. DAWSON BROTHERS, MONTREAL.



ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES A SPECIALTY

**L. SOHMER'S** \* \* \*  
Carriage and Wagon Shop.  
485 QUEEN STREET WEST (REAR).  
Painting and Trimming in all its branches.  
Highest testimonials for first class work.

**ROBERT HALL**, \* \* \*  
— DEALER IN —  
Mirrors, Wall Pockets, Picture Frames, Etc.  
620 QUEEN STREET WEST.

**PROF. R. P. PORTER.**  
PORTRAIT,  
FIGURE AND LANDSCAPE PAINTER.  
Pupils Received.  
No. 3 CLARENCE SQUARE.

**PROF. S. M. WASSAM (C.A.M.),**  
134 Jarvis Street,  
Landscape, Portrait, and Figure Painting from nature, in Oil and Water Colours.  
Classes—Tuesdays and Thursdays.

**H. WEAVER,**  
328 Queen Street West,  
FRESCO AND DECORATIVE ARTIST.  
Designs and Estimates on Application.

**PROF. R. J. WILSON,**  
419 Queen Street West,  
MASTER OF ELOCUTION. A thorough course of vocal training. Posing and gesture taught. Terms moderate.

**TORONTO ART SCHOOL,**  
(Formerly at Education Department.)  
School Building—20 Queen St. West.  
Second term commences January 6th. Day classes, 10 to 4; Evening 7.30 to 9.30.

**WEST END ART GALLERY.**  
F. S. COLLINS,  
Oil Paintings Wholesale and Retail,  
419 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO.

**J. B. THOMPSON,**  
\* \* \* 522 Queen Street West,  
PAINTINGS, FRAMES, ROOM MOULDINGS, ETC.,  
At lowest rates.  
Portrait Copying and Enlarging.

**H. TYLER,** \* \* \*  
56 Queen Street, Parkdale,  
ESTATE AND FINANCIAL AGENT.  
Rents collected, and all matters pertaining to estates attended to. Correspondence solicited.

**MRS. MARY GRANGER,**  
142 College Avenue,  
WAX WORK IN ALL BRANCHES.  
Fruits and Flowers a specialty.  
Instruction—Tuesdays and Thursdays.

**SCHULTZ,** \* \* \*  
\* \* \* 742 Queen Street West,  
WATCHES AND CLOCKS REPAIRED.  
Gem Setting and Cutting. Engraving at low rates.

**FREDERICK C. LAW,**  
ARCHITECT,  
RESIDENCE—468 SHERBOURNE STREET,  
TORONTO.

**SNYDER.** \* \* \*  
SCENIC ARTIST.  
Curtains and Scenery Artistically Prepared for Literary and Dramatic Societies.  
Address—288 SHERBOURNE STREET,  
TORONTO.

**CHARLES MEREDITH & CO.,**  
STOCK BROKERS,  
87 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,  
MONTREAL.

CHARLES MEREDITH, Member Montreal Stock Exchange, representing Irwin, Green & Co., Chicago; Watson Bros., New York. Stock and Grain bought and sold for cash or on margin.

**CECIL GAY,**  
66 Grange Street,  
CHINA DECORATING FOR THE TRADE.

Instruction in Painting and Modelling in Clay. Address or call as above.

**DR. PALMER,**  
SURGEON.  
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.  
10 a.m. to 3 p.m.  
Removed to 46 GERRARD ST. EAST.

**SPAULDING & CHEESBROUGH,**  
DENTISTS,  
Have removed from 51 King St. East to 171 YONGE ST., Cor. of Queen, - TORONTO.  
A. W. Spaulding, L.D.S., Residence—43 Lansdowne Ave., Parkdale. A. E. Cheesbrough, L.D.S., Residence—23 Brunswick Ave., City.

**MR. HAMILTON McCARTHY,**  
SCULPTOR,  
(Late of London, England.)  
Statues, Busts, Reliefs and Monuments.  
ROOM T, YONGE ST. ARCADE, - TORONTO.

**MACDONALD BROS.,**  
Carpenters, Cabinet Makers and Upholsterers.  
Upholstering in all its branches, and general furniture repairing. Hair mattresses renovated and made over.  
5 1/2 Elm Street - Toronto, Ont.

**PALMER HOUSE.**  
Corner King and York Streets,  
Toronto.  
TERMS—\$2.00 PER DAY :—  
J. C. PALMER, - - - Proprietor.  
Also of Kirby House, Brantford.

**ANY GENTLEMAN NEEDING SHIRTS**  
And wanting a perfect fit, with initials worked on them, will please drop a post card to  
C. B. ELLIOTT, 17 King St. West,  
Who has lately arrived from New York, and is thoroughly posted in all the latest styles. He will call and take your measure, and satisfaction will be guaranteed. Price per Shirt, \$1.50 to \$2.00.

- **A. WADE,** -  
349 SPADINA AVE.,  
FAMILY GROCERY.  
FRESH GOODS. LOW PRICES.  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

**HOME LITHOGRAPHY.** The most beautiful and fascinating art, made easy and simple, by our new "Wonder Lithograph," SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. All kinds of copying done on it by the most inexperienced. Beautifully executed specimens of artistic drawings, etc., sent for postage. Circulars free. **AGENTS WANTED.** Address, AM. NOVELTY CO., S. W. Cor. Clark & Monroe Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 106 WALL ST., N.Y.

BUY YOUR **COAL** FROM **CONGER COAL COMP'Y.** 6 KING ST. EAST.

*THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.*

**DAWES & CO.** Brewers and Maltsters, LACHINE, - P. Q.

OFFICES:  
521 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.  
20 BUCKINGHAM ST., HALIFAX.  
383 WELLINGTON ST., OTTAWA.

**DUNN'S PENETRATING MUSTARD OIL!**

Believes Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis and Colds.

Will not blister or cause pain. Sold by wholesale and retail trade. Price 25c. per bottle.

**W. G. DUNN & CO.,** MUSTARD MANUFACTURERS, HAMILTON, - ONTARIO.

**A WINTER IN SOUTHERN EUROPE**

A party sails Dec. 29 for the South of FRANCE, ITALY, SICILY, and other delightful resorts.

A Second Party for the **EGYPT** HOLY LAND, GREECE, TURKEY, THE NILE, and the chief countries and cities of Europe, sails same date. Send for Circular.

**E. TOURJEE, Franklin Sq., Boston.**

**COLEMAN Business**

NEWARK, N. J. Open all the year. Best course of Business Training. Best Facilities. Pleasantest Location. Lowest Rates. Shortest Time. Most Highly Recommended. Write for Catalogue and be convinced. **H. COLEMAN, President.**

THE **Toronto Paper Mfg. Co.**  
WORKS AT CORNWALL, ONT.  
CAPITAL, - - - \$250,000.

Manufactures the following grades of paper:—  
**Engine Sized Superfine Papers,**  
WHITE AND TINTED BOOK PAPER  
(Machine Finished and Super-Calendered)  
Blue and Cream Laid and Wove Foolscaps, Posts, etc. Account Book Papers.  
Envelope and Lithographic Papers, Colored Cover Papers, super-finished.  
Apply at the Mill for samples and prices. Special sizes made to order.

**SAND SHOVELS AND PAILS**  
FOR THE SEASHORE.  
**FISHING TACKLE,**  
CAMP BEDS, CHAIRS,  
TENTS, HAMMOCKS, Etc.  
— LARGE ASSORTMENTS AT:—  
**QUA & Co.'s,**  
49 King St. West., - TORONTO.

— THE —  
**OPEN COURT**  
Published every Thursday by  
**THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY,**  
Rooms 41 and 42,  
175 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO.  
P. O. DRAWER F.

*A Radical Journal which discourses Scientific, Religious, Social and Philosophical Questions from an independent standpoint.*

**E. C. HEGLER, President.**  
**DR. PAUL CARUS, Editor.**  
\$2 Per Annum. Single Copies 10c.

THE OPEN COURT has for contributors the leading thinkers of the old and new world, among whom may be mentioned Prof. F. Max Muller, Dr. Felix L. Oswald, Prof. Georg von Gizycki, of the Berlin University; Prof. E. D. Cope, E. P. Powell, Xenos Clark, Gen. M. M. Trumbull, Moncure D. Conway, L. J. Vance, W. M. Salter, Theodore Stanton, Edmund Montgomery, Ednah D. Cheney, C. P. Woolley, Richard A. Proctor, John Burroughs, Morrison I. Swift, and many others.

Translations have been procured from the most prominent authors of Europe. Essays have been published from such authorities as Prof. W. Freyer, Dr. Ewald Hering, Lucien Arretat, Robert von Helmholtz, Rudolf Weyler, Carus Sterne, F. Helbig, J. G. Vogt, Ludwig Noire, etc. Translations from the pens of A. Binet, Prof. Wundt (of Leipzig), Prof. Joh. Ranke, and Prof. H. Post, will be published in future issues. Sample copies sent free on application.

TO ADVERTISERS.—THE OPEN COURT will be found to offer special advantages for the advertisement of current literature and the insertion of publishers' notices, its numbers being on file in all the prominent hotels, libraries and public institutions in the United States and Canada, and reaching the professional and scientific circles of every State in the Union. Only bona fide advertisements will be accepted. Rates, without choice of position, for each insertion, 10c. per line, \$12 per column, and \$20 per page.

**DUNN'S BAKING POWDER**  
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

**Northern Pacific R. R.**  
TO POINTS IN  
**MINNESOTA & DAKOTA**

The Short Line between the East and  
**HELENA & BUTTE, MONTANA.**

THE POPULAR  
Transcontinental and Dining Car Route  
TO  
Spokane Falls, Washington Territory,  
Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria,  
Puget Sound Points and Alaska.

TO  
**SAN FRANCISCO,**  
Via the Northern Pacific R.R. and the Mount Shasta Route. Rates as low as quoted by any other line.  
**EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY,**  
To which are attached  
**Pullman Palace Sleepers and FREE Colonist Sleeping Cars.**  
THE ONLY RAIL LINE TO THE **YELLOWSTONE PARK.**

For full information call on any ticket agent, or address **Thos. Henry,** Passenger Agent, 154 St. James St., Montreal; or **Chas. M. Fee,** Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

— THE —  
**ASSAM TEA ESTATES DEPOT.**

Established for the purpose of supplying pure  
**INDIAN TEAS,**  
unmixed with China, direct from their estates in Assam. These teas stand without a rival for PURITY, STRENGTH and FLAVOUR.

**AGENTS:**  
TORONTO—Messrs. Michie & Co., 7 King St. West; McCormack Bros., 431 & 433 Yonge Street; J. Berwick & Co., 139 King Street West; Martin McMillan, 395 Yonge Street; Tolchard & Irwin, 495 Yonge Street; Chas. Ruse, 434 Queen Street West; T. S. Grant, 386 Queen Street West.  
MONTREAL—Geo. Graham, 72 and 74 Victoria Square.  
KINGSTON—James Redden, Princess Street.  
WOODSTOCK—James Scott, Main Street.  
HALIFAX—The Army and Navy Stores.

**STEEL, HAYTER & CO.,**  
11 and 13 Front St., East,  
Calcutta Firm, - Octavius Steel & Co.

**GERMAN SIMPLIFIED.**  
**SPANISH SIMPLIFIED.**

The following will be found eminently practical for self-instruction: (1) German Simplified—Complete in 12 numbers (with keys) \$1.20. (2) Spanish Simplified—12 numbers (with keys), 10 cents each; No. 7 was published March 1, 1888; a new number on the first of every month. Sold by all booksellers. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

**PROF. A. KNOFLACH,**  
140 NASSAU STREET, - NEW YORK.

**TODD & CO.,**  
Successors to  
Quetton St. George & Co.,

Have just received the  
**CELEBRATED CALIFORNIAN CLARET ZINFANDEL.**

This Wine is very round, and possesses a fragrant bouquet of its own.  
ALSO,

**RIESLING,**  
The favourite Hock of the District, which is a competitor of the more expensive Rhine Wines from Germany.  
These Wines are sold at the following price  
QUARTS, doz. - - \$6 00  
PINTS, 2 doz. - - 7 00

**WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS,**  
16 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO  
TELEPHONE NO 876.

# MUSKOKA

VISITORS, SPORTSMEN, SETTLERS,  
SURVEYORS, PROSPECTORS, CANOEISTS,  
SHOULD GET OUR

Map Chart of the Lakes

**ROSSEAU, JOSEPH & MUSKOKA,**

Showing also the smaller lakes, islands, sailing routes, mills, telegraph stations, etc., neatly folded for pocket.  
**50 CENTS.**

THE DISTRICT MAP of Muskoka, Nipissing and Parry Sound Districts, Free Grant Lands, Railways, Government Roads, Timber Limits, etc., etc.

Printed in colours and folded in a neat cloth pocket case, 75c.; or mounted for office, \$1.50.

**WILLIAMSON & CO.,**  
Map Publishers, Toronto.

**Knickerbocker Ice Co'y.**  
TORONTO.

Office—147 Richmond Street West.  
Docks—Foot of George Street.

To our Customers and others:—We have secured during the past winter a very large stock of exceptionally good ice, cut near the Island, under the direction of the Board of Health and personal supervision of the medical Health Officer, and pronounced to be of excellent quality, suitable for family, hotel and office use. We make a speciality of this class of trade, and say, without fear of contradiction, that there is no better ice put up in this city than what we have in store, no matter by what name it may be sold under. On May the 1st we commence our regular delivery to all parts of the city.

We here beg to thank our old customers for their kind patronage in the past, and again solicit a renewal of their orders for the coming season.

**WM. BURNS,** Manager.  
Telephone No. 876.

**John H. R. Molson & BROS.,**

**ALE & PORTER BREWERS,**

286 ST. MARY ST., MONTREAL

Have always on hand the various kinds of  
**ALE and PORTER,**  
IN WOOD AND BOTTLE.

**DOUGLASS SEMINARY,**  
Waterford, Maine, Re-opens Sept. 5th. Location and Buildings pleasant and healthful. Home and School life combined. Best of teachers; instruction thorough; certificate admits to college. Address Miss H. E. DOUGLASS, Principal.

*McGill University.*

THE CALENDAR FOR  
**SESSION 1888-89**  
IS NOW READY,

And can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

**J. W. BRAKENRIDGE,** Acting-Secretary.

**TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC**  
Incorporated 1866. Capital, \$50,000.00.

**OVER 600 PUPILS FIRST SEASON**  
**50 TEACHERS:** Virtually all departments of Music, from beginning to graduation, including piano, vocal art, organ, violin, sight-singing, harmony, etc. Tuition, \$5 and upwards per term. Both class and private also election. **Certificates and Diplomas.** Instruction. Pupils are charged only from date of entrance. Board and room provided. **FREE ADVANTAGES:** Elementary harmony and violin instruction, lectures, concerts, etc. Calendar mailed on application.  
FALL TERM BEGINS WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th.  
There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that letters for the Conservatory be addressed  
**EDWARD FISHER, Director,** TORONTO.  
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Ave.