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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

SIR LEONARD TILLEY'S health is not in that promising state which would warrant the belief that he will ever again consent to resume the active duties of the office of Minister of Finance. The probability against his doing so amounts almost to an absolute certainty. Meanwhile only a perfunctory discharge of the duties can be expected from Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, who has on his hands, in addition, his own department of the Customs. Never was there a time when the public finances so imperatively required the undivided attention of a strong directing hand as at present. There is heavy work for a Minister of Finance to do, and it is work that will not wait. Some sixty millions of dollars will have to be raised by loan almost immediately; twenty-five millions is a renewal loan, payment of which is only made necessary at present by the fact of notice having been given that payment would be offered in June. This notice was given, it seems, on the advice of the English financial agents of the Government. When the notice was given it was probably not foreseen that so large an additional amount as will be necessary would have to be asked for. However this may be, there can be no doubt that sixty millions will be looked upon by English financiers as too large a sum for Canada to ask so short a time after the last loan was contracted, and that the country is increasing its debt at a rate which is greatly disproportionate to the growth of its resources. The money can be got; but the concomitants of the subscription to the loan may be expected to convey an admonition that it is not wise to increase the debt at so rapid a rate, and that safety requires that the brakes be at once put on. But the debt accumulation has received a momentum which makes a sudden and immediate pause impossible. The country has in progress the construction of a great railway, in the prosecution and the completion of which it is too late to pause; the trouble in the North-West will occasion an expenditure of millions which must be provided. To whatever extent the necessities of the situation may, in these particulars, compel extraordinary drafts on the Treasury to be made, to that extent the further increase of the debt will be unavoidable; to that extent the increase of the debt is practically uncontrollable. In national undertakings of unusual extent, it generally happens that first estimates are too low; and from this error the country is now suffering. By whomsoever the duties of Finance Minister may be undertaken, the task before him will be onerous and the responsibility great. Additional revenue he will before long find it necessary to raise; this duty, always disagreeable, will be made the more difficult from the adoption of a policy by his predecessor which, to put one dollar into the Treasury, requires two to be taken from the taxpayers. In the office of Minister of Finance there is now required a man with a firm grasp of the subjects with which he will have to deal, fertile in expedients of a rational and legitimate kind, and able to keep at arm's-length the crowd of men who have been encour-

aged to besiege the Treasury for promises of special legislation in favour of their personal enterprises. But among the actual aspirants and possible selections such a man has not yet appeared.

RELIEF for the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has been looked for since the opening of the session, has come at last. The obligation to provide some measure of relief belongs to the class of unwelcome duties which it was impossible to evade; the sacrifice it involves is made as a means of escape from a greater evil. The road, and not only the road but the railway system of which it is a part, called for further expenditure, and the necessary means could be secured only by a further Government advance. It is the first step, in enterprises of this magnitude, which involves all that follows; a road which had been carried to the heart of the Rockies must go on to the Pacific. Through miscalculations of various kinds, the contract with the Syndicate led to the loan of last session, and that loan became the father of the present. At each step the responsibility of the public is increased, and it is well if its security is not diminished. So far as Government and Parliament were concerned there was only one thing to be done; an increase of the Government advance to the company was indispensable. The way in which the aid should be granted presented some choice, but that aid should be granted was inevitable. For the first time the connections of the Pacific Railway proper are recognized as having the right to have expended on them money advanced by the Government. Hitherto every dollar of the amount advanced was required to be expended on the main line. The change opens up a prospect which is not altogether pleasant. A large additional amount must be spent on the eastern connections of the Pacific line proper, beyond what is provided; and in view of the fact that a temporary loan of five millions of dollars, which forms part of the present plan of relief, may be applied to work on the connections, done or to be done, the connections and branches for which heavy financing will yet be required, if they are not to drag, acquire a new if not an agreeable interest. But it is obvious that when the main line is completed the Government will not be in a position to make further advances; if it were, no doubt there would be a present temptation to assist in building a North-West branch into the district where the insurrection has broken out. For political railways the nation must pay in the end, whatever the machinery of construction employed; a fact which, after a somewhat varied experience, we are now realizing.

IN the North-West, on Sunday, Col. Otter, with a flying column of three hundred men, had an engagement with Indians on Poundmaker's Reserve, in which his loss was seven killed and twenty wounded, that of the enemy being fifty killed. The battle lasted seven hours. Otter's column marched seventy miles, fought the battle, and returned to their lines within thirty hours. This is the sort of dash which Indians and Half-breeds are supposed to be liable to make. The result of the contest, morally and from a military standpoint, must be good. Edmonton has been relieved without a fight. From General Middleton, who had been waiting for supplies, a report of an engagement may arrive at any moment. The Body Guard is being entrenched at Humboldt. Another priest, stationed at Batouch, and who had refused to confess for insurrection, has been murdered. There is said to be some danger that a considerable body of Indians who have stolen large supplies of cattle and horses may move northwards in the direction of Peace River, where it would be difficult if not impossible to follow them through woods at so great a distance from the base of supplies.

It may or may not have been inevitable that when the forces of civilization came into contact with savage life in the North-West, a collision would occur. But the actual contest was not begun by the savage raising his tomahawk; the first shot was fired by the Half-breeds, who occupy an intermediate position between the civilized man and the savage, and who partake of the qualities of both, though of the latter in the larger degree. More hunters than herdsmen or tillers of the soil, they suffer in common with their Indian ancestors from whatever tends to lessen the supply of game, which has hitherto been the chief reliance of both. The vast herds of bison, as well as other kinds of game, disappear before the advancing farmer, by whom the soil is applied to a more

useful purpose, and one by which the total fund destined for the support of man is increased a hundred-fold. The Indian sells the land, which indeed he could not withhold from the white man, and attempts to live on the slender annuity which he accepts as payment, together with the diminished supply which the chase affords, and what the soil will yield to the fitful exertion of labour carried on under the pressure of poverty to which the most expert agriculturist might succumb, an effort which at best promises a return months hence to supply a want which is active to-day and will be more keenly felt to-morrow. He sold the land which nurtured the game, and the white man was the purchaser. The treaty bears the marks of his totem, and the payments which it calls for are regularly made; the Indian gets his own, if the agents be honest. Whatever answer must be given to the "if," the fact is certain that the Indian shivers on the brink of starvation. Is it certain that the white man does his whole duty when he pays the annuities stipulated for in return for the surrender of the land? Has he no moral obligation outside the four corners of the bond? The Indian is his ward, but this consideration did not prevent the trustee buying the property of his ward; he probably, in addition, put his ward under some duress for the purpose of forcing him into the bargain. The result of the dealing between the nation as trustee and the Indian as a ward of the nation is disastrous to the Indian, who is thereby brought to the verge of starvation. It is undeniable that, under the circumstances, we owe him some consideration which there is no treaty or bond to enforce. But the difficulty of paying it in a way that will be satisfactory and effective has often perplexed the best disposed of governments towards savage races with which they have had to deal, and of that difficulty there is no clear and absolute solution applicable to all cases which arise under varying circumstances.

THE Half-breeds of the North-West were not made parties to the treaties between the Indians and the Government, by which the former disposed of their right of occupation of the soil. From this it seems to follow that intermarriage and adoption into a tribe are not held to confer on the children of a white father and an Indian mother the common property rights of the tribe. By the Indian Act a Half-breed may elect to rank as Indian; but even then for the land he gets the Indian must be paid in one form or another. And the exclusion is founded in reason; for to the Half-breed a common property right is not sufficient. Half farmer and half hunter, he marks the advance to that stage where an individual right in some separate portion of the soil becomes indispensable. When the Government becomes owner of all the land, the last process in the acquisition of which is the purchase of the Indian's right of occupation, to the Government the Half-breed looks for a grant of so much as will supply his needs. His title is complex, if not absolute. When free grants are offered to all comers, he has as good a right to a grant of land as any other intending settler, if he be in a position to reclaim it from the wilderness of the prairie. If he had no other right he might be required to accept the conditions to which other recipients of free grants are required to submit, the first and most important of which are fixed settlement and a stipulated rate of improvement. But in Manitoba settlement was not required from the Half-breed, and as a matter of fact he often—it might be safe to say generally—sold his claim for what it would bring, and this, in a majority of cases, was very little. But the Half-breed has other claims, though they may be of a shadowy character, than that of a free settler. He was among the first men to roam over the solitudes of prairie in whose veins the blood of the white man runs. He was the companion, the friend, the relative of the Indian, when the Indian right of occupation was undisputed. When he becomes a settler he has a double claim to the land he cultivates, though his right of unlimited selection, at the present day, would be difficult to make out, and its universal concession might lead to great inconveniences. His right to select all the prominent points on the great navigable waters, such as those which command important river crossings, like those which go by the name of Batoche's and Clarke's, the possession of which may be necessary for the safety of the settlements, is certainly not clear. But this would not interfere with the admission of the general rule that he might be allowed to have proved his right to possession by reclaiming a distinct portion of the soil from its primitive state and devoting it to cultivation. And this claim there never was any intention to deny. The Red River Half-breeds who parted with their land grants in Manitoba could not make good a claim to new grants in the North-West. But that is no reason why the various claims should not before now have been examined, and such as were found to be unobjectionable admitted. The sagacity of the Half-breeds seized on the fact that what had been admitted as a ground of concession in Manitoba could not be denied in the North-West; and though the concession was not intended to be withheld, great

delay was allowed to occur. The admissible claims should have been separated from the others, and admitted with reasonable promptitude: the delay in beginning the process will be one of the things in connection with the North-West troubles which will be difficult to defend.

SETTLERS in the North-West are not held back by the existence of the insurrection from pressing upon the Government various demands in their own interest. A list of measures demanded is conveyed in a document, which cannot be called a petition, sent from the District of Alberta and addressed to the members of the Executive Council at Ottawa, and signed by two hundred and fifty persons. The formula is unusual, the words "we require" such and such things to be done being repeated in almost every paragraph. The imperative tone assumed, however, adds nothing to the force of the document, in which reference is made to a previous petition, and which some unskilled draughtsman probably thought would derive importance from its being made to sound like an ultimatum. In turning from the manner to the matter, it is impossible not to recognize the justice of some of the demands. The representation of the territories is not unreasonably asked for; but, that for this purpose the existence of a given population should be assumed without an actual count is not at all clear. For the Half-breeds the settlers ask the same "rights and privileges," which presumably means so much land, "as have already been conceded to their brethren in Manitoba." The Government is quite willing to grant these terms, but it seems to think it its duty to try, though late, to ascertain how many of the Half-breed claimants are not Manitoba repeaters. If there be any Half-breeds who were in Manitoba in 1870, and who got no land, they will, official returns contain the assurance, get it now. The recognition of squatter sovereignty is sure to lead to trouble sooner or later. No individual has a right to assume that he is at liberty, without express authority, to appropriate to himself any portion of the public domain; but, when substantial improvements have been made under a loose system of semi-licensed individual appropriation, it is very difficult to refuse the settler the land which he has improved. An official return shows that three hundred and twenty of these claims in Alberta have already been settled; every colonist who had made the necessary improvements getting a free grant of 160 acres and the right to pre-empt 160 more. The withdrawal from entry of two townships in the neighbourhood of Calgary would be an undoubted grievance, if land in the North-West were scarce, but the reverse of this is true. The scattering of settlements may create a real peril for the settlers, whose protection may have to be undertaken at great cost to the State. The demand for the cancellation of leases to cattle-breeders is most unreasonable, and is not likely to be granted; large cattle ranches, at present, afford the best means of utilizing wide areas which could not otherwise, for a long time, be productively employed. That farmers as well as graziers should be allowed to bring in their stock free of duty is a reasonable demand. A Bill of Rights, as this professes to be, should be founded in reason, and parts of this are not; and it would be none the less effective if it did not carry the air of desiring to intimidate in presence of actual insurrection.

ARCHBISHOP TACHÉ complains that the French Canadians are suspected of sympathizing with Riel, and he appeals to history to show that to the action of his race in this country is owing the fact that to-day Canada counts among the British possessions. But if the suspicion of which he affirms the existence be unfounded, it is at least not quite unnatural. The cry raised by his compatriots for an amnesty for Riel, after the Red River insurrection, was purely national; and, such was its intensity, it rose to the height of a national frenzy. Riel, if the letter published in his name be genuine, alleges that he found sympathy in the Province of Quebec when he was there six weeks ago; and, always supposing the letter to be genuine, he appeals to French Canadians not to join the volunteers who may be sent to put down the insurrection. A missionary priest in the North-West, whose letter is published in *L'Étendard*, practically makes the same appeal. The plea in favour of the insurgents that they are acting on the defensive, because, it is alleged, the Mounted Police fired the first shot at Duck Lake, urged in the organ of the Métis, finds acceptance almost exclusively among the French Canadians. If the police fired the first shot, they were fully justified by the fact that their lives were menaced by a band of armed men who had undoubtedly been sent to the spot where the encounter took place to attack them. From the same quarter we hear that the ardour of the Ontario volunteers is largely made up of a desire to avenge the murder of Scott. They are represented as a band of Orange fanatics, whose mission is to exterminate the Half-breeds, destroy their altars, and set up "meeting-houses" in their place. If Archbishop Taché will calmly survey the whole situation, with these and kindred

facts before him, he will see that the mistake, if mistake it be, which attributes to French Canada a sneaking sympathy with Riel, is founded on reasons which ought to moderate any indignation in which he might be inclined to indulge. The Archbishop, under whom he was brought up, looks on Riel as an erring child; and though the Archbishop's countrymen may generally be more inclined to look on him as an erring brother than they were in 1879, the affection is often expressed when silence regarding the error is observed. Among people of another race, who have no sympathy with Riel or his acts, it is not surprising if the anomaly arrests attention and sometimes excites criticism. But to say that the French Canadians, as a whole, sympathize with the insurrection would neither be just nor true.

OVER the disputed right to regulate the control of the issue of liquor licenses the fight goes on. The ground is being disputed inch by inch. The assumption by the Parliament of the Dominion of the power to authorize the issue of retail licenses having been negatived by the Supreme Court, the Ottawa Government has brought forward a bill provisionally yielding the point, subject to the final opinion of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. As the power of regulating the issue of wholesale and vessel licenses is by the same authority declared to be vested in the Ottawa Legislature, their issue by the Government of Ontario would, meantime, be irregular. The final decision, like the first, will probably settle the question by marking the dividing line between the contested rights of legislation. If the present decision be correct, as it probably is, neither Legislature was wholly right or wholly wrong in its contention. But Sir John Macdonald certainly put himself in the wrong by the spirit in which he announced his intention to provoke the contest; and he was doubly wrong in assuming, in a litigious spirit and for party purposes, the exercise of larger powers of legislation than presumably belong to Parliament. The prominence and gravity of these facts cause Mr. Mowat's error of interpretation to be almost entirely overlooked. The objectionable spirit in which this controversy was begun is a fault which lies at the door of the Ottawa Government. Contests over the distribution of the legislative power should never originate except in honest doubt, and when they do occur they should be conducted without an exhibition of unseemly warmth, which only lowers the dignity of those by whom it is indulged in. Instead of grave judicial procedures, originated and carried on in a spirit of frankness, we see constitutional questions transformed into quarrels, and conducted with all the bitterness of internecine war. Does it never occur to the contestants that they are putting an undue strain upon machinery the weakness of which, induced by special conditions, is visible at several points?

A good omen is the simultaneous rejection by the Legislature of Nova Scotia and the Parliament of Canada of woman's suffrage. At Ottawa the clause conferring this franchise was struck out of the Government Bill by the House of Commons; at Halifax an amendment to a measure before the House embodying female suffrage was defeated; and in Ontario, at the last session of the Legislature, a similar proposal made by a private member failed to pass. We cannot hope that these frustrated attempts will not be repeated. The authors of the woman's suffrage movement will consider themselves entitled to the thanks of the sex in presence of defeat not less than they would if victory had crowned their efforts; and they will expect gratitude to be shown by the unenfranchised women bringing their influence to bear on their male acquaintances in favour of the right candidates. Should the response meet their expectations, a revival of the agitation may be looked for. The truth is the movement is wholly factitious; it rests on no strong conviction that it is necessary or desirable. As a rule the sex for whom the suffrage is asked does not want the boon, and would not willingly bear the consequences it would bring. Among women not one in ten thousand has asked to be allowed to vote, and very few sympathize with the fraction that has asked. A complete change of sentiment among women must take place before a desire to vote can be counted among their wants.

AN attempt is being made to unseat the Mayor of Montreal, M. Beau-grand, on the ground that, having taken the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, he ceased to be a British subject and is ineligible to hold office in Canada. The old theory expressed in the formula, "once a British subject always a British subject," is no longer upheld by the courts even in England; and by the law of Canada a British subject becomes by naturalization in the United States a foreigner here, and before he can resume the rights of a British subject he must pass through the same probation as any other foreigner. This, it is alleged, M. Beau-grand had not done. The proceedings against him have attracted the attention of French Canadian emigrants to New England, among

whom a sudden ardour for naturalization, as a means of acquiring political franchises in their new home, has sprung up, and if we are to believe the press, exotic in the land of the Puritans, which speaks in their name, they object to the door through which they passed when they left the paternal roof being closed behind them. But if there be a barrier to repatriation, which a man in the act of changing his allegiance can scarcely be supposed to contemplate, it is a barrier raised by the emigrants themselves. When the doctrine "once a subject always a subject" was upheld by the English courts, the French Canadian emigrants might have been citizens of the United States while residing there, and British subjects again as soon as they returned to Canada: now, though citizenship is confined to one country, freedom of choice remains, and a man cannot reasonably complain of the consequences of the exercise of his own deliberate preference.

It is strange and sad to think that a hundred years ago the leading minds of Europe were fully possessed with the belief that society had finally left the storms of the military period behind it, and was sailing into a calm zone of universal peace. Their dream now seems ridiculous, yet at the time it was not so. The rulers of the world had then to a wonderful extent been converted to philosophy and philanthropy. Turgot had arisen in France, and in England the second Pitt was an economist, a disciple of Adam Smith, and as ambitious of the triumphs of peace as his father had been of the triumphs of war. Even in warlike monarchs such as Frederic and Catherine, philosophy struggled with aggrandizement; the voice of reason reached their ears, and there was hope that their successors might be pacific. Joseph of Austria, Leopold of Tuscany, Tunucei at Naples, Aranda in Spain, Pombal in Portugal were rulers cast in the same mould. In this direction at all events, the author of "Candide" had done good. The bounds of the great nations were pretty well settled, though some territorial absurdities remained. The inhuman fallacies of Protectionism and the commercial wars which it brought in its train were being chased away by the beneficent truths promulgated in the "Wealth of Nations." On the very eve of the French Revolution Pitt, scanning the diplomatic horizon, discerned no cloud, pronounced the peace of the world assured, and looked forward to a reduction of armaments and a complete abolition of Customs duties. Unhappily the great movement of European progress, instead of continuing its quiet course, came to a violent and convulsive crisis in France. The French Revolution assumed the character of a military power waging desperate war against armed reaction; and when that series of wars was over and the existence of the Republic was assured, the army which the struggle had created passed, in an evil hour for humanity, into the hands of a Corsican, endowed with an incomparable genius for war, but as barbarous in his character and as rapacious in his aims as any bandit of his native isle. The struggle of the nations for independence against Napoleon left at its close Europe covered with vast standing armies, and the possession of these accursed engines has not failed to awaken in the masters of the legions the lust of territorial aggrandizement or diplomatic domination. Hence a new age of wars, among the main motives or pretexts of which have been aspirations or rivalries of race. Still the world and the classes which toil and bleed enjoyed a comparative immunity from devastation in the interval between Waterloo and the Crimean War. It was the worst feature of the Crimean War that it broke the spell of the long peace and let the demon of havoc loose again upon Europe. Franco-Austrian, Prusso-Austrian, Franco-German, Russo-Turkish wars have followed in quick and fell succession. Now apparently has come the danger of a war between England and Russia.

IN this case the pestilent agency of the great standing army is very clearly seen. Left to himself, the Russian peasant, who is as simple and good-natured as he is dull and torpid, would no more think of territorial aggression than do the horses which he drives or the sheep which he tends, though being the slave of a military government he leaves his home when the conscription calls, and is impelled by stimulants, spiritual and spiritual, against those whom his rulers choose to designate as his foes. But the officers of the army, which is maintained on an enormous scale out of the scanty bread of the people, being underpaid, poor and at the same time exceedingly licentious, intemperate and extravagant, are always craving for war. This is especially true with regard to the officers employed in Asia, where the dullness of remote quarters among barbarous races is added to the other causes of unrest. It is by the military party in Russia and in the interest of that party that a war which would wreck the fair fruits of industrial civilization, and carry misery into millions of homes, is in danger of being made. The Czar does not appear to have been personally inclined to war, and it seems certain that his Chancellor, De Giers, has been strongly opposed to it. But the Czar fears above everything to lose his popularity with the army, which is the sole support of his

tottering throne, and into which, from inaction and the indebtedness of the officers, discontent and Nihilism appear to be beginning to find their way. He is probably also lured by the criminal hope of relieving himself of domestic danger by diverting the mind of the nation from political revolution to foreign war. In this vile calculation he would probably find himself mistaken, as did his precursor in such a policy—the crowned felon of France. The war, especially if it spread, would be likely to call all the revolutionary fires with which Europe is heaving into play, and the end of Russian aggression upon England might be the deliverance of Russia and mankind from the Romanoff. Certainly to the Czar defeat would be political as well as military ruin. It is possible that at the last moment this thought has come between him and war, and accounts for the less bellicose tone of the Russian diplomatists.

WE have never shut our eyes to the fact that the present difficulty is traceable in large measure to the folly of ministers such as Palmerston and Beaconsfield, both of whom wantonly invaded Afghanistan, and to the Anti-Russian delirium of the Jingo Party in England. Without such assistance the military party in Russia would not have been able to excite the national hatred of England which is essential to the accomplishment of their designs. England need not have been the object of attack at all. Not British India has been the real goal of Russian ambition, but the possession of Constantinople and access to an open sea. Had the force of Russian expansion been allowed to find its vent at the Dardanelles, it would not have been driven to the Himalayan passes, nor would the burden of controlling Russian aggrandizement have been laid upon England alone. Yet there can be no shadow of doubt that in the present quarrel Russia is the wrongdoer. The dominant party in her councils has apparently been resolved to force upon England war or humiliation. Mr. Gladstone, it must be owned, is in some respects not the best man to have at the head of the nation at a military crisis. But his character and his known sentiments towards Russia are an assurance to his own nation and to the world at large that he will not go to war so long as there is a chance of preserving peace without a total sacrifice of honour and justice. The object which he has at heart in thus prolonging negotiations at some risk of allowing his unscrupulous adversary to grasp military advantages will no doubt be attained: he will be able, whatever the result, to challenge the verdict of the civilized world. Morality has indeed already spoken clearly as well as impartially by the mouth of the American people, whose sympathy with us is welcome not merely because it is a strong support. No particle of misgiving need alloy the sympathy with which the sons of England will follow in a possible struggle the fortunes of her flag. Never has it been unfurled in a more just or a more inevitable war, if war there should be. The stars in their courses do not fight for the good cause, but the good cause is its own star. To go into war with a light heart is to prove yourself a fool or a villain, but a clear conscience makes a strong heart, as will presently, we trust, be seen, should pacific counsels not prevail.

To what combinations a war might lead in its course, it is impossible to foresee. But at her first entrance into it England would be likely to have no ally except the Afghans. Her natural ally in a war with Russia would be Turkey. It is true the Turk has little reason to love Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Gladstone's supporters; yet if he were left to himself the instinct of self-preservation would be certain to prevail over disagreeable reminiscences. But he is apparently held back by Bismarck, whose malevolence towards England has now become manifest. The amicable Chancellor has probably two motives of policy besides that of personal resentment. He wishes England and Russia to exhaust each other by war: he also wishes the Colonial Empire of England to be ruined, in order that an opening may be made for the Colonial Empire of Germany, that object of his sudden aspirations, though he will hardly brighten the future of German Colonies by making the Anglo-Saxon Colonies their enemies all over the world. Italy is thoroughly friendly, thanks largely to the sympathy shown her by Mr. Gladstone in the days of her adversity; but she is afraid to place herself by the side of England in a position of such peril, and she has now the Mahdi, who is about as much as she can manage, on her hands. From France no generous treatment ever has been received or can be hoped for by England. She went into partnership with England in the Egyptian business, threw her partner overboard at the crisis, and now takes advantage of England's distress to bully the Egyptian Government, after which she will recommence her tirade against perfidious Albion. Besides, she looks to Russia as her possible ally on the day when she shall arm to take her revenge on Germany and recover Alsace-Lorraine. The heart of Austria ought to be with England as the antagonist of Russia's aggrandizement, by which in her Slavonic Provinces she is herself perpetually threatened; and the tone of the Vienna press is in fact much more friendly than that

of the German. But with her rickety and nervous frame Austria shrinks from all bold action and, at the opening stage of a conflict at all events, no assistance could be expected at her hands. The Afghan tribes are brave, and likely to make a good stand against the Russians, if they will make a stand at all; but they are uncivilized, passionate, fickle, uncertain in all their actions, nor have they any centralized or regular government to answer for their conduct to an ally. Fortunately, the present Ameer appears to be a man whose personal force makes up for the lack of constitutional power. Should the day go hard with England, however, all the nations which are menaced immediately or remotely by Russian aggression may begin to see the danger of allowing her to succumb.

It is on the Indian Empire that the stress of a conflict, on the side of England, would fall. In fact the war would be one between the British and the Russian Empires in Asia. The disposition of the princes and people of India is therefore of the most vital importance, and would be most severely tried. Of late English agitators have been scattering alarms of native disaffection, which it is their own desire to see fulfilled. More respectable expressions of misgiving have been heard from some who have no incendiary purpose, and who speak with the authority of experience; but as yet not a symptom of disaffection has appeared. On the contrary a wonderful alacrity has been shown in tendering support to the supreme power. Offers of assistance in men and money are coming in from the native States, and not only from Hindoos but from Mahometans, whose sentiments towards the rule by which their own dominion was supplanted have always been regarded with much suspicion. The Maharajah of Nepaul is ready at once to send to the front fifteen thousand picked Ghorkas, to be entirely under British command. The tone of the native press also is described as that of a loyal opposition in times of public danger, merging complaints and differences of opinion in loyalty to the common cause. There are, no doubt, beneath the surface of Hindoo sentiment, mysterious depths which the most experienced have hardly fathomed; but at present all appearances are perfectly fair. The interest of the native princes is clear. They enjoy a tenure of their principalities and everything pertaining to them infinitely more secure than they enjoyed in the days of turbulence and violence, of predatory conquest, dynastic revolution and murderous conspiracy, which preceded the advent of British rule. In the Mutiny they were true to England almost without exception, though the troops of some of them joined the Mutineers. Neither they nor their people could possibly look forward to any improvement of their condition under Russian sway, while it is certain that the interval would be one of universal confusion, devastation and suffering. Bribery, if it can reach them, may shake the fidelity of individuals; but by no general motive of policy can they be led to invite or welcome the invader. The dominion of the Russian would not be less foreign than that of the Englishman, and it certainly would not be more civilizing or more just, nor would the native press acquire a larger measure of freedom. Perhaps war between Russia and British India, if it came, might show the world a spectacle which it has never seen before—that of two hundred millions of subject people loyal to the government of the conqueror.

THE hope of peace, however, is not yet extinct: on the contrary it has somewhat revived. Just as the storm seemed about to burst the cloud has once more lifted. The bell had rung for the vast drama of blood and havoc which the eyes of an expectant world were strained to see; but the curtain does not rise. We have pointed all along to the fact that there was no necessity for a war. There was nothing in dispute which could not be perfectly well settled without the arbitration of the sword. It was not as when Frederic and Maria Theresa both claimed Silesia, or when Germany was bent on a union which France determined to prevent. The temper of the disputants, or of one of them, was the only obstacle to a settlement. The military party in Russia wanted war, and the question was whether the Czar from fear of losing his popularity with the army would yield to their criminal desire. It appeared at one time certain that he would. But having been brought face to face with the consequences of his meditated act he may perhaps have begun to recoil. England, by the vigour of her preparations for war, has scattered to the winds the notions which some of her own journalists had propagated with regard to the disrepute of her navy. Her people have shown their spirit. India has proved herself loyal, and the chances of exciting disaffection in Ireland had been shown, since the Prince's visit, to be far less than had been supposed. The Chancellor, De Giers, is evidently on the side of peace: a foreigner by extraction and a passionless man of business he does not share military or national passions, but studies coolly the practical interest of the Empire; and no doubt he is well aware that a general disturbance in Europe would stimulate the forces of revolution. Though overborne in council by the

violence of the military party he probably exerts a steady influence on the mind of the Czar, and he meets in Lord Granville a negotiator much of the same temperament as himself. A huge sacrifice has already been offered to Moloch in the expenditure on preparations, the diversion of industry to barren waste and the disturbance of commerce. Let us hope that the fell deity will yet forego a sacrifice of blood.

PASSIONATE love and fanatical hatred of Mr. Gladstone are forces each in its way almost unique in the history of English politics, and the influence of both is mischievous. There are some people who so worship the Premier as to be totally blind to the failure of his Irish policy and to the consequences of his irresolution in the Soudan, while they devoutly accept his Franchise Bill without stopping for a moment to consider whether he has exercised proper forecast or not. There are others who so fiercely detest him as to forget not only the respect due to his high qualities and great achievements, but their own duties as citizens, and to care little what mischief they do their country so long as they can damage him at the same time. Among the fanatical haters are the members of the Chelsea set, three in number while Carlyle lived, but reduced by his death to two: Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Froude, between whom, as they are always themselves apprising us, is now shared all that survives of veracity, integrity, wisdom and, above all, of manhood, in Great Britain. There never was a time when a loyal Englishman would have been more careful not to traduce his country or its Government than the present, and there are rather special reasons for self-restraint in the case of one who speaks to the people of the United States. But Mr. Froude, who is now in the States, not only pours into the bosom of an American reporter his antipathy to the British Prime Minister, but does his best to turn American opinion against the cause which the British Prime Minister is upholding. The territorial greediness of England he represents as being the root of the trouble. It is rather curious that this arraignment should come from one who went as Lord Carnarvon's envoy to propagate imperialism in South Africa. Has not Russia been annexing territory as well as England, and territory at least as much beyond what she needs for present occupation, or for any useful purpose? Charges of general acquisitiveness, and recriminations connected with them, are totally irrelevant to the present issue. England neither wants to take anything herself nor cares to withhold anything from Russia on the mere ground of opposition to territorial extension. But Russia wants to force open the gates of British India; and more than this, the military party in Turkestan and at St. Petersburg are bent upon picking a quarrel and bringing on war.

THE RISE OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THAT the periodical is to-day the chief medium of the intellectual life of the many is a statement few will feel inclined to gainsay. Its potency in the moulding of opinion is pre-eminent, and its influence in the advancement of culture ubiquitous. The daily press is undoubtedly powerful, and to belittle its agency were the part neither of knowledge nor intelligence; but the function of the Press, apart from the presentation of news, is commentative rather than didactic, and its sphere circumscribed as well by necessary haste and brevity in the preparation of matter as by the circumstances of perusal. The tendency, which of late has become prominent amongst newspapers, to trench upon the domain of the magazine, seems to be one not to be approved. When the daily journal has reached a much higher degree of excellence in its news and editorial columns, enlargement of scope and discursiveness may be advisable, but at present concentration of energy and resources is what is called for.

The following figures are culled from Mr. H. R. Tedder's article on "Periodicals" in the recently-issued volume of the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which, pretending only to give the statics of this interesting subject, yet enables us to discern not a little of the dynamics, illustrated in the struggle for existence and specialization of function.

The first periodical in the English language, Mr. Tedder says, was the *Mercurius Librarius*, its scope being indicated by the sub-title, a "Faithful Account of all Books and Pamphlets"—pamphlets, as we all know, occupying a very much more important position in those days than now. This appeared in 1681 and had but a brief existence. It was followed (1699-1712) by the *History of the Works of the Learned*, a publication of greater merit and influence, but consisting for the greater part of descriptions of foreign books. The first periodical of contents entirely original was the *Memoirs of Literature*, doomed to early death, and running but for four years. Indeed we cannot fail to note that nearly all of the progenitors of the periodical belonged to the ephemeridæ; and even to-day

the temerarious journal that attempts colonization must start equipped not only with large material support but with an enormous reserve of natural robustness, else will the public indifference and mistrust, born of experience, together with the famine and the ague of hostile environment, eat them up.

It was not until 1749 that we find the title of "Review" employed in the *Monthly Review*, a periodical, too, which was more nearly the prototype of the contemporary magazine in character and subject-matter, comprehending, as it did, science, literature and criticism. The lead of the *Monthly* was shortly followed by numerous other efforts in the same direction, and we soon find the *Critical Review*, to which Johnson, Smollett and Robertson contributed; the *Literary Magazine* (1756-58); the *London Review* (1775-80), and the *British Critic* (1793-1843). As, however, these and others like them showed a marked disposition (which now is indicated in diathesis at least) to subserve special interests and support bias, in short, to become merely the "organ" of the publishers controlling them, two abortive but laudable efforts were made to stop the demoralization—the one by Adam Smith, Blair and others; the other in 1773 by the issue for three years of the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, under the conduct of Gilbert Stuart and William Smellie. These were the precursors of the famous Quarterlies, which, while they have attained a hitherto unknown degree of scholarship and literary ability, are yet chiefly run in the interest of some party of Church or State, or in advocacy of some particular scientific or philosophical tenet. It is obvious, too, that this very bias is, if not carried too far, a very excellent principle, inasmuch as it encourages controversial writing and the ablest presentation of both sides of a question, though possibly the arguments presented (which seems to be an inherent peculiarity of arguments in general) succeed only in making the already convinced doubly sure, or in proselytizing those whose minds are not confirmed either way. He would be purblind indeed who saw but the immediate ills of strong partisanship, disregarding its instrumentality in the eradication of error. Bigotry and prejudice, even, are not without their uses, serving, if for nothing else, as flint-stones upon which to strike light with the steel of progress. For these reasons, if there were no others, the journal with a "policy" and the periodical with a prescribed trend of propagandism or advocacy is not to be decried. Put this aside. The *Edinburgh*, a natural outgrowth of the time, was started in 1802 under the editorial management of Sydney Smith, with Jeffrey, Scott, Horner and Brougham as coadjutors, and seven years later, at the instigation of Scott, John Murray established the *Quarterly Review*. The *Westminster* was not established till 1824. In 1884 there were one hundred and twenty-nine Quarterlies. No account of the progress of periodical publications, however brief, can afford to omit mention of those originated by Steele's *Tatler* in 1709. The impetus given by this and the *Spectator* and *Guardian* to this popular, yet refined and delightful literature, resulted, according to rough estimate, in the birth of one hundred and six such papers up to the period of the *Rambler* (1750-1752). Everyone knows that we are indebted to this style of production for some of the most admired of English classics, and a host of great names, which there is neither occasion nor space to reproduce here, is appended, as contributors to such journals as the *Adventurer* (1752-54); *World* (1753-56); *Connoisseur* (1754-56); *Idler* (1758-60); *Lounger* (1785-87).

It is interesting to note the recent origin of England's four great monthlies of serious character, viz.: the *Fortnightly* (1865), the *Contemporary* (1866), the *Nineteenth Century* (1877), and the *National* (1883). The popular literary magazines are too numerous for mention. Mr. Tedder gives, on the authority of *May's British and Irish Press Guide*, 1,041 as the whole number of periodicals for 1884, "including every description of periodical with the exception of annuals and newspapers"—these for the United Kingdom—while in British North America the number is 652.

Passing to the United States we observe a high death-rate, but a still greater fertility, resulting (according to G. P. Rowell and Company's *American Newspaper Record* for 1883) in a total of 1,827, excluding weeklies and those publications of more frequent issue. Beginning with Franklin's *General Magazine*, which lived for six months in 1741, the record is for many years one of failure, and the list of interest solely to the antiquarian. It is not until 1803, in the establishment of the *Monthly Anthology*, that we discover anything of permanent interest. This was the immediate ancestor of the *North American Review*. At first conducted by the North American Club, the ownership of this Review passed into the hands of Alexander Everett in 1829. At one time threatened with a rivalry by the *Princeton Review* and *International*, the former dominated by theological influence, and the latter in its last gasp at least managed with conspicuous inability, the *North American* now occupies this field quite alone, not without dignity and influence. It is difficult to detect a trend in its management, so impartial does it appear, giving free discussion

to both sides of every question broached, following with literalness its motto, *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*. From the fact, however, of the liberal side generally having the last word, and one or two similar indications, we may safely say that its leanings are towards advanced thought. Popularization, too, is the aim, and this is sometimes not effected without a sacrifice.

Of the leading American literary monthlies—such as the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, and the *Century*—nothing need be said to any reader of this article, as their superiority, in matter and illustration, over the magazines of the world is conceded. In religion the list is especially full and specialized. There is, since the decline of the *Nation*, nothing approaching a first-class weekly in the United States, and there is a wide field and large demand for something after the pattern of the *Saturday* and *Spectator*.

The history of periodical literature suggests many thoughts to which this is not the occasion to give utterance. But lest any—and their name I fear is legion—should be tempted to take too mournful a view of the tomes of long since forgotten periodicals, and to sit “upon the ground and tell sad stories,” not “of the death of kings,” but of the death “of cherished and pampered offspring” of brilliant intellects, we would advise them to read Irvings “Mutability of Literature,” and be advised that it is not the essay, the article, the poem or the novelette alone that is forgotten, but the many-paged quarto or octavo as well. . . . “A persuasive article,” says G. W. Curtis, “which seizes and moulds public opinion to a great and beneficial result is often ephemeral. But it is not therefore to be described as gabble and scribble. Indeed, the intellectual force, the imagination, the accomplishment which at another time and under other circumstances might have written a book every five years instead of a magazine article every month, or a leader every day, are not lost; they are still as efficiently felt, although the individual fame which occasional concentration might have bestowed upon some is now possibly lost in the diffusion of incessant production.” The life work of the writer for the Periodical may not survive him in the fame the poet contemns as the “life in other persons’ breath,” but nevertheless his influence is great—greater than that of other men—and may work silent changes pregnant with mighty import.

C. DAVIS ENGLISH.

AMERICAN VIEWS OF THE HALF-BREED REBELLION.

WASHINGTON.

THE general tone of the American press respecting the engagement at Clarke's Crossing is not of a kind to give pleasure to Canadians. Open exultation at the check given to the militia by the rebels there is, of course, none; but there is at least a sneer. The fact in itself is without practical consequence; but it may not be amiss to look below the surface for the causes why Canadian anxiety is confronted by coldness on this side of the border.

Private intercourse between the people of the two countries has never been more frequent or cordial. It is becoming rare to find an American of the middle or upper class who has not visited Canada and acquired that friendly interest in a neighbouring country which personal contact with its people and institutions is so apt to awaken, and the Canadian tourist is one of the most familiar of sights in the United States. There is no clashing of commercial interests, because both countries follow the same Chinese policy of exclusion, and it is only when France or Germany adds insult to injury by assigning sanitary grounds for the rejection of American pork in its markets that resentment is awakened against foreign measures of prohibition.

There are certain topics as to which a great deal of cant is uttered by the American press, and the leading one just now is what may be shortly described as the case of Labour against Monopoly. The scene of the rising in the Canadian North-West was an unknown land to American journalists until military operations were undertaken against the insurgents, and a belief is abroad amongst them that land-grabbers and cattle-kings are endeavouring to oust the settler from his holding in the manner that has become familiar in some parts of our own country. Even Riel is by many believed to have personal wrongs as the motive of his present conduct, and what is called “the Labour Vote” has become such an important though uncertain factor in local politics that our journalists have gotten into the way of toadying to it upon all occasions and of considering it as the touchstone by which to test “issues” very remotely, if at all, connected with the interests or even the principles for which the Labour Vote is supposed to stand. That the men who live by muscular exertion should compel their social and intellectual superiors to take note of their existence and feelings is a good thing in a general sense; but until labour has developed itself and found the limits of its powers, we must look and make allowance for a good deal of mental floundering on the part of the press. The press itself is but immaturely developed on its intellectual side as yet. Its resources and energies are mainly expended in the getting of news. Its organs are too numerous, their circulation and revenue too restricted, and the hopes and efforts of their conductors too much bent towards unprofessional preferment, to permit any but a very few to be fit leaders of public opinion. Fortunately for the people of the United States they are but little under the influence of the editorial columns of their newspapers—

they are apt to content themselves with guessing who or what the editor is “after,” whenever an editorial article is of a character to command their attention. Doubtless, if the silent thought of the millions about the Canadian rebellion could be vocalized, it would be to the effect that there should be a vigorous suppression of the armed defiance of the law and a patient and kindly pacification of the rebels after their power for mischief is gone. Unless Riel should resort, or be accessory to, inhuman practices, the infliction of capital punishment upon him would produce a shock in this country. A term in the penitentiary, with free access to reporters pending the formalities of trial and sentence, would commend itself to our people generally as a proper ending of his public career.

An article such as this would be incomplete without at least an allusion to the mild resentment felt here at what was regarded as an attempt to popularize monarchical institutions on this continent a few years ago. This resentment never extended itself to the Canadian people at large, whom, as in our own case, we separate in our mental process from the party politicians who, one after another, ride the much-enduring public till unhorsed by a popular revolt at the ballot-box. And it is the Sir Johns, and the other titled and untitled political bosses, that the American editor of all-work has in his eye when he lets something like a chuckle escape him over General Middleton's dilemma at Clarke's Crossing. B.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

CALGARY, ALBERTA.

THE progress of Municipal Government in the North-West if slow is not uninteresting, but it would be well for the reader to remember that local self-government in our territorial districts is confined to less than half a dozen places, which in the older Provinces would be called villages, but which, according to North-Western courtesy, are termed towns. There are no rural municipalities in the North-West, although the North-West Municipal Ordinance provides both for town and country municipalities. Municipal Government in the North-West, therefore, begins with Moosejaw and ends with Calgary. Regina enjoys municipal organization, but since its expenditure last year was less than six hundred dollars, its municipal importance may be better imagined than described. Of the three towns named, Calgary, which is the latest addition to the municipality, appears to be the only place which is anxious to appreciate the full meaning of civic liberty as against semi-military despotism in the uniform of overbearing officers of the Mounted Police. The powers conferred on the town council of any municipality in the North-West are similar to those given to town councils in the organized Province of Manitoba. Such council has the power of raising a revenue by assessment on real and personal property, and it is empowered to assess and collect the same. The maintenance of roads and bridges, and to build them or change them, is within its scope. To prevent cruelty to animals and to abate nuisances, and to prevent or remove abuses, are part of its powers. It may relieve the poor, pass by-laws in respect of public health, appoint policemen, watchmen and patrols, and regulate and define their duties, and in a general way it may pass all such by-laws and regulations for the government and good order of the town, the suppression of vice and immorality, the protection of property, the benefit of trade and commerce, and the protection of health, not inconsistent with the Ordinance of the North-West Territories, as it shall deem expedient.

In a territory which has been, and which is still, governed by martial law, the establishment of municipalities would necessarily give rise to a conflict between martial and civil authority. The town councils of Moosejaw and Regina have respectively avoided this issue by refraining from passing those by-laws which would raise the conflict, but the corporation of Calgary, which has adopted for its seal a “bucking cayuse” with a cowboy astride of it, and probably having more of that freedom which belongs to mountainous districts, has gone into by-law framing on the most wholesale principle consistent with its powers. Though the town has been incorporated only a few weeks yet the council has managed to pass upwards of a score of by-laws, two or three of which have already brought about a conflict, with the issues greatly in favour of civic magnates. The town having no lock-up, application was made on behalf of the town authorities to the commandant of the post (Col. Herchmer) for leave to incarcerate a prisoner charged with an infraction of the by-law. The application was refused by the Superintendent of the post, on the ground that there was no room. This, of course, could not be questioned, though if there had been room the request could not have been refused. The prisoner got the benefit of this scarcity of prison accommodation, and he was allowed to absent himself. A direct conflict, however, happened a few days ago which has brought the Commandant of the post and the Mayor into prominence. A notorious vagrant was notified by the town constable to leave the town within a certain time or be placed under arrest. While preparing to act upon the suggestion, the tramp was suddenly pounced upon by the Mounted Police authorities and gaoled at the barracks. This was a felony which the town council with an indignant mayor at its head repudiated. The mayor in his indignation indicted a letter to the council denouncing this interference as “oppressive” and “tyrannical,” and the letter was unanimously approved of by the council, and a copy of it sent to Ottawa. This quarrel over a tramp was somewhat hasty, and much of the romance is spoiled from the fact that the commandant of the post puts in a defence that even as a matter of courtesy he should have been furnished with a copy of the by-law, and that he is in no way anxious to board tramps at the expense of the Dominion taxpayer, especially when the corporation of Calgary is anxious to save him the trouble and the government the expense. Whether or not it has occurred to the mayor

and council that they made a serious mistake in not furnishing Colonel Herchmer with a copy of the by-law has not transpired, but it is a good line of defence for the officer to set up, and no doubt he will be successful in establishing it. These petty conflicts bode no good. The Mounted Police are an unpopular force in all well-settled centres. This unpopularity has been greatly increased by the fact that most of the Inspectors are over-bearing and tyrannical. They have abused their powers as Justices of the Peace, and the government should at once divest them of this authority at least, or prevent them from exercising it in well-settled centres of population. They are judge, jury, and executioner, and I do not hesitate to say that if some reform be not made in this respect soon there will be riot and bloodshed. People in the North-West, Canadians especially, have an aversion to martial law. This aversion is intensified from the circumstance that many of the officers are corrupt and over-bearing. The Mounted Police have frequently been overawed at Edmonton. Should there be no change in their attitude towards the people of Calgary, an open riot in which the police will be worsted is inevitable.

N.-W.

HERE AND THERE.

It appears that the want of firmness which permitted the Niagara Railway Bill to pass the Ontario House is likely to have the effect of indefinitely postponing any improvement of the Canadian Falls. The gentlemen who were prepared to form a company for the construction of a park are not disposed to purchase from a political clique a privilege which ought not to have been used as a party reward, but which any patriotic Government would unhesitatingly have leased by preference for improvement purposes. The result is the more humiliating that the New York Legislature, in passing their Niagara Falls Bill, were actuated by so different a motive, and the contrast between the control of the American and Canadian shores of Niagara will more than ever be in favour of "the other side."

THERE is no accounting for taste. Two prominent dailies speak of a pamphlet now in the Montreal French press, and in which Mr. Mowat and his colleagues are attacked in the choicest vernacular of the *sans culotte*, as "brilliant." Most decent people would call this literary ferocity nasty.

THE moderation of the Toronto *World* in its discussion of the Sunday newspaper question—irritated as it has been by illiberal persecution—is in creditable contrast with the language of some gentlemen who make much louder pretences to "brotherly love," and whose vocation is to preach even though they may not practise that *summum bonum*: "Do unto others."

THE Chess Editor calls attention to the fact that both prizes in the "Week Tourney" go away from Toronto—a result, though not flattering to players of the Royal Game in the Queen City, is at any rate creditable to the impartiality of the judges. The first prize goes to C. Planck, attorney, Vauxhall, London, England, and the second to E. S. Greenshields, merchant, of Montreal.

THERE were thirty failures in Canada reported to *Bradstreet's* during the past week, against twenty-one in the preceding week, and twenty-one, twenty-five and sixteen in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882 respectively. In the United States 167 failures were reported during the week as compared with 198 in the preceding week, and with 151, 132 and 96 respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About eighty-four per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

WE wonder if there is any truth in the rumour which is floating about London clubs that a large sum of money was sent from St. Petersburg to London with a view to what book-makers would term "nobbling" a portion of the London press. It is said the amount has been spent, whether successfully or not is an open question, and that the distributors have, like Oliver Twist, asked for more. Well, if this be true it will not avail the recipients much. The last paper which was known to be subsidized was the *Morning Chronicle*—not to be confounded with the present *Daily Chronicle*, but that on which Charles Dickens won his journalistic spurs as a gallery man. It was believed to be in the pay of the late Emperor of the French, and so the circulation declined until, as the Americans say, "it whittled into the thin end of nothing."

To speak of one having died but yesterday who had entered the Royal Navy but two years after the death of George Washington, one year after Marengo and Hohenlinden, and in the same year that Abercrombie fell at Alexandria, seems indeed to go far back. Yet Sir George Rose Sartorius, who was born in 1790, entered the Navy as a volunteer in 1801, was midshipman of the *Tonnant* at Trafalgar, was present when Napoleon Bonaparte surrendered himself to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*, and was selected to carry home the despatches telling of the event. Each one of these to have seen and survived would have made any one a man of mark, and such indeed was the gallant old salt who weighed anchor so lately on the shores of the Solent.

THE author of "The Lights o' London" and "The Bitter Cry of Out-cast London" is known to his many friends as a remarkably mild-demeanoured man, but when roused is apt to show his belief in the *fortiter in re*. The following cutting is from his facile pen, and if not couched in the polished language he usually adopts, it at least possesses the merit of being intelligible: "It is the height of stupidity to rail against those who want

a stop put to Russian aggression and call them bloodthirsty. No one wants to see brave men slaughtered and blood and treasure poured out to settle a dispute. But there comes a time when it is criminal to slink out of a row, and go up a back court and pray. The chances of peace are really strengthened by England's warlike attitude. We are not going to war with a light heart, but we can go with a brave one. The bulk of the bloodshed in the Soudan is due to the too openly-expressed views of the peace-at-any-price party. We don't want a repetition of the Egyptian muddle, and consequent wholesale butchery in Afghanistan. And so let us stand shoulder to shoulder and shout for war till we are black in the face."

A WRITER in the Philadelphia *Progress* says:—"The Chinese Union will, I trust, have the effect of awakening the people to a sense of the injustice done the Chinese race in this country. It is a cheering sign that such an association is organized, and that such distinguished gentlemen are brave enough to connect themselves with it. And it requires almost as much courage to speak a word in behalf of John Chinaman as it did in ante-bellum days to denounce black slavery as a crime. Hitherto everything has been done to put this race in the worst light before the American people, and its numerous commendable characteristics have been kept out of sight or flatly denied. If the theories upon which rest the foundation of our Republic are correct the Chinaman has as much right here as any other foreigner, and we are meanly false to our loudly proclaimed principles when we deny that right. The Act of Congress which shuts our ports in his face is so grossly inconsistent with republican ideas that it should be repealed."—Hear, hear.

ONE more illusion gone—the illusion in this instance being of the harmlessness of poor pussy. Now, cat concertos are "nocturnes" only too well known to dwellers in the "rus in urbe," the depredations of the lodging-house cat at the seaside are notorious, but puss, whether Thomas or Tabitha, has always been regarded as a perfect Job in sweetness of temper. But if a story reported be true, Grimalkin will be looked on rather as "a fearsome wild fowl" than a domestic blessing. A Mr. Ashton, who lives in London, hearing a noise in the back passage, went out and saw his black tom cat in close confab with two friends. He read the riot act, but in place of dispersing they "went for" him, biting and scratching on hands, arms, legs, and neck; the more he tried to beat them off, the more they stuck the faster. At last he bolted into the street, leaving the enemy in possession of the field, and, meeting with two constables, was taken by them to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road. The police then went to the house, only to find that Mr. Ashton's mother had been so severely attacked as to need her removal to the hospital. The constables returned to serve a notice of ejection with their truncheons; the cats, however, had evidently been studying Mr. Henry George, and resisted *vi et armis*, or rather with claws and teeth, one dashing at the face of one of the officers, but fortunately lighting on his helmet. The particulars of the combat are not given; the latest despatch, however, from the front says that the truncheons did such execution that the ringleader—the gentleman in black—and one of his friends were killed, but that the third with much skill effected his retreat. The neighbours generally may expect to have a lively time of it. As the French puzzle pictures say, it will be "*Cherchez le chat*."

WHAT is butter? Well, sometimes lard, sometimes "bosh," *alias* oleo-margarine, but no one ever dreamt it was petroleum, in other words, vaseline. Well, live and learn. Our American friends make very excellent champagne which never saw Ay, Verzenay, Bouzy, Epernay, or Rheims, but which owes its parentage to the oil wells of Petroleum, Penn. It now seems that the pastry cooks of Paris use vaseline in their cakes in lieu of butter, as it does not turn rancid. M. Riche has presented a report to the Council of Hygiene of the Department of the Seine, saying that "for alimentary purposes it was injurious to health." We should rather think it was. The advance of chemical knowledge amongst traders can hardly be regarded as an unmixed blessing.

HORSERADISH has generally been considered an indispensable addition to the "roast beef of old England." It seems, however, that it only agrees with beeves that have already become beef. Some heifers, six in number, have been poisoned at Denton, near Canterbury, by eating horseradish which was incautiously thrown into the cattle-yard. These heifers might well have said as their last speech and dying confession, "We should have died hereafter," and have left the horseradish as a post-mortem garnish rather than a pre-mortual banquet.

It has been generally thought that artificial teeth are comparatively modern inventions. But, according to *Cosmos*, there are now in the museum at Corneto, on the Italian coast, two specimens of artificial teeth found in Etruscan tombs, and believed to date back to the fourth or fifth centuries before our era. The skeletons of two young girls were discovered, in one of which two incisor teeth were fixed to their next-door neighbours by gold rings. In the other only the gold rings remained, the teeth attached having dropped out. The artificial teeth were only in part artificial, having been formed by cutting down the teeth of large animals. It is easy to see that dentists, professional or amateur, must have been an early necessity of the human race. Toothache must have discovered itself at an early period, and the very simple device of getting rid of a bad tenant by a process of summary ejection must have been nearly coeval with it. But the idea of installing a less refractory successor in its place must have taken some time to elaborate. Probably the practice of cremating the dead among the early civilized races has had something to do with delaying the discovery of the evidence which proves its early existence.

THE DEAD ARAB.

HERE with his matted hair
Deep in the sand,
Cut down and fallen where
No man could stand.
Lifeless the warrior lies
Facing his native skies.

At morn he longed to meet
The alien foe ;
Now, vengeance incomplete,
He lies so low.
Faint, too, yon sullen fire
Tells where the tribes retire.

In his barbarian home
Far from these sands,
Uncared his flocks shall roam
Deserted lands.
Uncut his corn may rot,
Their Master heeds it not.

War is a tyrant bold
Killing his slaves,
Victims with wrongs untold
Crowd in his graves.
Endless his reign—but yet,
To war an end is set.

NATHANAEAL NIX.

AMOR IN EXCELSIS.

HAD I a heart more like thine own,
As warm, and kind, and free,
As firm and fond, thou should'st have known
That heart but beat for thee !

But since so pure and fair thou art,
Thou never can'st be mine ;
I would not have thee take a heart
So all unlike from thine !

Thy perfect heart my heart shall teach
To love thee best of all ;
Dear, from thy heaven I cannot reach,
I would not have thee fall !

And what though fate the gift denies
Thy heart would not refuse ?
Not his the praise who wins the prize,
But his who dies to lose !

PAKENHAM BEATTY.

A ROGUE'S MEMOIRS.

WE have here the two classes of memoir-writers—those who manage to make themselves felt, and those who do not. Of the latter a very little is a great deal too much—of the former we can never have enough. What a liar was Benvenuto Cellini? who can believe a word he says? To hang a dog on his oath would be judicial murder. Yet when we lay down his *Memoirs*, and let our thoughts travel back to those far-off days he tells us of, there we see him standing in bold relief against the black sky of the past, the very man he was. Not more surely did he, with that rare skill of his, stamp the image of Clement VII. on the papal currency than he did the impress of his own singular personality upon every word he spoke and every sentence he wrote.

We ought of course to hate him, but do we? A murderer he has written himself down. A liar he stands self-convicted of being. Were anyone in the nether world bold enough to call him thief, it may be doubted whether Rhadamanthus would award him the damages for which we may be certain he would loudly clamour. Why do we not hate him? Listen to him:—

“Upon my uttering these words, there was a general outcry, the noble-men affirming that I promised too much. But one of them, who was a great philosopher, said in my favour, ‘From the admirable symmetry of shape and happy physiognomy of this young man, I venture to engage that he will perform all he promises, and more.’ The Pope replied, ‘I am of the same opinion’; then calling Trajano, his gentleman of the bedchamber, he ordered him to fetch me five hundred ducats.”

And so it always ended; suspicions aroused most reasonably, allayed most unreasonably, and then—ducats. He deserved hanging, but he died in his bed. He wrote his own memoirs after a fashion that ought to have brought posthumous justice upon him, and made them a literary gibbet on which he should swing, a creaking horror, for all time: but nothing of the sort has happened. The rascal is so symmetrical, and his physiognomy, as it gleams upon us through the centuries, so happy that we cannot withhold our ducats, though we may accompany the gift with a shower of abuse.

You open his book—a Pharisee of the Pharisees. Lying indeed. Why, you hate prevarication. As for murder, your friends know you too well to mention the subject in your hearing, except in immediate connection with capital punishment. You are, of course, willing to make some allow-

ance for Cellini's time and place—the first half of the sixteenth century and Italy. “Yes,” you remark, “Cellini shall have strict justice at my hands.” So you say, as you settle yourself in your chair and begin to read. We seem to hear the rascal laughing in his grave. His spirit breathes upon you from his book—peeps at you roguishly as you turn the pages. His atmosphere surrounds you; you smile when you ought to frown, chuckle when you should groan, and—O, final triumph—laugh aloud when, if you had a rag of principle left, you would fling the book into the fire. Your poor moral sense turns away with a sigh, and patiently awaits the conclusion of the second volume.

How cautiously does he begin, how gently does he win your ear by his seductive piety. I quote from Mr. Roscoe's translation:—

“It is a duty incumbent on upright and credible men of all ranks, who have performed anything noble or praiseworthy, to record in their writings the events of their lives; yet they should not commence this honourable task before they have passed their fortieth year. Such, at least, is my opinion now that I have completed my fifty-eighth year, and am settled in Florence, where, considering the numerous ills that constantly attend human life, I perceive that I have never before been so free from vexations and calamities, or possessed of so great a share of content and health as at this period. Looking back on some delightful and happy events of my life, and on many misfortunes so truly overwhelming that the appalling retrospect makes me wonder how I have resolved to publish an account of my life; and . . .

I must, in commencing my narrative, satisfy the public on some few points to which its curiosity is usually directed; the first of which is to ascertain whether a man is descended from a virtuous and ancient family. . . . I shall therefore now proceed to inform the reader how it pleased God that I should come into the world.”

So you read on page 1: what you read on page 191 is this:—

“Just after sunset, about eight o'clock, as this musqueteer stood at his door with his sword in his hand, when he had done supper, I with great address came close up to him with a long dagger, and gave him a violent back-handed stroke, which I aimed at his neck. He instantly turned round, and the blow, falling directly on his left shoulder, broke the whole bone of it; upon which he dropped his sword, quite overcome by the pain, and took to his heels. I pursued, and in four steps came up with him, when, raising the dagger over his head, which he lowered down, I hit him exactly on the nape of the neck. The weapon penetrated so deep, that though I made a great effort to recover it again, I found it impossible.”

So much for murder. Now for manslaughter, or rather Cellini's notion of manslaughter:—

“Pompeo entered an apothecary's shop at the corner of the Chiaivica, about some business, and stayed there for some time. I was told he had boasted of having bullied me, but it turned out a fatal adventure to him. Just as I arrived at that quarter he was coming out of the shop, and his bravo, having made an opening, formed a circle round him. I therefore clapped my hand to a sharp dagger, and, having forced my way through the pile of ruffians, laid hold of him by the throat so quickly and with such presence of mind that there was not one of his friends could defend him. I pulled him towards me to give him a blow in front, but he turned his face about through excess of terror, so that I wounded him exactly under the ear and, upon repeating my blow, he fell down dead. It had never been my intention to kill him, but blows are not always under command.”

We must all feel that it would never have done to have begun with these passages, but long before the 191st page has been reached Cellini has retreated into his own atmosphere, and the scales of justice have been hopelessly tampered with.

That such a man as this encountered suffering in the course of his life should be matter for satisfaction to every well-regulated mind, but somehow or another you find yourself pitying the fellow as he narrates the hardships he endured in the castle of St. Angelo. He is so symmetrical a rascal. Just hear him. Listen to what he says well on in the second volume, after the little incidents already quoted:—

“Having at length recovered my strength and vigour, after I had composed myself and resumed my cheerfulness of mind, and continued to read my Bible, and so accustomed my eyes to that darkness that, though I was at first able to read only an hour and a-half, I could at length read three hours. I then reflected on the wonderful power of the Almighty upon the hearts of simple men, who carried their enthusiasm so far as to believe firmly that God would indulge them in all they wished for; and I promised myself the assistance of the Most High, as much through His mercy as on account of my innocence. Thus turning constantly to the Supreme Being, sometimes in prayer, sometimes in silent meditation on the divine goodness, I was totally engrossed by these heavenly reflections, and came to take such delight in pious meditations that I no longer thought of past misfortunes. On the contrary, I was all day long singing psalms and many other compositions of mine, in which I celebrated and praised the Deity.”

Thus torn from their context these passages may seem to supply the best possible falsification of the previous statement that Cellini told the truth about himself. Judged by these passages alone, he may appear a hypocrite of an unusually odious description. But it is only necessary to read his book to dispel that notion. He tells lies about other people; he repeats long conversations, sounding his own praises, during which, as his own narrative has shown, he was not present; he exaggerates his own exploits, his sufferings—even, it may be, his crimes: but when we lay down his book, we feel we are saying good-bye to a man whom we know. He has introduced himself to us, and, though doubtless we prefer saints to sinners, we may be forgiven for liking the company of a live rogue better than that of the lay-figures and empty clock-cases labelled with distinguished names which are to be found doing duty for men in the works of our standard

historians. What would we not give to know Julius Caesar one-half as well as we know this outrageous rascal? The saints of the earth, too, how shadowy they are. Which of them do we really know. Excepting one or two ancient and modern Quietists, there is hardly one amongst the whole number who, being dead, yet speaketh. Their memoirs far too often only reveal to us a hazy something, certainly not recognizable as a man. This is generally the fault of their editors who, though men themselves, confine their editorial duties to going up and down the diaries and papers of the departed saint, and obliterating all human touches. This they do for the better prevention of scandals; and one cannot deny that they attain their end, though they pay dearly for it.

I shall never forget the start I gave when, on reading some old books about India, I came across an after-dinner jest of Henry Martyn. The thought of Henry Martyn laughing over the walnuts and the wine was almost, as Robert Browning's unknown painter says, "too wildly dear," and to this day I cannot help thinking that there must be a mistake somewhere.

To return to Cellini, and to conclude. On lying down his "Memoirs," let us be careful to recall our banished moral sense, and make peace with her by passing a final judgment on this desperate sinner which, perhaps, after all, we cannot do better than by employing language of his own concerning a monk, a fellow-prisoner of his, who never, so far as appears, murdered anybody, but of whom Cellini, none the less, felt himself entitled to say:—

"I admired his shining qualities, but his odious vices I freely censured and held in abhorrence."—*From "Obiter Dicta."*

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES IN IRELAND.

THE visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland has already produced some anecdotes worth noting, though perhaps none so funny as that of the young lady who apologized, after the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to Galway, for her not having answered a letter by the plea that she had been "so knocked about by the royalties, she really did not know where she was." The old woman who exclaimed, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the "liberties" of Dublin, "Glory be to God, he's been in Elbow Lane!" (the name is felicitously suggestive of the locality) is worthy of being chronicled; so, we think, is the following incident, which we give in the words of a correspondent: "The Prince and Princess were nearly due, and the streets were packed with people. I took my stand in College Green, holding on tight by a lamp-post. Close beside me, at the edge of the kerbstone, stood a woman bent with age, miserably clad, with snow-white hair. She held a meagre paper of pins and a few bootlaces in her wasted hands. She was the barest figment of the hawker-beggar, whose existence is a constant struggle or compromise with the police. The crowd thrilled with expectation, the royal *cortège* came up, without the distracting rapidity that is the London pace for Princes, and as the carriage for which we were all looking passed my lamp-post, the eyes of the Princess of Wales fell upon the figure of the old woman beside it. A quick look of compassion—the pity that has no disdain in it—passed over the Princess's face, and then a swift, bright smile. The next instant she was gone, and the old woman, down whose wrinkled cheeks tears were stealing, stretched out her hands (with the pins and the bootlaces in them) in the attitude of fervent prayer, and said, with passionate earnestness, 'May the Lord lay (leave) the crown on your beautiful head until it's as white as mine, and only take it off to put one of His own in the place iv it!'"—*Spectator.*

FRENCHMEN AND ENGLISHMEN AS COLONIZERS.

AMONG the many reflections which the Royal visit to Ireland has provoked abroad the comments of the *Liberté* are not the least interesting. Our contemporary thinks that the history of Ireland is a standing proof of the oft-repeated fallacy that "the English are superior colonizers to the French." France has shown in Alsace, Brittany, Canada, and even in India, that she was formerly as much of a colonizing power as England. It is only since the unfortunate '89 that she has changed her character, and left behind her the charm, the graceful attractiveness, which enabled her to convert the most obstinate enemies into devoted subjects. It is true that in Algeria she has her Ireland, but bureaucracy and militarism, almost unknown under the old *régime*, are, in its opinion, the sole obstacles which have indefinitely retarded the assimilation of Algiers to the Mother Country. As for England, her manner of annexation is somewhat different from that of France. "The English are a conquering nation in the brutal and violent sense of the word; France formerly made her conquests in a graceful and gallant acceptance of the term; she seduced hearts, conquered minds, and disarmed opposition. As soon as neighbouring nations came into contact with her, they were step by step subdued by her amiable influence." What a pity it is that France was never able to try her hand on the Irish!—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MISS FORTESCUE INTERVIEWED.

MISS FORTESCUE has reached a dizzy height in her professional flight. She has been interviewed. The lucky interviewer was a Scotchman, who is probably thriftier of his bawbees than his adjectives. Miss Fortescue, he says, is "one of the most charming women I have ever met. She talks delightfully—affably, brightly, always intelligently, and without the least

reserve. She is a thorough lady in everything she says and does. She had not an ill word to say of anybody. Miss Fortescue must not think me impertinent when I say she is very beautiful." One would almost think that this canny gentleman had his eye on the Garmoyle dollars. "How do you like my dress to-night?" asked the actress. "I think it is sitting very nicely. Do you know, women's clothes are like women themselves. They have their good nights and their bad nights. Sometimes they are bothersome and get awry, and a pin goes a-missing here and another there, until they are just like—like some cross-grained old people." The conversation then turned to Galatea's character, glancing off to "Shakspearian drama": "No," said Miss Fortescue, with an emphatic shake of the head, "I shall never play Juliet as long as Miss Terry is alive. I am quite decided upon that. Of course you've seen Miss Terry play? Isn't she exquisite—so soft, so tender, and so graceful. I think her Ophelia quite perfect, and as fine a performance as even Shakspeare could have wished to see. I hope Miss Terry won't think me impertinent for saying so, but, believe me, I would willingly walk ten miles with the legitimate unboiled peas in my boots for the sake of seeing her Ophelia. You ask me if I do not think of appearing in Shakspearian drama? Yes, I should like to play Romeo, and if I ever return to Glasgow I shall come to play Romeo." Miss Fortescue as Romeo would draw large houses.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MONOTYPE PRINTING.

AN ingenious and rapid system of correctly producing printed matter without the aid of movable types is now being introduced into this country from America by the Monotype Printing Company, of 9 Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn. Invented by Mr. M. H. Dement, the head of an American firm of shorthand writers, the primary object of the process is the rapid and correct reproduction of shorthand writers' notes of evidence in connection with legal proceedings, etc., although it is applicable under any other circumstances, particularly where time is an object. Two machines are employed, one being termed the printer and the other the pager, each of which can be worked by a young lady. The printing apparatus, which is driven by a small gas engine, consists of a wheel holding in its outer edge steel dies of all the letters in the alphabet, with capitals, figures, and punctuation marks. This wheel or cylinder is made to revolve at a speed of about 200 revolutions per minute. The printing is effected on a continuous strip of prepared lithographic paper or ribbon, much in the same way as in electric telegraphy. Lithographic transfer ink is fed to the types, which are actuated individually from a key-board somewhat after the manner of type-writing machines. By pressing a corresponding key on the key-board the operator causes the inked type of the letter pressed to touch the strip of paper passing underneath it, the impression of the type being left on the prepared surface of the paper. The paging machine is placed a short distance from the printing machine, a small table separating them. At this table the shorthand writer sits and verbally translates his notes to the operator at the printing machine, by whom the matter is printed off on the paper strip which passes in front of the dictator. This strip is proof-read and corrected in the intervals of dictation, the corrections being printed off to dictation on the same or another machine. When corrected the strip is passed to the operator at the paging machine, and by a very simple arrangement it is cut up into given lengths, the corrections are inserted, and the whole is properly justified and made up into the required pages in even less time than is occupied in printing it on the strip. Each page, as it is to be made up, is removed and transferred to a lithographic stone, and any number of copies are worked off as required. We recently inspected the satisfactory working of this apparatus, which is already doing good service in the United States in rapidly reproducing legal evidence and other similar matter.—*Times.*

SLEDGEHAMMER CRITICISM.

As a specimen of the style of "A Perilous Secret," let us quote the conclusion of the chapter entitled "The Secret Exploded":—

"Bartley was down on Mary in a moment, and literally yelled at her in his fury, 'Go to your paramour, girl; go where you will. You never enter my door again.' And he turned his back furiously upon her.

"This terrible denunciation overpowered poor Mary's resolution; she clung to him in terror. 'Oh, mercy, mercy, papa! I'll explain to you; have pity on your child!'

"Bartley flung her so roughly from him that she nearly fell. 'You are my child no more.'

"But at that moment in strode William Hope, looking seven feet high, and his eyes blazing. 'Liar and hypocrite,' he roared, '*she never was your child!*' Then changing to a tone of exquisite love, and stretching out both his hand to Mary, '*SHE IS MINE!*'

"Mary, being now between the two men, turned swiftly first to one, then to the other, and with woman's infallible eye knew her own flesh and blood in that half-moment. She uttered a cry of love and rapture that went through every heart that heard it; and she flung herself in a moment upon her father's bosom.

"He whirled her round like a feather on to his right arm, then faced both her enemies, Clifford and Bartley, with haughty defiance, head thrown back, and eyes that flashed black lightning in defence of his child."

When a gentleman strides upon the scene looking seven feet high, roars in italics and small capitals, claims an injured damsel as his child, and strikes an attitude while his eyes flash black lightning, the reader is inclined to ejaculate "Bravo, Hicks!" and to wonder what melodrama has been laid under contribution for this thrilling tableau. In the present instance

we can answer the question. Though no hint is given of the fact, "A Perilous Secret" is a narrative version of a terribly transpontine drama by Messrs. Charles Reade and Henry Pettitt, produced about three years ago at the Adelphi Theatre. Its chief sensation is a colliery accident, but it abounds in other startling events, conceived for stage effect, and strangely confused and incredible when removed from the pasteboard setting which prepares us for unreality. The odour of the footlights clings to every character, incident and line of the dialogue; and a work which added little to Mr. Reade's reputation as a dramatist will certainly add less to his fame as a novelist.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

COOKING IN CAMP.

OF course we fell upon the tempting venison. Savoury as those admirable cutlets appeared, they failed to sustain the crucial test. We found them scorched, but not cooked; tough, but tasteless. Before we had even exchanged glances, that clever Frenchwoman had quietly slipped off a few slices and a rasher or two of bacon. At last there was some open chaffing, and Cobus got as red as a turkey-cock. Then somebody perceived that a sauce-pan was bubbling at one side of the fire.

"Ah! it is mine!" cried Madame, with deprecating smiles and gestures directed at Cobus. "But not yet; you must wait!"

And wait we did. The trout was finished, the bacon was not despised, bread and butter disappeared rapidly, and Jack had poured out his coffee, when a nod to La Petite and, presto! a dainty dish of venison, over which Madame gave a squeeze of the lemon which she brought up from the depths of her pocket. By the way, in every emergency this wonderful woman produced from some hidden portion of her attire whatever was required. But that venison! How tender! How savoury!

"Does curry-powder grow in these woods?"

"Doubtless," cries Madame, laughing.

Yes; surely my palate could not deceive me. How luxurious we were! We ate till we could eat no more. Sweet wafers came out from some recess, and a cannon-ball of a cheese, which had to be sawn asunder with extreme discretion that its natural cover might be proof against small marauders. And then—and then—was there not still good tobacco galore? And through the smoke shone Alia's eyes.—*Dan O'Hara in Outing*.

THE public should pronounce in no doubtful manner upon the Premier's proposal to enfranchise the rebellious Indians of the territories who are shooting down our volunteers, burning the settler's homes, and murdering men, women and children.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

THE editors of dailies are often jealous of weeklies which aim at attaining higher standards and assume the attitude of censors. The enterprising dailies of Toronto were disposed to leave THE WEEK severely alone until its cleverness forced them to notice it. Now its independence serves to advertise it, as organs of both parties clip its sometimes smart strictures on their adversaries.—*Halifax Critic*.

THE effect of the unfortunate rising in the North-West has already been felt by the capitalists of Great Britain and intending farmer settlers. In response to a paper issued from this office addressed to "The Farmers and Land Buyers of Great Britain," containing a list of safe banks in which they could deposit their money with safety, over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were sent out from Great Britain, and recently withdrawn, in consequence of the troubles in the West.—*Shareholder*.

ONE point in our de facto license law is at present in a peculiar position. The Supreme Court of Canada has decided that the Provincial Legislature has no authority over the wholesale liquor trade or over sales on vessels. Consequently the provincial authority cannot license wholesale dealers or vessels to sell liquor. On the other hand, the Dominion Act is to be suspended, and it appears as if the wholesale trade and vessel owners were to be left absolutely free to sell as they please.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

WORK is now going on apace in preparation for the opening of the Antwerp Exhibition on the 2nd inst. In the Canadian section considerable activity is being shown, and we hear that the whole of the exhibit as well as the Canadian Pacific Railway's exhibit, has been shipped. An excellent site has been awarded to the Company's "Manitoba Farm," which the Council of the Exhibition fully recognize will be one of the great attractions of the exposition. The farm will be double the size of that exhibited at Edinburgh, and will contain a great many additional features of importance. The ground has already been laid out, and Mr. Alexander Begg (under whose direction the work is carried on) is certain to have everything in readiness for the opening day. The Railway Company also have a stall in a prominent position in the Canadian court.—*Canadian Gazette (Eng.)*.

SCHOLARS and scientific men generally become silent or restless as age creeps on. It is generally poets and orators who lag superfluous on the stage, and let the world into the solemn secret of their infirmity. There is no sadder spectacle, and the old man who has no trusted friend or relative to tell him that he has reached "the wayside inn," or who is too headstrong to mind what he says, is indeed unfortunate. There is truly nothing which a man who has ever been great should watch against more carefully than letting people see him stripped of the powers which once delighted or fired them. It is undignified almost to the point of indecency. The verses on "The Fleet," from Lord Tennyson's pen, which were published recently, are indeed sad reading, coming from the author of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and the ode on the Duke of Wellington. It would almost seem as if somebody ought to be punished for letting them see the light.—*Nation*.

MUSIC.

TORONTO HARMONY CLUB'S "PATIENCE."

THE performance of "Patience" last week by the Harmony Club at the Grand Opera House was one of the most successful representations of operetta ever given by an amateur company in Toronto. On Friday night the theatre was crowded by one of the most fashionable audiences of the season. The performance was remarkable for the good taste which distinguished the acting, the general excellence of the singing, and the brilliancy of the costumes. The stage management, which was directed by Mrs. C. Morrison, was excellent, and the "business" of the opera was carried out in a manner which would have done credit to a professional opera company. The *caste* was as follows:—*Patience*, Miss Robinson; *Bunthorne*, Mr. H. R. F. Sykes; *Lady Jane*, Miss Marie C. Strong; *Lady Angela*, Miss Walker; *Lady Ella*, Mrs. E. D. Boswell; *Lady Saphir*, Miss Parsons; *Grosvenor*, Captain Geddes; *Colonel Calverly*, Mr. G. S. Michie; *Major Murgatroyd*, Mr. E. C. Rutherford; *Duke of Dunstable*, Mr. A. B. Brodrick. The singing throughout of principals and chorus was remarkable more for delicacy than brilliancy, but the lack of power and the absence of climaxes were skilfully concealed by the subdued manner in which the accompaniments were played by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Schuch, the conductor. Miss Robinson, as *Patience*, was naturally the central figure of the company. She sang very sweetly and with considerable finish of vocalization, while her acting was most pleasing and unaffected. Mr. Sykes had evidently devoted a good deal of care to his portrayal of *Bunthorne*, and displayed an amount of quiet humour in his facial play and dialogue that almost made one lose sight of the amateur. Miss Walker as *Lady Angela* threw much archness and vivacity into her *role*, and with Miss Robinson won the chief honours of the evening. Miss Marie Strong was very effective as *Lady Jane*, and, had it not been for an occasional tendency to false intonation, her effort would have been an unqualified success. Captain Geddes as *Grosvenor* sang in his accustomed pleasing style and made a most favourable impression. The make-up of the dragoon guards was very showy, and their appearance on the stage was the signal for enthusiastic applause from all parts of the House. It will be unnecessary to refer to every detail of the performance, as the whole representation was satisfactory and gave evident pleasure to the audience. The Saturday *matinée* was even a more successful performance than the first, and good houses greeted the performers both on that occasion and on the final portrayal on Saturday night.—*Clef*.

LAST week two events of importance to musical circles occurred in Hamilton, namely: on Tuesday evening a piano recital by Otto Bendix, one of the professors at the New England conservatory of music, Boston; and on Thursday evening a performance of "Elijah" by the Philharmonic Society, under F. H. Torrington. Mr. Aldous, the clever organist of the Central Presbyterian Church, was responsible, in a pecuniary sense, for the appearance here of Mr. Bendix, and lovers of artistic piano-playing are indebted to him for an opportunity to hear a really fine performer. Mr. Bendix placed on his programme as the leading number Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, and in this his characteristics as a pianist were shown. He is above all poetical, and having a good technique according to the German school, he is enabled to exhibit his individuality in his performance, having no consciousness of mechanical difficulties to hamper him. It was this peculiarity which made his playing of a Polish song by Chopin so tender and touching that the audience demanded its repetition. Mr. Bendix was assisted by Miss D'Ervioux, who sang a Barcarolle by Schubert, and "He of all the Best, the Noblest," by Schumann.—The Philharmonic Society closed its season with Thursday's performance of "Elijah." The chorus numbered one hundred and sixty and the orchestra about forty, with the assistance of several players from London, Toronto, and Buffalo. The Concert was given in Wesley Church, a building miserably deficient in the acoustic qualities necessary in order to give the hearers the full benefit of the work done by chorus and orchestra. Notwithstanding this drawback the volume of tone from the chorus was great, while the quality, especially from the sopranos, was very brilliant, and devoid of the thin, penetrating, disagreeable quality too often exhibited in the higher tones. The basses also sang with a solid body of tone, which made the singing quite inspiring. The orchestral work was far above the average heard at oratorio performances. For once the brass wind played with a smooth tone, and made no mistakes as to tune. The Society did better work as to shading and prompt obedience to the conductor in the matter of *tempi* than ever before. The soloists were Mrs. McCulloch, soprano; Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Hamilton, alto; Messrs. W. Mockridge, tenor, and A. E. Stoddard, baritone, of New York. The local singers really sang well, especially the soprano, who was certainly over-weighted by the part, but managed her resources with such skill, and sang so faithfully, that even her friends, who had confidence in her ability, were surprised and, of course, delighted. Mr. Mockridge sang artistically, but did not please the multitude so well as Mr. Stoddard, who sings the part of "Elijah" with a noble voice, and in broad, dramatic style. Nevertheless, he is open to criticism for his treatment of some of the vowels, notably *i*, which he corrupts into *oi*. He has, too, an unpleasant habit of finishing a prolonged forte tone with an explosive sound, as though he were forced by want of breath to end the note. Mr. Stoddard would do well to rid himself of these peculiarities. The Society has not lost money this season.—*C. Major*.

Two steps have recently been taken towards the admission of women by the English universities to musical degrees. One was the bestowal of

the honorary degree of "Mus. Doc." on the Princess of Wales by the Dublin University. On this occasion the hall of the Royal University of Ireland was crowded in every part, and the time during which the audience had to wait was beguiled by a performance on the organ by J. Smith, Mus. Doc. His performance included a Triumphal March composed by him, and dedicated, by permission, to the Princess of Wales. The scene on the occasion is described as being very brilliant, the huge orchestra being filled with Bachelors, Masters and Doctors in their many-coloured hoods. The Princess looked very beautiful in her Doctors' robes—white broché lined and faced with red satin, with hood of the same, and black velvet cap with gold tassel. The Duke of Abercorn, as Chancellor of the University, conferred the degree, and the Prince of Wales, who was at the same time made a Doctor of Laws, made a short speech in acknowledgment of the honour. This novel means of conferring distinction will no doubt do good as showing that the status of a holder of a musical degree is such as to make it quite a worthy compliment to pay to Royalty. The conferring of such a purely complimentary degree can do no harm, but the custom is much to be deprecated of holders of worthless German and American degrees prefixing to their names the title of Mus. Doc., which in their case is not the least guarantee of ability, but rather the reverse. The anomalous power possessed by the Archbishop of Canterbury of creating at his own pleasure a Mus. Doc. is a most flagrant abuse of prerogative, allowing, as it does, a man to assume the title of Doctor who has given no evidence whatever of possessing the necessary qualifications.

Another interesting step towards the giving of degrees to women is the statute recently passed by Convocation relating to the admission of women to the first examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. at Oxford University. The statute runs as follows:—

Whereas it is expedient to provide that the delegates of local examination shall use the first examination for the Degree of Bachelor of Music for the Oxford University Examination for Women, the University enacts as follows:—Delegates shall also make arrangements for using for the purposes of this subsection the first examination for the Degree of Bachelor in Music, and the examiners in music shall carry out such arrangements. No candidate shall be allowed to offer herself for examination under this clause who has not passed some examination which is in the judgment of the delegates equivalent to responsions. The delegates shall from time to time publish a list of such examinations.

HERR RICHTER offers a fine series of programmes at his concerts in St. James's Hall, London. The following works will be included: Beethoven, Overtures, Op. 115 and "King Stephen"; Symphonies Nos. 2, 4, 5, 7 and 9, and the "Meerestille." Berlioz, Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini"; Symphony, "Funèbre et Triomphale." Brahms' "Academic Overture" and "Rhapsodie." Dvorak Overture, "Meinheim." Schumann Overture, "Manfred." Mendelssohn Overture, "Hebrides." Overtures and selections from "The Flying Dutchman," "The Meistersinger," "Walküre" and "Nibelungen Ring," together with a large number of other standard compositions. The orchestra will number 100, and the Richter chorus will assist.

THE Mendelssohn Choir of Montreal gave a very successful concert last week, the programme of which was even more than usually interesting. It comprised Mendelssohn's "Farewell to the Forest"; Rossini's "Quando Corpus"; quartette from "Stabat Mater," arranged for chorus; Schubert's part song, "Laughing and Crying"; "Now is the Month of Maying," by Thomas Morley; a part song, "The Fairest Time," by Robert Franz; "Ave Verum," by Perceval; part song, by Rheinberger, "The Lovers"; chorus, by Gade, "Sunset," and Raff's "Morning Song." The last three numbers are descriptive pieces of much difficulty, and showed the peculiar powers of the chorus to great advantage. The choir makes a specialty of perfect singing, the various *nuances* being given in an almost faultless manner. In music requiring great breadth or dramatic effect it is not so happy, but in its own domain it is probably not excelled on this continent. Mr. J. Gould, the talented conductor, is to be congratulated on the result of his many years of disinterested labour in the cause of music.

THE PERIODICALS.

For special reasons, in the May *Century*, more space than usual is devoted to the War Series, and sixteen pages are added to the regular number in order that other subjects of public importance should not be slighted. Of superior interest is General Adam Badeau's anecdotal paper on "General Grant" as a soldier. The article covers the whole period of General Grant's military experience, concluding with an interesting analysis of General Grant's soldierly characteristics. The frontispiece of the number is a striking portrait of General McClellan, who contributes a graphic account of "The Peninsular Campaign," and makes special reference to his official and personal relations with Secretary Stanton and President Lincoln. Of peculiar interest is General Joseph E. Johnston's "Manassas to Seven Pines," which is a reply to Jefferson Davis's criticisms on his military operations in Virginia. General Johnston describes in detail the battles of Bull Run and the first day at Seven Pines; and his recollections are supplemented, as it were, by General John D. Imboden's entertaining description of "Incidents of the Battle of Manassas," and General Gustavus W. Smith's account of "The Second Day at Seven Pines." General Imboden relates fresh anecdotes of General Stonewall Jackson and other prominent actors in the battle; and, in conclusion, he throws new light on the Confederate failure to pursue the Federal army to Washington. The fourth chapter of "Recollections of a Private" describes the forced march of Sumner's corps to the aid of the outnumbered Federal troops at Fair Oaks Station. In "Open Letters" an account is given, by John Leyburn, of "An Interview with General Robert E. Lee." Lieutenant-Commander C. F. Goderich discusses the question of "Our National Defences." The rescue of "Greely at Cape Sabine" is the subject of a noteworthy paper by Ensign Charles H. Harlow, of the rescue-ship *Thetis*. A plan of Camp Sabine, a fac-simile of one page of "The Arctic Moon," the newspaper printed for amusement at Fort Conger, and maps, accompany the article. Other illustrated features of the May number are the first of a series of two humorously illustrated papers on "The New Orleans Exposition," by Eugene

V. Smalley; the first of a series of papers on "Typical Dogs," by writers having special knowledge, the article in the May number including short accounts of the Mastiff, the St. Bernard, the Bull-Dog, the Bull-Terrier, the Greyhound, and the Chesapeake Duck-Dog, together with engravings of a fine animal of each kind. George de Forest Brush's account of "An Artist among the Indians" is beautifully illustrated with full-page engravings of two notable paintings by the author. Edmund Clarence Stedman's paper on the poet "Whittier" is the important literary feature of the number; and the Rev. T. T. Munger, in a careful essay, discusses the relations of science and faith in a paper entitled "Immortality and Modern Thought." Of fiction the number contains a brief story by Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), entitled "The Prince's Little Sweetheart"; the seventh part of Mr. Howell's novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and the fourth part of Henry James's serial, "The Bostonians." The poems of the number are by Edmund Gosse, C. P. Cranch, Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates, John Vance Cheney; and, in "Bric-à-Brac," by J. A. Macon, Mrs. Alice W. Rollins, Stanley Wood, and others.

ALL the cold water which has been thrown upon Imperial Federation in this country has not prevented that chimerical idea from being repeatedly discussed by the English press. In the April *Nineteenth Century* (Messrs. Leonard Scott's reprint) is a "Scheme for Imperial Federation" by Sir Samuel Wilson, who seems to suppose that the colonies as such will be much better customers for English goods than they would if independent. This writer does not know Canada or Canadians. He writes in a visionary and impractical manner about an opportunity which he thinks now presents itself "to lay wide and deep the foundation of the extended Empire of the future." His "scheme" is too elaborate to be reproduced here, but it is founded upon the supposition that old countrymen and their colonial brethren are prepared to merge their interests—"the rights and privileges and responsibilities for common objects"—all to bear fair proportion of Imperial burdens. Opportune articles appear upon "The Russian Advance in Central Asia," by Sir Henry Rawlinson; "An Anglo-Turkish Alliance," by Hobart Pasha and Colonel Picton Warlow; and "The Proper Sympathy between France and England," by M. Remach. There are also: "The Comparative Study of Ghost Stories"; "In Case of Invasion" (on the English Volunteer system, by Archibald Forbes), "The Eastern Pediment of the Parthenon," "The Sun's Corona," "A Short Tract upon Oaths," "Marivaux," "Gordon at Gravesend," and a "Review of Imperial Parliamentary Work since 1880" (by Mr. Goschen).

THE veteran war correspondent, Archibald Forbes, contributes the *piece de resistance* to Messrs. Macmillan's *English Illustrated* for May—"Wolseley: a Character Sketch." Mr. Forbes, after indulging in a preliminary chuckle at the change which has taken place in Sir Garnet's opinions since, in the "Soldier's Pocket Book," he dubbed newspaper correspondents "drones" and "a curse," proceeds to explain that his present purpose is not to give a biographical sketch but a short outline of the popular general's early career. A more splendid testimony, by a thoroughly capable judge, to the great abilities of a much-maligned man it would not be easy to conceive. The veteran in service, though comparatively young in years, is contrasted with his critics—men who, grown grey in home service, presume to call Lord Wolseley, who has been shot and pounded in all manners, a "duffer." Needless to say, the comparison is to the infinite disadvantage of the smoke-room fulminators. A restful change from everlasting war topics is to be found in the perusal of an article "About the Market Gardens" of England—spots which are at their loveliest at this fresh time of the year. The number also contains: "Legends of Toledo," the concluding chapters of "A Ship of '49," instalments of "A Family Affair" and "The Sirens Three," poetry, etc.

IN the May number of the *Andover*, Professor E. V. Gerhart continues his able, accurate and thoughtful discussion of "Reformation Theology"; Dr. Newman Smyth, descending on Social Problems in the Pulpit, takes up the "Use and Abuse of Capital"; F. H. Johnson discourses on "Co-operative Creation," and S. T. Dutton writes clearly and crisply on "What may justly be Demanded of the Public Schools?" The editorial contributions indicate that the aims of the *Andover* are progressive but not revolutionary. Two articles afford good evidence of the position it seeks to occupy: one briefly discusses Progressive Orthodoxy and gives several criteria by which its value may be tested; the other discusses the attitude of the religious public towards the Revised Old Testament, to be issued during the present month. The anxiety with which the New Testament revision was received has entirely subsided, since the changes do not materially affect the text of the New Testament or the cardinal doctrines based on its teaching. Curiosity centres on the literary qualities of the new version of the Old Testament. Should it satisfy reasonable expectation in this respect, it will likely be conducive to a clearer understanding of the Old Testament. The *Andover* gives excellent and concise critical notices of most noteworthy books appearing in the theological domain.

TRAVEL occupies a prominent place in the current *Overland Monthly*. Mr. Edwards Roberts describes some "Travels in the Rockies," Dagmar Mariager writes of "A Ramble in the Foot Hills," Samuel J. Rea has some notes entitled "Riverside London," and a poetical *pourtraiture* of "Bergamo" is signed W. Winthrop. A practical paper on "Deaf Mutes and their Education" is contributed by Douglas Tilden; and other articles are "The Essential Principle of Poetic Art," "Pre-historic America," "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy," and "Bassuet's Theory of the Sun." The editorial departments include biographical notices, book reviews and topical comments; and of fiction we have "Mrs. Jones and her Old Man," "The Priests's Tale," "Little Jethro," "Barbara's Story," "The Capture of Porto Praga" and "The Gold-Handled Riding-Whip."

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON contributes an amusing sketch to the current *St. Nicholas* on "The Tricycle of the Future." A boy-genius conceives the idea of making a two-storey tricycle, to be worked by six horses, and the recital goes on to explain how the young inventor, being humoured by a rich father, constructs an experimental machine which comes to a disastrous end. The contents of *St. Nicholas* are so uniformly excellent, and its popularity among young folk is so thoroughly established, that to point out its various attractions, though to some extent apropos at the opening of a new volume—the April number completed Vol. XII.—would be like gilding refined gold. We may add, however, that from the beautiful frontispiece to the illustrations accompanying the "very" young folk's department, both literary and artistic work are first-class.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for April 25th and May 2nd contain, "Echoes of the Eighteenth Century," "The Black Death in East Anglia," "On Style in Literature: its Technical Elements," "On Pattison's Memoirs," "March in Magna Græcia," and "The Astrology of Shakespeare," "Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography," "A Soldier of Fortune," "Mr. Gladstone's Thoughts," and "Arab Courage," "Inside a Catholic College," "Some Secrets of the Silk Trade," with instalments of "A House Divided Against Itself," "Mrs. Dymond," and "The Blue Posts of Chester," and poetry.

THE contents of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for May are:—"Venice from a Gondola," "Lead Them Home," "In Classic Lands," "Cruise of the *Challenger*," "The Sugar Bags Defence Fund," "Spring," "Skipper George Notman," "Worship," "Charles Wesley," "The Eternal Goodness," "Harmony Between the Scriptures and Science," "American Indian Literature," "The Pale Horse and His Rider," "The Indian Problem," "Current Topics," and "Religious Intelligence."

BOOK NOTICES.

WARREN HASTINGS: An Essay by Lord Macaulay. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: Copp, Clark and Company, 1885.

This edition of Macaulay's famous Essay has been prepared for the use of students matriculating in English in University College, Toronto. The Senate of that institution, we learn, has placed the work on the curriculum more particularly to furnish themes for English composition, and as a test of the ability of candidates to write with ease and elegance their mother tongue. Mr. Adam's work is well done: the succinct vigour of his introductions, their clearness and finish, together with the mass of material he has brought to the aid of the student, will make his edition appreciated where English classics are valued as material for literary training. His annotations are full and seem carefully prepared. They will elucidate not only the historical references in Macaulay's Essay, but its rhetorical and literary excellencies. The editor's introductory essay on "Warren Hastings: his Life and Work," is a capital bit of portraiture, as is his sketch of Macaulay. The characteristics of Macaulay's writings are summed up with no little critical acumen, while the sketch of Indian history, though brief, very fairly brings out the main points. The paper on English composition, and the chronological tables will be helpful to the student, while the suggested themes for composition based upon the Essay, no doubt, will be of service to the teacher.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON. By Laurence Hutton. Boston: J. R. Osgood and Company. Toronto: Hart and Company.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Hart for an early copy of Mr. Hutton's most interesting book—just published. How few of the many travellers who annually make a pilgrimage to the Mighty Metropolis think of "doing" its literary landmarks, and yet what more charming recreation to a cultured mind could be imagined than to visit spots hallowed by names familiar in our mouths as household words? How much more interesting to tread the courts of the Marshalsea, or to eat a chop from the seat once occupied by Johnson, than to explore the labyrinths of the New Law Courts or to dine at the "Gaiety." The ordinary guide-book is at least reticent, if not absolutely silent, about the majority of such localities. To remedy this is in some measure the object of Mr. Hutton's book. It is "intended simply to describe a side of London which has never before received particular attention." No attempt is made—or could well be made in the limits of one volume—to write a biographical dictionary. "Nothing has been preserved concerning members of the guild of literature, except what may relate to their career in London." The work is arranged in alphabetical sequence of the author's names, and is accompanied by full indices. The following extract from the preface sufficiently indicates the spirit in which Mr. Hutton—who, by the way, must not be confounded with Mr. Joseph Hatton—has undertaken his work:

London has no associations so interesting as those connected with its literary men. To the cultivated reader the Temple owes its greatest charm to the fact that it was the birthplace of Lamb, the home of Fielding, and that it contains Goldsmith's grave. Addison and Steele have hallowed the now unholy precincts of Charter House Square and Covent Garden; the shade of Chatterton still haunts Shoe Lane; Fleet Street to this day echoes with the ponderous tread of Dr. Johnson; and the modest dwelling that was once Will's Coffee House is of far more interest now than all that is left of the royal palaces of Whitehall and St. James.

HUMAN INTERCOURSE. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Hart and Company.

A perusal of Mr. Hamerton's book in the light of the preface compels the conclusion that there is a great discrepancy between its intention and its execution. Perhaps this is no matter for surprise, seeing that the subject chosen is one which covers the entire field of life. In the words of Emerson, to whose memory Mr. Hamerton dedicates his book, "From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good will the emotions we feel towards others make up the sweetness of life." Apparently starting with a clear conception of his subject, the author in a disappointing way falls into a commonplace strain, and where one would expect to find philosophic deductions and sage hints we are given vague platitudes and truisms. It did not require that one should rise from the dead to tell us, for instance, that school friendships are easily formed; that later in life the friends who were comrades go out into different professions and form different habits of life, and that it is a very unhappy thing for a young woman to fall in love with a man after having married another. Neither does Mr. Hamerton's tendency to sneer at religion tend to raise his book in the estimation of even heterodox readers. The real meaning of friendship would appear to be unknown to Mr. Hamerton, judging by his chapter on the death of that relationship. Writing on "Bohemianism," the author is more in sympathy with his subject, and gives us a very pleasant chapter. The book is, despite its faults, an eminently readable one, and the blemishes are of such a nature that the perusal of it ought not to be avoided on their account.

FIRESIDE TRAVELS: By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP AND OTHER STORIES. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Book lovers will welcome, in the above mentioned volumes, two worthy additions to the beautiful "Aldine Series." Old friends, they are rendered additionally attractive by the exquisite garb in which they are now attired. Those who are familiar with their contents, and who owe pleasant hours to their perusal, have in this chaste edition an opportunity to offer fitting tribute to literary and artistic worth; whilst those who have not yet made acquaintance with them will surely find that coming pleasure enhanced by having these books stamped by the seal of nobility—the classic anchor and dolphin sign.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF E. BULWER LYTTON. Compiled by C. L. Bonner. New York: John B. Alden.

Though it could not be difficult to find much wit and wisdom in Lytton's works, it is not by any means easy to make selections so as to give an adequate idea of the great novelist's genius and style. Mr. Bonner, however, appears to have grasped the spirit of his work, and in these cullings—all unconnected as they are—contrives to whet the reader's appetite by enabling him not only to admire but to comprehend the author. Twenty-eight of Bulwer's works are laid under contribution, and each selection is preceded by the title of the work it is taken from, together with a synopsis of the chief characters.

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL has prepared for publication an exhaustive work, based on researches made among Gaelic-speaking folk, to which will be given the title of "Records of Argyll; Legends, Traditions, and Recollections of Argyllshire Highlanders." It will contain, *inter alia*, notes on the antiquity of the dress, clan colours, or tartans of the Highlanders, and will be printed as an *édition de luxe*, 500 copies only being struck off.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is now preparing for his approaching visit to this continent, and intends to undertake no fresh literary work until he returns to England with some more "impressions of America."

AMONG the most important editions of the newly revised "Old Testament" will be that to be issued by the Harpers. It will be in four octavo volumes uniform with the firm's edition of the revised "New Testament."

MR. CHARLES MARVIN'S "Russians at the Gates of Herat" (on sale by Messrs. Hart and Company, Toronto), which has in a short time attained an enormous circulation, has been added by Messrs. Harper to their Franklin Square Library.

THE "Q. P. Index Annual" for 1882-3-4 is just to hand. Those who require to refer to back numbers of magazines and reviews will do well to possess themselves of a copy of this invaluable time and labour saver. It is published at Bangor, U.S.A.

THE American Committee of the Statue of Liberty have prepared a miniature statuette, an exact counterpart of the original, six inches in height, the figure being made of bronze and the pedestal of nickel silver, which they offer to subscribers throughout the United States for \$1 each.

MR. SWINBURNE'S new tragedy "Mariano Faliero," is dedicated to Aruelio Saffi, the Italian patriot. This will indicate that the striking chapter of Venetian history upon which the drama is based has been treated in some measure politically. The chronicle, however, has been faithfully followed as to incidents.

MEMORIALS of two English men of letters, whose biographies are largely mental histories, are published this month in London; and though the life of one was just ending as the active career of the other was beginning, something of the same interest is attached to each. They are "Memoirs of Mark Pattison" and "Memorials of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd."

MESSRS. FUNK AND WAGNALLS announce "Historical Lights," by Charles E. Little, author of "Biblical Lights and Side Lights." This work will contain six thousand extracts from Standard Histories and Biographies illustrating twenty thousand topics; especially arranged for ministers, lecturers, public speakers, editors, lawyers, and all who have occasion to use illustrations drawn from historical literature.

THE London *Literary World* hears that Mr. Frederick J. Fergus ("Hugh Conway") has been seriously ill at Monte Carlo. He had been spending a holiday of two months in the South of Europe, chiefly at Rome, and arrived at Monte Carlo a month ago on his way home. He had not been in the place many hours before symptoms of typhoid fever developed themselves. Fortunately Mrs. Fergus was with her husband.

It is stated, says the *St. James's Gazette*, that during his connection with Messrs. Moxon, the publishers, Lord Tennyson received on an average £1,500 a year in royalties. Later Messrs. Strahan and Co. became his publishers, paying him £5,000 for his books then in existence, and a separate account for new works, which were to be published on commission. During the five years of the contract they paid the author somewhat more than £31,000. Tennyson's next publishers were Messrs. King and Co., whose engagement was to pay £4,000 a year, with a separate account for new works.

MESSRS. JANSEN, MCCLURG AND Co., Chicago, have undertaken the publication of a volume of the war poems of Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood, of Ohio, a writer known throughout the Union for the strength and fervour of her patriotic lyrics. Mrs. Sherwood was the wife of an officer in the Union Army, and herself shared in the vicissitudes of field and camp and hospital, gaining an experience which, with her impressive poetic temperament, enables her martial lays to strike a responsive chord in every soldier's breast. Her volume will be published early in May, with the title, "Camp-Fire, Memorial-Day, and Other Poems."

UNDER the title "Twelve English Statesmen," Messrs. Macmillan announce a series of short biographies, not designed to be a complete roll of famous statesmen, but to present in historic order the lives and work of those leading actors in affairs who by their direct influence have left an abiding mark on the policy, the institutions, and the position of Great Britain among states. The following is a list of subjects:—William the Conqueror, Henry II., Edward I., Henry VII., Wolsey, Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, William III., Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Peel. Among the writers will be:—Mr. Edward A. Freeman, Mr. Frederick Pollock, Mr. J. Cotter Morison, Professor M. Creighton, The Dean of St. Paul's, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. H. D. Traill, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Mr. John Morley.

A FRIEND of General Grant's says his work on his memoirs, whenever he can take it up, is performed with the assistance of his son, and sometimes another. He has voluminous notes and records which they have to look up for him. But his memory is often as good as his notes. He can fix his mind on a march, and describe just how the lines were formed and what corners he turned in proceeding from one point to another. Work on the book has proceeded so far as the "Crossing of the James, in the Summer of 1864." It is the most important period of the war, and General Grant is anxious to cover it as he believes it should be treated. No treatise on the war can possibly be so valuable as this, and although his notes would enable another to complete the volume, he feels that no hand can do it as he can.

THE two journals with which the public have become familiar as the *Fortnightly Index* and the *Educational News* have been consolidated in the *University*, a change for which they are not unprepared from previous announcements. The *University* will occupy a field somewhat larger than either of its predecessors, and one not now filled by any American periodical. "While the paper has no official connection with any institution of learning," say its proprietors, "it is under the editorial control of university professors, and aims to reflect the maturest thought of American scholars upon the vital issues of the day. In the true university spirit its columns are open to the earnest discussion of questions uppermost in the minds of thoughtful men and women, in politics, religion, education, science, literature and art in all their various bearings."

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have just published from advance sheets purchased under an arrangement with the English publishers and Mr. William Westall, the most important contribution yet made to a knowledge of the Russian Empire of to-day. This is the long-expected and much-talked-of book of Stepniak, the Nihilist writer. The book is entitled "Russia under the Tzars," and it gives such a complete and clear picture as perhaps no other hand could furnish. Its revelations are fuller and more startling than any yet made of the aims and methods of the government, as well as the Nihilists; and the book is stirring reading. The extraordinary timeliness of its publication is of course a matter of accident, as the author and translator have been for some time superintending its passage through the press in London. But it is particularly welcome at a moment when universal attention is fixed upon its subject.

THE GRIEVANCES OF THE RED INDIANS.

BY ONE WHO HAS LIVED AMONG THEM.

Much as we may deprecate the present Indian rising in the British North-West Territory, we must always recollect that the Indians have some very real grievances against us. No one who is acquainted with the treaties that have been made with them, more especially by the United States, will deny that they have been shamefully treated. Hitherto they have given us very little trouble in British Territory, and probably they would not be doing so now were they not supported by whites and Half-breeds. In the United States they have been constantly engaged in a long but intermittent struggle. Men, money, and national honour have again and again been sacrificed in dealing with them. True it is that the Government has not been entirely to blame. When the United States undertook to allow the Indians the Black Hills as a portion of their reservation, they were undertaking something beyond the power of mortals. Gold had already been found in the Black Hills, and no power on earth will check the seeker after gold. Striking are the accounts we have of those first bold adventurers in that country in search of the precious metal, pursued on the one hand by the United States troops for penetrating into the reservation, and defending their scalps, on the other, from Indian ferocity exaggerated by an unwonted sense of wrong; most touching, to hear some old adventurer recount how, out of food, short of ammunition, they deserted their camp, were compelled to sacrifice all their hard-earned gold from want of the means of transport, and, after a forty miles tramp through the snow, threw themselves into the hands of the United States troops from the other side of the reservation line. But can we blame the Indians if, after such experiences, they show a want of confidence in the promises of the palefaces? Have they not been in a state of semi-starvation for years together? Have they not parted with everything, even to the honour of their wives and daughters, to prevent starvation? Have they not seen their country, once teeming with buffalo, covered with the browsing cattle, food for the white man, which they were forbidden to touch?

Only a few months ago the Indians in the Northern States of the Union were in a lamentable state of destitution. Their agency allowance is ridiculously insufficient. They pay at least double the price for an article which a white man pays in the agency itself. The Piegans and Cheyennes were constantly to be found in the wake of waggons like wolves, grabbing anything fit to consume which they could find thrown away. The Arrapahoes and Shoshones were in almost as bad a plight. All those who have had any experience with Indians have been constantly anticipating an outbreak for the last two years. Should this outbreak last any time, it is likely to assume the most alarming proportions, as it may spread south for hundreds of miles, and the whole nomadic Indian race may rise for its death struggle. There are some few tribes that are the staunch allies of the whites; but the red men as a nation cherish an undying hatred against the white.

The proposal of the Canadian Government to conciliate the white rebels and the Half-breeds under Riel can therefore only be commended. Such a rebellion must be always difficult to suppress, owing to the thorough knowledge of the country and the great skill in tactics acquired in their long experience of hunting by the rebels. The Indians alone, separated from the whites and Half-breeds, whose tools they are, will hardly be capable of a formidable movement independently, now that their reservations are so scattered, and that simultaneous action is in consequence almost impossible. But too great precautions cannot be taken. The Indians are by nature treacherous, cruel, and revengeful. Even when they appear to have settled down quietly to farm, and send their children to school, they are only waiting for a chance to break out, when their first act is to massacre their missionaries and teachers; their next, to abuse the women, retaining them as hostages, with a view to securing favourable terms of peace.

General Dodge, whose experience was of the longest, while apologizing for many of the Indian failings as being acquired from the white man, tells us that the one characteristic inherent in Indian nature is cruelty. Another obstacle in dealing with the redskin is his insuperable idleness. Some few tribes like the Choctaws had settled down and become tolerably civilized; but the majority, including all the Northern Indians, are incapable of exerting themselves for any other purpose but slaughter, whether of man or beast. The Crow Indians have received 2,000 acres of land per tepee, of which 300 acres are in the river basin, and consists of black loam. They have, in fact, the whole of the Bighorn River for a distance of 115 miles reserved for them. They have had houses built for them, their lands have been broken up for them, and all they are asked to do is to fence up the patches that have been cultivated; but rarely does the fence consist of anything but a few sticks planted in the ground every eight or ten feet, with a single slim pole placed horizontally at a sufficient height from the ground to enable the ponies to walk in conveniently and get the benefit of the sprouting crops; the Indian brave is contented the while to lie in the brush and wait for the crops to come up. The few ears that do succeed in attaining to maturity under these adverse circumstances are left there until the white men, employed by the agency, come and reap them. The cattle business, it was thought, might prove more congenial to their tastes. Cattle were given to them. They possessed the finest grazing land in the country. When the winter came on, instead of hunting, they ate their cattle and took to hunting when none were left. Nothing can be done with a race so indolent by nature. Granted that the red men have many just grievances against the white men, the converse is equally true, for the Indians have had many chances given them. The only conclusion to be drawn is, that their dying out would prove an unmixed benefit to both races.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

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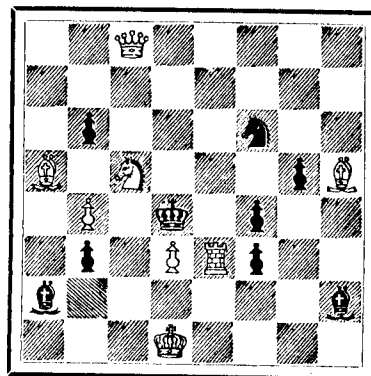
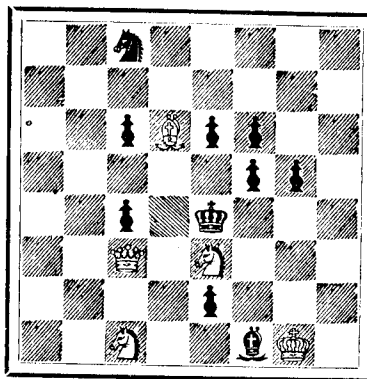
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM TOURNEY.

PRIZE WINNERS.

FIRST PRIZE.
Motto:—"Chalik it up."
By C. Plank, London, Eng.
BLACK.

SECOND PRIZE.
Motto:—"Alter Ejusdem."
By E. B. Greenshields Montreal.
BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

White to play and mate in three moves.

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM TOURNEY.

The following is a complete list of the entries in the Tourney with the names of the composers. As will be seen the winners are: First Prize—Mr. C. Plank, London, Eng.; Second Prize—Mr. E. B. Greenshields, Montreal. We congratulate the winners and commiserate our Toronto friends.

- No. 1. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*..... E. H. E. Eddis, Toronto.
- " 2. *Il bachtio*..... E. B. Freeland, Toronto.
- " 3. *Hard-a-lee*..... E. B. Freeland, Toronto.
- " 4. *Ubi*..... J. Jespersen, Hjørtland, Denmark.
- " 5. *Tempore caudidior*..... E. B. Greenshields, Montreal.
- " 6. *Chi lo sa?*..... J. McGregor, Toronto.
- " 7. *Picus auratus*..... W. Atkinson, Montreal.
- " 8. *Incipium duplex*..... E. H. E. Eddis, Toronto.
- " 9. *Alter ejusdem*..... E. B. Greenshields, Montreal.
- " 10. *Pour passer le temps*..... E. H. E. Eddis, Toronto.
- " 11. *What, no soap?*..... C. Plank, London, Eng.
- " 12. *Transitus*.....
- " 13. *Chalik it up*..... C. Plank, London, Eng.
- " 14. *Indicium duplex*..... E. H. Eddis, Toronto.
- " 15. *Symphony in fireworks*..... B. G. Laws, London, Eng.
- " 16. *My lance*..... B. G. Laws, London, Eng.
- " 17. *All's well that ends well*..... J. McGregor, Toronto.

THE JUDGES' REPORT.

The judges in the Week Tourney make a joint report, they being agreed in the main as to the problems. Leaving out the unsound entries there were fourteen problems to adjudicate upon. No. 8, *Incipium duplex*, had no solution; No. 10, likewise, no solution; No. 16, had two solutions. The remainder of the problems were very fine and well repaid the labours of the judges. No. 1 is a splendidly varied problem, but it lacks in beauty owing to the want of a well-defined idea. No. 2 has some very pretty points, but is lacking in difficulty, the first move, B R 3, being forced on the solver. No. 3 is an exceedingly fine composition, the first move being well hidden and the after play good; but again a thoroughly well-defined idea is lacking. No. 4 is simply pretty and easy, nothing more. No. 5 is only moderate, and there are some nasty duals. No. 6, being a symmetrical problem, is necessarily very easy, so easy, in fact, as to give it little chance in the competition. No. 7 is exceedingly difficult, and that is nearly all that can be said of it; the crowded positions and the ugly pawns on K Kt's file, detract greatly from its beauty. No. 9. This problem is a beauty, indeed, the variations in which the Q is sacrificed being especially a surprise; all the elements of a fine problem are here present. No. 11 is difficult; little more. No. 12 is very easy and has few points which attract; the sacrifice of the Q being apparently the main object of the composer. No. 13 is another masterpiece, and is evidently by a practised composer; it is not very difficult, but is exceedingly beautiful; the main play is elegant and the variations bright and accurate. No. 14, variety and difficulty, are here present in force, but in beauty and originality it is lacking. No. 15 is an elegant stratagem, but very little below the prize takers in force. No. 16, but for the double solution, would also rank very high. No. 17 is rather difficult but hardly up to high tourney standard.

The Judges after comparing notes decided to forward to Mr. W. A. Shinkman for final decision. No. 3, "*Hard-a-lee*"; No. 9, "*Alter ejusdem*," and No. 13, "*Chalik it up*." Mr. Northcote placing No. 9 first and No. 13 second; Mr. Phillips placing No. 13 first and No. 3 second.

MR. SHINKMAN'S REPORT.

My first impressions as to the relative merits of the problems were fully verified after putting them to the tabular test.

"*Chalik it up*" struck me at once as being a fresh and superior competition. I cannot say that it is very difficult of solution, for it is soon seen that the Kt at K 3 must move. Its posing, the combination of pretty situations, and purity of mating positions certainly render it a charming problem.

After the key 1 Kt Kt 4, 1. K Q 4, develops the most difficult variation and is apt to throw the solver off the track on account of the difficult 2nd move, B K 5 terminating this fine variation in several pretty mates. Another beautiful variation when R x Kt, 2. Q x B P ch, K B 4.

3. Q B 2 or Q 3 mate is deserving of mention. The purity of many of the mates is remarkable. I did not overlook the six black pawns on three files, and I also noticed the ingenious use white makes of them as blocks. I do not see how the position can be improved unless a black Q at Bsq instead of the black Kt (giving another variation when R K Bsq) might be called an improvement.

"*Alter ejusdem*" comes next in order. This is a good problem in nearly every sense of the word; as in the preceding it cannot take the experienced solver long to determine which piece moves first, the threatened escape of the K points towards the key, 1. Kt K 4, which, at the same time brings the Q and Q B into immediate action. The variations when 1. K K 4 or K x R or Kt Q 4 or Kt Q 2, are fine and replete with interest. The placing of the blk Kt at B 3 was a stroke of genius. The B at R 5 is not so much of a dead head as might at first appear, as he does service in three distinct variations. When 1. K Q 4, 2. Kt x Kt ch, K Q 3, 3. Q or R mates, or white can proceed, 2 Kt B 3 ch. Again, when 1. Kt x Kt, 2. R x S, 3 Q Q 7 or K 6 mate. A black P at K B 2 (F 7) might be desirable even if it did hamper the movements of the white Q and B somewhat, and in that case black B at R 2 could be dispensed with. As it now stands this B prevents a second solution by Q K 6. Upon the whole I rather favour the position as it stands, and do not think the addition of the P at B 2, while it corrects the duals, would be an improvement. The B at R 2 is well placed—it not only prevents a second solution by 1. Kt x Pch, but it may also induce the solver into believing that it can be used as a block by forcing or coaxing K to B 2 and mating with Q at B 1.

"*Hard-a-lee*," symmetry and difficulty, rarely go hand in hand, and it may have been that reaching this conclusion gave me an unfavorable impression of this problem at the first; but upon getting at its true inwardness I discovered more than I had expected to find. The symmetry of the position does not in the least give a clue to the key move; but, after all, it is hardly more than clever and pretty. Its chief features are correctness, economy, cleanliness of solution and constructive merit; but the character of the idea is light.

| MOTTOES. | Beauty. | Difficulty. | Originality. | Correctness. | Economy. | Variety. | Total. |
|----------------------------|---------|-------------|--------------|--------------|----------|----------|--------|
| <i>Chalik it up</i> | 13 | 12 | 13 | 9½ | 7 | 7 | 61½ |
| <i>Alter ejusdem</i> | 12 | 11 | 13 | 8 | 6½ | 7 | 57½ |
| <i>Hard-a-lee</i> | 10 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 5½ | 52½ |

Yours truly,

W. A. SHINKMAN.

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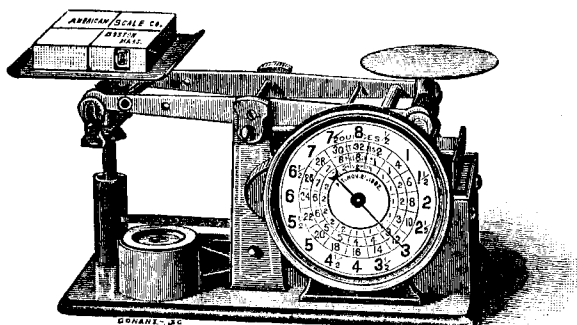
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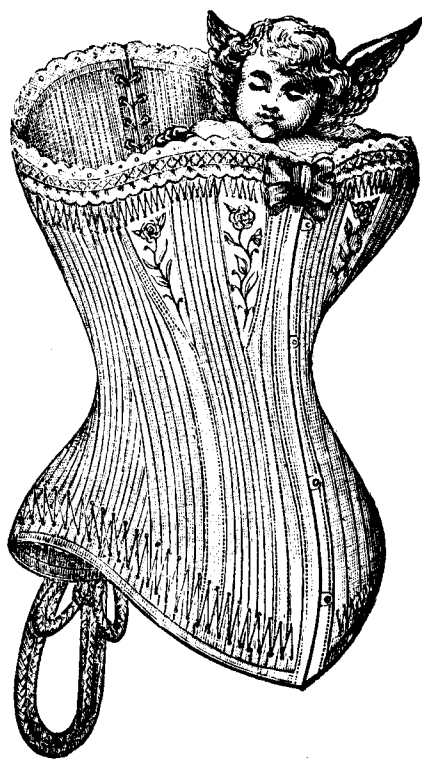
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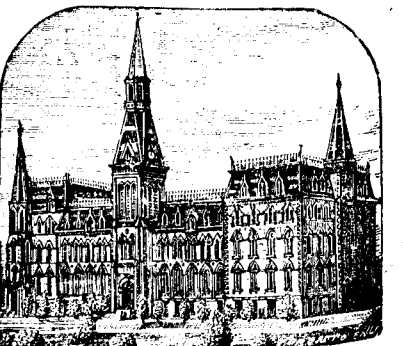
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