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The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE ovations to Mr. Mowat were not intended to place the hero in a dubious light; but the managers unwittingly did him injustice when they transformed the industrious and successful advocate into a hero, a character which Mr. Mowat himself would be the last to claim. To devote to death, without hope of resurrection, the leader of the Opposition is a piece of grim hyperbole, even though the instrument of execution is only a wish expressed on a party flag. Mr. Mowat has the thanks of the Province for the energy with which he devoted himself to her interests in the boundary suit; and a party which tempts the scoffer to scoff by calling him a hero and representing him as the victor of one half of the people in whose service he has won his laurels does him no real service.

ONTARIO has won a great law-suit in which a large extent of territory was at stake, and she is happy accordingly. Mr. Mowat, who personally took the conduct of the case as Attorney-General, is to be congratulated on his forecast not less than on his success. He is entitled to the credit of having mastered a very intricate question and advocated the claim of Ontario with ability and success. The duty of the Federal Government was different: it had to guard the interests of Canada, and to see that Ontario should get no more than her just due. At first, Ontario and the Dominion were the only parties interested in the settlement of the difference which developed into an acrimonious dispute. A third suitor, the Province of Manitoba, was added while the case was in progress. But before this took place, it had become evident that no amicable agreement between the litigants was possible. Recourse to a competent tribunal become inevitable; but what court could give a binding decision? The Federal Government, as early as 1872, proposed a reference to the Privy Council; and the objection of Ontario that the decision of that tribunal could give no guarantee of finality was well founded. The objection was finally waived, and means of confirming the decision will be found in the form of an Act of the Imperial Government. But the Privy Council has once more shown that it is not infallible. When that august body, acting on the famous precedent of the heroic Wouter Von Twiller, undertook to do battle against the Colorado beetle by force of proclamation, it made a correction in the geography of our continent by transforming the Province of Ontario into a "town"; and more recently in declaring the true western boundary of Ontario, and the true eastern boundary of Manitoba, it took no account of two Acts of the Parliament of Canada, passed in the exercise of express

authority, by which Manitoba obtains a large extent of territory on the east which the law does not give her. Will correction come with legislative confirmation? The intermediate arbitration cannot be said to have been without its uses; for the line which it traced, as the western limit of Ontario, was substantially followed by the judicial decision. If the three parties to the suit had accepted the award, ratification in some binding form would have followed. Ontario signified its willingness that the Imperial Government should not only exercise the power of ratification, but make any necessary amendments. One of the arbitrators admitted that he and his colleagues, in their anxiety to give Ontario a scientific frontier, did award less than was due to that Province on the north. The admission that the true boundary had not been declared the Federal Government regarded as marking out its line of duty. For the sake of convenience, that Government said, an award had been forced: the arbitrators had exceeded their powers, and the award was not legally or morally binding. The issue was clear; but before reference to the Privy Council was agreed upon, the two Provinces, in the capacity of excited litigants, were near coming to blows. In the disputed territory each Province had local officials and war-talking partisans. In the absence of an authoritative decision, neither litigant had an exclusive right in the disputed territory, and neither had authority of law forcibly to drive out the other. The chief reason for rejoicing over the decision is that it removes all danger of collision, and gives us a final settlement of the western boundary. Part of the northern is included, but more than half the northern boundary still remains to be defined. So far as traced, this line runs along a natural division, and the court, having drawn it some distance in the middle of the Albany River, would, if the reference had given the necessary authority, almost certainly have continued on the same watercourse as far as James' Bay. When the reference was first agreed upon, both boundaries were to be included; and the Federal Government will have to explain why, at the last moment, it so narrowed the question submitted that the decision covers only a part of the ground of the dispute. M. Mercier is not alone in thinking that the interests of Ontario and Quebec, in the northern boundary are identical; and the French politicians who once took the opposite view only showed their want of familiarity with the leading facts of the case.

THERE is reason in the complaint of the Trades and Labour Council that assisted immigration has been carried too far. It cannot be said that the number of emigrants sent to Canada has been too great. The mistake lay in selecting or accepting the wrong kinds of labour. Of artisans there is, in Ontario and Quebec, perhaps in all the old Provinces, a full supply. For any number of agriculturists likely to be obtained there is room, provided they have the means to make a new start on their own account. Agents of all kinds are the most difficult people to keep under control. Banks, insurance companies, all who employ agents, become familiar with this fact, not seldom to their cost; the emigration agent is not likely to be of all agents in the world the only one who always rigidly obeys orders. It is time he was instructed, if he has not been already, to discriminate in the selection of emigrants. Of artisans, clerks and incipient or actual paupers, enough and more than enough have come; for farmers the field is so wide that it is not likely to be filled during the life-time of the present generation.

BEFORE stopping to hear the end of the Lyman lunacy case, many persons in and about Montreal, came to the conclusion that, for all the benefit Quebec had reaped from his labours, Howard might as well never have lived. They are willing to believe that numbers of individuals, of perfectly sound mind, are there kept in confinement against their will, on the pretence that they are insane. That there is something wrong at some of the asylums the evidence makes probable. The government medical officer is not justified in taking a fee from the husband of a woman who offers his wife for incarceration. If Dr. Howard thought Mrs. Lyman insane, he was not entitled to take a fee for examining her. As a public officer he cannot serve two masters. Dr. Perrault, the resident physician, not only pronounces her sane now, but adds that she was sane when she

was admitted. But in such cases the opinions of experts often differ widely. The history of criminal jurisprudence shows that there is no question on which medical men disagree so much as on the real mental condition of persons in whose behalf the plea of insanity is set up; and even a preponderance of evidence, one way or the other, almost always fails to clear up the doubt to which contradictory opinions give rise. The alleged abuses in connection with lunatic asylums in Quebec are probably much exaggerated; but ground for a searching enquiry into the management of these institutions does exist, and the Government would fall short of its duty if it neglected to cause such enquiry to be made.

SINCE the publication of the encyclical in which the Pope condemns Freemasonry, the French press of Quebec has shed rivers of ink in proving that a Freemason is of all criminals the most dangerous and the most diabolic. All the writers admit the magnitude of the crime of Freemasonry, but on its prevalence in Quebec they differ widely. Two bishops admit that but few French Canadian Catholics are Freemasons. The Pope's manifesto was followed by a shower of pastoral letters from the bishops, in all of which the horrors of Freemasonry are painted in the blackest colours, and its existence deplored; but against Fenianism not a word is uttered by journalist or bishop. Yet no person of sense can doubt that, in America, Masonry is practically harmless, while Fenianism ranks with Nihilism as a real danger to civilization.

THE retirement of Judge Meredith recalls the practice, of which it is not an example, of Quebec judges retiring before the active energies of life are nearly spent. The scandal of a judge after securing his pension by retirement, going back to practice at the bar, unless voluntarily abated, will one day have to be put down by law. In Ontario, the tendency is all the other way; the judges are seldom willing to retire even when the mind has lost much of its vigour, when memory is impaired, and attention can only be kept active for an hour or two at a time. These opposite tendencies—the tendency to retire too early and the tendency to remain too late—lead to abuses which ought to be voluntarily corrected. Incentives to premature retirement would not be difficult to remove; the remedy of superannuation at a given age would work unequally and could hardly fail sometimes to deprive the public of services just when they had become of greatest value. But for both abuses a corrective needs to be found, and it is every way desirable that it should be spontaneous and not coercive. But if not voluntary, it may have to take the less agreeable form.

IN the estimation of the leading Tory journal, a plea for tolerance in the expression of political opinion is a serious crime. Mr. Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario, has brought anathema on his head by the avowal that "he would not accuse of disloyalty any man who chose to express his opinion that annexation to the United States would be best for us." This, we are told, is treason; and the attention of the Lieutenant-Governor is invited to the traitor. Sir Richard Cartwright is also arraigned on a similar charge: he, it seems, is guilty of having said that independence is a question open to discussion, and on him the Governor-General is instructed to keep a steady eye. Neither the Governor-General nor Governor Robinson is likely to respond to the invitation. It is too late to think about a censorship of opinion in this country. Thirty-five years ago, all the leading Conservatives of Montreal signed a declaration in favour of annexation. No rational being believes that Canada will always remain a colony, and the views which the people hold of the future of the country will naturally find expression. A censorship of opinion cannot be set up by official fiat, and it is not probable that the demand that it should be is seriously made.

JUST when the County of Halton decides to continue such local prohibition as is possible where distillation and importation remain under the protection of the law, the criminal statistics of Canada for the year 1882 come to hand. They do not bear out the statement so often and so confidently made, sometimes even by members of the Bench, that drunkenness and crime, as cause and effect in the great majority of cases, go together. Drinkers are, in this return, divided into two classes, one of which makes a moderate use of liquors, and the other an immoderate use. Of the thirty-five persons charged with murder, eight, or less than a quarter, are described as immoderate drinkers; among the one hundred and ninety persons charged with aggravated assault and inflicting bodily injury, the immoderate drinkers counted thirty-four, a fraction more than one-sixth; thirty-one cases of manslaughter give nine excessive drinkers, the proportion being less than one-third. The proportion of immoderate drinkers among the persons

charged with the following crimes was: shooting, stabbing and wounding, sixty-six to one hundred and forty-seven; assault and obstructing peace officers, less than one in ten; assault and battery, less than one in five; robbery and demanding with menaces, about one in seven; horse, sheep and cattle stealing, less than one-fifth; larceny and receiving, less than one in eight; arson, less than one in six; counterfeiting, forgery, and uttering, less than one in seven; felonies and misdemeanours not classified, less than one in eight; carrying unlawful weapons, less than one in three; breaches of the Municipal Act and By-laws, about one in ten; disorderly breaches of the peace, about one in three; miscellaneous and minor offences, about one in five. Drunkenness is often charged with the parentage of nine-tenths of all the crime committed, and the statement is sometimes carelessly echoed by people who have under their own observation the means of correcting the error. That drunkenness breeds crime is only too certain; but there are crimes which require a clear head and a steady hand for their execution. Of all who were charged with embezzlement and false pretences, not two per cent.—the actual proportion is one in sixty-five—were classed as immoderate drinkers; among house-breakers there are probably many boys; and less than three per cent. of those charged with house and shop breaking are classed as excessive drinkers. Burglars and persons with burglar's tools in their possession show a much larger proportion, something less than one-fifth. This would seem to show that the house-breaker degenerates more and more when he develops into the burglar. Abduction and kidnapping need to be planned with secrecy and executed with care: only one in sixteen of the persons charged with these crimes used spirituous liquors immoderately. The occasional excesses of moderate drinkers must have tended to swell the list of criminals. But still the common notion undoubtedly makes the proportion of crimes for the paternity of which drink is responsible higher than the official returns show. There is nothing to be gained by exaggeration, and much misconception must result from the habit of attributing crimes to other than the true causes.

IN a recent number of THE WEEK, "Canadian" defended colonial knighthoods on the analogy of University degrees and professional diplomas. With submission to "Canadian's" judgment the analogy will not hold. University degrees and professional diplomas have nothing aristocratic about them; they have no tendency, like knighthoods, to create a titled class. Nor do they, as objects of ambition, divide a Canadian citizen's affections and turn his thoughts to a fountain of honour outside the public opinion of his own country. They are necessary, as certificates of competence, educational and professional, while there is no necessity whatever for social titles. They may of course be misbestowed, as examiners are not infallible, but the examiner has no motive for misbestowing them, while party leaders unfortunately have often strong motives for misbestowing the recommendations in compliance with which knighthood is conferred. If "Canadian" doubts this last proposition, he has only to recall to his mind the Pacific Railway scandal, and some other unpleasant episodes in our history both political and commercial. That the titles thrown to colonists, often after a painful process of solicitation, are mere crumbs from the table of aristocracy, perhaps concerns the recipients more than any one else. It has just been announced that Her Majesty is about to confer the honour of knighthood upon her apothecary in the Isle of Wight. That worthy practitioner would have been deemed a strange brother in arms by the chivalry of former days, though possibly he may be considered to have slain with his gallipots as many as Sir Galahad slew with his sword. Let us have titles of public honour by all means, but let them be genuine, and such as can really inspire reverence. Let us have ceremony in its proper place; nobody wants a Democracy with its heels upon the table; but let the ceremony too be genuine and truly symbolical of something that reason can revere. The modicum of state which still surrounds our judges is salutary, and it is to be hoped will never be abolished. One bad consequence of clinging to the obsolete is that it is apt to discredit that of which we have present need; as in politics our retention of Conservative forms which have lost all force prevents us from recognizing the necessity of providing the constitution with safeguards suited to our own time.

AN Anglo-Indian correspondent, referring to a note in THE WEEK on the appointment of Lord Dufferin to the Vice-Royalty of India, says: "I see you have noticed the *Times* correspondent's quotations (or translations) from the Indian press. I attach little importance to them, or to anything the *Times* correspondent says reflecting on the people of India. Depend upon it they are more sinned against than sinning. I know something about the native press, and (tell it not in Gath!) it is less scurrilous

than the press in this country. If the Indian papers were to write about public men as the papers here do, their tenure of life would be brief. During the past eighteen months there has been a good deal of invective against Englishmen, but it has been bitterly provoked by some leading Anglo-Indian papers. And it is not safe to condemn a whole press on the ground of some detached sentences from nameless papers, culled and translated from a hyperbolic oriental dialect by an enemy. The *Times* correspondent is the organ of a set of Englishmen in Calcutta who would crush out the nascent liberties of the Indian people, especially the liberty of the press; and who are above all things anxious to discredit everything done by Lord Ripon and a Liberal Government. For this purpose they want to show that the native press (set free by Gladstone and Ripon) is vicious and seditious, and that municipal and local self-government, introduced or fostered by the present regime, are wretched failures. Lord Ripon's reforms, which were nobly conceived, are being frustrated by these men, and their unfortunate results are mainly due to them."

In an extract printed in another column a contemporary says: "There are one hundred American journals circulated in Canada to one English journal." No doubt this is true, nor is the fact a surprising one seeing that there is practically an identity of commercial interests betwixt the peoples living north and south of the imaginary boundary line, amongst whom business takes precedence of all other topics. This indifference to English affairs has naturally resulted in a corresponding ignorance, with, however, "extenuating circumstances." But no excuse can be accepted for the persistent misrepresentations of English politics circulated by some Canadian journals, whether it be the result of inadvertence or design. If, as appears to be the case, there is not enough interest manifested by Canadian readers in Old Country matters to justify cablegrams or special letters from "own correspondents," why then in the name of Truth and Justice let editors wait the arrival of the English mail and judge of trans-Atlantic affairs as reflected in a comparatively pure press. Those behind the scenes know that the appointments held by London correspondents of leading New York journals would not be worth an hour's purchase if those gentlemen did not "select" their news to suit the palates of Irish-American readers. This has been pointed out twenty times, and still conductors of so-called "loyal" journals dish up New York *Herald* and *Sun* despatches, clap to them sensational headings, and call them "specials." One such precious lucubration the other day announced that "a violent fit of panic attacks the English people"—because, forsooth, France lost her temper and alternately pouted and fumed like a spoilt child. All Europe was calculating upon Britain's early downfall, if we might credit this second-hand report, because a *Sun* correspondent wired a highly-coloured account of French jealousy in Egypt. And because the English navy is not equal in strength to the united navies of all other continental powers, Britain is in a state of pitiable helplessness. This sort of mendacious balderdash is not calculated to impress Canadians with the desirability of maintaining present relations with the Mother Country—a crowning *desideratum* with some of the very journals which reproduce it.

"BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THE movement in favour of Imperial Federation has called into the field Lord Norton, once Under-Secretary for the Colonies under a Conservative administration, and a high authority on all Colonial questions. Lord Norton speaks of his former controversy with one of the advocates of gradual emancipation; but the controversy was of the most friendly kind; for the parties to it were really at one on the main question, which was that of Colonial self-government, and Lord Norton was as much opposed as any Emancipationist to the continuance of paternal meddling and military occupation. The result of the movement which gave birth to the controversy, it is but justice to remember, was the abrogation of a system of tutelage and interference which nobody now desires to recall, though some may think that it is possible and expedient to remain where we now are, while others think that the edifice of self-government will one day be crowned, and that independence is the logical conclusion. Lord Norton, as might be expected, scouts the notion of Imperial Confederation. He compares Mr. Forster's speech advocating Confederation, but deprecating any definition of the shape which it should assume, to the prospectus issued in the days of the South Sea Bubble "for an undertaking which shall in due time be revealed." He points out the absurdity of supposing that the Colonies could take a part in British diplomacy or in British wars, such as the Abyssinian war, those in India, or that in defence of British interests at Canton. The proposal of a Federal Congress, reducing the British Parliament to municipal action, he deems no more likely to find

acceptance with the British people than the restoration of feudalism or of the Heptarchy. Just as little chance is there of the acceptance by the Colonies of a scheme involving the surrender of their self-government to an assembly in which their representation would be nominal, while on questions of peace and war its councils would be swayed by interests entirely separate from theirs. Not only do they value too highly the material advantages of managing their own affairs, but they begin also to feel, if they do not in words present to themselves, the advantages to character, political and general, of the more self-reliant and the nobler condition. "There is," says Lord Norton, "practically a great council for England and all her Colonies, and it is the council of the press: a free, full, and constant interchange of correspondence on common concerns and communication on common interests amongst compatriots, partners, and relations of one country amounts to a united national life." He may add that mutual citizenship, which the advocates of Independence cherish as strongly as any Imperialist, amounts to political unity, without the complications or the liabilities which are incident to the present relation, and which Imperial Federation would immeasurably increase. What the party of Independence desire is not separation or estrangement, but a group of British communities closely united with each other, though each of them will have its brain in its own head and its heart in its own breast. In the meantime Jamaica, if Mr. Solomon is her accredited spokesman, has formulated her proposals, one of which is that she shall be allowed to discriminate in favour of American and against British goods. This seems a very Solomonian notion of Imperial Federation.

PROHIBITIONISM appears to be gaining the day at the polls; nor is this at all wonderful if the people believe what they are told by its advocates on the platform. Some time ago the world was convinced by statistics which appeared conclusive that the parent of all vice was illiteracy, and that popular education would bring with it universal virtue. We know how cruelly this expectation has been belied. The fallacy lay in overlooking the fact that the same classes which were illiterate would naturally be also, from their general circumstances, the most criminal, so that illiteracy and crime might coincide and yet neither of them be the parent of the other. A similar fallacy lurks in the promises made by the preachers of Prohibition. Depraved natures are disposed at once to brutal pleasures, such as excessive drinking, and to crime. But it by no means follows that if their drink was cut off their disposition to crime would cease. The Spaniards have been noted for their temperance: they have always regarded drunkenness as deeply disgraceful; yet no nation has been more criminal. There are large classes of crimes such as deliberate murder, burglary, theft, and fraud of every description, which a man when drunk cannot possibly commit: burglary of the scientific kind or forgery could scarcely be committed by a man whose wits were clouded by habitual drinking. Nothing seems more certain than that moral agencies including those of Teetotalism and other voluntary Reform associations are gradually prevailing over intemperance; and their work when it is done is sure. The work of compulsory legislation is never sure. A taste which extends over the whole human race, including countries with which Canadians are in constant intercourse, can hardly be eradicated here; and unless it is eradicated it may suddenly spring up again to its former rankness, while the moral agencies and the voluntary organizations will be no longer present to contend with it. Extirpation can be secured only by a strong government. The Prohibitionist writer who, in a recent number of *THE WEEK*, boasted of the success of Prohibition in the North-West Territories, failed to see the effect of his admission that this success was due to the presence of the Mounted Police. Experience teaches that the result is very different when a sumptuary law passed by a bare majority is left to be carried into effect by authorities who are powerless without the concurrence of the people. The use of beer and light wines which are bulky and difficult of concealment may perhaps be suppressed. Ardent spirits, which being in a small compass are easily smuggled, will then be the only drink of those who are not satisfied with cold water; and that the whole world will all at once be satisfied with cold water is surely a sanguine anticipation. However, if the people will that the experiment shall be tried, tried it must be.

THE "Bystander" was accused the other day by a Government journal of having fallen into a gross blunder in relation to the Tariff. He had connected the overproduction in certain industries, and the consequent depression, with the adoption of a Protectionist policy by the Government. But, cries the critic triumphantly, the industries in which overproduction and depression have prevailed are the woollen and cotton trades; and with regards to these the tariff remains unchanged. The tariff remains unchanged, but the taxes which were at first declared to be laid on for

the purpose of revenue, and which were presumably to be reduced when revenue had been equalized with expenditure, have been since declared to be protective, and have been retained for that purpose without reduction, notwithstanding the existence of a large surplus. The Finance Minister has gone about assuring the manufacturers that a protective tariff would be maintained, and manufacturers have been over investing on the faith of that assurance. Thus the duties, though in amount the same, have been completely altered in their character and in their effect on the operations of commerce. The strange thing is that the Government and its leading supporters in the press should themselves be apparently unaware of this momentous fact. That Sir John Macdonald declared himself a Protectionist before the election of 1878 and was supported by the "Bystander" on that principle is not true. Previous to the election and for some time after it Sir John in his speeches and manifestoes carefully avoided Protection and scrupulously adhered to Readjustment. It was not till some time after that, first the Finance Minister and then the Premier, carried off their feet by the tide of success, began to hold Protectionist language. Free Trade, however desirable in the abstract, is in the present state of the world impracticable: every country must have its tariff, and every country must be allowed to adjust its tariff to its own special circumstances and industries; but the amount taken in taxation from the people ought always to be limited by the necessities of the Government; taxes laid upon the community at large for the purpose of increasing the gains of particular trades are at once impolitic and unjust. Such has always been the "Bystander's" fiscal creed, and he may safely challenge his critics to show that he has ever applauded a departure from it. He at once raised his voice against the policy of the Government when it swerved from equalization and readjustment to Protection. In the assertion of fiscal independence which was involved in the adoption of a National Policy a friend of self-government was bound by consistency to rejoice. That those who had been encouraged to invest and the interests dependent on them ought to be tenderly dealt with in any change of policy is perfectly true; and the mildest as well as the most beneficial measure of Free Trade that can be adopted is Commercial Union, to which the protected interests on both sides of the line will find it necessary before long to consent.

IN the United States the Presidential war rages with its usual fury and in the usual style. Mr. Cleveland stands accused of seduction aggravated by cruelty and desertion; Blaine of personal corruption, lying and nefarious trickery as a legislator, and of improper relations with his wife before marriage. One of the two must carry the taint with him into the highest place in the State. Before the election further discoveries will perhaps have been made: we may hear that Cleveland's mother kept a disorderly house, and that Blaine's mother stole clothes from the wash. To a single lapse from virtue Cleveland pleads guilty, or his friends plead guilty for him; anything beyond a single lapse is denied, and it appears with perfect truth. Respect is due to a sincere desire that the character of the chief of the State should be pure, and that he should worthily represent that domestic virtue in which public virtue finds its best support. The assertion of the New York *Nation* that the standard by which it is proposed to exclude Cleveland would have excluded from office in England nearly every great statesman or reformer of the last hundred years, except Romilly, Wilberforce and Gladstone, is a great exaggeration. There was nothing against the moral character of Pitt, Canning, Grey, Peel, Huskisson, Sir James Macintosh, or of many other statesmen and reformers who might be named. Palmerston's private character was very bad, but his public character showed the stain; if he seduced his neighbour's wife he also falsified the Afghanistan dispatches; and his vices were so skilfully cloaked that the nation, in accepting him as its chief, could hardly be said to be guilty of connivance. When, presuming on public apathy, he ventured to take Lord Clanricarde, a notoriously vicious man, into his government, the government fell. Still Somers is not the only instance of an English statesman who yielded to his passions in private without prejudice to his strict integrity in public; nor is there any reason why the temperament which leads men astray in this particular direction should not be combined with a strong sense of honour. After all is there no door open for repentance and amendment of life? Is a man who has once sinned never to be forgiven? Is he, whatever his merits, to be always excluded from the service of the community? Let the ministers of religion who are anathematizing Cleveland give us a plain answer to these questions. Would they exclude Cleveland from the Communion? Would they refuse to receive from him a large subscription for their churches? Would they not thank and eulogize the donor? Would they not hold him up as an example of Christian munificence, the sin of his

youth notwithstanding? The moral austerity which displays itself exclusively in a contest for the Presidency is not free from the suspicion of motives connected with the special occasion.

How the battle is going not even the shrewdest observers on the spot, if they are impartial, pretend to say. The Republican secession holds firm, so far as the leaders are concerned; what the number of the followers is only the poll can decide. On the other hand Cleveland appears to have been damaged by the scandal; and it is not unlikely that by the action of the cross currents a good many disaffected Republicans may be drifted into the party of Prohibition. Butler is still in the field with the view no doubt of ruining the Democratic candidate whom he opposed at Chicago, and in the hope that confusion may ultimately turn to his own advantage. His temporary success in Massachusetts affords unwelcome proof of the fact that his following of greenbackers, semi-communists, rowdies and scoundrels is not small; yet he will find it difficult to induce many of these men deliberately to throw away, for the gratification of his antipathies or the furtherance of his personal policy, the votes which they might profitably sell. A most important change has recently been made in the situation by the surrender of Tammany, which, though intensely hostile to Cleveland as a Reformer, now accepts him as the nominee of the Democratic party, even vowing in the enthusiasm of its loyalty that it will support him all the more zealously because personally he is an object of its abhorrence. The "Bystander," as his readers may remember, predicted that such would be the result, and that, however Tammany might be repelled by the public virtues of the Democratic candidate, it would end by adhering to the organization which had been so fruitful to it of spoils rather than go forth into the political wilderness with a doubtful prospect of manna. The *Nation* gives us on the occasion a philosophical explanation of the close connection of the Irish with the Democratic party, which it ascribes to the repellent influence of the distinctly Protestant character predominant in the other organization, cautiously omitting the untoward fact that the Irishman was led into alliance with the slave-owners by his tyrannical hatred of the negro, whom, in the Draft Riots at New York, he hunted and butchered with little reference, we may safely say, to the Puritan origin of New England civilization. The gain of Tammany to Cleveland may however be the loss to him of some Independents who will feel that, so long as Tammany is in the party, effectual reform will be impossible, let the personal wishes of the chief be what they may. What seems certain is that Party will not come out of this imbroglio of secessions, counter-secessions, and anti-machine candidatures without having received a severe shock. Neither of the two great dynasties of corruption will ever again be so strong as it has been. Statesmen and political architects have now to make fresh provision for the future. Slavery is dead, but communism and anarchy are alive.

IN England the question of the day is still that of the House of Lords, which throws into the shade even those of General Gordon and the Egyptian Expedition. Into this, the special controversy about the Franchise Bill has now evidently been broadened and the crisis will hardly pass without producing either a reform of the Upper House or a national conviction such as is sure to give birth to reform at no distant time. The nation cannot fail to see the absurdity of maintaining a branch of the legislature organized on a reactionary principle, and when it votes in accordance with its nature, resorting to street demonstrations to bully it out of its independence. To expect a hereditary assembly to favour progress is about as reasonable as it would be to expect the Sultan to embrace the cause of political freedom or the Pope that of liberty of conscience. All the fiery indignation which has been poured forth against the Peers, both in prose and verse, for rejecting the Franchise Bill is in truth a mere torrent of platitudes: it is denunciation of a circle for not being a square. If the nation wants progress instead of reaction, let it abolish heredity, not threaten and revile it. Historical tracts have been circulated, apparently with great effect, showing in detail what everybody must have known as a general fact, that the Lords have opposed all change to the utmost of their power; and that, if they had been allowed their way, England would have been little better than a second Spain. But the mischief has not been confined to obstruction. The fatal crusade against the French Revolution which brought on such a deluge of calamities, was undertaken to guard the privileges of aristocracy; and the military spirit has been constantly stimulated in the same interest as an antidote to the desire of reform at home. That in the early days of the constitutional struggle the Peers stood forth between the Tudor autocrats, and the people as the guardians of infant liberty is an assertion frequently made but unsupported by history. Nothing

could be more abject than the subserviency of the House of Lords to the wish of Henry VIII., whom it served without shame not only as the legislative procurer to his lusts, but as the judicial tool of his assassinations. When resistance commenced, it was in the Commons; and the force by which it was sustained was not aristocracy but Puritanism. Neither in the bloody days of Charles II. nor in the bloodier days of James II. did the Peers show the faintest disposition to interpose between the tyranny and its victims, to vindicate justice or to plead for mercy. When they turned against the last Stuart, it was mainly because their own power and property were threatened by the ascendancy of the Romish ecclesiastics. Nor did they, as the supreme tribunal of the Empire, afford any security against oppression to the subject races; one of their order could with too much confidence assure Governor Eyre that if he were brought by impeachment before the Lords, he would find in them partisans and not judges. That aristocracy is a cynosure of honour, that it nourishes a loftier and more disinterested spirit than can be found in common breasts, is an assertion not borne out by the history of the House of Lords. About the first notable act of that assembly after its reconstruction by the Tudors was the barter of the national religion to the Pope for a secure title to the lands of which the Peers had robbed the Church, which these high-souled patricians negotiated, apostatizing from their own faith at the same time, while peasants and mechanics went to the stake; and it will be found that from that time down to the present hour, not honour, but the interest of the great landowner, has always been the guiding star. In the terrible sacrifices which during the Revolutionary War were imposed, for the defence of Privilege, upon a suffering and sometimes starving people, the possessors of Privilege themselves bore no share; they were all the time revelling in high rents and dividing among themselves and their families an enormous mass of patronage and sinecures. To credit for conscientious devotion to public business the Lords are no more entitled than to credit for high-minded and disinterested legislation: the attendance in their House, except when the special interests of the order were concerned, has always been disgracefully small. Not by democratic theory or by social prejudice against rank, but by decisive experience, the House of Lords stands condemned as useless and worse than useless to the nation and to humanity. Strange to say, in its last moments some Radicals have risen up to defend it. But their reason is that the Conservative principle could not be embodied in a more unpopular or a weaker form. For the same reason rational Conservatives will desire a change, such as may at once substitute living for dead securities, and set free such Conservative forces as the House of Lords may contain to act effectively in a better sphere. Indications are not wanting that the same thought has begun to dawn upon some of the ablest and most thoughtful among the Lords themselves.

EVEN those who think it presumptuous in ordinary mortals to criticize any act of Mr. Gladstone will hardly think it presumptuous in Mr. Gladstone to criticize himself. In his Midlothian speech he frankly avowed that before his advent to power he had been too much absorbed by the struggle against Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy to pay attention to the Irish question. That he had not paid attention to the Irish question was manifest throughout to everybody who had studied that question on the spot; for he can hardly be said to have alluded to the real root of all the evil, the overcrowding of population on an unproductive soil and the general thriftlessness of the people. Only once, it is believed, has Mr. Gladstone visited Ireland: his stay was then limited to a few days, and what he did see he saw through the golden haze which gathers round triumphal receptions and oratorical demonstrations. Even his ardent followers complained that his presentation of the land question, though most eloquent and effective, was not correct; and our misgivings, not as to the benevolence, but as to the wisdom, of his policy are only renewed when he tells us that the same reduction of rents has been voluntarily made by the landlords in England which has been made in Ireland by agrarian legislation involving a general disturbance of contracts and utterly destroying the saleableness of land. That he does not understand the Irish character is a fact of which the practical proof is deplorably conclusive. The result of a mixed or rather shifting policy of concession, coaxing, and coercion, is that the Irish, both in Ireland and in England, are now in a state of moral rebellion under leaders whose avowed object is the dismemberment of the realm, and who boldly avow their determination to compass that object by force if they cannot compass it by political agitation. Conciliation so far has failed. The Lord Lieutenant, a man endowed personally with every quality which can command popularity as well as respect, is received wherever he goes with scowls of hatred. The language of the agitators is more venomous than ever; and Mr. Gladstone, instead of being spared as a benefactor, is singled out as a special mark of their abuse. Their grati-

tude for all that he has done, endured and risked on their behalf was shown by voting against him on a motion of censure, and they now announce their intention of wrecking his Franchise Bill unless he will dismiss two of his colleagues for an offence which has no existence except in imaginations steeped in slander. If he can persuade himself, as he apparently does, that he has solved the Irish problem, this only proves that it is as difficult for unwelcome truth to find access to uncrowned as to crowned kings. Of the responsibility the largest measure rests, not upon the Government, but upon the selfishness and profligacy of the factions, both Tory and Radical, in the House of Commons. But the upshot is that by no conceivable course of action could the question have been brought into a much more dangerous state than that in which we see it at present. There is a general uprising of the Celtic and Roman Catholic Irishry, in a spirit of the most rancorous enmity against British civilization. Philanthropy may dream and rhetoric may plausibly demonstrate that this uprising will be quelled, and that harmony and security will be restored by the concession of political power to ignorant and half civilized people who avow beforehand, and with unquestionable sincerity, that they intend to use their votes for the destruction of the Commonwealth. Every mail brings proof that harmony and security are not likely to be restored till the Irish shall have satisfied themselves by some decisive test that irresistible force is on the side of the Union.

THE political war in England, fierce as it is, has not suspended that of the philosophers. Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. Herbert Spencer are still fighting in the Reviews: one for the Religion of the Unknown, the other for the Religion of Humanity. Their encounters remind us of Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius on the stage, who, after a hollow reconciliation embrace, but from embracing fall to fisticuffing again. Mr. Harrison opens his last article by making a profound salaam to Mr. Spencer and assuring him that he considers him the only person in Europe who has produced a philosophy; but warming with discussion he so plies his controversial hammer that the only system of philosophy in Europe is left in a state of very pitiable dilapidation. In the destructive portion of his Essay, Mr. Harrison will carry most of his readers with him. There is no saying what may be the case with a philosopher, but to ordinary minds a pure negation cannot possibly be an object of worship, nor can a religion for the general public be constructed out of "an everpresent conundrum to be everlastingly given up." To Mr. Spencer's own mind, indeed, the Unknown is not a pure negation: it is an impersonal, unconscious, unthinking, and unthinkable energy, by which all things are created and sustained. But if Mr. Spencer knows all this about the Unknown and the Unknowable, his information must be, in official phrase, "most private and strictly confidential." As to his theory that all religion has its origin in belief in ghosts, the only thing that can be said is, that the evidence in support of it having, owing no doubt to the ravages of time, perished, so that not a particle is now forthcoming, we must admire it as a brilliant creation of speculative genius acting freely and unencumbered by facts. But when Mr. Harrison passes from the demolition of Mr. Spencer's religion to the defence of his own, his triumphal march ends and something very like a surrender follows. He first slays the Spencerian hypothesis and then falls upon his own sword. The Religion of Humanity, which was to supersede Christianity, as a perfect satisfaction for the religious sentiment, shrinks into something not distinguishable from common philanthropy, and certainly incapable of affording a livelihood to a Positivist priesthood. Pressed with the awkward objection that the humanity which Comtists worship, if it is an aggregate of the race, must include the wicked, Mr. Harrison replies: "I have no wish to worship Humanity in any other sense than as a man may worship his own father and mother. A good man feels affection and reverence for his father and mother; he can cultivate that feeling and make it the spring of conduct. And the feeling is not destroyed by his finding that his father and mother had the failings of men and women. Something of the affection and more of the sense of brotherhood which a man feels towards his own parents he feels towards his family; not a little of it even towards his home, his city, or his province, and much of it towards his country. Every good and active man recognizes the tie that binds him to a widening series of groups of his kinsmen and fellow-men. In that feeling there are elements of respect, elements of affection, and elements of devotion in certain degrees. That sense of respect, affection, and devotion can be extended wider than country. It can be extended, I say, as far as the human race itself. And since patriotism does not stop with our actual contemporaries, but extends to the memories and the future of our countrymen, so, I maintain, our feeling for the human race must include what it has been as well as what it is to be. That is all that I mean by the Religion of Humanity." If

so, there has been much ado about nothing. But then, what becomes of Comte's priesthood and liturgies, and ceremonials, and calendar, and all the religious apparatus which has given occasion for the true remark that Comtism is Roman Catholicism without Christianity? Does not Dr. Congreve believe Humanity to be "conscious," and to have "godhood" in it? Would he, like Mr. Harrison, deny that he offered prayer to it? Evidently the schism in the Church of Comte is widening, and we may expect soon to see Chapel Street anathematizing the atheism of Newton Hall. Mr. Harrison, and the congregation of Newton Hall, if it agrees with him, are within a step of the conclusion that there can be no religion without a God, and that the religious part of the Comtist system is merely an attempt to satisfy, by somewhat childish figments, an instinct of man's nature which cannot be eradicated. To an onlooker it is pretty clear that neither of these two eminent speculators has succeeded as yet in getting mentally beyond the pale of that which they both regard with contempt as the popular religion. Mr. Spencer's "Unknown and Unknowable" is what common people call God. No Christian pretends that any man can ever see God otherwise than as He is seen morally by the pure in heart. A universal and all-mighty mill-power, forever grinding the homogeneous into the heterogeneous and back again, ruthlessly and without intelligible object, may excite our wonder and our fear: it cannot possibly excite our reverence or our love: our reverence and love can be excited only by a moral being or a being apprehended as moral, and we can conceive of no morality which is not identical with our own. Mr. Spencer's Unknown and Unknowable then, once more, is merely a scientific name for God, and his philosophy is a reproduction of the common belief in a singular form. Respecting his antagonist's Humanity much the same thing may be said. It can neither be an abstraction, which would excite no emotion at all, nor an aggregate, which, including the wicked with the good, would excite mixed emotions, and, setting all cynicism aside, certainly would be no rational object of adoration. It must be an ideal. It is in fact not essentially different from the ideal which for eighteen centuries has been the object of Christian worship and imitation.

THIS is not all. Mr. Spencer presses Mr. Harrison, not only with the equivocal character of the Great Being which he worships, as embracing the wicked as well as the good, but with the absence of anything to constitute a Great Being at all. Humanity, he truly says, has no corporate consciousness whatever, and therefore it can have no prompting motive or deeds resulting from such a motive; consequently it cannot be the object of gratitude or veneration. He proceeds to show with the help of physical analogies that civilization, whether contemplated in its great organized societies or in their material and mental products, can be credited neither to any ideal "Great Being Humanity" nor to the real beings summed up under that abstract name. Communities, he says, have grown and organized themselves through the attainments of private ends, pursued with entire selfishness and an utter ignorance of any social effects produced. This proposition he draws out in detail, applying it to the different lines of human progress, not only political, social, and economical, but literary and scientific. Watt showed the selfishness of his motive by taking out exclusive patents, Newton by concealing the method of fluxions, and Johnson avowed that no man but a blockhead ever wrote a book except for money. A multitude of insignificant coral insects, by separate actions carried on without concert, and with no aim but the private good of each insect, generate the imposing structure of civilization, without meriting either individually or in the aggregate gratitude, much less adoration. To this, apparently, neither the Comtist nor the Atheist under any other name can find an answer; but Christianity can. There is a Great Being of Humanity, or something like one, with consciousness and prompting motives which make its beneficence the rational object, not of worship, but of reverence, gratitude, and affection. That Being is the Church of Christ, each member of which, though moved to action immediately by his individual needs and aims has also, if his character in any degree corresponds to his professions, a further end in view; and, though individually he may be the most insignificant of human insects, is consciously helping to build up, not a dead reef of coral, but a living Body in communion with a living Head. Moreover, this Great Being undertakes to assure all its parts and members, however humble and obscure, of a real and equal share in the results of the common effort by which the Brotherhood of man is to be eventually established, and good is to be made finally triumphant over evil, whereas the Great Being of the Comtist proposes to requite a worthy ploughman with a subjective existence in the mind of a grateful posterity, to which the ploughman would be wise in preferring a pot of objective beer. Whether Christianity is true or false is a question which is not proposed for discussion here, though history, it may be remarked, has as much to say upon the subject as

physical science. What is certain is that the Church of Christ is the sole reality corresponding in any degree to the Comtist's idea of Humanity. It may be that we are now on the threshold of an entirely new era; but so far the central figure of history is Christ; with Him moral and conscious progress began, and to Christendom it has hitherto been confined. This is a fact past dispute and apparently of some importance, though it is totally overlooked by mere physiologists, who characteristically think that the key to history can be found in the genesis of coral reefs and the structure of the Euplectella.

BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

WITH the closing of the Toronto Exhibition the summer may be said to have practically ended. Visitors to that successful show—and successful it has been beyond all cavil—will turn from the consideration of out-door products and mechanical improvements to the discussion of indoor arrangements for the winter—to the study of coal quotations and the adjustment of self-feeders. The date chosen for the Exhibition is the hinge of two seasons, and one might easily have imagined the door closed upon summer at mid-show. The showers which accompanied the earlier days were succeeded by warm sunshine which amply justified the light toilettes our Canadian ladies love so well, but ulsters and furs were absolutely necessary to comfort in the closing hours. Nevertheless, the management was well advised in selecting the tail of September for the Fair. Not too early to permit of farmers coming in to inspect the latest developments in agricultural produce and machinery, it is not too late for them to bring their families to enjoy the entertainments and useful exhibits provided for recreative purposes. These reasons, and the fact that Toronto is the undisputed business centre of the Garden Province, are the principal contributories to the almost phenomenal success of the Exhibition. The expressions of amazement at its extent and variety freely made by American visitors and others were probably merited, and in some measure vindicate the claim that it is unexcelled amongst annual fairs on this continent. Charges of misconduct or complaints of prize awards there were scarcely any—two facts which are respectively creditable to the vast crowds of sight-seers and the executive council. Toronto itself is so large a gainer by the moneys which overflow the coffers of the Exhibition Company into the tills of hotel-keepers and shop-keepers that the City Council might with advantage consider whether something could not be done to facilitate the conveyance of visitors to the fair grounds. Through street cars from leading centres ought to be arranged; the fares by steam cars and ferry-boats are too high; and the latter ought to be required to stop at intermediate wharves. It was not wonderful that full hotel-rates were exacted, after a dull season; and it is creditable to the business acumen of the licensed-victuallers that so few complaints were heard of over-charge. The grasping and short-sighted policy of their Montreal brethren during the Ice Carnival seems to have killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

BUT, as a shrewd observer remarked to us, the Industrial Exhibition proves the truth of the saying: that when you see a multitude of people gathered together and professing to be doing a particular thing, you may be sure that more than half of them are doing something else. The industrial objects now occupy in reality a secondary place. The Exhibition has become a fair, with fireworks, horse-races, games and entertainments of all kinds. Ostensibly the farmers come up from the country to see the latest improvements in machinery or goods, and enlarge their minds by a survey of all the parts of our economical progress. Really they come much more for the sake of the outing and of the amusement. Life in the country is somewhat dull, and a week in the city with plenty of entertainment and excitement is a welcome relief. Perhaps some who belong to austere churches, or are very serious in character, and who would hardly like to say that they were going to see horse-races or fireworks, may be glad of the highly respectable pretext for a little frolic afforded by the Industrial Exhibition. The institution is good for Toronto, which it makes a centre, and not bad for the farmers, whom it helps to reconcile to a country life, the growing distaste for which is one of our present dangers. We must only take care to keep the holiday system within bounds. A whole week of Semi-Centennial added to a whole week of Industrial Exhibition is almost universally pronounced a great mistake. A day of the Exhibition, appropriated to the Semi-Centennial, would have been as much as the occasion required. Holidays unfortunately entail not only a suspension of industry for the day, but disorganization for some days after.

ONE of the most agreeable social incidents connected with the brief sojourn of the Marquis of Lansdowne to Toronto was his visit to Chestnut Park. It was entirely in accordance with the fitness of things that the Governor-General should be a guest of Sir David Macpherson upon the occasion, and Queen's weather very properly brightened the reception. The spacious mansion, adorned by many objects of art and *virtu* which the taste of the proprietor has led him to collect, has on many previous occasions opened its portals with a generous welcome for Canadians and for the strangers within our gates; but it would be difficult to say when it appeared to greater advantage, or when the surrounding grounds, with their well-kept lawns and shady trees, provided amusement to so many distinguished guests or presented so brilliant an appearance as on the occasion of Lord Lansdowne's visit.

THAT the Canadian cricket team brought home victory from Philadelphia is dwelt upon with justifiable pride by lovers of "the prince of games" in this country. For several years fortune has favoured our American rivals, and every player knows what a dispiriting effect a succession of defeats has, especially upon an eleven which is not in constant practice together, and which is subject to change in its elements. Indeed, to the want of confidence engendered by repeated non-success is generally attributed the ignominious defeat of last year. But in cricket, as in other mundane affairs, Fortune favours the brave, and in the "Home of Cricket" no man is more respected than he who can play a "good uphill game." This is the spirit which animated the Canadian team at Philadelphia last week, and to it is, no doubt, due their victory in the International Match. The game took place upon the ground of the Germantown Club, the wicket was in capital order, the weather was impartial, and the result was the outcome of good play alone. Among the winning team were six of the "Canadian Zingari," who had just completed their series of matches against some American clubs. In their first, against the "Longwoods," of Boston, the "Zingari," though successful in their second innings, were not sufficiently ahead to neutralize their losses in the first. The Manhattan Club were their opponents in the second match, and this was a "draw" decidedly in favour of the Canadians. In their third and last contest they were met by a Staten Island Club, a team composed, with one exception, of Englishmen now resident in New York, who played admirably and won in a single innings. These clubs, except the Manhattan, have tennis courts laid out upon their grounds. The amusements do not interfere with each other, and combination brings increased membership and friends. It is pleasant to add that the Americans entertained their cricketing visitors with great hospitality.

WHEN an old witch descends the area steps, keeping your servant girl from her work for half an hour, and ultimately persuades her to sleep with three black beetles' livers under her pillow to charm back the waning affections of her lover, the said old woman becomes liable to imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond, says an English paper; but when the premier nobleman of England, the Duke of Norfolk to wit, dips his invalid infant son in the sacred waters of St. Winifred's Well, in the superstitious hope of a miraculous cure, he is—well, he is the Duke of Norfolk still. Of course his Grace can do as he pleases, but we fancy such a course of treatment to the young Earl is something like that now administered to the House of Lords by the Marquis of Salisbury, and highly calculated to "mend him or end him."

A CAPITAL story of innocence beguiled is told by a London correspondent of the Liverpool *Mercury*. Two Presbyterian ministers of the straiter sort, Sabbatarian to the very nails of them, and serious beyond ordinary Scotch seriousness, found themselves one Saturday night at Oban with the morrow in their minds. They would buy at the bookstall some improving literature for Sunday reading to keep their minds from wandering. At the Oban bookstall they found their choice distracted by variety. At length one of them lighted upon the modest figure of a maiden with a looking glass engraved on a grey cover. "*Truth!*" cried he; "what better for Sabbath reflection than *Truth?*" So they bought *Truth*, and took it with them to keep from their hearts the wiles and vanities of a wicked world. Next day they proceeded to comfort themselves with its sacred pages, when—Tableau! Moral No. 1: Such is fame! Mr. Labouchere's moral, this is. Moral No. 2: All is not gold that glitters. This is for Presbyterian parsons. Moral No. 3: "A good name is better than riches." This is a moral for the world.

ON DIT that a Canadian magazine is projected by a number of lady and gentlemen writers in Ottawa.

THE VICEROY-ELECT OF INDIA.

It is possible that Lord Dufferin may be as successful a Governor-General of India as his admirers in this country seem disposed to predict; but, long and various as have been his public services, he must be regarded, in his new capacity, as an untried man. There is but one possible apprenticeship for the post he is about to occupy, and, while that can be obtained only in the subordinate ranks of the Indian services, but one member of these services has in the course of fifty years been raised to the head of the Government; and the success of John Lawrence has not been considered sufficient to establish a precedent. Every Indian Viceroy is doomed to begin his work as a novice; and, if he is an able man, he will begin to feel that he is almost qualified to govern India just when his term of office is expiring. Some, like Lord Ripon, have gained some previous knowledge of India in the office of Secretary of State, but it may be questioned whether the knowledge cunningly cooked by permanent officials and judiciously served to the Secretary of State in Downing Street ought not to be regarded as a disqualification in a ruler of India. Lord Dufferin's experience as Governor-General of Canada will do him little service in India. The Governor-General of Canada is the representative of a constitutional sovereign in a very much limited monarchy. Power of any kind he has little; absolute power he has none. His responsibility for the actual government of the country and the well-being of the people is of the most shadowy kind. He is rather a sign and symbol of certain ties that unite Canada to the Mother Country than an actual ruler. The Governor-General of India is not only an actual ruler, and the visible head of a mighty despotism, but his personal word and will are, or if he chooses may be, absolute in many matters which involve the vital interests of a vast aggregate of nations. Yet he comes to his work so ignorant of all that is necessary to the wise performance of it that, if he is a strong or self-sufficient man, he may, by misdirected energy, do a vast amount of irreparable mischief; and if he is a weak man, he is certain to be a tool in the hands of his permanent officials, who thus attain almost limitless power with hardly a nominal responsibility. Lord Dufferin is probably too astute to become more of a tool than is inevitable in the circumstances in which he will find himself placed. He is, perhaps, more likely to err, as we fear his predecessor has done, by attempting too much in the way of reforming and ameliorating the condition of India. He must inevitably find many things there that seem out of joint; let us hope that he will not, by well-meant efforts to set the joints of the Indian body politic, stretch it on a rack of torments for the next five years.

There are two qualifications which the successor of Lord Ripon ought to possess in a supreme degree. One of these Lord Dufferin does possess, and it will probably make him for a time one of the most popular rulers who have ever held power in India. His lack of the other—if we are justified in ascribing to him this deficiency—will in a short time impair his popularity and render his government not only unpopular, but injurious to an already injured country. The first of these qualifications is the power of making things seem pleasant, and of putting men in good humour with themselves and each other. The most unfortunate result of Lord Ripon's magnanimous efforts to improve the condition of the natives of India has been the outbreak of a fever of race animosity, which has been raging now for eighteen months, and is at least as virulent among the European residents as among the people of the country. For many months the English and the native press, especially in the Province of Bengal, has teemed with reciprocal abuse, and the two communities, which had long lived in apparent friendliness, and generally behaved towards each other with becoming courtesy, are now estranged and hostile. The social courtesies which used to draw together the better classes of Europeans and natives have been suspended. Englishmen, with a very few individual exceptions, are no longer welcome and honoured guests at native entertainments, and while, in society, the races stand sullenly aloof from each other, their organs in the press are daily engaged in wounding their respective susceptibilities. It is Lord Ripon who, while acting from the most praiseworthy motives and seeking the noblest ends, has given the occasion for this outbreak of race hostility, and there was little hope of its subsidence so long as he remained at the head of the government. His successor may, by the exercise of tact, good humour, and persuasive speech—honeyed, if we may say so, by a large infusion of blarney—be able to pour oil on the troubled waters and restore peace and kindlier feelings. Lord Dufferin's first few months of office will, fortunately, be spent in Calcutta, the chief seat of discord. He will have abounding opportunities of exercising a genial and reconciling influence over the races. There will be endless occasions for making racy speeches, and there will be room for surprise as well as disappointment if Lord Dufferin

fail to improve these occasions so as to restore better mutual feelings among the classes and races whom it will be his first task to reconcile.

The other qualification which Lord Ripon's successor should possess in a supreme degree is—if we may employ a well-known Indian phrase—a great capacity of “masterly inactivity.” Lord Ripon has unsettled many things. Lord Dufferin ought to exercise a wise self-restraint, and let things alone as much as possible so as to allow them to settle themselves. Lord Ripon has initiated several great measures of reform. Lord Dufferin ought to meddle with these as little as possible, but to exercise respecting them a calm and constant vigilance, protecting them from the foes who will be eager to trample on them as soon as their author is removed, and securing for them free scope for progress and development. But he should be extremely chary of trying new political experiments. What India needs is rest. It has been distracted by excessive legislation and all sorts of political tinkering. Oriental peoples are apt to dislike change simply as change; and a multitude of reforms which are unasked and unwelcome are not likely to be beneficial in practice however excellent they may, theoretically, appear. The reforms that have been introduced in recent years, particularly Lord Ripon's measures of local self-government, have much to recommend them to the sympathy of intelligent and liberal-minded Englishmen. But they have been crowded too thickly on one another, and sometimes, perhaps, carried too far, through the desire to give them symmetry and completeness. A long season of repose is now required to give them time to take root and grow up as living institutions and to become familiar to the people. No people in the world are so ready as the people of India to rest and be thankful. The symptoms of discontent and apparent disloyalty which are chronicled from time to time by the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* would soon cease to attract attention under a rule of calm strength and masterly inactivity. If Lord Dufferin will content himself with a vigilant supervision of the administration of the laws and the working of the political institutions which already exist; if he will abstain from fiscal changes unless where it may become possible for him to lighten taxation; if he will endeavour to promote the prompt and impartial administration of justice, and show himself ready to restrain and correct tyranny on the part of his official subordinates; if he will set his face against the Jingo influences which are again striving to impel the Indian Government forward in the direction of Central Asia; if he will strive to preserve external peace and internal rest; and, finally, if he will employ his well-known powers of genial speech and winning courtesy to restore the disturbed harmony of races and classes, he may write his name by the side of the great English names which adorn the history of India. But if he strive to distinguish himself by a restless activity and the initiation of new measures, no matter how admirable these may appear, he will find that the time is inopportune, and his government of India will be the first failure in a long and brilliant public career.

WILLIAM RIACH.

STOCK-GROWING IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES OF CANADA.

ALTHOUGH it is almost entirely within the past five years that the District of Alberta has come prominently forward as a cattle-grazing district, already the foothills of the Rocky Mountains and the plains for some fifty miles eastward from the International Boundary Line on the south to the Canadian Pacific Railway on the north are dotted with herds of cattle, aggregating, at a moderate estimate, between forty and fifty thousand head. The unfortunate experience of one large pioneer company whose herd suffered severely during their first winter in the country (1882) for a time created the impression that the country was not suitable for “stock-growing” on an extensive scale, and the investment of capital in the enterprise was temporarily checked, since it is a *sine qua non* of cheap beef that cattle should be able to range out and procure their own food, winter and summer, without the necessity of stabling or feeding. It is now, however, generally recognized that the heavy loss of the company referred to was due, not so much to general climatic influences, as to very exceptional circumstances: the unfortunate location of their ranche, the lateness of the season when the cattle arrived from Montana, and, perhaps mainly, to inexperience and bad management. Confidence in the country seems now to be completely restored, as is evident from the large amount of capital invested within the past two years in cattle. Indeed, notwithstanding their heavy losses, the company mentioned above not only continue in the business, but have secured an extensive grazing lease south-west of Fort Macleod, and, under competent management, are now running a large herd of cattle (nearly 5,000 head) with every prospect of

success, their losses last winter, though the cattle had just been driven to their new range, not being any heavier than is usual during the same months in the Western States.

Experience would seem to show that cattle (at least in large herds) cannot very safely be trusted to range all the year round further north than about Sheep Creek, and consequently most of the large ranches are to be found south of this point. The Bow and Little Bow Rivers, High River, Willow Creek, Old Man River (and its forks), Pincher Creek, Kootenay River, St. Mary's River, are names which indicate to the “cowmen” of this country the favourite grazing districts. In all of them cattle range out on the prairies winter and summer alike, though the careful rancher usually puts up a stock of hay for winter use in case of emergencies. The Walrond Ranche Company, who have about ten thousand head of cattle and nearly two hundred horses, are putting up as much as one thousand tons of hay, in case the winter should, like that of last year, prove a severe one. Last winter was on the whole the most severe that has been known in this country for years, but the cattle came through it without at all a heavy average of loss, not nearly so heavy, in fact, as would appear from all accounts to have been suffered in Montana.

The system of granting grazing-leases adopted by the Government has produced the inevitable cry of “landlordism,” but the trouble between settlers and leaseholders seems one likely to settle itself. The lessees recognize that within certain limits settlers on their leases are rather an advantage than otherwise, provided they do not fence up water supplies, enclose hay-meadows, or run stock on their ranges, while the settler finds in the stockman a market for his grain, vegetables, and farm produce, and an employer of labour who is always ready to pay an energetic man good wages for herding, cutting hay, building corrals, etc., etc.

The method of working the cattle-ranches is similar to that in vogue in the Western States and territories. Although each owner has his own lease, by mutual consent “free-ranging” practically prevails; and it by no means follows that the lessee has all or even the majority of his cattle on his own lease. The cattle, of course all *branded*, roam freely about the country. The large cattle companies employ constantly from six to ten “cowboys,” with an experienced foreman, and a local manager, beside additional hands during hay-making, “round-up,” etc. A large band of horses is also necessary—say an average of five or six head to each cowboy, beside horses for team work and general purposes. Smaller owners—with herds under 1,000 head—naturally manage with much greater economy. Two or three good practical men, with from twenty to thirty horses, can do all the work about the ranche and management of the cattle, with the occasional assistance of an extra hand or two.

The stock-men of Alberta have formed a powerful association, known as the “South-western Stock Association,” for the protection and advancement of their interests. This association has the management of the annual “general round-up,” which usually begins in May and lasts for about six weeks. All the stock-men in the country send representatives in proportion to the number of their herd, and each “cowboy” brings with him from four to six horses. It can be imagined that, with sixty men in camp, and a band of over three hundred horses, the scenes that occur are often lively and sometimes exciting. In the autumn local “round-ups” in the different stock districts are held for the purpose of branding the summer calves, which by the following spring would probably have left their mothers, becoming “No-man's cattle,” or as they are technically termed *mavericks*.

The life of the rancher and cowboy is, at times, a hard one—but withal, picturesque and somewhat romantic. It is true he almost lives in the saddle, but he rides over a splendid country, and enjoys (if he has the faculty) magnificent scenery. The numerous streams and rivers abound in trout, and prairie-chicken, grouse, ducks and geese, afford abundance of game for the gun. His life has plenty of exciting variety and some danger. There are few more interesting sights than the cowboys at work on their well-trained, sagacious ponies, “cutting out” cattle from an immense herd, frightened and bellowing, and only kept from a general stampede by the mere continually riding round them. Again, a herd crossing one of our large rapid rivers is a grand spectacle. One or two old steers, perhaps, wade in up to their knees, and then becoming suspicious attempt to break back. But the main body of the herd presses on them, driven by a dozen cowboys, yelling and cracking their whips, in a cloud of dust behind and at their sides. The leaders are forced into deep water, and soon have to swim, striking out boldly for the farther shore, the others follow, while the cowboys ride into the current to “keep them a'goin'.” Last of all come the calves, with the rest of the cowboys riding behind. But by this time the leaders are climbing out on the opposite bank, and the main body is drifting down stream in a confused mass. A couple of men gallop down

the bank, plunge into the river and head them up stream again, and in a few minutes the whole band, calves and all, are crossed in safety.

In conclusion, let me say that the average "cowboy," in this country at least, is anything but the blackguard ruffian he is popularly supposed. On the contrary, he is generally a simple-minded, straightforward, whole-souled fellow, and, if perhaps reckless and extravagant, brave and generous to a fault.

McC.

THE WITNESS OF ST. MATTHEW.*

THERE are two quite distinct methods in which we may approach the study of the Gospels. On the one hand, we may compare the four together, and extract from them a narrative brought into some kind of chronological arrangement, so as to make one continuous history containing all the incidents recorded by all the four Evangelists. Notwithstanding Dean Alford's protest, we hold that this is still a useful undertaking. It is quite true that the Evangelists do not always observe the order of time in their narratives. It is equally true that there are some events which it is impossible to refer with certainty to any particular moments in the history of our Lord. At the same time the general chronological outline of the life may be ascertained without difficulty, and St. Mark and St. Luke for the most part arranged the events which they record in the order of their occurrence.

The other method of studying these documents is that pursued by Mr. Allnatt in the volume before us, which is dedicated to a careful examination of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and this method is no less useful and no less fruitful than the other. If we should lose something by neglecting to blend the Gospel narratives and consider the force of their united testimony, we shall certainly lose a great deal if we failed to consider each of those documents as a complete and organized whole, having a purpose of its own, and pervaded by one dominant idea. However great the similarities between the Gospels, especially the first three, called the synoptic Gospels, no careful reader can fail to remark certain characteristics by which they are distinguished. Whether we can affix to them the ancient symbols of the lion, the ox, the angel, and the eagle, or not, there was some reason for the selection of these representative types, and a good deal may be said in favour of their connection with the particular Gospels. Mr. Allnatt follows Mr. Isaac Williams in assigning the lion to St. Matthew, but he can hardly be unaware, although he does not mention it, that the lion has also been assigned to St. Mark, as everyone knows who is acquainted with the Queen of the Adriatic, which was placed under that patronage.

Mr. Allnatt has wisely limited his design in dealing with the first Gospel, and he has thus produced a book which does its own work very well indeed, because it does not attempt too much. He gives us hardly any of the information which is generally arranged under the head of *prolegomena*. He does not enter into the questions of authorship or date, nor does he examine the tradition which asserts that this Gospel was originally written in Hebrew. With regard to this theory, we may remark in passing that recent criticism has made it tolerably clear that St. Matthew's Gospel is not a translation from the Hebrew, but a work originally written in Greek. As Mr. Allnatt does not enter upon questions connected with the genuineness or authenticity of the first Gospel, so he ignores the whole subject of minute textual criticism, unless as it may be necessary to explain a passage in order to understand the train of thought in the section to which it belongs.

The exact object of the work is to set forth and illustrate the special purpose of the first Gospel, and to show in what manner and from what point of view it brings out the unity of the life and work of Christ. In carrying out this design the author does not seem to have added much to our previous knowledge. Nearly every point which he notices has been touched by one writer or another; but we are not acquainted with any work in which the object of the Gospel, together with its structure and unity, is brought out so clearly and so completely. The author's view of the general purport of the Gospel is undoubtedly the true one, and his analysis of the divisions and trains of thought is very complete.

The first Gospel is the Gospel for the Hebrews. From beginning to end it has peculiar regard to the connection between the old dispensation and the new, and it speaks throughout to those who know the law. For this reason it is essentially the Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven. Indeed, it is the only document in the New Testament in which that phrase occurs; elsewhere the expression is "Kingdom of God," for Gentiles had no

knowledge of a theocracy such as the Jews recognized. The Hebrew had already a Kingdom of God; he was now looking for a Kingdom of Heaven.

Mr. Allnatt is right in making the Gospel fall into two great divisions, separated at the period at which the Transfiguration took place. Renan and some other critical naturalists have discovered at this point, absurdly enough, a change of plan in Jesus. It would be more correct to speak of a change of method, or rather a new departure in the development of the manifestation of Christ. This division, however, is not peculiar to St. Matthew; it is distinctly marked in the other synoptics.

That which is more characteristic of St. Matthew is the clear manner in which he illustrates the proclamation of the Kingdom of Heaven in its preparation, in its fundamental principles, in its realization, and in its first completion. He thus gives its plan in outline: "The first two chapters are regarded as forming an introductory section, which begins by establishing the continuity of Christ's Kingdom with the old Dispensation; and then, after a few brief particulars as to His origin and nature, the manner of His coming and its object, proceeds to narrate an incident of His infancy (the visit of the Magi) which may be taken as allegorically representing the whole subject of His manifestation to mankind, and its effects for blessing or judgment. The remainder of the Gospel is regarded as dividing itself naturally into two portions, each representing a separate period of our Saviour's ministry, and each distinguished, both in its *subject* and its general *tone*, by strongly marked characteristics. . . . During the course of the first of these periods our Saviour reveals the *nature of the New Life* He has come to bestow, *Himself* as its Representative, Source, and Giver, and *His Kingdom* as the means of manifesting and communicating it to mankind. . . . The Second Period is occupied with the Lord's Death and its preparatory series of circumstances; and sets before us the great Act of *Sacrifice*, the old, ruined, forfeited life laid down, the "Obedience unto Death" wrought out, sin laid upon the sinless One, and thus the way cleared for man's reconciliation to his Father and restoration to his lost position of Sonship.

It would be interesting to show how the writer fills up this outline of his plan. As my space will not allow of this, we must simply note that the work is done with the most minute care and with great economy. It may perhaps appear to some that a strain has been put upon words and incidents in order to fit them into their places in the exposition; but this will not often be suspected, and still less frequently will it be made good. We would refer to the examination of the temptation of Christ, to the admirable analysis of the Sermon on the Mount, to the significance of the miracles and of the parables, especially in their order and connexion, as examples of excellent and illuminating exposition; but it is hardly necessary to particularize portions of the work. Any one who will study the Gospel of St. Matthew in the Revised Version, with this book as a guide, will obtain an understanding of its contents, and a grasp of its purpose and significance, such as are possessed by very few even among professed theologians.

Somewhat prominent in Mr. Allnatt's method of exposition is his mystical mode of interpreting many of the incidents in the Life of Christ. So long as this method is employed merely for purposes of edification, it can hardly be carried too far. If it is used for the explanation of history, or for proof of doctrine, it must be regarded with some suspicion. Any one who has considered the manner in which Old Testament history was handled by the great Augustine in his controversial writings against the Manicheans, will more than doubt the legitimacy of such treatment of the Scriptures. We cannot say that, even when we are unable to go all the way with Mr. Allnatt, we discover anything mischievous in his mysticism. We are not sure that the gold, frankincense, and myrrh, offered by the Magi, had the exact meaning found in them by him; but we can quite believe that such meditations may be very edifying. His remarks on the Temptation are very suggestive. "Thus," he says, "our Lord' at once goes back to the starting-place of the evil he came to remedy. He begins the world's new history, with a repetition of Eden, but it is Eden reversed. He finds Satan ruling in God's place, the garden changed into a desert. Satan had sought the first Adam in Paradise, had fought and conquered, and by his victory had made man his prey and the garden a wilderness. The second Adam now seeks Satan in the wilderness he has made, and challenges him to the combat, that He may take away his prey from between his teeth and turn the desert anew into a garden." There are many happy touches like this in the book, and if some of them have been anticipated, it is convenient to have them brought together.

In any book, and especially in a book on such a subject, it must be easy to find statements which are inexact or unsatisfactory, and they are not entirely wanting in this book. On the first page it is remarked, "the old

* The Witness of St. Matthew: An Inquiry into the Sequence of Inspired Thought pervading the First Gospel; and into its result of Unity, Symmetry and Completeness, as a perfect portrait of the Perfect Man. By F. J. B. Allnatt, B.D., etc. London: Kegan, Paul & Co., 1884.

Testament sets before us the likeness of the PERFECT FATHER." We think we know what the writer means; but in the ordinary use of language this statement is not quite true. It was Jesus Christ, and He alone, who revealed the Father. In the account of the Temptation, we do not think he has quite accurately interpreted the suggested casting down from the pinnacle of the Temple. Surely this was a temptation to presumption on the part of the Son of God. In his arrangement of the passage in which occurs the parable of the labourers in the vineyard, we think he has hardly grasped the significance of that somewhat difficult portion of Christ's teaching. The first two answers to St. Peter's question he has properly indicated; but he has not brought it out clearly that this parable was also an answer to the question: "What shall we have therefore?" These are perhaps small matters, but we note them that we may not be suspected of commending an excellent book while overlooking any defects by which it may be marked.

C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRITISH SCIENTISTS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In your last issue I read a short editorial commenting on the recent visit of the British Scientists' Association, in which you logically affirm that "not a little surprise seems to have been felt at the mixed class of travellers who came out to this country—ostensibly as scientists." There can be no doubt that the inference you arrive at is nothing but just, and embraces the opinion of all intelligent Canadians who are familiar with the great names of Britain's foremost scientific men. Like thousands of others, I felt lamentably disappointed and exceedingly surprised when, upon perusing the list of names published in our newspapers under the category of "British Scientists," to find that, out of some three hundred of these visitors, only a meagre few were known as such—either through popularity of name or by their eminence in any solitary element of science. The fact is, the most eminent of British scientists were left behind, when we discover that such lights of science as Herbert Spencer, Prof. Huxley, Leslie Stephen, Sir David Wedderburn, His Grace the Duke of Argyll, Henry Maudsley, James Anthony Froude, William Rathbone Gregg, Prof. Clifford, R. H. Hutton, etc., were conspicuous by their absence.

Yours, ONLOOKER.

EMIGRATION TO THE STATES.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—I have noticed in your journal letters from different correspondents in relation to the emigration of young men from Canada to the United States. The tone of these letters would seem to indicate that to commence business in the United States is to succeed, and all owing to some innate merits of the country and its people. I have known many young men who have come to this country and have by no means succeeded; the majority, it is true, making a fair living, but accumulating absolutely nothing. From these the Canadian public hears nothing. There are many who do succeed, and their success is heralded over the border in most glowing terms. I have known many of this latter class, both while here and in Canada, and have concluded that in many cases had they shown the energy, ability and readiness to work in Canada that they evinced since coming here, the results there would have been vastly different. At home fond parents had interfered between these young men and want; away from that home, the case has been different, and stern necessity has made itself felt, generally greatly to the ultimate advantage of the young men.

Young men must dissipate from their minds all ideas that business success is to be obtained in this country by other means than those used elsewhere. Honesty, hard work, fair ability, and good health make up the foundation of success here as in Canada; all are essential. It seems to me, the great advantage a young Canadian has in that he is economical—his tastes are not as expensive as those of the American. This I consider the foundation of his success. It is well appreciated in the United States that young men obtain good salaries; that the American will live up to, and frequently beyond, his stipend, while the Canadian with equal remuneration will manage to accumulate steadily. This gives the Canadian an advantage which any business man can appreciate. In this thing more than in any other lies the reason of the Canadian success. Let not young men in Canada underrate the abilities of Americans; let them remember that success is but the result of honest well-directed labour, here as elsewhere; let them persevere in that, and by the aid of economy they may succeed, but not otherwise.

W. B. E.

New York, September, 1884.

CELEBRATIONS AND CONVENTIONS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—It may be truly said, this is the age of Celebrations and Conventions. That which is now left uncelebrated it would be difficult to name. We have actually had an illustration, not long since, of people gathering together in numbers for no other purpose than to rejoice at their own, or their fathers', defeat in battles fought a century ago. And the most remarkable convention ever held is, I should imagine, that of the "Undertakers of this Province," which took place in Toronto a few days ago. What object this body of tradesmen can have in gathering in convention, one is entirely at a loss to understand. Can it be possible that they met together for the purpose of discussing how to improve their business, and to keep up those exorbitant prices which they charge for the burying of the dead? Is it not full time that some radical change was made in our funeral obsequies whereby the cost would be greatly reduced?

Toronto.

PRUDENCE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In Friday's *World* I read that "John Bright gives Whittier's verse a place only second to that of Milton." It does one good to see great and good men's hearts beat in unison. Whittier is placed by John Bright in very close relationship to Milton. You will see here three John's all in a row. Your correspondent has been troubled as to the true position John Greenleaf Whittier occupies as a poet. It was only just previous to seeing the above that I arrived at a partial (or impartial) conclusion that Whittier is the purest and "sweetest singer of them all." The more I know of him the dearer he is to me. And it is thus I offer my humble tribute to him and his:—

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Whittier! thou art dear to me:
The sweetest singer of them all!
Before whom I in reverence fall
And worship first in ministralsey.

Of all the singers that I know
Thou hast the first place near my heart;
Whose life I deem the counterpart
Of the pure Christ of long ago.

A tribute I dare weave to thee,—
A loving tribute to thy name:
An "in-memoriam" to thy fame
Wreathed in this verse so tenderly.

W. H. STEVENS.

IN THE BEGINNING.

AUGUST, year unknown; time, Six o'clock in the morning;
Sate in a tree an Ape; irrational; eating an apple,
Raw; no cook as yet, no house, no shred of a garment;
Soul, a blank; taste, nil; a thumb but slowly beginning;
Warranted wholly an Ape, a great Jack-ape o' the forest,
Jabbering, hairy, grim, arboreal wholly in habits.
So he sate on till Noon, when, hushed in slumber around him,
Everything lay dead; all save the murmuring insect,
Whose small voice still spake, proclaiming silence. Awaking
Suddenly then he rose, and thinking scorn of his fellows
Longed to be quit of them all, his Apeess specially. She, dear,
Knew no dream, no vision; her Apelet playing about her
All her thought, her care! At Four, he finally left her,
Went to live by himself, but felt a pang—'twas a conscience
Budding, in germ! yet went; then stopped to bathe in a fountain;
Wow! What an ugly phiz! He saw, and shuddered; a Ruskin
Stirred in his breast. Taste born!—the seed of a mighty Ideal,
Raffaelesque, Titianic! Erect he strode through the jungle,
Cleaving his way with a stick;—Art's rise! An implement-maker.
Parent of Armstrong guns, steam-rains, et cætera! Still on
Plucking the fruits he went; felt pain, no matter the region;
Said it was not the apple, or crab, or cranberry, no! nor
Even the sloe. 'Twas a chill. He caught it there in the fountain,
Bathing, still in a heat, the water cold o' the coldest.
Glorious Ape!—Logician! not yet a perfect Induction,
But good step that way, as good as many among us!
So he went on till eve, when, reached the edge o' the forest,
Just where the opening paths sloped westward; then i' the gloaming,
Mounting a rising knoll, he saw the sun in his glory
Set over flood and fell; and joining, as in embraces,
Earth to heaven draw near: he saw, and suddenly trembled;
Sudden his Apehood shrank as a robe, and fell from off him;
Sudden a soul was born. He owned a greater above him,
Near him, round him, in him, far away in the splendour,
Having a right to rule, and he a duty to serve it.
And this happened at Eight—at Eight p.m. precisely—
On that August day; and if you cannot believe it,
Go to your Darwin; read how an Ape grew man; and a moment
Was when his soul was not, another, his soul was quickened.
And this must be true, or else—unhappy dilemma—
Men and monkeys both have souls, or flourish without them.
So farewell, Ape-man! Lo we, your progeny, greet you;
Thank you much for a soul, and—may we never forget it!

B.

A CONVERSION.

[From the French of Thomas Bentzon.]

V.

JUST as the cowards who, to cure themselves of fright, go straight up to the spectre which had all but made them flee, and so satisfy themselves of the emptiness of their fears, Vicar Fulgentius, upon his return home, had reasoned, had touched the danger with his finger, and at last had found himself strong enough to vanquish it. Upon what, after all, was so vehement an alarm grounded? Did he feel in the bottom of his soul a hidden weakness? Without hesitation, he answered, no. Again, surely this dying person was not formidable. And why judge so severely the poor, crazy thing? In her Protestant eyes, he was not the Lord's anointed; he was not clothed with the unalterable character which should put profane feelings to silence—he was only a man like the rest, as she had said. One might as well feel angry with a foreigner for not understanding our

language, of which he knew nothing. Suddenly, it appeared to be his duty to join battle with the Evil One; or, at least, to decide, by pushing his scrutiny to the end, whether such a battle needed to be fought. Resolutely he opened the book again, and without stopping thereafter read from the first to the last line. The broken-off diary had been resumed towards the autumn of the year that had seen him installed in his parish, by these words:—

"A house on fire! The homestead of Chesnays, where the village begins, has been entirely consumed by fire. We saw the sky aglow over a wide area, and huge whirlwinds of red smoke rising up behind the trees. My father got a cart ready to rush and make sure of what was happening; as for me, I wished to follow him—attracted, fascinated by the fearful sight. . . . All the village is on foot; the dogs bark; the alarm bell rings. . . . There is a confused and ill-omened noise of hurried footsteps, shouts and lamentations. The pumps work badly, the buckets of water that are being passed from hand to hand arrive slowly; and while these inadequate means of succour are being reorganized the fire gains ground, consumes the walls, rushes out of the doors, bursts up the roof. . . . At the highest pitch of danger, he appeared before me. His loud, clear voice rings out orders to the infatuated people; and, with admirable coolness, he seems to do in his single person a larger share of the task than all the rest together. . . . What a crackling! Part of the roof has just fallen in. I think he is buried under the ruins. . . . But no: already a little further off, he is climbing a ladder; while round him flare and sparkle the burning trusses of straw and corn, which are sending out rockets, as it were, towards every quarter. . . . The farmers are only thinking of saving their cattle, their furniture. All of a sudden, a piercing cry for help is uttered by a childish voice. An orphan from the foundling asylum, brought up in the house, and whom no one thought about, finds himself there imprisoned by the flames. He has awakened too late. Lost! he is lost! And people turn their heads away so as not to see him. After all, the existence of this unlucky child, whom nobody claims, is of small account; so many other losses have been made—material losses. Oh, the selfish beings! the cowards! One man alone devotes himself. I see him again plunge into the furnace. Now everyone is saying, 'Both are lost.' My heart has ceased to beat. But soon he appears once more, with his hair and clothes burnt, his face blackened, carrying on his shoulder the now unconscious child. Cheers burst from the crowd. I ask, 'Who is this intrepid man?' and they answer me, 'The new vicar.'"

Vicar Fulgentius had often recalled that night to thank God, who had allowed him to save the life of a human being; but it seemed to him that this story of his achievements was singularly exaggerated.

"Truly," said he, with a derisive smile, "it would rest with me to believe myself a hero because I helped to make the chain at a fire. What a deal of fine talk! How she must have needed to be enthusiastic over somebody or something!"

He knew, nevertheless, what popularity his behaviour that night had won him all the country round, albeit a popularity whose emptiness he did not disguise to himself, for it had lasted exactly as long as usually does the remembrance of a benefit—a few weeks. But the diary of Simone was reproducing with zest that brief period of enthusiasm, and prolonging it. It was clear that she used at that time to seek opportunities of speaking about him, that she took pleasure in hearing it said that he was the most generous, the most affable, the most learned of men. Each one of their accidental meetings was written down. "This morning he passed near me on the road. At once he saluted me with grave politeness. The old Vicar never saluted us. He pointed us out as the plague of the parish, as impious, as accursed. This man has nothing of the fanatic about him. By what aberration of mind could he have entered that clerical order which condemns enlightenment, which excommunicates free inquiry? I picture to myself what he could have become if stripped of that black robe, free, able to love a woman who would have adored him. What blindness can have led him to suicide? A deception in love perhaps. Is it possible? Who would not have loved him? . . ."

"Poor crazy thing!" thought Vicar Fulgentius, "how far she is from the truth!"

And he recalled on the contrary how gently he had slid from the lesser seminary to the greater. Not once had he doubted his calling. The need of believing and obeying was so natural to him that he had found no merit in the total sacrifice of his personality. Resting on the unchangeable rock of theology, he defied error. Why did she speak of enlightenment? He was sure that by God's grace he was the dispenser of truth. Why in looking for himself had she not gone as far as the church? His words might have convinced her perhaps—that wandering, tortured mind would have been lifted up while listening to him from the servant to the Master. . . . She had gone; she had made her way right into the nave from a desire to see him. Hidden behind a pillar she had followed the ceremonies of a worship to which her reason refused assent, and nothing had warned her that an impassable barrier sheltered this young saint, who nevertheless seemed to her isolated, glorified beneath that priestly garb. . . . another age and behind those clouds of incense.

"Eloquent, that he is; and full of belief too, I do not doubt it. But I have heard lessons not less edifying from the mouths of ministers who to my eyes were righteous men also, and who had yet not broken with nature; who while ever continuing to guide souls allowed themselves the joys of a family, cherished their wives, and trained up their children. How is one to believe in the merits of celibacy sterile and beyond doubt full of grief?"

For all that, one could see that this sublime folly, this superhuman idealism, only served to kindle Simone's enthusiasm. She compared to this exceptional being, severed from every earthly advantage, the common

herd of men, with a supreme contempt for this country attorney, that well-to-do miller who was seeking her in marriage. What coarseness there was about those folk! They were vulgar and ugly! As each match was proposed to her there came back to her mind the likeness of Vicar Fulgentius; whilst he himself, entertaining against beauty all the contempt of a Christian of the earliest ages, felt a temptation to destroy his face if that face which he had never thought of looking at was to be to him as well as to a woman an occasion of falling. As he read he uttered a prayer for premature old age.

The blooming, the growth of such a passion that nothing had gone to feed, bore witness to the little balancing power that exists in the female nature, where fancy predominates out of all proportion. It is thus that an imperceptible seed thrown at random on to a soil too well tilled develops into a perennial plant, and ends by becoming the poisonous tree whose indestructible roots and encroaching shadow destroy all other vegetation around it.

This simply enamoured existence presented moreover a phase of austerity. Simone had imposed on herself all kinds of privations and sacrifices in order to raise herself in some small measure towards the moral heights from which the unconscious elect of her heart looked down. She had created between herself and him a secret communion in tastes and habits; she had given herself up to visiting the poor, to nursing the sick in the hope (now and then realized) of meeting him beside the misery that they were both striving to alleviate, and which, she thought, they would together have better succeeded in removing. Her father used now to say to her, "Since you are becoming so perfect, we must decidedly make you the wife of a pastor."

The effect of her loneliness, rendered more complete by the marriage of Julia, had been to give her chimera the persistency of a fixed idea, which overflowed in drafts of letters, now timid, now ardent, as quickly destroyed. One of them, nevertheless, was dropped at the post-office, without signature, one day when her father had taken her to town; but scarcely had it gone off before she would have liked to snatch it back again. If he guessed, she would die of shame!

Alas! two days later she had met him outside the village on a round of parochial visits. She had felt a faintness come over her, persuaded as she was that he would dart upon her a look which, by anticipation, was already burning her like a red-hot iron. And this look of contempt was not even granted her. He had not even appeared to notice her, absorbed as he was in thought. Of what was he thinking? Her letter, perhaps. . . . Had he not pulled it out of his pocket as he walked? . . . No, a thousand times no: what he was holding, what he was reading, was a breviary.

No matter: the first step once taken she was determined to go on, determined to reach him, in spite of the triple wall of the sanctuary, determined to do everything. . . . Oh, how she had changed that dainty school-girl's writing with which she began her journal! Now it was impatience, anguish, passion, that guided her hand, by turns suppliant and ready to threaten. . . . Yes, she was resolved he should know: she would go and see him, go and speak to him under some pretext. What pretext? Seek as she would, not one came to her mind. She was still seeking in vain when on a certain evening a blind, despairing impulse had carried her right up to the vicarage. As though to help her design, the garden gate was open, and so was the kitchen door; and Ursula was out. She crossed the little dining-room, monastic in its simplicity, trembling lest she should meet him, although she longed to. At random she pushed another door—behold, a narrow couch, a deal table, a crucifix, some straw chairs, upon the walls a large supply of shelves loaded with books, upon the bare table a forgotten chaplet. Seizing upon this amulet, of whose use she was ignorant, but which he must have touched, she pulled a rose from her bodice, where it had been fading since the morning, and laid it on the same spot. There was a sound of foot-steps in the next apartment; she fled. Memories almost effaced unrolled before the mind of the Vicar. He remembered the anonymous letter, which he had burnt, with a shrug of the shoulders, and the vanished chaplet, which for a while he had sought in vain. The rose he had not observed: it had told him nothing. All that was rather the fault of Ursula, who too often went away to gossip with their neighbours, leaving the door open behind her. On the whole these trivial facts hardly affected him at all; but in return his pity was excited by the internal drama of which this soul was the theatre.

Alas! why was not such an outburst of enthusiasm and love turned towards God? Once more he felt convinced that he, Fulgentius, was only a pretext. Do not our empty and deserted hearts require to attach themselves to something, especially a female's heart, to which the employments of the mind can give no change? One has seen little girls fall ardently in love, for want of a real object, with the hero of the romance they have been reading; or even, where the complicity of a romance was absent, with a phantom created by their own imagination, which they afterwards thought that they recognized under the features of the first passer-by. That was just his position. In point of fact, what Simone loved in him was virtue, courage, every perfection that she freely lent to him. She had lost her way in the pursuit of an ideal. Perhaps he had only to put her again on the right road which leads to God. Doubtless she had shown herself angered by difficulty, tempted by the forbidden fruit, like a true daughter of Eve; but her modesty had been too powerful: that delicate instinct was only giving way at the gates of the tomb, when her womanhood was already dead, worn out by vain watching, undermined by projects that ended in despair. Falling ill, she had hidden, as a crime, sufferings of which she alone knew the source. Her parents had taken fright at seeing her pine away for want of appetite and sleep. The physician called in by them found nothing the matter: "A nervous child, that was all; nervousness

causes fever, brings on a cough." Yet this cough had become tenacious, obstinate; and the mysterious malady which betrays itself in the person reached by it, by a slow decrease of strength, already deserved the expressive name of consumption, which sums up so many hidden causes.

For a long while she had kept silent; then, under the sway of a last desire which held in her brain the place of argument and reflection, she had allowed herself one night to sob out upon her mother's shoulder the secret that for years she had made it her pride to conceal. In order once more to see the one whom everything separated from her more than ever (since she no longer left the house) she must have an accomplice; she reckoned on motherly pity. For a long while Madame Le Huguet, distracted, had made it a duty to resist; then, at last, seeing that feeble lamp ready to go out which she was struggling in vain to revive, she had forgotten all prudence. How could she make up her mind to reap from the cold lips of her daughter a last reproach by way of farewell? It was thus that the vicar of Arc had been sent for: he guessed it, although this last struggle was passed over in silence, the hand which had filled all those pages with his name, having for months ceased to write. After having read, reflected, meditated with self-questioning during a long night-watch, he once more locked the book, nodded his head, and said aloud: "I will go again." The calm with which he let fall these words, which, nevertheless, she was calling for with all her remaining strength, would have frozen the heart of Simone Le Huguet.

(To be continued.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.

It is a commonplace of modern historians that the monastic system of the Middle Ages, by condemning almost all the gentler and more thoughtful members of the race to celibacy, kept back the general progress of the world. The men and women who became friars or sisters were the very ones who ought to have become the fathers and mothers of the future generations. At the same time, the prevalence of monasticism told in favour of the militant spirit by leaving fighting men mainly as the marriageable class; and told against industrialism by practically putting most delicate trades and handicrafts into the hands of religious celibates. Now, in our own time, soldiering, become a profession, seems likely to tend in the exactly opposite direction. For the men who have the fighting instinct strong in them are sure everywhere to become soldiers in one form or another. Where service is voluntary, they will enlist; where it is partially compulsory, they will go as volunteers or substitutes; even where it is fully compulsory, they will remain in the army longer, and will manage to see more active service, than the other men. As a natural consequence, in the first place, more of them will get killed off on an average; and in the second place, fewer of them will become fathers, for of course marriage is comparatively rare with soldiers, at least during the period of service. On the other hand, the more peaceable men will not enlist at all, or if compelled to serve, will serve the minimum time. They will thus on an average marry oftener, marry earlier, and rear more children than the military spirits. Moreover, their children will probably be stronger and healthier for many reasons, notably because of their higher average morality, and also because they will usually have acquired more wealth before marriage. All these considerations ought to result in the long run in a gradual increase of the peaceful industrial temperament, and in a gradual dying out of the aggressive warlike temperament. The peaceable classes will also be as a rule wealthier, and therefore more stably rooted on the soil than the fighters; they will survive while the others fail. Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ALCOHOL IN HEALTH.

AMONGST other outcomes of the great Health Exhibition in London is a work entitled the "Book of Health." It is needless to say that a great deal is written about food and stimulants. The extreme total abstainers, who see death in a glass of claret, will find small comfort here. Alcohol is pronounced to be a food, although for healthy people not a convenient food. A common sense-view of it is taken. Young persons, it is agreed, do not need it, save as a medicine, and by medical advice; but for older people, "below par, the addition of a little alcohol to the food may be of advantage;" and men otherwise strong may find it of service when "exhausted by overwork and fatigue." Intemperance is exhibited in these pages in all its deformity; but it has one advantage. Dr. Brunton writes:—

Drunkards enjoy a remarkable immunity from the consequences of injuries. One sometimes sees a drunken man pitched violently from a horse, and when the bystanders rush to the spot, expecting to find him dead, they are astonished to discover that he has been little injured. In his "Scrambles Among the High Alps," Leslie Stephen tells the story of a guide who while drunk fell over a precipice so deep that a fall over it seemed almost certain death, and who yet sustained little injury. Stephen accordingly gives his readers the advice either not to fall over a precipice or to get thoroughly drunk before doing so. I myself once saw a man who had thrown himself, while drunk, over the Dean Bridge, in Edinburgh, a height of about 200 feet, on to the rocky bed of the stream below. A sober man would, probably, have been instantly killed, but this individual, though he had broken both of his thigh bones, quickly recovered. . . . The reason of this immunity probably is, that the nerve-centres, which regulate the heart and vessels, are so much paralysed in the drunken man as not to be affected by the shock of the fall, which in a sober man would have acted on them so violently as to stop the heart, arrest the circulation, and cause instant death.

—*Spectator*.

THE true way for a Scot to combine patriotism with prudence is to leave his native country when young, and in old age to return to it rich.—*Telegraph (Eng.)*.

THE contest between the two existing political organizations is like a struggle between two drunken men. So long as they confront and oppose each other they hold each other up, but the instant one falls the other will tumble over him.—*Philadelphia Record*.

IT is a remarkable truth that there is not in the United States a weekly literary publication to compare with or even to approach in learning and ability the *Toronto Week*. . . . Its pages display as much insight into all their subjects as those of the *London Spectator*.—*Jersey City Herald*.

IT is difficult to recall any historical incident, at least in modern times, which bears even a semblance to the conduct of the French in the Min River. Parallels may perhaps be found in very bad periods; but nothing recorded in the annals of a civilized State occurs to the mind rivalling this special case, except the sudden seizure of Strasburg in the time of peace by the troops of Louis XIV. The mere notion that peoples, barbarian or otherwise, are liable to have their waters entered under cover of an accorded right granted to all Powers not at war with them begets the most disquieting reflections. Moreover, the astounding example of sharp practice was deliberately planned weeks ago. A war begun under such auspices bodes no good either to France or to the world. It deepens and gives colour to suspicions which were sufficiently abundant, and makes an inroad on those humane restraints which it has taken centuries to impose on the application of force as an arbiter for the settlement of quarrels. The crust of civilization is not so thick over the lurking fires of barbarism as to justify or excuse its attrition, even by "the most enlightened nation on the continent."—*Daily Telegraph (Eng.)*.

THE circulation in all quarters of the Dominion of American papers—political, religious, literary, sporting, and special of one kind or another—is increasing with a rapidity of which only a few persons have a clear conception. As the number of Canadians in the United States increases, this circulation of American papers increases, because the exiles are continually sending their friends the journals which they read or in which they are interested. Then, as interest in American affairs is increased by this means, people themselves subscribe for American papers. The excellent illustrated, literary and fashion papers published by the Harpers, the various American magazines, like the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, the *Manhattan*, *Harper's Magazine*, and many others, are constantly furnishing the people's minds with American questions and American ideas. It is, we believe, quite within the mark to say that, averaging all together, there are one hundred American journals circulated here to one English journal. The English journals read are confined almost entirely to professional people and merchants and a small literary coterie, but the great bulk of the people read the productions of the American press. In books it is the same. Very few English books are circulated. Such as are read are almost always reprints. At the very least, twenty printed American books are circulated to one English book.—*St. John Globe*.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE *Atlantic* for October is a capital number. Taken in the order of the "make-up," an instalment of "In War Time" comes first, second place being accorded to an account of the curious and noteworthy passage-of-arms which took place on the banks of Lake George in 1755, when a heterogeneous army placed under the command of William Johnson by the British colonial authorities suffered a practical defeat at the hands of the French. A poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes intervenes between the last-named paper and a dissertation on the "Relation of Fairies to Religion." Next is a charming essay on Leigh Hunt, who is claimed by the author (following the precedent of Hawthorne) as "an English Literary Cousin." Article No. 2 upon "The Lakes of Upper Italy" is evidently the work of one who has "been there," and that to some purpose. Headed "In Tuscany," and signed Celia Woxter, is another poem, in turn followed by a paper on "Minor Songsters," the drift of which is apparent from the words: "There is always a double pleasure in finding a plodding, hum-drum-seeming man with a poet's heart in his breast; and a little of the same delightful surprise is felt by everyone, I imagine, when he learns for the first time that our little brown creeper is a singer." The contribution entitled "Washington and his Companions Viewed Face to Face" is an extract from the "Dorchester Papers." A pathetic story is named after its hero, "Buckshot." Place to the muses is again given—the poem is on "Boating"—after which "The Migration of the Gods," an essay the writer of which opines that "only when all the products of the ancient chisel have been gathered into the British Museum, the Louvre, or the Glyptothek, can they expect to find a permanent and settled abode." In "A Bourgeoise Family" the writer successfully depicts French lower-middle class life. Education takes next place in a consideration of the school and college systems of the Southern States. An interesting account of the habits of the leaf-cutter bee forms the tail of the contributed articles, after which are able editorial reviews and notes of the month.

WITH its October number—the advance copies of which are out—the *Century* completes volume xxviii. A capital wood cut of Austin Dobson, with a *fac-simile* of his autograph, form an attractive frontispiece. The opening paper, from the pen of Geo. F. Williams, is entitled "Lights and Shadows of Army Life," is about the War for the Union, and is accompanied by a wealth of illustration. Mr. Cables' novel, "Dr. Sevier," takes

next place, and is brought to a conclusion. An interesting illustrated biographical paper is contributed by Henry Bacon on "Rosa Bonheur." "The Cour d'Alene Stampede" is an historical sketch from the facile pen of Eugene V. Smalley, and is followed by perhaps the most valuable article in the number: "Social Conditions in the Colonies," by Edward Eggleston. The cuts which embellish that paper, from drawings by Messrs. Feun, Stephens, Mayer, Schweinfurth, and Woodward, are marvels of the engraving and printing arts. William Henry Bishop contributes a novelette, which he styles "Braxton's New Art." A third of Mr. Stillman's papers "On the Track of Ulysses" treats of the "Odyssey" and its epoch. "A Problematic Character" is concluded—as all novels ought to be in well regulated magazines—with the volume. The relative positions of "Christianity and Wealth" are discussed by Washington Gladden. An estimate of Austin Dobson, with special criticisms of some poetical passages, appear over the signature of Brander Matthews. S. P. Langley is the author of an astronomical paper dealing with the sun's surroundings. This article also is profusely illustrated. Grace Lewis tells the price she paid for a "Set of Ruskin." A protest against the system of giving and accepting "tips" appears in the editorial "topics" which should be widely read, and acted upon, in Canada as well as in the States.

THE October *Lippincott* has for a *piece de resistance* John Coleman's concluding paper on "Personal Reminiscences of Charles Reade," which contains many characteristic and interesting incidents. A queer little paper entitled "Wit and Diplomacy in Dictionaries," signed by C. W. Ernst, will find many admirers. An illustrated paper on travel is contributed by D. D. Banta, in which a flowing description is given of "The Pictured Rocks." T. H. M. Byers, in an article entitled "A School Without Text-Books," describes the results of a curious educational experiment in Switzerland. A quaint recital of what F. N. Zabriskie saw and heard and imagined "In an Orchard" will be found good reading. Heavier, but instructive, is Eunice W. Felton's paper on the "Industries of Modern Greece." In the department of fiction are "Aurora" (continued), "Headstrong," by Elizabeth G. Martin, "A Week in Killarney" (continued), and "A Lesson in Hochdeütsch," by Caroline R. Corson.

NUMBER One, Vol. V., of *Outing* also bears date October. The lover of out-door sport will here find delightful reading. The first contribution is a graphic description of a bicycle run "On and Off the Lancaster Pike," by Jay Howe Adams, and amply illustrated. This is followed by the opening chapters of a story, "A Quaint Little Maid," by Charles Richard Dodge. A paper on canoes and canoeing contains a quantity of information which will be of immense use next year. Thomas J. Kirkpatrick is the author. In an essay entitled "Browsing and Nibbling," Maurice Thompson advocates the *dolce* sort of holiday. Frederick A. Ober has a sketch of absorbing interest on "The Border Ruffian"—an anthropological curiosity found on the Mexican frontier. Some useful hints "On Timing Races" are given by R. F. Foster. In a paper entitled "Cricket in America," George M. Newhall discusses the possibility of the great English game becoming popular in America. He inclines to the affirmative view. "A Bicycle Tour on the Continent," by C. H. Vinton; "In the Saddle," Geo. K. Holmes; and "A Single Handed Cruiser," Windward, are the remaining prose contributions. The poetry of the number is good, and as usual much valuable information is to be gleaned from the editorial department.

THE August-September number of the *Art Union* has four full-page pictures reproduced from the drawings by the artists: "The King's Flamings," by Mr. Church, "Waiting," by George C. Lambdin, "Franklin at the Press," by E. Wood Perry, N.A., and "On the Green River," by J. P. Bristol, N.A. Some excellent advice, albeit couched in plain language, is given in a sketch entitled "Some Friendly Criticism," which may be commended to all artists, both amateur and professional. The other principal contents are on "Art in the South," "Good from Evil," "Lake Lonesome," "Noted Amateur Painters," "A Lesson from a Steeple," "Mr. Ruskin on Modern English Art," "The American Art Association," and editorial notes.

ANOTHER part of the "Life of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen" (Toronto: Geo. Virtue) is to hand, and brings the biography down to the date of Her Majesty's first visit to Germany in 1845. The visit of Louis Philippe, the opening of the London Royal Exchange, several royal visits, a "powder ball," etc., are also described in this division, and the whole is preceded by beautiful plates of the Queen and her royal husband—the first from the bust by Joseph Durham, the latter from the statute by J. H. Foley, R.A.

THE August number of *Shakesperiana*, only just to hand, contains articles on "Shakespeare's and Greek Tragedy," "The Portraits of Shakespeare," "John Webster," the actor, an analysis of "Othello," dramatic criticisms, reviews, a poem by Browning, etc. The "Prize Examination on the Play of 'Othello'" is a very valuable contribution, and the "Notes and Queries" represent much patient toil and research into matters Shakespearian.

THE following papers appear in the September number of *Choice Literature*:—"Mohammedan Mahdis," by Prof. W. Robertson Smith; "The Steppes of Tartary," Henry Lansdell, D.D.; "Rough Notes of a Naturalist's Visit to Egypt," Principal Dawson; "Goethe," Prof. J. R. Seeley; "English Sisterhoods," Maria French; "Untrodden Italy," Prof. J. P. Mahaffy; "Wren's Work, and its Lessons," James Cubitt; "Thackeray and the Theatre," Dalton Cook; "A Limit to Evolution," St. George Mivart; "An Eastern Paradise," M. C.; "A Peep at Cymru," Bronwen; "The Prayer of Socrates," John Stuart Blackie; "A Song in Three Parts," Jean Inghelw.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

THE lovers of music in Toronto who would gladly see that city made the home of *opera bouffe* in this Dominion have been bitterly disappointed at the small amount of patronage bestowed upon the performances of the New York Ideal Comic Opera Company at the Pavilion. Certainly, the artists engaged are not stars in the musical firmament; but neither are the charges for admission high; nor is it usual, outside of first-class combinations, to find vocal and histrionic abilities in the same performer, whilst the acting of some of Mr. Barnett's company is really excellent. The costumes, also, are much better than the average; the orchestra is a fair all-round troupe; and, "taking one consideration with another," the performances of the "Ideal" Company are worthy of much better support than has already been accorded to them. There are extraneous disadvantages, it is true. People do not care to go to the Pavilion at night, and the acoustic properties of that hall are very indifferent. So far as the latter objection is concerned, the colder weather will compel the closing of doors and windows, through which the waves of sweet sound have during the past weeks rolled into the night; and as to the former objection, the exhilarating effects of a good performance of comic opera will surely compensate for the trouble of the journey—at any rate on fine evenings. Any person who is conversant with musical matters in great centres, well knows that it is not high-class performances of classical compositions which first encourage a taste for music, and that the airs mostly sung in the home and in the workshop are those made popular by comic opera and variety-hall singers. No worshipper of Apollo will hesitate which is the worthier of encouragement. The one will probably lead to higher things; the other is almost always bad, is generally vulgar, and is often accompanied by immoral ideas.

"GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA" has been for some two weeks even better rendered than "Billee-Taylor," though the former opera does not offer so much scope to Mr. Schiller—one of the greatest attractions of the company, and one of the best comedians on the stage. Miss Guthrie, in the roles of *Giroflé* and *Girofla*, has some trying work to do, but she does it very well, and has evidently thoroughly established herself with her audiences. Mr. Ray Holmes' *Aurora* is funny—very; but not nearly so good as his *Captain Flapper*. If Mr. Allen could persuade Mr. Moulten to endeavour to *feel* (and so *act*) his part, the latter gentleman would be a much better *Marasquin*. The hectoring, roystering *Mourzouk* of Mr. Seth Crane is a capital piece of acting, and his powerful voice is also well adapted to the part. Mr. Henry Allen is a good actor and singer, looks his part, and is one of the strong points of the caste. "Fantine" is announced as being in preparation.

A SERIES of musical evenings, to be held once a month during the coming season in Toronto, has been arranged by Messrs. Suckling and Sons, and the first took place on Friday last. Vocal and instrumental items figured on the programme, and it is to be hoped that even greater success may attend future performances than was achieved on the opening night.

AFTER a deservedly popular run of two weeks, "Michael Strogoff" was succeeded by "The Romany Rye" at the Toronto theatre, on Monday. This romantic and spectacular drama, produced for the first time in Toronto last season, is by George R. Sims, the most prolific and successful playwright-poet-journalist of the day. No inconsiderable part of Mr. Sims' success is due to his dramas being pourtrayals of the everyday life of classes with whose habits, feelings and customs, he is thoroughly familiar, and to his whole-souled sympathy with the struggles of the poor. The characters which he manipulates in his stage productions are drawn with the hand of a Dickens, and whilst his dramatic instinct recognizes the necessity of infusing a liberal amount of incident and sensational positions, he never descends to vulgarity for effect. In the "Romany Rye" he describes impartially the foibles and rugged virtues of the average Gypsy, "nothing setting down in malice." The plot is simple, hinging upon an unacknowledged marriage of the hero's parents, and the efforts of that semi-nomadic individual to oust his half-brother, *Philip Royston*—the villain of the piece—from the family seat, "Craigsnest." The scene alternates between London and a country suburb; the movement of the play includes an attempted murder, a shipwreck, and a would-be abduction. Of course the regulation love story runs through and connects the whole. The scenery and costumes used by this company (Messrs. Brooks and Dickson's) are magnificent, and such a succession of beautiful stage pictures as are shown in the sixteen scenes of this drama have probably never before been seen in Toronto. The Gypsy Encampment and Craigsnest, in the first act; Little Queer Street, in the second; Hampton Road and Racecourse, in the third; the deck of the "Saratoga," Black Croft, and the wreck, in the fourth and fifth acts, are specially worthy of mention. The realistic effects, also, are marvellously well contrived and natural. The cast is a strong one, *Jack Hearne*, or *The Romany Rye*—afterwards shown to be Paul Royston—being allotted to Mr. Walter L. Dennis, who acquires himself admirably. The half-brother and interloper, *Philip Royston*, is played by Mr. M. B. Snider, Mr. M. J. Murphy taking the part of *Edward Marston*, an accomplice in evil-doing. *Gertie Hackett*, beloved by *Jack Hearne*, is played by Miss Victory Bateman with great taste and feeling, her grandfather, *Joe Hackett*, and his man Friday, *Boss Krivett* being portrayed by Mr. M. J. Jordan and Mr. Charles W. Butler, respectively, in a style which left nothing to be desired. The *Laura Lee* of Miss Snyder is rather weak, but her shortcomings are more than compensated for by the powerful rendering of *Mother Shipton*, a Radcliffe highway hag, given by Mrs. W. G. Jones. It is obviously impossible to do justice to each of the thirty-six characters engaged, but it

is safe to say that taken as a whole they do their work faithfully and well, all contributing to make "The Romany Rye" the unquestionable success it is.

MR. JAMES TAYLOR, the successful English comedian, who found many admirers on a previous visit to this country, nine years ago, is engaged at the Toronto People's Theatre for a term, and during the past week has been playing "Simon"—a comedy-drama-extravaganza—to good houses. Mr. Taylor is supported by a very fair company, and with Miss Ada Alexandra for his "leading lady," succeeds in keeping his audiences in a roar.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. SWINBURNE is revising the proofs of a new batch of songs, to be entitled "A Midsummer Holiday."

THE holiday book of James R. Osgood and Co. this year will be Scott's "Marmion," with more than a hundred illustrations by American artists.

MR. FROUDE has written a defence of his action as Carlyle's executor. It will appear as a preface to the large biography of the Chelsea sage, edited by Mr. Froude.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND CO. will open their series of the Elizabethan Dramatists with the works of Christopher Marlowe, in three volumes, edited by A. H. Bullen.

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON is in London, putting the finishing touches to his book on the homes and haunts of famous men in the city on the Thames. He will not return home until November.

"GOSSIP," the new "Canadian Society Journal," published weekly at Montreal, declares strongly in favour of the ladies' dress reform movement. The new venture is nicely printed, contains a variety of light reading, and is sanguine of success.

MR. JOHN MORLEY's next contribution to the "Englishmen of Letters" series will be a sketch of John Stuart Mill, of whom he was both an intimate friend and a disciple. A sketch of Carlyle, for the same series, is in preparation by "a literary Judge of high Tory tendencies."

HANS MARKART, the famous Austrian painter, who has been ailing for some time from a shock to the nervous system, is now in a very sad mental state. Softening of the brain appears to have set in, and among the delusions of the artist is the curious one that his head is a painter's colour-box.

It will probably interest some people to learn that the grave of the Prince Imperial in Zululand is kept in excellent order. A native has been appointed to look after it; and, though the ironwork is being destroyed by rust, the tomb is well kept, and is markedly preserved where so many graves are undistinguishable.

AN artistic work of great importance is soon to be commenced at the Museum of the Louvre in Paris. The walls of the great monumental staircase are to be elaborately decorated, and the steps, now composed of cement, are to be replaced by steps of marble. The cost of this improvement will be about four and a-half million francs. The scaffolding alone which is about to be constructed for the painters will cost more than 30,000 francs.

A GERMAN prince, on visiting a small town in his dominions, was received at the gate by twenty young damsels in white. The ten prettiest maidens had been placed in the front rank, and the ten plainer ones in the second. Charmed with the display, the prince, whose three-score years sat lightly upon him, kissed every one in the front rank on their beautiful foreheads, and then, with great presence of mind, beckoning to his adjutant, exclaimed, "Sparrenholz, here, go on with the rest."

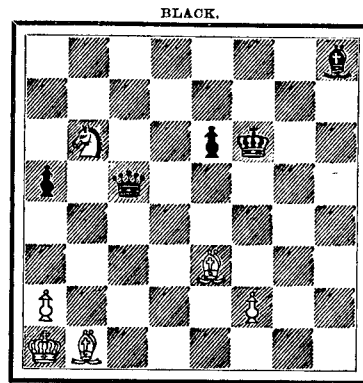
"EDMUND DANTES," the Sequel to Alexander Dumas' great novel, "The Count of Monte-Cristo," is claimed by the publishers to be one of the most wonderful romances ever written. An entirely new and enlarged edition of it is in press and will be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia. Just at the point where "The Count of Monte-Cristo" ends "Edmond Dantes" takes up the fascinating narrative and continues it with power and absorbing interest unto the end. Besides the hero, Haydee, Mercedes, Valentine de Villefort, Eugenie Danglars, Louise d'Amilly, Zuleika, Benedetto, Lucien Debray, Albert de Morcerf, Beauchamp, Chateau-Remaud, Ali, Maximilian Morell, Giovanni Massetti, and Esperance, figure prominently, while Lamaratine, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc and hosts of other revolutionary leaders are also introduced.

THE Marquis of Lorne's "Canadian Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil," London: The Religious Tract Society, is a drawing-room compilation not remarkable in a literary sense, yet capable of being read with pleasure, and embodying no little information. Some hint of the extent to which the Mother Country would have carried its exploitation of the colonies that made the American Revolution, is given in the chapter on Newfoundland. This island was dedicated exclusively to the fisheries, and down to 1811 no houses could be erected without written permission, lest the fishing interest might be seriously affected. "And even now the same almost incredible state of affairs exists along what is known as the 'French shore.' . . . Neither they [the French] nor the Newfoundlanders are allowed there to erect dwelling-houses, except as necessary for fish-curing operations. No settler may have his farm on that forbidden territory." A map accompanies the volume, and there are numerous illustrations of a good order.

CHESS.

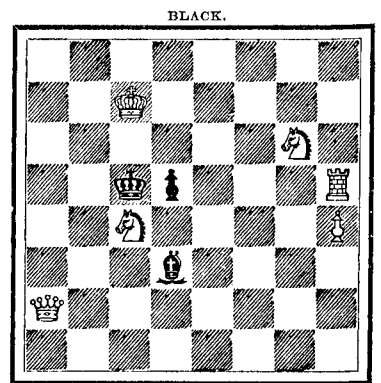
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor, office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 46.
Composed for THE WEEK by W. Atkinson,
Montreal Chess Club.



White to play and sui-mate in four moves. †

PROBLEM No. 47.
TOURNEY PROBLEM No. 4.
Motto:—"Ubi."



White to play and mate in three moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEM RECEIVED.

Motto:—"Chi lo sa?"
Motto:—"Picus auratus."
Motto:—"Incipimus Duplex."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. G., Montreal.—Suggestion very good. W. A., Montreal.—Never mind our lacerated feelings—rub it in—as to problems will not consign any of them to wastebasket. Have had no answer to my two last letters to you.

A NEW CHESS MAGAZINE.

We have received the following circular, which explains itself:—

NEW YORK, Sept. 16th, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—Having received encouraging assurances from all parts of this country, as well as from abroad, that a new chess magazine, edited by myself, would be regarded a desirable addition to current chess literature, I have the honour to inform you that I intend to issue such a publication, provided that in response to this circular, a sufficient number of amateurs will signify their willingness to favour the undertaking with their support. The projected magazine would appear in monthly numbers of thirty-two pages, from the first of January next, at the price of \$3 per annum.

As it is impracticable for me to procure the names and addresses of all lovers of the game who would be likely to take an interest in my venture, I shall be greatly obliged if you will kindly bring the subject to the notice of your chess-playing friends.

Very respectfully yours, W. STEINITZ.

169 and 170 Fulton Street (second floor), New York.

GAME No. 24.

Played at Bath in the First Class Tourney of the Counties' Chess Association, between Messrs. Skipworth and Wayte.

(From the Illustrated London News.)

IRREGULAR OPENING.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mr. S.	Mr. W.	Mr. S.	Mr. W.
1. P Q 4	P Q 4	24. K R Q B 1	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt K B 3	P K 3	25. P takes R	R takes R
3. P K 3	Kt K B 3	26. R takes R	P Q Kt 4
4. B Q 3	B Q 3	27. Q K 5	Q Q 2
5. Castles	Castles	28. R B 7	Q Q 3
6. P B 4	P Q Kt 3	29. R B 8	Q Q 2
7. P Q Kt 3	B Kt 2	30. R B 7	Q Q 3 (b)
8. Kt B 3	P B 4	31. P K B 4	Q Kt 3
9. R K 1	Kt B 3	32. R B 5	Q R 4
10. B P takes P	K P takes P	33. P K R 3	Q takes P
11. B R 3	P takes P	34. Q K 7	R K B 1
12. B takes B	Q takes B	35. R takes Q P	Q takes Kt P
13. Kt Q Kt 5	Q Q 1	36. Q K 5	P Kt 5
14. Q Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	37. K R 2	Q K 6
15. Kt takes Kt	P Kt 3	38. Q K 7	1' Kt 6
16. Q K 2	R B 1	39. P B 5	Q Q 7 (c)
17. Q R B 1	Q K 2	40. Q Q 6	P Kt 7
18. B R 6	K R Q 1 (a)	41. P B 6	Q K 8
19. B takes B	Q x B	42. R K 5	P Queens
20. Q Q Kt 2	Kt K 5	43. R takes Q	Q takes R
21. P B 3	Kt B 4	44. Q B 4	Q K 3
22. Q R 2	P Q R 3	55. P Q 5.	Q takes B P
23. R B 3	Kt K 3		and white resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) Overlooking 18. R takes R 19. R takes R 19. Q R 6, etc., winning the exchange.
- (b) Mr. Wayte evidently would be satisfied with a draw.
- (c) The only move. White threatens both P B 6 and R Q 8. If now 40. P B 6 Black's answer is 40. Q K B 5 ch, and 41. Q Kt 1, and if 40. R Q 8. Then 40. Q B 5 ch 41. R takes R, preparing to take the P with Q when it checks at K B 6.

GAME No. 25.

Curious gambit between J. O. Howard Taylor and an amateur.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mr. Taylor.	Amateur.	Mr. Taylor.	Amateur.
1. P K 4	P K 4	5. Q P takes Kt	P Q 3
2. B B 4	Kt K B 3	6. Castles	B Kt 5
3. Kt K B 3	Kt takes P	7. Kt takes K P	B takes Q
4. Kt Q B 3	Kt takes Kt		White mates in two moves

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Blackburne Testimonial Fund progresses favourably.

MR. C. W. PHILLIPS, of the Toronto Chess Club, has won first prize in a Solving Tourney of the Detroit Free Press, in which there were competitors from England, Scotland, Jamaica, and all parts of the United States; 2nd prize, Messrs. H. E. and J. Bettman, Cincinnati; 3rd prize, Wm. Taylor, M.B., Chapelton, Jamaica, W.I.; 4th prize, P. F. Harvey, M.D., Port Snelling, Minn., and "Carl," Pittsfield, Ill., tied. There were thirty-one competitors.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

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

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

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON,
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and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

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

Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son:
DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

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

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

Yours, with many thanks,
REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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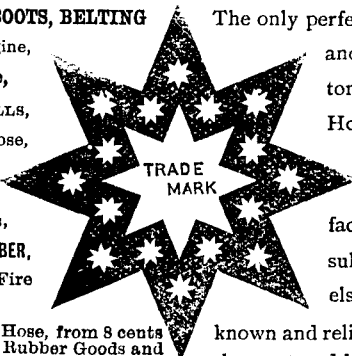
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Montreal, January, 1884.

CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.



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