

THE WEEK:

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The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE members of the British Association have been making good use of their time since they arrived in the country, and their future plans afford a guarantee for their continued activity during their stay. Before they take their departure, there will be no readily accessible part of Canada which they will not have visited. Some have traversed the Maritime Provinces, and a large number of them will come into visual contact with the Rocky Mountains: to reach the mountains they will traverse an immense space of prairie country, the capabilities of which will be to some of them an object of careful investigation. How well individuals among them have already taken stock of Canada's resources is shown by the able paper of Professor Sheldon on British and Canadian Agriculture. The Eastern and Maritime Provinces, he foresees, will become stock-raising and dairying countries, sooner or later, a change which will be for the best. As a wheat-growing country, he reminds us, Canada may before long find herself seriously handicapped by the cheap labour of India. But if Canada is to suffer seriously, what will be the fate of English farming? Seven bad English harvests, in the past, would barely be compensated by seven good harvests in the future, of which there is no guarantee. The North-West, which Professor Seldon regards as the future granary of Canada, has abundance of fertile soil, which can be purchased at the cost of a year's rent of an average English farm. The cheaper the carriage of grain can be made, the more favourable will be the conditions of the competition by which our grain growers may be pressed. This is a subject which a large number of our distinguished visitors will, in a short time, qualify themselves to discuss with Professor Seldon; and it is well that he, as a specialist, has led the way and laid down some of the conditions of the problems which the settlement of the North-West will aid in working out.

CANADA is to take a part, however humble it may be, in the relief of Gordon. The British Government has called for the service of six hundred French Canadian boatmen to battle with the waters of the Nile. Lord Wolesley has had experience of these men, and the present requisition may safely be traced to his reminiscences of the Red River Rebellion. The French Canadian *voyageurs* early learnt the whole art of the canoe-man's craft from their red brethren, with whom they were always ready to

fraternize. They have more endurance than the Indians, to whom everything like constant labour is irksome and insupportable. From the first the French Canadians showed great aptitude for encountering the perils of a wandering life, and after ten generations of experience they are unsurpassed as boatmen. To induce them to answer this call, it is not necessary that they should be fired by military ardour, and they will go to Egypt with much the same feelings as they would enter on a journey to Hudson's Bay. The French Canadians almost to a man sympathized with Riel in his attempt to close the Red River against the stream of Anglo-Saxon population, which the displacing of the government of the Company was sure to induce; but that feeling would not have prevented General Wolesley getting the services of all the French Canadian boatmen he required. The appeal to which they will now respond does not touch any chord of their patriotic sympathies. The excitement of the venture, coupled with remunerative employment, will furnish the all-sufficient motive. In these French Canadians the British Government will get the best men for the service which it would be possible to obtain. And they will go in charge of a Canadian who has the advantage of such experience as the Red River expedition could afford. If the appeal had been for soldiers, a large number of men, chiefly of British descent, would have responded. The attraction which the excitement of the battle-field may, under some circumstances, have for Canadians, is proved by the large numbers—usually put at seventy-five thousand—who, during the American Civil War, rushed into the armies of the North and the South. But then the battle raged on our borders, and the contagion of the feeling which animated the two parties extended across the frontier. Sympathy for the north was strongest, but the phalanx of southern refugees, with Jake Thompson at their head, who found their way into this country, made themselves the propagandists of a cause which, though tainted with slavery and doomed to failure, their industry found means momentarily to recommend. The weakness of the national feeling contributed largely to this military exodus, and the sympathies of race would, in a great emergency, prove a stronger motive to action than any which at that time was called forth.

IMMIGRATION to the North-West has disappointed the sanguine expectations formed in the spring. The failure is admitted, but the causes to which it is due form the subject of virulent party dispute. Looking calmly at the facts, it is easy to see that to no one cause is the falling off due. In the influx of settlers to the United States there has this year been a marked diminution. This decline probably spurred American agents in Europe into greater activity. In Manitoba, resolutions designed to check immigration, which were passed in the name of the farmers, have borne fruit. The high tax on agricultural implements gave these resolutions a force which it was impossible wholly to explain away. Party feeling, taking advantage of the situation, did the rest. Fiction and fact became so interwoven that the attempt to separate them was to the intending European emigrant a hopeless task. Under the circumstances, hesitation seemed to be prudence, and many who would otherwise have gone to the North-West resolved to wait till time should make certain what was then doubtful. Every year there will be an increasing number of witnesses to the actual state of things in that country; and should the estimate of a surplus of six or seven millions of bushels of wheat be realized, the figures will tell of capabilities which no one will feel justified in disbelieving. When this year's harvest has told its tale, English opinion on our North-West may be relied upon to conform to the facts which it will establish.

THE charge made against M. Mercier in connection with the election contest of Jacques Cartier is, if not true, one of the strangest ever invented by political malice, or, if true, ever published by imprudence and bad faith. It is nothing less than that M. Mercier took a bribe from his political enemies not to press, in his quality as counsel for the contestant, for the disqualification of M. Mousseau, who was at the head of the Government of Quebec, to which M. Mercier, a member of the Legislative Assembly, was politically opposed. This charge is being pressed before a Commission of Inquiry by persons who are anxious to be considered friends

of M. Mousseau, now a Superior Court Judge. If M. Mercier be guilty his accomplices cannot be innocent, and the men who furnished the alleged bribe, and who are now pursuing with vengeance the man whom they say they induced to accept it, showed by parting with their money their fear that their leader was in danger of disqualification. In making the charge, they publish their own guilt and cover with suspicion the friend whom they profess to be most anxious to protect. That he received \$5,000 M. Mercier admits; but he adds that he disbursed \$2,150 of the amount, and retained the rest for services in conducting the case, and not for having abandoned the demand for disqualification. Judge Torrence, M. Mercier swears, had intimated that the demand for disqualification ought to be abandoned; some priests had asked M. Mercier to act upon the merciful view of the case, and not to forget that some of his own friends might before long find themselves in the same box; and, finally, "the party," on consultation, concluded that it was not advisable to press for disqualification. Against this defence of M. Mercier, M. Clement Arthur Dansereau, who supplied the funds, swore that he only agreed to give the money "provided the demand for disqualification was withdrawn." But M. Dansereau did not make the arrangement with M. Mercier personally. M. David, a personal friend both of M. Mercier and M. Mosseau, acted as intermediary, and his evidence has the appearance of being given with frankness and without bias. During the negotiations M. David remarked that since M. Mercier felt certain of being able to beat M. Mosseau at the polls in Jacques Cartier, he had everything to gain, in a pecuniary point of view, by abandoning the attempt at disqualification. He placed before M. Mercier the prospect of a Coalition Government, in which the Opposition Chief would be an acceptable member; at the same time assuring him that if he procured the disqualification of M. Mosseau the door to such a union would be closed; finally, he asked that no further attempt at disqualification be made, and he left M. Mercier with the assurance that the Conservatives would pay the costs. M. Mosseau, in view of the evidence that had been produced, was willing that the seat should be vacated. When asked whether the payment of the \$5,000 had the abandonment of disqualification for its object, M. David replied: "I think that the reasons given by me determined the abandonment of the proceedings for disqualification. At the same time this abandonment would not have taken place without the payment of a certain sum." The projected coalition failed, and the party fight was renewed with increased bitterness. Threats were made that M. Mercier would be called to account for his conduct in connection with the \$3,850 which he retained, and he, to get the start of his pursuers, brought counter charges against M. Mosseau in the Legislature which a Royal Commission was thereupon appointed to investigate. No sooner had this Commission closed its labours than a second Commission met to investigate the Jacques Cartier scandal. M. Mercier appears to have received for his services in connection with this election trial an unusually large sum, and it is difficult to conceive that the Conservatives would have agreed to pay more than the taxing-master would have allowed, unless they believed it would bring them some special advantage which they would not otherwise have been able to obtain. But having paid the money, and, as they admit, got the advantage, silence was their only refuge, since they could not hope to convict M. Mercier of taking a bribe without confessing themselves guilty of having paid it. But the confession is evidence against themselves, whatever may be thought of M. Mercier's defence.

ONCE more some enthusiastic Frenchmen are dreaming of making France a colonizing nation. The *Société Française de Colonization* has taken the work in hand. M. Reclus would like to see "history changed" by an emigration from Brittany that would double the French population of Canada. But unfortunately these Bretons prefer to end their migration in Paris, whither 35,000 of them are said to have gone in the last three years. A thousand Bretons, says M. Onézime Reclus, on the banks of the St. Lawrence become 250,000 in the course of two centuries; but if 1,000 Frenchmen were sent to La Plata, there would not, at the end of two centuries, be left a single Frenchman to represent them; all trace and recollection of their origin would be obliterated, and their very names would be lost. Greatly does this consideration encourage M. Reclus in his desire to "change history" by doubling the number of French in Canada. M. About, who is president of the Paris committee of this new French colonization society, favours the establishment of French emigrants outside the colonies of Algeria and New Caledonia. Tonquin demands immediate attention. If the 150,000 Frenchmen in the Argentine Republic are already half "castillionized," and if they remain French only during a single generation, the reasons are that their children, in the absence of French schools, learn the Spanish language and marry the

Mijas de pais. In Canada, on the contrary, M. Reclus finds the French remaining apart, and doubling every twenty-five years at most; and he is not sure that they will not, at some future day, reconquer America. That the French ever did conquer America, as a whole, is a somewhat startling avowal. But M. Reclus has fallen into the order of ideas which is becoming fashionable with the French race on both sides the Atlantic; and the increasing frequency with which these ideas find expression is a sign of the times.

THE Acadians, who recently held their second national convention at Miscouche, Nova Scotia, have found it necessary for their salvation as a race to set up a distinct flag and adopt a national air. The distinctive mark of their nationality is to be a lone star, on a blue ground, and their national air is to be the Gregorian *Maris Stella*, set to French words. This flag, we are told, is not new, though it has long been out of use, having been unfurled to the breeze on the 15th of August for the first time since 1713. We were not aware that the Acadians paid so much attention to the Treaty of Utrecht as the furling of their flag implies, and if they did put it out of sight they did so only for appearance sake, for most of them refused to become British subjects, or leave the country, in accordance with the terms of that instrument. They insisted on being neutrals, in a conquered country; they would not take the oath of allegiance without conditions and reservations, which would have left them at liberty in case of war to avoid the duties of citizenship. Deportation with all its regrettable concomitants ended the unseemly wrangle which embittered the lives of a whole generation of English colonists, and was a constant source of peril to the British Government. The present attitude of the Acadians shows that the old leaven has not lost all its force.

FRENCH Canadian conventions are the order of the day. The expatriated cousins of the Quebec French, like the Acadians, followed the example set at Montreal, and held their Convention at Albany. In the country of their adoption these emigrants wish to live as a people apart from the rest of the population: to be a nation within a nation. In New England they flatter themselves that their vote, in the presidential election, has already become important enough to be worth looking after. But it does happen that the children of the first generation of emigrants lose the use of the language of their parents, and that French names are replaced by an English translation. Dr. Archambault, who came from Rhode Island to the Montreal congress, had a sad tale to tell. He found that the young Canadians, who go to American schools, fall into the habit of speaking English among themselves; they read American journals and American literature exclusively; they become rapidly Americanized, and what glimpses they get of the country of their fathers they get through American spectacles; the successful ones among them learn to prefer the company of Americans to that of their own countrymen. The Albany Convention constructed a programme which is full of contradictions: it recommends at once naturalization and a separate flag, separate French schools and an exclusive French-Canadian press. The more exclusive these immigrants make themselves the more obnoxious will they become to the Americans, by whom they are regarded as "The Chinese of the East." The cheaper labour which they take with them causes them to be regarded by their fellow-workmen with jealousy not unmingled with contempt. Their absorption into the great family of the Americans will depend upon their relative numbers; and it remains to be seen whether a new Louisiana can be established on the soil of New England.

FROM some of his ancient compatriots, Louis Riel, the hero of the Red River Rebellion, has received an invitation to return to the country. Whether the invitation was prompted by the person most interested is at present a matter of doubt. Riel's outlawry is at an end, the term of his banishment has expired, and he is at liberty to return. Sometime this month he will respond to the invitation of his friends, and personally appear once more in Manitoba. Riel, whatever might be his inclinations, has ceased to be dangerous. The discredited chief of a defeated rebellion cannot again become a leader of men. Since the day when Riel found himself a fugitive rebel chief, the state of things in Manitoba and the North-West has completely changed. Infinitely greater progress has been made than was made in Lower Canada during the two centuries that followed the discovery of Jacques Cartier. A new order of things has arisen. Riel will find himself in a position not dissimilar to that in which Papineau was placed after his return from France, whither he went after the collapse of the rebellion in Lower Canada. He may have a small circle of admirers; but he will never be the chief of a party likely ever to be strong enough to grasp the reins of government. Riel, in advance of his

return, gives notice of some claim in respect to lands which he intends to make on the Canadian Government—a claim which can be dealt with on its merits. There is no reason to look upon Riel's return as a possible element of disturbance.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, in the *Montreal Witness*, rejects the panacea of Imperial Federation, pronouncing it the most impracticable of all the changes that have been proposed. "It would," as he observes, "deprive the Canadian people of the regulation of their own fiscal policy, and would involve Canada in disputes in which Great Britain is almost incessantly engaged, not only in Europe but in other divisions of the globe." This is undeniable; and the objection to surrender a valued right and to assume an unknown responsibility must, in the end, determine the question. But Sir Francis cannot imagine any other ending of the present connection than through a violent quarrel. "The people of Canada," he says, "have no just ground of complaint against the Mother Country, and without such it would be simply impossible to induce a considerable number of them to join in an attempt to change their political institutions and to substitute a republic." But why should Canadian independence, when it comes, be the result of a quarrel? Violent separation is not the law of nature. In well regulated families, the son who has attained to man's estate does not leave the paternal roof in anger. He goes because to go is to follow the natural law, by which the succession of the race is regulated. Nothing can be more mischievous than to inculcate the idea that a violent separation is the necessary ending of the colonial connection. Violent separations, in the past, have been the result of mistakes which, with the experience of the past, it would be criminal to repeat.

THE distinguished Englishmen who are deliberating in Montreal have probably been astonished to read in the daily press of this country that the British Government is on the verge of hostilities with an allied France and Germany; that the attitude of Prince Bismarck is menacing; and that he is so angry with England that nothing less than her humiliation will satisfy that inscrutable personage. The feeling in official circles in Berlin is, we have been told, "intensely bitter against England," and one journal speaks glibly about "the Berlin cabal, of which France is now part," which is "holding the question of the Alexandria indemnities over England's head." This, and much more of the kind, equally false and absurd, has been appearing as "special" intelligence; but it cannot be too particularly impressed upon our visitors and upon Canadians that matter appearing under that caption is the least reliable of all published in Canadian or American journals. In many cases it is merely a proof of the inventive genius of the local editor, who, in a too-zealous desire to outstrip his contemporaries, allows his creative pen to magnify highly-coloured New York gossip into an alarming rumour. When it is remembered that almost all English telegraphic news comes by way of New York to this Dominion, and that a large proportion of the readers of the most enterprising journals in the Empire City are Irishmen, who, unfortunately, prefer to read anti-British screeds, a sufficient reason is made manifest for discounting the average "cable news." All the reports which, for two weeks, have been circulated about Bismarck's quarrel with Italy and Austria, and arranging an alliance with France, are simply false and ludicrous. In the sea-serpent period, with England and France at loggerheads upon the Egyptian fiscal policy, and Germany foiled in her attempt to include foreign matters in the strangled Conference, there was good material for alarmists and pessimists to work upon. Hence, even in Europe, there was mysterious talk in some quarters of France and Germany drawing nearer to each other; but, so far as that *rapprochement* was hinted at in Paris, the rumour merely expressed what French politicians wished. France views her lost prestige in Egypt with regretful eyes, and would gladly play off England against Germany in the hopes of benefiting by the squabble. But Mr. Gladstone has no mind to submit to this; and Prince Bismarck at heart appreciates, even better than the English people, the position taken up by the British Premier. "The annexation of Egypt by England," says the *Berlin Post*, "would mean neither more nor less than actually opening the liquidation of the Turkish inheritance, just as though by the will of all the Powers steps were taken for the compulsory dismemberment or partition of the Turkish empire." In other words, if Mr. Gladstone could be persuaded to annex Egypt—as Bismarck cynically advised—the whole Eastern question would be re-opened, and that would give the opportunity, so devoutly desired by Germany, of setting aside the treaty of Berlin. Prince Bismarck admits that England has taken the right course. "It goes without saying that no English politician of any discretion or judgment contemplates such a scheme (as the re-opening of the Eastern question), the danger of which to England is obvious." Moreover, he is the last man to throw away the

advantages which arise from the traditional rivalry between England and France in the Valley of the Nile; the best proof that his past policy of neutrality on this question was a wise one being the strenuous endeavours of France to induce him to abandon it.

THE sport of the current month includes some capital fixtures, and the results of the various contests will be looked forward to with much interest. The annual cricketing tour of the Canadian Zingari begins with a match at Boston on the 8th and 9th September, against the Longwood club. On the four following days the Eleven play in New York against the Manhattan and Staten Island clubs. Among those taking part in these games are half-a-dozen of the men who are to represent Canada in the International match to be played at Philadelphia on the 15th, 16th and 17th. The American International team is, with slight differences, to be the one which has just finished a rather successful attack on English cricketers upon their own grounds. The annual Lawn Tennis Tournament for the championship of Canada is to begin on Thursday, the 4th September, on the Toronto Lawn Tennis club grounds. This fixture has been placed somewhat later than usual in order to give competitors at the various tournaments in the United States, and more especially those who have just taken part in that of Newport, an opportunity of being present. It is hoped that several of the best men in the States will take part. We congratulate our Canadian players on the generous spirit which has made them open this tournament to all outsiders. It is impossible to understand why the committee in charge of the Newport tournament still persist in refusing to let any persons play at it unless they are members of a club belonging to the American Lawn Tennis Association. Such restriction seems a very petty one, and has met with many remonstrances among the more liberal players residing in the United States. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club are to hold their annual regatta for the Prince of Wales' Cup on Saturday next, and in the afternoon of that day the club will have an "At Home" in their Club House on the Island.

It is just as well that nobody has attempted to make out the late Duke of Wellington a great hero or a great statesman. He was simply, as an English correspondent plainly but not unkindly puts it, "a very shrewd, pleasant, fairly well read man, with a wide knowledge of life, a good eye for an anecdote, a good memory for its points, and a fine style in telling it." In all relations of life he bore himself with dignity. He did very many kindnesses, was thoughtful of others, and encouraged those who were familiar with him. But he was *great* only as a companion. He was the best man to talk probably in the whole House of Lords, though he was not much of a politician, hardly much of a party man. In his age he gave himself up to whist. He had his father's conscientiousness, a soldier's quick sense of honour, and a nobleman's courtesy; but he had no genius. He was proud of saying that his father always declared that the Prussians won the battle of Waterloo—his idea evidently being that such a declaration did as much honour to the Iron Duke as the winning of the battle itself. He had some old-fashioned ways, and at times one wondered whether he had served with the troops in Flanders; but he was at heart a noble gentleman. Everybody has heard a certain story about him—of the severe punishment which fell upon him in the East for a youthful escapade. At last he got an inkling of the tale himself, and demanded to hear it all from a friend. He laughed over it until he nearly cried. Did people really believe it? he asked. When told that they did, he laughed again; and then answered with a simple denial, the sincerity of which was undoubted. He did get into a scrape once in the East, but the consequences to him were not particularly serious.

APPROPOS of the late Duke, a London correspondent says: "The feeling of the Duke of Wellington, just dead, for the Iron Duke, his great father, is explained in story after story which enliven the dull season. The truth is that the son never shared the world's admiration for the victor of Waterloo. He who, whatever records leap to light, will not be shamed, great soldier as he was, middling statesman as he was, noble, high-souled gentleman as he was, had the faults of a martinet in his family; and the Marquis of Douro broke away early from the parental control, called upon his father to pay his debts, and never forgave him for his rebukes. Doubtless it was the great Duke's severity which made his son so little amenable to discipline, for the son (as the French say in all such cases) had a good heart. But the son's stories of the father, of which so many are now being told, must be taken with the qualification that the son did not believe in his father's greatness."

IN *The Theatre*, of London, for August were three short articles by Mr. Joseph Knight, Mr. Frank A. Marshall and Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson,

each dealing with a vexed question, viz., the right of an audience, or a section thereof, to hiss a play or a player. The articles have been suggested by the scene at the Lyceum on the occasion of the production of "Twelfth Night." Mr. Knight says to his readers: "Hiss a piece if necessary, hiss grossness on the stage, hiss whatever deserves to be condemned. But do not continue to hiss a man—dramatist, manager or actor—because he has once, under the influence of anger or disappointment, been indiscreet." In Mr. Marshall's opinion, hissing and groaning should be reserved for the condemnation of what offends against the laws of morality and decency. In other cases silence, he considers, is sufficient. Mr. Simpson concedes the right to hiss, but contends that "it should only be exercised at proper times and without tumult."

THE able London correspondent of the Liverpool *Mercury* has the following interesting note on the Newmans, of whom, as he correctly says, few people know there were three, and that the third, in a sense, was literary:—"The great Cardinal we know. The Theistic Vegetarian we know. But there was also a brother of strange, uncertain and suspicious temperament, who lived much in retirement, made Tenby his home, and thought himself a philosopher. He left behind some MSS. dealing with abstract speculations, which at one time it was proposed to publish. They have lately fallen into the hands of his greater brothers. The Cardinal has been asked whether he would like to publish any records of his brother. His reply is decidedly in the negative. Those who have seen the "letters and remains" declare the Cardinal to have made a just decision. The unknown brother shared the restless, inquiring, rationalistic temper of the Cardinal and the Theistic philosopher, but none of their genius. Towards both of them, I believe, he held anything but a kindly attitude. He was accustomed to look down upon one as a priest and the other as a doctrinaire. Yet he was occupied greatly upon the subjects which interested the one or the other—the limits of human inquiry and the limits of State interference with individual liberty. It is well, on the whole, nevertheless, that his letters have not been laid before the world."

MR. LABOUCHERE believes in cannibalism, and frankly says that he sees no objection to eating his friends. Like the famous Frenchman who would eat his father, *avec sa propre sauce*, he would eat his neighbour and think nothing of it. "Most assuredly (says he), were I starving, with the corpse of a friend by me, I should regard myself as very foolish were I to allow myself to die of hunger." In fact, he rather mourns over the fact that he never was in such a predicament. During the siege of Paris he ate every other possible food, and rather liked the novelty. But, as he never ate up a friend, he is driven to speculate whether there is any difference between such meat and that usually sent to his table. On the whole he concludes that there is not. This shows a touching confidence by Mr. Labouche in his friends, one that probably is not reciprocated. Most of them would rather die than try so tough a job as would be involved in making a meal of him.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT MONTREAL.

THE Montreal meeting of the British Association, whether regarded from the point of view of hosts or guests, of the promoters or the public, may very fairly be pronounced a success. As I write, it is still going on, though some of the members have left for the Rocky Mountains; but there is now no fear of failure. The number of members present, both ordinary and associate, is higher than at an average meeting in the Mother Country, and is so much greater than the American Association has ever been able to muster, that those who counted upon an exceptional interest being awakened have been fully vindicated. Of course, several of the old standard-bearers of the Association are absent, and it is safe to say that some of them would have attended had the meeting been held in an English or Scotch city. But so great is its *embarras de richesses* that the Association can at any time and in any circumstances do very well without the assistance of this or that one of its primates, and still better, without those who fancy themselves indispensable; and their absence on this occasion is more than compensated by the additional interest excited, among ordinary members and in a new field, by the new departure that has been so happily taken. The Association has practically annexed half a continent to its domain; and when it quickens the zeal of its own rank and file, it is serving one of the purposes that its constitution contemplates. For it is quite a mistake to suppose that all the members of the British Association are distinguished scientists. Of the eight hundred who have crossed the Atlantic to attend the Montreal meeting, the claims of not a few to any recognition on the part of the Majesty of Science are of the vaguest and most shadowy nature. A mixed

multitude gathers round every organization. Even the serfs who fled from Pharaoh's brick-field to the desert attracted such a class; and the range of the British Association is so wide that it attracts hobby-riders of every kind, who, when repelled by such exacting sections as Mathematics, Physics or Chemistry, are glad to find shelter in some nook or corner of Geography, or, still better, of the large and accommodating section known as Anthropology. There are women's rights advocates and dress reformers up or down a long scale to the infallibilities who assure you that there is not a particle of evidence for Evolution; the cranks who evolve our English numerals from the Hebrew alphabet, and the bores, who, on the strength of a misprint, find mistakes in the Principia, or hope to build up a reputation by pointing out grammatical blunders in "Paradise Lost." Then, there are those who, though enrolled by the Association, make no pretence to be men of light and leading: the respectable people, whose sole function is to pay the annual fee. May their number never be less! Without them, the Association would be shorn of much of its power for good, for it could attend very imperfectly to what its best friends know is its best work—the preparation of reports rather than the reading of papers. Many a modest observer, who constitutionally shrinks from Science by pic-nic, is glad to receive grants from the Association that enable him to prosecute definite lines of enquiry and research. The man who, after wandering from section to section without having the luck to hear a really good paper or a thorough discussion of any subject, comes to the conclusion that the Association is a fraud, should make himself acquainted with what is done throughout the year by, and by means of, committees. He who knows not the work of committees, knows not the real work of any useful parliament or conference of human beings. Indeed, in every organism the most important work is that which is unseen.

In the opening lecture, Lord Rayleigh indicated the chief function of the Association's committees. He pointed out that by a fiction as remarkable as any to be found in law, what has once been published, even though it be in the Russian language, is usually spoken of as "known," and that we are apt to forget that the re-discovery in the library may be more difficult than the first discovery in the laboratory. Hence the need of critical reports and abstracts to guide investigators, to show them exactly what has been done, and to indicate what remains to be done. Now, the committees of the Association are specially authorized and commissioned to secure such reports or charts, to select men individually or in groups to prepare them, and to help such indispensable labourers by recommending grants from the funds of the Association, or by applications to governments, philosophical institutions, or local authorities. As a matter of course, all the work depends very much on the annual revenue of the Association, and the revenue depends almost entirely on the silent members. All honour, then, to the silent members. Their zeal may be greater than their knowledge, but they pay their dues, and they applaud with hands, or throat, or cane, at the public meetings, and so generate the public enthusiasm that stimulates everyone more or less. The British Government gives very little for the promotion of science compared to the sums distributed lavishly by other great European Powers. But John Bull himself makes up for the deficiencies of the Government. He is now content to play that rôle, for he has played it for many a day. He is always ready with his guinea subscription, and does not grudge making it two or ten or a hundred guineas, if it be for a good cause—all the more when he understands that he is likely to get some little personal *quid pro quo*, should it be only one of a thousand votes to admit a boy to an orphanage, or an ice-cream at a conversazione, or admission to a lecture that he would not presume to understand. I am well aware that this way of raising money is flouted by very superior persons. To them the only genteel way is to go hat in hand to the Government. Doubtless, governments should be paternal, and yet those fathers are not wisest who leave little or nothing to their children's initiative. It is possible to see in Mr. Bull's ways an improvement on the paternal or despotic, which we are imitating very rapidly. It certainly develops public spirit, local initiative, and a general interest in a good cause attainable in no other way; and the objects of the British Association are, among others, "to obtain more general attention for the objects of science, and the removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress."

Montreal has done its part very well in receiving the Association, though it almost goes without saying that it might have done better still. There is scarcely a city in Great Britain where the conveniences are greater, so far as halls for general and section meetings, reception and committee rooms, and everything else in the way of necessary accommodation are concerned. The civic welcome was hearty and short, much more cordial in fact than—from some previous mutterings—I had been led to expect. There was a pleasant piquancy about Mayor Beaudry's

emphatic reminder to the Association that, though far from home, it was still on British soil. The acting President washed his hands hard with invisible soap and imperceptible water while the Mayor spelled out slowly the long sentences of the address, but when he came to answer he astonished his oldest friends with his vivacity and point. They gladly saw that his long labours in the general interests of humanity in the laboratory and the study had not abated his natural force nor dimmed his interest in common sympathies of ordinary life. A good many of us were anxious to see Mayor Beaudry. Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, was nothing compared to a Mayor who has ruled over Montreal for eight years, more or less, and who, to all appearances, is as popular as ever. It was pleasant to hear him in his very decided French tones calling upon us all to sing "God Save the Queen," and then to see him stand on tip-toes and lead off enthusiastically with three cheers for the Queen, and three more and a tiger for the British Association. Mayor Beaudry deserves another year of the gold chain, and Montreal sets a good example to the restless cities—west and east—who turn their Mayors out of office before they are well in; certainly before they have had time to do anything notable in the way of civic improvement.

Where hospitality has been extended, it may sound ill-natured to criticize; but one jealous for our good name can hardly help remarking, that if all the leading citizens had seconded heartily the Reception Committee, the eight hundred members from Great Britain and Ireland, instead of less than three hundred, would have had private hospitality extended to them. There are palaces enough in Montreal to have accommodated them all, and a good many more; and accommodated they would have been if big houses and big hearts always went together. Some of the strong expressions in the civic address, such as "we place our land, ourselves, and all we are and have at your disposal," must have sounded a little like polite Chinese to the five hundred from abroad who knew that they would have the privilege of paying even their hotel bills. We do these things better in the Church. Members of Synods, General Assemblies, and Conferences are at least offered private hospitality; and this year, when delegates went from every part of the earth to attend the Presbyterian Council in Belfast, the warm-hearted Irishmen found homes for all, no matter what the language or colour. We must try to do better when the Association comes to Toronto.

It was worth paying the member's fee to have the privilege of being present at the first general meeting, held in the Queen's Hall, on Wednesday evening. Lord Rayleigh's was, of course, the speech that all went to hear, for the President is expected to give the address of the season. No one was disappointed; for, as an exposition of the progress made recently in different great departments of physical science, and as a popular lecture, parts of which at any rate could be understood by everybody, it was altogether admirable. His own work has been so "fundamental" that an old wrangler like Sir William Thompson frankly confessed that some of his pages had taxed him most severely. Few, therefore, were prepared for the literary form, and the quiet humour that characterized the address; while it is impossible to praise too highly the judicial spirit and the avoidance of extremes in which he shines, especially in contrast with one or two of his predecessors—who are still living. He threw a sop to the Philistines who continually ask, "What is the good of the British Association or of so much science?" or "What is it going to do for us?" Several gentlemen have enthusiastically assured me that this meeting will "advertize us," and I have had to answer, "What a pity!" We are an over-advertized country already; and so far as work done in science, literature or art is concerned, or anything that ennobles life, our visitors can see little but our poverty. Lord Rayleigh, in paying a generous tribute to Sir William Siemens, let fall a remark that might indicate to the most carnal apprehension the money value of scientific pursuits, when he instanced the introduction of the regenerative gas furnace, by which an immense economy of fuel, estimated at millions of tons annually, has been effected in the manufacture of steel and glass. But, his general tone was severely scientific, as might be expected from a student who values science for its own sake rather than for its industrial applications. The introductory address by the Governor-General was perfect in manner and form. No other speaker was so well heard, although his bearing and tone were those of a gentleman engaged in conversation in an ordinary drawing-room. As with all practised speakers, perfect distinctness of articulation is the sufficient explanation. Lord Lansdowne's modesty wins everyone at the outset, and he inspires the most captious critic with confidence in his truthfulness. But, perhaps, the gem of the evening was Sir William Thompson's brief speech in responding, and in nominating the President for the year. It was delightful to hear the simple great man, the true student of nature, extolling his beloved mathematics as the key that opens

to us glorious worlds of light and beauty—the guide that explains to us alike the notes and waves of music and the serene beauties of the blue sky. The most materialized nature must have received some impressions of the excellence of truth, and may have gone away asking himself the question, "Is, then, a handsome stone house on Sherbrooke Street the one thing needful?"

G. M. GRANT.

THE ST. GEORGE'S UNION AT CHICAGO.

It was evidently with real delight that the members of the Chicago St. George's Society showed their guests over the wonders of Chicago. This feeling of pride in the city, even when carried rather high, may be a good antidote to the extreme individualism which otherwise would be apt to prevail in a vast commercial community where each man is bent on his own advancement and neither social nor family ties can be very numerous or strong. At our banquet, the trumpet of Chicago patriotism sounded so loud and so long that it woke up Philadelphia and made her proudly refer to the aid which she had sent to Chicago after the fire. She was mollified, however, by the hearty assurance that if ever calamity should fall on Philadelphia "no city on God's green footstool would put her hand in her pocket deeper than Chicago." Chicago is not, like Athens, Venice or Amsterdam, a miracle. Her wealth is the dower of Nature. She is the swift growth of boundless harvests, and also of unnumbered swine which fall daily at the steaming altar of her greatness. But though not a miracle, she is a marvel indeed. She was an Indian village when the writer of this went to Eton; she now outranks Liverpool. And still the pace of her progress quickens. The Chicago before the fire is already a thing of the remote past, and viewed by the Chicago of to-day as the Rome of Romulus was viewed by the Rome of Augustus. In many cases, that of Leadville for instance, these sudden growths of American commerce have as suddenly decayed. But Chicago has a lasting basis if Illinois farmers will only remember that improvident tillage in time exhausts even the most fertile soil.

If any one wants to know what the stress and strain of commercial life are, let him go, where we were taken, to the Hall of the Board of Trade in Chicago, and listen, as we did, to the Babel of the Grain Market. How can men who live in such a din, with all the excitement of a highly speculative trade, preserve their sanity? Theatres, I am told, multiply; well they may, for after such days people must crave for real amusement. Libraries and reading-rooms, though commended by philanthropic wisdom, would by no means serve the turn. There is a grand opening for play-wrights, if play-wrights would only appear; and why should they not, on a continent full of strangely marked character, and abounding in adventure of the social and commercial, if not of the heroic, kind? But the love of music is said also to be gaining ground. Music is, apart from influences actually spiritual, the great soother of care and the antidote chiefly needed by the intense commercialism of the American people. In Chicago, as in other great centres of commerce, the unequal distribution of wealth presents painful contrasts, and it is not surprising that Communism should be rife, though the Communists are chiefly waifs from the Old World. Yet the difference between the mansion on Michigan Avenue which the Communist views with an evil eye and the dwelling of a mechanic in the wide-stretching suburbs of Chicago is far less than was the difference between the towering palaces and the closely pent hovels of former days; while the parks and boulevards, laid out beautifully and at great cost, about which we were driven for a long afternoon without seeing the whole of them, are proof of a care for the health and happiness of the masses quite unknown before our time. The gardens of Versailles were created for a court, and its fêtes were witnessed only by a few hundreds of privileged spectators. Nor can it be said that these are merely concessions extorted by Democracy. No candid man can doubt that the rich men of Chicago and other cities, as a class, feel genuine pride and pleasure in improving the lot of Labour. Are they not sons of Labour themselves?

We were taken to Pullman, the model village in which live the workmen employed on the great car works. It is a second and an improved Saltaire, laid out with the neatest dwellings, pleasure grounds, a library, a theatre (which by the way is a gem), perfect sanitary arrangements, and everything that can be devised to make an industrial Paradise. If Capital is the tyrant Communism paints him, his tyranny wears its mildest aspect here. Yet I am told that in Pullman, as in Saltaire, there is restlessness, that industrial trouble is not unknown, and that the workmen, though governed with the utmost mildness and beneficence, seem to crave for more perfect independence and for freeholds of their own. This is a bad omen for Socialism, which requires a much greater sacrifice of

independence than does Pullman or Saltaire. The site of Pullman was reclaimed by engineering skill from a marsh. Its moral foundation is Patent Right; for the Company holds patents without number. Will this prove as firm as the soil of the marsh has been made? Will Patent Right endure for ever?

As many of us as had a stomach for it went through the Stock Yards, as the vast slaughter-houses for swine and cattle are called. A strong stomach was needed, especially as the thermometer was at 90 in the shade. No currents of fresh air, no streams of purifying water, no care or device of any kind can subdue the smells, any more than they can hide the sights of this porcine and bovine Aceldama. It is curious to think that the Court of Sacrifice in the Temple must have presented a very similar spectacle. Men can be trained and attempered to anything. Otherwise how could a man be found to cut the throats of pigs or even to shoot down cattle with a rifle day after day and all day long? The monotony of tending a loom is bad enough; but what must be a monotony of slitting throats? Wonderful, however, are the machinery and the discipline of this gigantic house of carnage. I shall never eat pork again, if ever I do eat pork again, without having before my mind's eye the image, at once grim and comic, of a swift demise and a sudden transformation. Probably this is the most humane of all slaughter-houses, in spite of the sickening impression which it makes. I am a believer, not in any sudden change of human diet, but in the gradual adoption of vegetarianism, and one of my reasons for that belief is the hideousness of the shambles, while the harvest and the vintage are beautiful.

In the street architecture of Chicago, though there is not much of taste, there is, in full measure, the stateliness of colossal wealth. Land is so dear that to save the price of it commercial buildings are carried up to an inordinate height. This is fatal to the effect of the public edifices, which, though sumptuous, are overtopped and lost. They could be thrown out in proper relief only by distinctive character; and the genius which imparts distinctive character has not been here. The edifices have been reared regardless of cost by architects no doubt learned in their art. If Chicago is not religious, she at least understands the value of a religious reputation, for her churches are numerous and costly. The religious life of such a city, in such an age of doubt and disbelief as ours, would be a curious subject of study. Is it merely a hollow survival, as the Agnostics delight in telling us, or does something real, though uncertain, it may be, and precarious, still remain? What is undeniable is that money, hardly earned and dearly loved, is still being spent lavishly on religion.

"Are we a nation of rascals?" was the startling question asked the other day by a writer in the *North American Review*. Probably some of the strongest arguments on the affirmative side would be drawn from the practices of speculators at Chicago. No doubt there is plenty of employment for the Miraculous Police Alarm apparatus, as well as for the equally Miraculous Fire Alarm apparatus which our hosts took us to see. Yet this immense production of wealth could not go on for a day if man did not feel confidence in man. In the same way, while the morals, the tastes and the general tone of society cannot fail to feel the influence of the commercial Monte Carlo, and of the motley crowd of adventurers of all nations gathered here, other influences must be able, in some tolerable measure, to hold their own. Certainly in the mansions of some of the millionaires of Chicago there is a domestic life as pure and happy as exists in any parsonage or rose-embowered cottage in the world. It is pleasant, as was said before, to hear that the large Canadian Colony in Chicago is regarded as an element of good.

A CANADIAN DELEGATE.

A PEOPLE WITH A MISSION.

THERE is no lack of evidence to show that the French Canadians are being taught, and are beginning to believe, that they have a mission to fulfil more ambitious than was ever conceived, in their wildest flights, by the founders of New France. Fifty years ago the preservation of their language, laws and religion, under a responsible government, was the limit of their hopes; to-day their orators do not hesitate to propose schemes of wide-spread dominion, almost co-extensive with North America. The outflow of French Canadians to the United States is no longer regretted as a loss of national strength; the emigrants are looked upon as the forerunners of a vast multitude who are to become the dominant race in their new home. These forerunners of a silent conquest are to preserve their race characteristics, intimately interwoven with their religion, as triumphantly in the United States, in our own North-West, and as far as the Pacific Ocean, as they have done in Canada.

To these views full expression was given at the late Congress of French Canadians, under the presidency of Judge Loranger, who is the head centre

(President-general) of the societies of St. Jean Baptiste. The first celebration of this *fête* was in 1834, and its significance was quite as much political as religious. The Church wishes to make itself the exponent of the national sentiment of the French Canadians, and its aim has been, and is, to form the national mind in an ecclesiastical mould. This people is compared to the Jews, charged by Providence to fulfil a special mission on this continent. In the words of Bishop Lafleche, the reputed author of the "Programme Catholique," in a sermon delivered on the 14th July, "the Church and the nation (French Canadian) are united as body and soul." To desire a separation is to be guilty of profound error. As the Jews were made the depositories of religious belief, so have the Canadians, and the new Canaan is on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The moral force is in possession of the Church, at the service of which the State is to place the physical. "This is the mission," the bishop says, "which God confided to the founders of this colony, and the thought is dominant in the people's minds." The political title rests on the religious, as the mode of taking possession by Jacques Cartier shows. This is going far back, but the object was to show that, from first to last, the same rule had been followed. In perfect accord with Bishop Lafleche, was the Abbé Levesque at the national congress. Attachment and submission to the Church, he declared, were not only "the first of social questions, but also the vital questions of our nationality itself." And he added: "We proclaim that we have a national existence as a people, only that we may proclaim the exaltation and propagation of the Catholic Church in America. Such is the base, the soul, the essence of our nationality."

The Abbé Levesque does not agree with those who desire to put a stop to emigration to the United States. He regards the emigrants as working out the providential destinies of the French nationality in America. In fact, "manifest destiny" has become as much an article of belief with the French Canadians as it is with the Americans. In one respect the Abbé takes a rational view of this emigration. He sees that it was a waste of energy to undertake the enterprise, impossible of success, of preventing this outflow of population. But the work of colonization, carried on by organized societies in Quebec, may diminish the force of the current, relatively if not actually. Other speakers agreed with the Abbé Levesque that emigration to the United States is not a subject of unmitigated regret. M. Chapleau did not look upon it as a crime or a want of patriotism. The French Canadian emigrant to Ontario as well as to the United States he described as "the *avant-garde* of the grand army of invasion for whom, in the next century, M. Rameau has predicted success." There, M. Chapleau, on his own account, predicts the French Canadian will remain French and Catholic. In the same way M. Trudel speaks of those emigrants as "an expeditionary *corps* sent by Providence to conquer all the ancient territory discovered by our fathers and watered by the blood of our martyrs." He afterwards states, as if he had imposed upon himself the belief, his conviction that all this territory, or its equivalent, will return to the French Canadians (*reviendra à leur nation*) if they do not show themselves unworthy of it. Already, he tells us, what less than a century ago was the modest bishopric of Quebec, has, like a gigantic tree, covered not only the America discovered by the French and the English, but the North America which belonged to Holland, Spain, and Russia. Fifty years ago the French Canadians were fighting for the conservation of their language for official uses; to-day it is the official language from the Atlantic to the Pacific. To make this statement true, M. Trudel must be content to travel north of Ontario.

These orators have apparently persuaded themselves—it is certain that they try to persuade others—that the French Canadians will be able to retain, in the United States, the distinct character which they maintain in Canada; but the expression of this hope does not correspond with the statements of facts which come from the manufacturing towns of New England. There, French writers who deplore this emigration tell us the factory girls rapidly deteriorate, amidst their new surroundings, and the children of the emigrants often neglect to learn the language of their parents. The hope that the French Canadians who go to the American cities can resist the all-potent influence of the great melting-pot in which every nationality is boiled down to a common consistence, is a dream which can never be realized. We are reminded that there are some municipalities in the New England States where the French Canadians are already in a majority; but these are few, and there is nothing to warrant the extravagant belief that the handful of these people now in the United States will ever, by the aid of whatever accessions they may receive, become numerically stronger than all the rest of the population. But if there should be a large increase in the number of American women, living in a state of matrimony, who elect not to become mothers, and if the French Canadians continue to increase at the rate they have increased

since the conquest, what now seems impossible would become possible. The population of France is at a standstill; but if the United States should fall into the same non-progressive condition, the French Canadian contingent would hardly form an exception.

There can be, in the United States, no nation within a nation, such as Judge Routhier presents as the true model of political society in Canada. Speaking for his countrymen, he says they wish to add to the name of Canadians, that of French (*nous voulons qu'il nous soit permis d'ajouter à notre nom de Canadiens celui de Français*); they do not want division, but distinction of powers; they desire to be "a great family distinct from the other families of the nations"; and he thinks that if the whole country were formed of an aggregation of diverse family groups, there would be a fine opportunity for emulation. The emulation would be likely to end in a rupture; and there would be no steady power of homogeneous nationality, proper to the soil, to act as arbiter or command obedience. The line of separation by imported nationalities is a model of political society which would in vain be offered for acceptance to the United States. Not in this way can the French Canadians carry out the mission which their ecclesiastical guides tell them Providence has imposed upon them.

Judge Sicotte alone appeared to favour assimilation; and his words were, perhaps purposely, obscure. Assimilation, he said, is going on by our going among others, without regard to their coming to us. He loved them, not because they were French, but because they were men (*nous les aimons parce qu'il sont hommes*). He reminded his compatriots that the savage who carries his country and the ashes of his father about on his back might excite pity, but that he represents neither force nor civilization. His eulogy of Confederation, in opposition to isolation, may have a double meaning; but, if it contained a veiled protest against the isolation of race, no other speaker at the French Canadian Congress so interpreted it.

Some of the speakers were assigned special topics, assumed to be appropriate for the occasion. The celebration of *Nos Droits et nos Devoirs* fell to M. Trudel. To the usual stock-list of French Canadian rights, he added one that is coming into somewhat ominous prominence: a right to the soil of Quebec as first occupants (*droit à notre territoire comme premier occupants, comme enfants du sol*). Of this form of Know-nothingism we are destined to hear more in the future.

C. L.

THE CANADIAN LEGISLATURES AND THEIR RELATIVE POWERS.

A BOOK on Parliamentary procedure and practice is very like a book on the procedure and practice of law or medicine—interesting chiefly to those who are obliged to use it. As such must Mr. Bourinot's book* be received. The author's official position makes him an eye-witness of the practice of the House of Commons, and invests the work with a quasi-official character. Of its actual usefulness as a book of procedure, no one is entitled to speak but those who are immediately concerned in Parliamentary practice. But, embracing, as it does, a condensed history of the establishment of Parliamentary government in Canada, and some general remarks upon constitutional questions, it may be looked into with profit by all those who take an interest in public affairs. It is upon such substances as constitutional and quasi-constitutional matters that Democracy is nourished, and as it thrives its appetite increases. It is not surprising, therefore, to find a Democratic public engaged in the discussion of such grave questions as the science and art of government present to it. Of the art of government, as at present understood and practised (meaning, of course, party government), little need be said. It is the art of making the body politic stand on one foot. It reaches its consummation in the skill with which one party or the other can be maintained in power, and has obviously little to do with the abstract science.

The science of government under our present constitution; however, may be made not only an interesting study, but a most useful one. It is important that correct ideas of the relations actually existing between the Dominion and Provincial authorities, and of the nature and powers of each, should be acquired by those who take an interest in politics. And it is to such works as the one before us that we must turn in order to get unprejudiced, if not absolutely correct, ideas.

Mr. Bourinot's description of the relationship of the Dominion to the Provinces will hardly be acceptable to the Provincialists. He says (p. 62): "Under the Act of 1867, the Dominion Government assumed that control over the respective Provinces which was previously exercised by the

Imperial Government." The author's meaning is, perhaps, more correctly expressed as follows: The Dominion Government assumed that control over the legislation of the Provinces of the Dominion which had previously been exercised by the Imperial Government over the legislation of the pre-confederate Provinces. There is no doubt that this was the intention of the framers of the British North America Act; it was so understood by the originators of the Union. It formed, in fact, an essential element in the construction of the new Dominion; for it was the consolidation and union of the Provinces, and the centralization of the legislative power, that Confederation was designed to effect—not the perpetuation of disunion, disintegration, and the distribution of the legislative power. Canada is neither the geographical name of an archipelago of provinces, each constituting an independent political society, nor is it the formula of an ideal constitutional union resulting from the compact of a number of individual contracting sovereignties. Canada is a physical entity—a distinct political society, in direct political relation with the Imperial authorities. The pre-confederate Provinces, as political societies, are extinct, and their territories constitute the several provincial sub-divisions of the Dominion. The legislative bodies of the present Provinces derived their power directly from the Imperial Parliament, but, as political societies (if indeed they can be so regarded), the Provinces of the Dominion are in direct relation, not with the Imperial, but with the Dominion authorities. To perfect this scheme, to preserve cohesion of the members of the Union, it was necessary that supervision should be exercised over them, and a restraining hand placed upon the Local Legislatures, and, in order that the Union should not be jeopardized, its integrity impaired, or its interests affected by their action, the power of disallowance was granted to the Dominion authorities to be used at discretion. The Dominion authorities are directly responsible to the Imperial Government for the peace, order and good government of Canada, and it would have been out of harmony with the purpose of the Union if the Local Legislatures with their restricted powers had been left totally irresponsible, and so of a higher order than the more important body, the Parliament of Canada. Accordingly, the power of disallowance was granted to the Governor-General in Council, with the full consent of the old Provinces, who parted with their vested constitutional rights for the purpose of forming the Dominion. And this notion was universal until the apocalypse of Provincial rights was written. The present Attorney-General of Ontario, on behalf of that Province, appealing, so to speak, from the courts to the Governor-General in Council, argued in Severn's case against the right of the courts to declare that the Legislature of Ontario had usurped powers which did not belong to it, and referred to the power of disallowance as giving to the Dominion ample power to protect itself. How different is his political attitude at the present time, it is needless to write, while he loudly resents the lawful exercise of the legitimate contending power of the Dominion as an invasion of Provincial Rights. It must be constantly borne in mind when dealing with the question of disallowance, that the grant of the power was not an imposition of the Imperial Parliament upon a colony against the will of the colonists; nor was it sought by, and granted to, the Dominion, after the union had been consummated. It was the device of the pre-confederate Provinces themselves, invented by them as an integral part of the scheme of Confederation, and incorporated in the Act of Union at their suggestion and with their consent. Whether the Provinces of the Dominion are in any degree identical with the pre-confederate Provinces, or are creatures of the British North America Act, is immaterial; the one devised the scheme, the other accepted it, in order to prevent possible aggression by the Local Legislatures and to preserve the Union from peril; and the fault (if fault there be) lies anywhere but with the Dominion.

Theoretically there is no such thing as an invasion of Provincial rights. The Constitution is so framed that neither the Dominion can invade Provincial rights, nor the Provinces Dominion rights. It is the right of the Provinces to legislate upon certain subjects to the exclusion of the Dominion as a law-making power, but subject to it as a supervising and vetoing power. If an Act which is exclusively within the jurisdiction of a Provincial Legislature be disallowed, the Parliament of Canada cannot pass an Act on the same subject, and therefore cannot invade the rights of the Province. Such an attempt at legislation would be a nullity. The enactment would not be an Act of Parliament; obedience to it would not be exacted by the courts; it would be void *ab initio*. And so, practically, the rights of the Provinces are in the same safe keeping as the rights of the Crown, the rights of the Dominion, and the private rights of individuals, and may be tested in the courts as occasion arises.

It is, however, worthy of observation that a large amount of purely Provincial legislation has been removed from the control of the Dominion Government. Under our municipal system, cities, towns, and other muni-

* "Parliamentary Procedure and Practice, with an introductory account of the origin and growth of Parliamentary Institutions in the Dominion of Canada." By John George Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada. Montreal: Dawson Bros., 1884.

icipalities have governments within their respective limits which are practically their own. They make laws under the power granted them by the Municipal Act, which are none the less effective because they are called bye-laws. It is only when the vast extent of municipal jurisdiction is revealed to the sight, that one can form any estimate of the variety and number of subjects of purely Provincial legislation which are thus removed from Dominion control. So important a factor in our Government is the municipal system, that Mr. Bourinot says of it (p.32): "In fact the municipal system of Canada lies at the very basis of its parliamentary institutions." The legislation of the municipal bodies is entirely out of reach of any power of disallowance.

Notwithstanding the limitation of their powers, the Legislatures are not infrequently spoken of as sovereign bodies, and so Mr. Bourinot names them. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is referred to as authority for this. They are not, however, sovereign bodies, properly speaking, nor has the Privy Council ever attributed to them sovereign powers. In a case from India, and again in Hodge's case recently decided, their Lordships laid down that the Legislatures created by the Imperial Parliament are not in any sense the agents or delegates of the latter, but when acting within the limits assigned to them have plenary powers of legislation, as large and of the same nature as those of the Imperial Parliament. In all the remarks of the Privy Council, however, there are involved the following undisputed propositions: (1) The Imperial Parliament created our Legislatures; (2) it conferred upon them law-making powers; (3) it placed bounds to those powers. First, it is necessary to point out that the dictum of the Privy Council was in answer to the argument that our Legislatures were the agents or delegates of the Imperial Parliament. They are plainly not agents. If they were, the laws enacted by them would in fact originate in and be the laws of the Imperial Parliament, and our Legislatures would be simply the instruments of the Parliament. The Privy Council properly answer that this position is not sound. The laws of our Legislature are of the same nature and force and of as high an order as if enacted by the Imperial Parliament; and to originate such laws they have powers as plenary as those of the Imperial Parliament—when acting within the limits assigned to them. But they have limits assigned to them, and are, therefore, in subjection to the power which placed the limit. The creator is greater than the creation. Our Legislatures owe their existence to the superior legislative body which created them, and therefore cannot be equal to it, much less superior. They are inferior, derivative, subordinate. The Imperial Parliament, when it created them, and endowed them with law-making powers, not only set limits to those powers, but put the legislation of the Parliament of Canada under the direct control of Her Majesty in Council, and that of the Provincial Legislatures under the direct control of the Governor-General in Council. Notwithstanding all this there still remains in full vigour the supreme power of the Imperial Parliament to make laws for Canada upon any subject, whether confided to the Canadian Legislatures to be dealt with or not. For it is unquestioned that the Parliament in creating legislatures for us did not renounce its own authority in their favour. Therefore the Canadian Legislatures have co-ordinate jurisdiction only, each within its limits, with the Imperial Parliament, and if the latter is a sovereign body, as it undoubtedly is, our Legislatures are not sovereign. And, finally, the Legislatures are so much subject to the judiciary that, if the latter pronounce an Act invalid, there is no power to enforce obedience to it. True it is that the Legislatures are supreme, in that the laws which they make must be obeyed. But to be a law the declaration of their will must be within the proper limits assigned to them; and so, while demanding obedience from the subjects of their power, they in turn act in obedience to a power above them. They are in a state of subjection to the author of their being. They render habitual obedience to the supreme power in the State—the Imperial Parliament—by the very recurrence of their sessions, and it is only when rendering that obedience to the Imperial Parliament which is demanded by the British North America Act that they can exact obedience to themselves. We have here no element of sovereignty, but rather every indication of subjection and subordination.

E. DOUGLAS ARMOUR.

PARTIES are the necessary outgrowth of our institutions; but a government is not by the people when one party fastens its control upon the country and perpetuates its power by cajoling and betraying the people instead of serving them; a government is not by the people when a result which should represent the intelligent will of free and thinking men is or can be determined by the shameless theft of their suffrages.—*Cleveland's Letter.*

NATIONAL LITERATURE.

To those who desire a Canadian Nationality, with all that is implied by the words, it may be unpleasant to feel that one of the chief glories of a nation, a distinctive national literature, can hardly be a reality in this country for many generations to come. Yet while acknowledging this truth, forced upon us by the nature of our existence, we may without despair turn to seek that in which we may achieve a measure of success. A healthy caterpillar state is necessary to the final glory of the butterfly. In it must be accumulated sufficient vitality to carry out the evolution of the chrysalis that finally develops the perfect insect. We cannot attain the perfection of the butterfly at once; yet we can seek out and store ourselves with that which, in after years, may lend a beauty to our history, tradition, and religion are well worthy to be preserved by the pen of the Canadian historian and poet. It is the legacy bequeathed to us by a dying people hastened by our advancing civilization to the tomb. To us remains the generous task of preserving these memorials, and to Canadian Literature will be the honour, if we perform it well. These pigments, though few in number are rich in colour, and worked by the brush of the skilful word-painter would produce pictures of character and incident, with back-grounds of unsurpassed scenery, well worthy to be "hung on the line" in any nation's gallery of fame. With Cartier and Champlain a new era opens, and from their days to the termination of the French rule in Canada were vigorous stirring times that have already furnished material for historical and imaginative works that are, let us hope, but precursors of brighter gems of literature. Since the foundation of English rule the different Provinces now forming Canada have had varied and not uneventful histories. Canadian blood has been shed in defence of Canadian homes, and rebellion, the causes and results of which loyal men calmly judge to-day, has given us a stormy page in our history. By such material as this, the literatures of other lands have been enriched. May we not expect as much from this for our own? To-day we are a nation, and though conflicting interests may now and then excite dissensions, time will harden the cement that binds us in a national structure.

Many of the world's greatest novelists have been, what is frequently termed, writers for a purpose; and to such the Canada of to-day offers a fair field of labour; but the Canadian writer who seeks fame in such an arena must bear in mind that, though he writes to scourge a local evil, or depict a local phase of life, his treatment must be organic to touch the nerves of humanity wherever men read the language that he writes. Do we not find in the works of English and American authors of note, passages descriptive of life and character not only true to those who know the originals, but so universally human that the nature of another land does not say "this is too local," "I cannot appreciate this;" and when we read such do we not long that some one from among us might arise and speak thus, that the nations might listen, understand and applaud? Who can satirize the evils and follies of a nation so well as a resident or native born? A stranger is too often prejudiced. His ideas are moulded by the mode and custom of his own land. The uncommon to him is frequently reprehensible for no other reason than that it is unfamiliar. Thus good and evil alike receive the lash and excite his raillery. He quibbles over the use or misuse of a word. Peculiarities of manner and custom that are only wrong by arbitrary ruling, not from inherent evil, are strange to him, and he mocks because he knows no better. His superficial criticisms seize upon the effect and overlook the cause. The resident or native born who is not a pedant distinguishes between the right and wrong of things. He knows the root of the evil and folly by which he is surrounded, and from him rebuke or ridicule is a power.

Among the disadvantages under which literature labours in this country there is one, which instead of being a detriment, should be a help, and form a stepping-stone to higher things. This is the Daily Press of the country. It is not as newspapers that they form the detriment to good literature; the receipts from subscriptions and advertisements must regulate to a great extent the amount expended on the collection of news; but it is those pages of original matter, those studies in black and white through magnifying glasses, the editorial columns, that deserve a word of censure. Black abuse and slander and fulsome adulation, spouted out upon almost every prominent character in the political or municipal arena—language that used in conversation would provoke and deserve a blow—is considered justifiable and perhaps gentlemanly by the political writer, and it is frequently of a construction, grammatically speaking, to justify the application of the birch to its careless or illiterate author. Turn to the local paper. The "acrid mud" of the political editorial is not there; but bad grammar and slang run a close race up and down the columns of

too many of our newspapers. In defence of all this, the editor will probably tell us that the people demand sensation, slander, and slang. Do they demand the bad grammar as well? Yet this writer will also tell us that the Press is the educator of the people. It must be a poor master whose scholars choose their own studies. That we have scholars and gentlemen on the press of Canada is an undoubted fact, and their writings are read with pleasure; but the strong flavour of a corrupt taste taints even some of their productions at times.

It would be hard to tell what qualifications are necessary to fit one to become an instructor of the people. No doubt many young men are drawn into that field of labour by their love of books, and a desire to follow a literary career; and if such were the only writers for the press improvement and a gradual rise to a higher class of journalism would be the result. But there are many journalists to whom any other labour of head or hands would be as congenial, who would as soon measure calico, weigh sugar, or add accounts (all of which are honourable means of livelihood) if they had the ability and tenacity of purpose to do so. Daily journalism, though not a high branch of literature, is a powerful one, and should strive to be respectable.

There is no good reason why a political article or a local item should not be couched in fair English. No one expects in the hastily written editorial impeaching Sir John Macdonald or Mr. Edward Blake the language of a certain celebrated essay on Warren Hastings, nor the simile and metaphor of Maseppa in the local item describing a run-away; but there is a happy medium between the writing of Macaulay or Byron and that commonly seen in the daily papers which many of our journalists might profitably strive to attain.

But little discrimination is shown in criticism. Flattering and fulsome praise is so recklessly bestowed upon very common-place people and their works, that when some person or thing far above the average appears, the journalistic vocabulary of laudatory phrases is already exhausted, and merit receives no adequate reward. Until such time as criticisms are written by capable men who have read the books they review, not simply glanced at the title pages, and with a view to give a correct idea of the merit of the work, and not as a mere bookseller's advertisement, book reviews will be as reliable as patent medicine advertisements, and probably as fostering to good literature.

It is a difficult matter to probe the cancer without wounding the surrounding flesh, and so it is with the diseases of the fourth estate. Those who have the encouragement of good literature really at heart must strive steadily with that end in view, and the untoward influences that surround them will at last be dispelled by truth and purity.

BARRY DANE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDITOR OF "SANITARY JOURNAL."—Pressure of matter compels us to hold over your letter until next week.

ELECTRICITY VERSUS GAS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—I have noticed in *THE WEEK* of the 21st August some observations in regard to electric and gas lighting which require to be noticed by this Company. You remark: "If the Toronto Gas Company were to bestir itself in like manner as the London (England) Companies are doing—were to increase the number of lamps, put in from three to five patent burners to each pillar, and surmount each lamp with a reflector, it would be safe to predict that both authorities and citizens, would gladly go back to illumination by gas." It surely must have escaped your observation, that this is precisely what the Gas Company has, for some time past, been doing, or this charge of supineness on its part would not have been made. The exhibit made by the Gas Company at last year's Industrial Exhibition, for the purpose of demonstrating the capacity of gas for lighting heating, and as a motive power, should be conclusive on this point. In addition to this, the Company maintained at its own expense, for many months, several large 100 candle-power Gas Lamps, lighting King street from Yonge to York streets, to demonstrate to the citizens what gas, supplied in proper quantity, under favourable circumstances, in the face of electricity, could accomplish. As a result of this, the Corporation in some conspicuous parts of the City erected, and are at present maintaining, several lamps of a capacity ranging from 100 to 150 candle power per lamp, and some of our enterprising city merchants are using one or more lamps, with powers ranging from one hundred to eight hundred candles each. The Toronto Gas Company is taking advantage of every improvement introduced from time to time by the City of London and the most advanced English companies. So that, if the authorities would only give this Company a fair chance, and increase the general street consumption of gas, even to a moderate extent, I have little doubt but that as good a light, and one much more pleasant than that given by the Electric Light Companies, could be furnished at a far less cost.

I understand that few cities, if any, on this Continent, have adopted lighting by electricity so extensively, for its size, as Toronto has done. I am told, also, that Chicago has not a single street (electric) lamp, and that the City of Paris (France), for economical reasons, has entirely discarded it for street lighting, whilst the City of

London has ceased to use it on the Thames Embankment, if not in other districts of that City.

The Toronto Gas Company proposes at the coming Industrial Exhibition again to make a display to demonstrate the practical uses to which gas may be put, to satisfy the public that it is not only keeping peace with the times, but is holding a conspicuous place in the front rank of Canadian Gas Companies. Apologizing for the length of this communication.—I am, yours respectfully,

LARRATT W. SMITH.

Vice President Toronto Consumers Gas Company.

[Our correspondent is mistaken in supposing that we were not aware of the Gas Company's improvements above referred to. But they are only isolated instances. In the majority of cases the company virtually threw up the sponge, by taking even the burners off their lamps during the electric lighting experiment. We believe it is incorrect to say that the electric lights on the Embankment in London have been done away with, though it is actually true that in the City proper the authorities have gone back to the exclusive use of gas.—Ed.]

OUR CANADIAN LITERATURE: TREASURE THE OLD AND ENCOURAGE THE NEW.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—Since the publication of the paper on "An Interregnum in Literature," which I had recently the honour of contributing to your columns, I have noticed with pleasure that the subject of Canadian literature has in your journal and elsewhere been given increased attention. One writer has said in your pages that "this matter of a literature—a distinctive national literature—is of sufficient importance to evoke the most earnest consideration and the best efforts of the people." With this I not only cordially agree, but I as cordially endorse the further expression of the writer's opinion, that "a large and appreciative audience is waiting ready-made in Canada to welcome, to honour, and to immortalize the right man in the walks of literature."

Pending the advent of "the right man," and the dawn of a brighter and richer era of Canadian achievement in letters, it seems to me that something in the meantime might be done, not only to hasten the coming of the longed-for "hour and the man," but substantially to stay our hearts by engaging in the cheering and laudable work of gathering together, for republication in a distinctively national series, a collection of whatever good and meritorious literature the past has bequeathed to us.

However lightly, and perhaps heedlessly, we are apt to speak of the literary product of the past, there is not a little in Canadian literature that deserves to be rescued from threatened oblivion and worthily reproduced in some permanent and accessible form. Some of this literature may lack literary grace, and some portion of it, no doubt, would be improved by skilful pruning; but to the historian and collector it has even now a large and definite value, either on account of the writer or because it has been written by a contemporary hand. Much of it, in any case, would be new to a new generation, to whose notice it would be important to bring it, that Canadian youth may not forget what they owe to the past, and, familiar with the story, in the careers before them, be incited to higher and worthier achievement.

Impressed by the idea I have thrown out, I have been bold enough to bring before a publisher, Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, the project of issuing a series of original compilations, reprints and translations, bearing upon Canadian history, biography, travel, poetry, fiction and adventure, which, it is hoped, will prove of immediate and enduring interest to the Canadian people. The project, I am happy to say, Mr. Lovell, with his wonted enterprise and public spirit, has consented to aid me and those who are to work with me in bringing out. For this national series—as I trust I may call it—I would solicit the encouragement and support of your readers, and of all who take a patriotic interest in Canadian literature. Allow me to add that I will be grateful for any hints and suggestions which any of your readers may desire to give me. The detailed prospectus and proposed contents of the series I intend to issue at once.

Toronto, August 30th, 1884.

G. MERCER ADAM.

GOVERNMENT BY LOT.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—With much interest, and not without sympathy, I have read the curious pamphlet which advocates vote by lot as a remedy for political evils. I gather that the writer is one who believes in "Aristocracy," using that word in its primary sense of the government of the best; and that he considers that wire-pulling and corruption have followed the growth of Democracy, the extension of the governing power to the people. But, he intimates, we cannot go back to Aristocracy, for Democracy cries "more, more," but gives nothing back. The ease seems desperate, and it is in despair that he mockingly cries out "Let us have vote by lot; at worst it must be better than the present system." The pamphlet is a sort of political version of Hamlet's soliloquy. It is a proposal to commit political suicide to escape the ills that the body politic is heir to.

Is there nothing for us but this attitude of despair? True, we cannot go back to the "government of the best," if by the best we mean the privileged, the high-born, the wealthy. True, that large body which we call the "masses" will never give up the political power they have obtained. But surely we may hope for a day when government by the people shall mean government not by the best, but by the "good." Now we are in the confusion of the transition state. Enfranchisement has, perhaps, outstripped education. But the zeal and passion for education were never so consuming as they are to-day. Money is spent upon it lavishly; the teachers' mighty power for good or evil is becoming daily more clearly appreciated. The Sunday school and the public school should be the best safeguards of the State against political corruption. Indirectly, at least, they must help to make better citizens; and perhaps the day is not far distant when training in the duties of citizenship may find a liberal space in our school programmes. Then the ward politician, the wire-puller, and the corruptionist may well tremble.

POLITICAL FRESHMAN.

KNIGHTHOOD IN CANADA

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—Will you be good enough to point out for the benefit of one whose "sense of humour" is so dull that, like the *Mail*, he "fails to perceive anything ludicrous in the conferring of Knighthood upon Canadians"—a dullness shared by a good many thousand others—the distinction drawn by you between "The Right Honourable Sir John Macdonald, K. C. B., K. C. M. G.," and "The Honourable Edward Blake, M. A., Q. C.;" or

"The Honourable Sir Hector Langevin, C.B., K.C.M.G.," and "Professor Goldwin Smith, M.A., D.C.L.?" A title is a title, I take it, whether the combination of letters be before or after the name, and whether it be "Sir" or "Honourable," "Professor," or "K.C.B.," "M.A.," or "K.T.," "LL.B.," or "F.R.G.S." It is simply a Hall-mark of excellence and will be "appreciated by the people" and respected by them just so long as the "honour and power" represented in that title are worthily won and properly conferred. Surely Her Majesty or Her Cabinet are as competent to discover worth in an aspirant for "C.B.," or "K.C.B.," as are the examiners of a University to pass or "pluck" a candidate for "M.A.?" Is not this the whole question in a nutshell? These feelings at so harmless a species of connection between Canada and the Motherland seem to me unworthy of the Editor of *THE WEEK*. The question of hereditary titles in this country is quite another matter, but I trust the day is far distant when our leaders—political, or literary, or scientific—will deem it inconsistent with either "the genius of our institutions" or their own "self-respect" to gracefully accept such "honour and power" from the constitutional Sovereign to whom they owe allegiance. The order of Knighthood will suffer as little from the absence of Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake as from the sneers of critics.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Hamilton.

CANADIAN.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S ATOM.

WHEN ask we, "What is it? and whence did it come?"

No answer is given; our science is dumb.

Yet, bold in their dogma, nor bolder than blind,
Some crown it creator of matter and mind.

These sages assure us the Atom's the cause

And ruler supreme of all natural laws.

The thinker may think that he thinks, but it's plain

'Tis merely the Atom exciting his brain,

Transmitting ideas through tissue and nerve,

As if it were working some purpose to serve.

Yet, facing us always, this marvel we've got:—

The *Thinker* is *conscious*, the *Atom* is *not*;

The *Puppet* examines itself and admires;

The wire-puller knows not the trick of the wires.

This paradox funny unquestioned must go;

For science asserts it, and "science *must* know."

And therefore foresake we the Ruler whose eye

The secretest action or purpose can spy,

And worship the Atom, who cares not a jot

What virtues we practise or wickedness plot.

We may trample the decalogue under our heel;

We may murder, or libel, or covet, or steal;

Yet sleep with a conscience as calm and composed

As though the most virtuous work we had closed.

'T would be folly to feel any sorrow or shame,

Since our dear little Atom bears ever the blame.

'Tis the *Atom* that steals; 'tis the *Atom* that slays;

'Tis the *Atom* that slanders, and dupes, and betrays;

'Tis the *Atom*, in short, that must answer for all,

While we, driven helpless, do nothing at all.

Oh, wonderful doctrine! How soothing and sweet

To the would-be assassin, seducer, or cheat,

Who, conscience and scruples far flinging away,

Determines the Atom alone to obey.

But what about him who, though poor and distressed,

'Mid troubles and trials is striving his best,

In steadfast reliance on aid from above,

Himself to forget and his neighbour to love?

To *him* our philosophers surely might leave

The one single comfort he here can receive:

Through his darkness and gloom pierces one sunny ray:

Is it human, the heart that would take this away?

HUGH McCOLL.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

FREAKS OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

WHAT time Charles could spare from his duties as a ruler was devoted to military exercises and to field sports. The more dangerous the amusement, the greater attractions it had for him. He took up the idea that it was cowardly to attack beasts with firearms, and went bear-hunting with nothing but a pike or a cutlass. Soon the victory seemed to him too easily gained even in this way, and he forbade the use of cold steel as well as of firearms, and all were armed with strong wooden forks. The sport was to wait until the beast rose on his hind legs, catch him in the neck with the fork and throw him over backward, when the huntsmen sprang out and wound a net around his hind legs. Charles rode fast and furiously, up and down hill, though forest and stream. Frequently his horse fell with him, and he returned black and blue. Once, the snow was so deep that his horse fell upon him; he could not move, and as he had far out-stripped his companions he was nearly frozen when rescued. At another time, he rode up the side of a cliff so steep that both horse and rider fell backward, and it was considered a miracle that his life was saved. On another occasion, starting out from the palace at four o'clock in the morning, attended only by a page and a captain of his guards, he came to one of the gulfs near Stockholm, which was covered with a sheet of ice so thin from the spring rains that even foot passengers scarcely dared to trust themselves upon it. In spite

of the remonstrances of his attendants, he ventured upon it, and found at the other side a clear space of water fifteen feet wide. He could not go back, plunged in and luckily reached the shore. Finally, the old equerry, Hord, summoned up courage to remonstrate with him, and told him that God had saved his life twice in such dangers, and would be excused if, the third time, He did not interpose. "God has created beasts for the service of men, but not to help them break their own necks."

In winter, Charles amused himself with sledging parties of the most dangerous character. Sometimes the sledges were fastened together in a long file, and the horses were then whipped to the top of their speed down the steep hill. Once he found a peasant's sledge laden with wood, and with two or three companions mounted it and set off down a steep hill which had been made like glass with several coats of ice. It was impossible to steer the sledge, and they came up against a heavy stake at the bottom. His companions were severely injured; he remained unhurt.

The military sports were, if possible, still more dangerous, as, under Peter's direction in Russia, the sham fights in Sweden were carried on with pasteboard hand grenades, and frequently cost many lives. In taking a snow entrenchment, the king had his clothes nearly torn off him, and many others were seriously injured. Sometimes there were sea fights of a peculiar character. The boats were armed with fire engines, and the crews wore large squirts, with which they fought. On one occasion, Arvid Horn, one of Charles' great friends, stripped himself to his shirt, rowed away from his yacht in a small boat, and attacked the king and his suite. He was repelled with such vigour that his boat soon filled with water, and began to sink. Jumping out, Horn swam once around the yacht. Charles at last asked him if swimming were difficult. "No," said Horn, "if one is not afraid;" at which the king immediately jumped into the water, but found that courage did not make up for want of skill, and would have drowned had not Horn caught him by the clothes and brought him a long distance to land. Another day, the guards were divided into two parties, led by Charles and Horn. The horses were not allowed to be saddled, and the men were armed with nothing but stout hazel sticks. No one was spared. The blows given by Horn were so vigorous, that Charles, in a moment of excitement, aimed a blow at his face, and hit a boil on his cheek. Horn fell fainting to the ground, and the pain and the heat combined threw him into a violent fever, which nearly cost him his life. Charles repented, frequently visited him, and gave him 2,000 thalers for his cure, promising to repeat the prescription as often as he was again wounded. All this Charles did, not for amusement alone, but in order to harden and inure himself to the fatigues of real war. He would frequently rise from bed, and sleep the rest of the night half-naked on the bare floor. One December, he slept three consecutive nights without undressing on the hay in the stables. Nothing annoyed him as much as his delicate skin and fair complexion. He used every means to get sunburned, so as to appear manly, and took a childish pride in some pox-marks on his face. He dressed simply; he wore a wig until his first campaign in Denmark, when he threw it aside forever. He ate but little, and always plain and coarse dishes. Wine he gave up after finding its effects too strong for his self-control. Cold of temperament, of love Charles knew nothing, and cared little for the society of ladies. Six princesses sought his hand in vain, and the very mention of marriage distressed him.

The freaks of Charles, even when not dangerous, were disagreeable to those about him. Their worst point was reached during the visit of his cousin, Frederick III., Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, who came to Stockholm in 1698 to marry the Princess Hedwiga Sophia. The Duke was as foolhardy as his brother-in-law, and soon acquired great influence over him. Then began what was called the "Gottorp Fury." The royal cousins rode races till they had broken down several horses; they coursed a hare in the parliament house; for days they practised on beheading sheep, in order to see which had the greatest force of hand, and the greatest knack with the sword—all this, too, in the private apartment of the palace, till the floors and staircases were running with blood. This was to the great astonishment of the passers-by, for the bleeding heads were thrown out of the windows. They sallied into the streets at night, and broke the windows of the peaceful citizens. In broad daylight they made cavalcades from the palace with no costume save their shirts, and with drawn sabres in their hands. They jerked off the hats and wigs of all who came near them. At dinner, when they had tired of snapping cherry stones into the faces of the privy councillors, they would knock the dishes out of the servants' hands, and then break all the furniture and throw the fragments through the closed windows, shivering both glass and frames.—*From the new Life of Peter the Great, by Eugene Schuyler.*

A PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE.

HE is a marvel of his age, and may prove a puzzle to posterity. . . . When from time to time the great leader changes his mind he does so from honest conviction, mixed with an appetite for applause, and then he sees his old friends in the light of a company of blind fools. You cannot realize the Liberal chief, or form a picture of a man, solely through a study of his interminable speeches, books, pamphlets, letters, and postcards. You must see him in the flesh. . . . There, in office, sits the First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons, stretched out with his legs straight before him, and his toes turned up to the glass ceiling. His hands he listlessly crosses over his lap. His head droops over his right shoulder. His face pallid. The corners of his mouth droop as if in pain. His scant grey hair clings like a fringe of floss about the base of his great skull. His eyes are closed. The powerful features, touched with a tinge of sweetness and overworn with half a century of politics, mutely engender pity. His ill-fitting clothes hang loosely about his figure, always lithe and

active in motion, and with the free stride of a wild thing of the woods. . . . So, seeming as if flaccid from want of sleep, he lies in wait. Then the lax figure sits bolt upright, chin in the air, and hands clasping his knees. . . . All traces of fatigue pass away as the eyes, large and luminous, keen and grey, rest with anger upon the enemy. The nostrils dilate, the lips—still close—work impatiently, the body leans forward, the hands glide upon the knees pressed outwards. In a moment Mr. Gladstone is upon his feet! . . . Then he opens the flood-gates of his oratory, and deluges the Commons with superb eloquence. The *timbre* of his voice is delightful, gliding, mellow, dropping to the soft sound of wind-stirred reeds by the river, rising to the full volume of the storm beating and belling the sails of a ship at sea. In the heat and passion of debate, Mr. Gladstone does not respect persons, but rends friends and foes alike. In his eyes it is assuredly a sin to differ from him in opinion, even though his enemies' thoughts were his own of the previous day. . . . The Emperor Alexander II. was murdered on Sunday, March 13th, 1881, and on the evening of the following Tuesday addresses to Her Majesty, and motions of sympathy and condolence, were carried unanimously in both Houses. . . . I shall never forget the impressiveness of the Premier's manner, nor the admirable emphasis with which he applied the words of Homer to the Czar. . . . Whether or not Mr. Gladstone disliked the office of speaking an eulogium on the career of the late Lord Beaconsfield it would be difficult, and perhaps uncharitable to say, but that he delayed the task, and finally accomplished it in what seemed a half-hearted manner, there can be, I take it, no doubt. . . . An elegiac speech more cold, halting, and altogether depressing, has probably been seldom heard within the walls of Parliament.—*Scenes in the Commons, by David Anderson.*

THE COLONIST'S VIEW OF CHINESE LABOUR.

"I AM all for white as against yellows, for yellows as against browns, and for browns as against blacks. If I were in Borneo I would be all for the Chinese. They are the best workers in the world, and at Singapore they have made the settlement a little paradise. It is delightful to see street after street filled with well-to-do, comfortable, happy Chinamen, industrious and orderly. But when the question is not between yellow and brown, but between yellow and white, that is another matter. In Queensland we have 13,000 Chinese—we used to have far more. Now, £10 per head import duty is levied upon every Chinaman who lands in the colony. Even that does not altogether keep them out, for some planters pay the tax for the sake of the labour, and in the Chinese gangs which work on the sugar estates we have as near an approach to slavery as anything existing under the British flag. They work for their own bosses. They dare not oppose the will of the captain of the gang, who does with them what he pleases. We are against the Chinamen in Queensland; and why? What has been the whole course of progress and civilization with us? Has it not been the raising of the average standard of comfort of the mass of the people? That is to say, we have prided ourselves upon nothing so much as on inculcating the working man with new wants. We have taught him to hate dirt—that is to say, we have made it a necessity of life that he should have money to buy soap and pay his water rate. We have taught him to read, and made a newspaper indispensable. We have given him ideas of decency and respectability which compel him to pay a high house rent. And then, after having created this complex being, with all those artificial wants and necessities which we call civilization and culture, are we to say to him, Work for as low wages as this Chinaman, who has no wants, who lives upon garbage, and shelters in a hole? It is undoing all the work of the ages, and levelling down the civilized European to the status of the half-starving Asiatic. If we allow it the Chinese will overrun Queensland. We do not mean to let them; and when I say we I mean ninety-nine out of every hundred white men in Queensland."—*The Ex-Prime Minister of Queensland in Pall Mall Gazette.*

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

IN referring to the movement recently started in this colony for giving women the parliamentary suffrage, we expressed the opinion that whatever unforeseen effects the admission of women to the franchise might produce, it would certainly strengthen the cause of reaction and clog the wheels of progress. Apt confirmation of this view is afforded by the telegram which has been received this week mentioning that "the leading members of the Conservative party are supporting the proposal to confer the household suffrage upon women." Latter-day Conservatism in England, under the leadership of Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill, is so extraordinary a phase of opinion that it is scarcely possible to draw any coherent conclusions from its acts or professions. Still, there is some significance in the desire of the Conservatives to give women the suffrage. We may be sure that their hope in doing so is not to strengthen the cause of political progress. They do not desire to accelerate reforms, but to obstruct them, and this they think they would be in a better position to do if women were invested with the power of voting. We are not now discussing whether it be more desirable to effect liberal reforms or to withstand them; the question is on which side the weight of the female vote would be cast; and the Conservative leaders say by their acts that it would be given to their side. Many think that this would be a very satisfactory result. It may be, but the point is to be quite clear as to the character of the advocated change. And the piece of evidence we have cited strengthens our view that it would rather add to the strength of the side of obstruction and reaction than to that of political progress, and that the measure would be one rather in the interests of Conservatism than Liberalism.—*Australasian.*

THE SECRET OF MR. GLADSTONE'S VIGOUR.

IN the latest Healthery Handbook, subject "Athletics," by the Hon. E. Lyttelton, we find the following excellent remarks on the duty of chewing food: The veriest dullard who thinks for a moment on the daily task entrusted to our digestive machinery, how incessantly it recurs, and how serious are the issues involved in its fulfilment; and who has, moreover, learned anything of the delicacy of those organs, and their close relation to happiness, will understand the need of lightening that task as far as we can, and the cruelty of any wanton increase of it. Our system asks for food well chewed and well lubricated, and we give it dry nuggets, at rapidly-recurring meals. . . . I could name a dyspeptic, who travelled in search of a cure all in vain, till a stranger told him to masticate his meat, and he obtained instant relief. But there is a better instance at hand than either of these. Mr. Gladstone is a man about whose physical vigour there can be no question. Men are known in troublous times to cavil at his statesmanship, but no one has anything to say about his digestion. Now as early as the year 1848 Mr. Gladstone formulated to himself rules for chewing food. Previously to that he had always paid great attention to this requirement of nature; but at that date he laid down as a rule for his children that thirty-two bites should be given to each mouthful of meat, and a somewhat lesser number to bread, fish, etc. It is also known that to get into a habit of following his example is as easy as can be. A little attention paid to it for two days will ensure the duty being unconsciously performed through life, with the most beneficial results. Truly, history turns upon small causes! The philosopher of future ages may busy himself with pondering what the course of the world would have been had the number been twenty-two instead of thirty-two.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

REPUBLICS love conquest as well as do kingdoms. Manitoba promises to soon sorely tempt the territory greed of the United States.—*Chicago Current.*

POVERTY is increasing by enormous strides in the United States, and protection promises to breed their the same terrible and widespread destitution, vice and immortality, which it handed down in England as a legacy of debt for free trade to discharge.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

IT will be remembered that the National Policy was promised to be only a readjustment and not an increase of our taxation. Yet the average duty collected on the dutiable goods last year was twenty-five per cent. And the aggregate of customs duties was five millions more than in 1875. In the face of such facts, judged by the standards set up by the advocates of the taxation tariff, who can say that it is not a failure, a distressing fraudulent failure?—*St. John Telegraph.*

WE are in possession of a very broad hint respecting Hanlan's recent defeat, which rather strengthens the surmises of THE WEEK. A gentleman in Ayr received a letter from Australia on the day which announced Hanlan's defeat by Beach, which letter was intended to give a "tip" to our Ayr friend to bet against Hanlan. The Australian correspondent said he stood to win thirty guineas if Hanlan were defeated, and that he knew of the coming defeat is clear from the tone of his remarks.—*Ayr Recorder.*

IN his hands Maud S. will be treated as becomes a queen among quadrupeds, and the public will be treated generously too. Mr. Bonner will make no matches and will trot no races. But he will give the tens of thousands of admirers of Maud S. a chance to see what the best trotter the world has yet seen can do under the most favourable circumstances. There will be no jockeying or trickery, no attempt to use the mare as a money-getting machine, or to mislead the public as to her real capacity. Her future in Mr. Bonner's hands will be watched with widespread interest.—*New York Tribune.*

A PARLIAMENT representing lands separated from each other by the width of the world may be impossible, and no country like Canada would ever allow the out-voting of her members in a Parliament in London. On the other hand, the confederation of the Empire might be achieved through a Council of Envoys, who, by working together for each part, might consummate treaties and enforce agreements. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to see the feeling growing all over the Dominion in favour of strengthening and consolidating the connection with the Mother Country, and helping to build up and maintain the empire of which it is an integral part, by a perpetual alliance of union, friendship, and common interest.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

IN the presence of a whole people thinking chiefly of money; talking of it, yearning for it, toiling, lying, cheating, to get hold of it; adulterating food and drink to make it; displaying it in all its vulgar glitter in their homes and equipages and on their bodies; discussing and solving all problems, even questions of the soul, from a financial point of view; making money the measure of the value of time; determining the worth of education by the power it develops to amass wealth, and even going so far as to hold a man's money the nearest equivalent of himself—in the presence of such a people there is need of power to proclaim, as with the voice of God, that the goodness of life lies in right-doing, and not in lucre.—*Bishop Spalding in North American Review.*

PRINCIPAL GRANT places a dangerous temptation in sight of the people of the Dominion when he reminds them that the people of the United States have become "enormously rich" under their system of Government, and that Annexation would make Canadians "richer in pocket." If Dr. Grant can satisfy our people that their material interests will be greatly improved by Annexation, we fear there are too many of them who would treat this as the first consideration. Thousands of Canadians leave their

country every year and take up their residence in the United States. They forswear the old flag; they become citizens of a Republic; they live and die under political institutions which they once regarded as foreign. And why? Just because, they desire to be "richer in pocket."—*Montreal Herald*.

THE French have entered Confederation, but are not willing to assume their share of its responsibilities, and not until there is a man at the head of the Dominion Government with sufficient honesty and firmness to refuse to pander for their votes, and not until that man is supported by a large majority of the English-speaking members of the House, will the stick-in-the-mud Province of Quebec realize that Confederation carries with it duties as well as privileges.—*St. Thomas Journal*.

THE *Journal des Débats* is not misled by the apparent approximation of Germany to France. The Chancellor's real object, it thinks, is to establish, in spite, or rather by means, of his temporary ill-humour, more cordial relations with England. If that is indeed the case, and it may well be that the suspicious eyes of the French writer see most clearly in this matter, it would be the greatest folly on our part not to contribute actively to such a result. And that for the simplest of all reasons. It is not that we would buy the friendship of Germany, valuable as it is, by any sacrifice of our honour or surrender of our substantial interests; but, as it happens, the course most likely to regain us the esteem and support of Germany is the very one which our own honour and duty most imperatively dictate.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

In the most densely-peopled districts of London there are but one hundred and seventy thousand persons to the square mile. New York has two hundred and ninety thousand. London has an average population of seven persons to each one house. New York has twenty-five. One block in the Eleventh Ward has forty-five occupants to each house. The slums of New York have nominally disappeared; but they exist nevertheless. They are internal, not external. The streets have been made decent; the outside of the sepulchre has been whitened; but within there is a horrible foulness—foulness due to a plethora of humanity. It is scarcely to be wondered at that, under such circumstances, the authorities of a city the most cosmopolitan in the New World should exercise the greatest care in preventing the increase of its already surplus population by fresh contingents of indigence from Europe.—*London (Eng.) Telegraph*.

It may be possible to do something toward the consolidation of the Colonial Empire by the more direct recognition of agents who might act as diplomatic representatives of the colonies, and who might perhaps form the nucleus of consultative councils, and ultimately of organizations which cannot be at present foreseen. Sagacious statesmen will cultivate the loyal sentiment which in ordinary times prevails in the English-speaking colonies; and they have learnt by frequent experience the prudence of avoiding all collision with their jealous regard for their own independence. Attachment to the Crown and the Empire, though it is perfectly genuine when it is not interrupted, seems to disappear in a moment if colonists suspect any interference with their cherished rights of responsible government. As no English Minister really entertains any design of encroachment, colonial susceptibilities may perhaps gradually abate.—*Saturday Review*.

CONSIDERING that Lord Randolph Churchill is accepted by the Conservative party as a responsible statesman, and perhaps even looks upon himself in that light, one is at a loss to reconcile such a speech as he delivered on the third reading of the Appropriation Bill with any other idea than that of a temporary aberration of sanity. Mr. Disraeli once said of Lord Salisbury that his invective "wanted finish," but Lord Salisbury, in his most violent moods, never descended to the coarse and vulgar abuse which once more proved that, whatever else the member for Woodstock may be, he is no gentleman. The Tory party may not have any deep trust in Lord Salisbury, and they certainly have a strong liking for Lord R. Churchill; but they have only to think for a moment on the immeasurable distance between the intellectual capacity of the two men to realize how impossible it will ever be for them to supersede the former, if they wanted to do so, in favour of the latter.—*Manchester Weekly Times*.

WE ought to care something of what they think of us in Europe, and we ought to care very much if we give them the right to think meanly of us over there. The Great Republic ought to be proud to stand well in the opinion of all peoples of civilization. Is it possible that we can do so during this Presidential contest? Is it not dreadful to show to the world that the United States cannot elect its President without all this filth throwing? We ought to be ashamed of ourselves, and very many of us are: indeed all, except the small number engaged in this nasty business. If this be the method of our election contests, we can not be surprised if older Powers thank the fates the same methods are not in order with them. Whatever may have been done in the past in the old countries of this nature and worse, excuses us not at all. The Great Republic was to teach the world better things in all ways.—*The Philadelphia Progress*.

THE English newspaper is inferior in many respects to the American journal, but it is superior in the fact that even amid times of political excitement it tries to give the news. The facts it presents can be relied upon. They have not been tortured into doing service for this political party or that political party. It, in short, tries to recognize that its functions as a newspaper are best served by trying to please the public at large and not a section of it. May I appeal to some of my contemporaries to give the public some consideration? Surely a newspaper ought to give news in such a manner that it can be accepted as a true picture of what is passing on the stage of the world's affairs. When news is garbled to subserve

a political idea, the public are defrauded. They are not getting news, but are being dosed with ideas which may or may not be offensive, but which are certainly not news in the true sense of the word. We raise this humble appeal against political prostitutes for the honour of American journalism. We hope it will at least contribute toward the mitigation of an evil which many people are recognizing very acutely.—*Chicago Rambler*.

A VERY safe test of England's relative position [as a naval power] has just been given by Sir Thomas Brassey. In these matters account is generally taken of ironclads only, though it is not a sufficient basis of comparative strength. Of ironclads, however, the aggregate tonnages are—England, 329,520; France, 201,789; Germany, 74,007; Austria, 62,110; Russia, 83,621; and Italy, 59,905. The above figures prove that, if we leave Russia aside, we have an armoured tonnage substantially equalling the combined tonnage of France, Germany, Austria and Italy. Can the most exacting ask for more, unless they are in a position to demonstrate that Sir Thomas Brassey has been grossly deceived? Moreover, our superiority to France is being more than sustained. Our voted expenditure for ironclads for 1885 is £1,232,000 as against £1,025,360 in France. As to the quality of the vessels there is nothing to choose: the French give more armour to the water-line, and we give more protection to the men. Only a naval campaign could decide which system is the more advantageous. The most the Government can be expected to do is to maintain a leading position and this, Sir Thomas Brassey assures us, the Department is successfully doing at present.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

BOOK NOTICES.

HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR. By Anton Gindeley. Translated by Andrew Ten Brook. Complete in two volumes. With twenty-eight illustrations and two maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Owing to the fact that in his larger work Professor Gindeley only brings down the history of the Thirty Years' War to the year 1623, and that it has taken him fifteen years to produce the four volumes covering the period treated, he some time ago consented to be diverted from the more exhaustive history to produce a popular one. That he was wise will hardly be disputed in view of the fact that he has attained his fifty-fifth year. The professor is acknowledged to be the foremost authority on the period of the Thirty Years' War, and the beautiful edition in which he gives to the world a summarized result of his exhaustive labours in that field is one of great value to those interested in the history of Europe. Though Professor Gindeley has not the pen of a Macaulay, but turns out his periods with the colder quill of a philosophic historian, his work is by no means wanting in interest. The book is divided into three parts. The first describes those events which gave immediate occasion to the outbreak of the war, and proceeds thence to relate the history of the Bohemian insurrection, the judicial proceedings which followed and the consequent reactionary measures of religious reformation. The work is prefaced by an introductory chapter from the pen of the translator, in which, as he truly says, he lays "before the readers some preliminary information which a certain class of them will need, while others will not." He has also added a concluding explanatory chapter, which will be of service to students. It is pleasant to be able to say that this edition has been prepared with the full sanction of the author.

A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES, Realistic and Dogmatic. With illustrations. By the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company.

The author takes an early opportunity to inform his readers that he has written several other books, most of which have attained large circulations; but, though his "Dictionary of Miracles" may be of service by attracting attention to the subject, it is very doubtful whether it will not rather detract from his reputation, rather than add to it. In a preliminary notice it will be sufficient to say that though Mr. Brewer has collated a vast number of "miracles," he has left untouched many which would have been more to the point in his analysis of the belief in supernatural manifestations. Moreover there are a number of historical inaccuracies in his work, for which it is difficult to attribute any cause but carelessness. All the same the book contains in handy form matter not easily to be found elsewhere, and when purged of its blemishes—as it no doubt will be in future editions—it may possibly attain a success not unworthy of a writer, some of whose works have reached "enormous circulations."

IRVING CLASSICS.

ELZIVIER CLASSICS. Vol. IV. New York: John B. Alden.

These books are both reprints, the one of "essays and sketches by celebrated authors from the 'Irving Library,'" the other of "choice selections from the 'Elzevir Library.'" The first-named is a nicely-got-up volume containing excerpts from the works of Charles Lamb, Macaulay, Irving, Dr. John Brown, Andrew Dickson White, Thomas de Quincey, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Rawlinson, Dr. Legge, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Froude, and Philip Gilbert Hamerton. In the latter book are papers by Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, George William Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Robert Griffen, Huxley, Tyndall, and Edward Orton, LL.D.

THE BLIND CANARY. By Hugh Farrar McDermott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A pretty little volume of poems named after the opening effort, written, we suspect by the editor of the *Jersey City Herald*. Mr. McDermott, makes no pretence to the far-fetched ideas clothed in further-sought language which is so common amongst latter-day singers; but is content to write of every-day subjects in simple words, and so at least is intelligible and pleasing. This no doubt accounts for the fact that "The Blind Canary" has run to a second edition—just as it will be read and remembered, very probably, after more laboured books have been forgotten.

A FAIR DEVICE. By Charles Wolcott Balestier. New York: W. Lovell and Company.

One of the well-known cheap "American Library Series." A good enough novelette to pass an idle hour, and possessing the merit of not having anything startling, new or original about it.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE September *Century* is full of good articles and good illustrations. There is solid reading and food for thought in Joseph Edgar Chamberlin's paper on "The Foreign Elements in our Population." The article entitled "Legends of the Passamaquoddy," is delightful reading, and the copies of Indian drawings on bark which illustrate it are full of quaint interest. A biographical notice of Littré appears over the signature "Y. D." A paper on travel is entitled "A Tropical Hurricane," and Newman Smyth treats of "The Late Dr. Dorner and the New Theology." In an elaborate paper on "The New Astronomy," accompanied by numerous and costly wood-cuts, Professor Langley discourses of spots on the sun. "From Coventry to Chester on Wheels" is a thoroughly readable paper, in which an enthusiastic cyclist recounts the experiences of a not uneventful ride. It is also accompanied by a number of artistic gems in the shape of wood-cuts. "Pancha" is a story of Monterey, and is written by Thos. A. Janvier. "The Brief Embarrassment of Mr. Iverson Blount" is another yarn, and the serial "Dr. Sevier" is eagerly looked for each month. "A New England Winter," one of Mr. James' short stories, is finished, and is followed by the second batch of "A Problematic Character." Mr. Stillman's second essay, "On the Track of Ulysses," fully sustains the interest excited in last month's contribution on the same subject. Of the poetry, one piece, "Drifting Among the Thousand Islands," is from the pen of Miss Agnes Maule Machar.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* has a strong list of contents. Mr. White continues his "Anatomizing of William Shakespere." The general tendency of the age to substitute excessive commiseration for the extreme cruelty which was formerly meted out to criminals is commented upon in "Mediæval and Modern Punishment." The historical paper of the month is by Francis Parkman, is good reading, and is entitled "Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham." The editor contributes a most interesting and instructive sketch of "The Lakes of Upper Italy." But probably the article which will first commend itself to the thoughtful reader will be "The Story of English Magazines," told by Chas. E. Pascoe. This excellent paper is followed by one on the "Despotism of Party," a subject that is daily coming more and more to the fore. It is from the pen of Herbert Tuttle. A "Literary Curiosity" is the title applied to a criticism of Phil. Robinson's "The Poets' Birds," and it is followed by other analytical editorial notes. The remaining features of the September number are: "In War Time" (continued), "Old Salem Shops," "Under the Maples," "A Legend of Inverawe," "The Volcanic Eruption of Krakota," "Not Muse, but Inglorious," Poetry, etc.

THE September *Manhattan* opens with a cleverly conceived illustrated poem, by Elizabeth S. McChesney, entitled "The Chalice Bearer." A paper on "The Misericordia in Florence" follows, and is capital reading. Another instalment of the novel "Trajan" takes the next place, and in turn is followed by a copiously illustrated article headed "A glance at the Hungarian Capitals." The contribution of the number is James Lane Allen's "Balzac and Literary Circles of His Time"—a well-written carefully-compiled paper, full of instruction and interest. "Nance" is the title of a novelette, and "On a Siamese Pagoda" is a travel story. Paul Hamilton Hayne is the author of a poem which takes next place, and is succeeded by a second sketch of London experiences, entitled "My Diary in London." "The Grave-Digger's Scene in Hamlet," "A Californian Acadia," are the titles of articles which immediately precede chapter first of F. Bean's "Colonel Judson of Alabama." A poem—"Wind Gardens"—separates the novel from a descriptive illustrated essay: "A Corner of the Gulf of Mexico;" and with chapter five of John Bernard's "Retrospections of the American Stage" the list of contributions concludes. The editor's notes on recent literature and current events wind up a remarkably good number.

THE September *Magazine of American History* will interest a wide audience among the hills and valleys of the American Continent. The frontispiece is an excellent engraving of the portrait of Murillo, from the painting by himself, and its pertinence is apparent to all who read the Query on page 281. The leading illustrated article, by Mrs. Lamb, is a mine of historic information concerning that particular region of our country beyond the Rocky Mountains. The second article, with portrait, illustrates the remarkable career of the great South American scientist, Francisco José de Córdova. Among other contributions of the month, we find an

instructive chapter on the "Early Connecticut Claims in Pennsylvania," by T. J. Chapman, A.M.; "The Medical Department of the Revolutionary Army," giving much fresh information on a subject hitherto obscure, by General John Cochrane; "One Phase in the Early History of Virginia," from the scholarly pen of Rev. J. C. Stockbridge; "Something About Monhegan," an acceptable morsel to antiquarians in all climes and countries, by Mr. E. H. Goss; and a few unpublished letters, two of which are from John Adams to Elbridge Gerry in 1784 and 1785.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for 23rd and 30th August contain the Three Poems "In Memoriam," from the *Quarterly*; Italian University Life in the Middle Ages, *British Quarterly*; A Legend of Vanished Waters, *Scottish*; Untrodden Italy—The Sila Forest, *Contemporary*; The English Church on the Continent, *Fortnightly*; Venice, *Blackwood*; Three Days among the Dutchmen, *Tinsley's*; Madame de Krudener, *Gentlemen's*; William the Silent, *Times*; "John Bull et Son Ile" in the Seventeenth Century, and The Business of Pleasure, *Spectator*; Slips of the Tongue and Pen, and Manx Smuggling, *All the Year Round*; with the conclusion of "The Baby's Grandmother," instalments of "Mitchelhurst Place," "Peter Mackey's Three Sweethearts," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Tzigge," and Poetry.

THE *Art Interchange* of August 28th is one of the best issues of that popular periodical. It contains a beautiful design in colour of wild roses for decorating a cup and saucer; designs of dogwood for mirror frames, toilet jar, door panel, and cup and saucer; a conventional floral design for table top and brass *repoussé* work, two designs for fruit plates, and an exquisite engraving of a forest interior. In the useful Notes and Queries department instruction is given in colouring photographs, transferring designs, oil colours for rose and rose-pink, how to make plaster of Paris models for use in object drawing, suggestions for portières and screen panels, and much other desirable information.

THE *Andover Review* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.) has attained a position in the front rank of the class of literature to which it belongs. Its success is deserved. All important questions in the realm of religious thought are discussed exhaustively in a temperate and scholarly manner. The September number is decidedly interesting and attractive.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

AFTER several postponements, rendered necessary by the difficulty of producing scenic effects in a building not structurally adapted for that purpose, "Billee Taylor" was played in Toronto on Tuesday before a very good house. All things considered, the performance may be said to have passed off with *eclat*. The choruses were not all that could be desired, in one case—the "Grand Finale"—there being quite half a note difference between one moiety and the other. But no doubt additional practice will remedy this in future representations. Of the soloists there was no star of the first magnitude, though the audience appeared to be mightily taken with Miss Guthrie (*Phæbe*) from her opening song, the "Two Rivers," which was encored. The prima donna is possessed of a clear powerful soprano voice, and her acting is all that could be desired. Not so is the case of the "virtuous gardener." Mr. Moulton (*Billee Taylor*) sings a distinctive tenor part with an uncommon quality of voice, but lacks expression, and is not in any sense of the word an actor. Miss Stetson portrayed *Susan*; she was labouring under the disadvantage of a bad cold, but atoned for that by her pleasant acting. *Eliza*—who was at the bottom of all the varied experiences of *Ben Barnacle*—was well played by Miss Randall, the *Arabella* of Miss Warren, on the other hand, even had she known her part, which she didn't, was not such as to call forth any enthusiasm. The life and soul of the whole performance—a gentleman who under unfavourable circumstances on Tuesday night proved his claim to a front rank amongst the comedians of the day—was Mr. George Schiller. He played the part of *Christopher Crabb*, the erstwhile pedagogue and whilom sailor, who glories in his villainy, with such genuine "funniness" as to keep the house in roars of laughter. Mr. Seth Crane's *Ben Barnacle* was next in rank as a performance, his "All on account of *Eliza*" getting a double encore. The *Captain Flapper* of Mr. Holmes was also an excellent rendition of the nautical "masher." The *mise en scene* and the costumes were very good. After the opera a startlingly realistic representation of the burning of Chicago was given in the Gardens, the latter being charmingly illuminated by Chinese lanterns.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

BY a clerical error Mr. H. K. Cockin, whose name appeared on the list of rising Canadian poets, was last week described as Mrs. H. K. Cockin.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S well-known drama, "49," has been considerably altered and largely re-written by the author, and will be published immediately in the "Standard Library" (Funk and Wagnalls).

THE Russian Government has prohibited the circulation of the works of Herbert Spencer, Emile Zola and Professor Huxley. It is a good thing for an author to have his book suppressed by a government.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, the dramatic author, is among us; surely he was satisfied with his reception the other night in "Storm Beaten," at the Grand Opera House. It was a wonderfully exciting occasion.—*Freund's (N. Y.) Weekly*.

ONTARIO is a big country now that the Queen has accepted the decision of the Privy Council and ordered its enforcement. It is larger than any country in Europe except Russia and Austria. It has an area of 220,000 square miles as compared with the 208,000 of Germany, 204,000 of France, Spain's 196,031, Italy's 93,640, and England's 58,320.

An important contribution to the literature of natural history and field sports in Scotland has just been made by Mr. Thomas Speedy, of Edinburgh, in the shape of a goodly volume of upwards of 400 pages, entitled "Sports in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland with Rod and Gun," and published by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.

A new kind of compass has been invented by Captain Magnagni and is now used in the Italian navy. It consists of a magnetic needle floating in water in a hermetically sealed glass case. Its advantages are that it resists sudden shocks, but yield readily to ordinary influences. The firing of a hundred ton gun on board the vessel will not effect it.

It is surprising how often the authorship of a religious hymn is disputed. Col. Andrew H. H. Dawson has a communication in the *Chicago Current* claiming that the hymn "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire" was written by his mother, Mrs. Wilhelmina Dawson. Hitherto it has been almost universally ascribed to James Montgomery. Col. Dawson adduces good reasons why the popular impression should be upset.

In a recent letter to *The London World* the Rev. E. Paxton Hood asserted that "the American churches have not been rich in hymn writers." This drew out a communication from another clergyman who, while agreeing with Mr. Hood, called attention to the fact that an English Hymnal now in use in some hundreds of congregations in Great Britain contains hymns by no less than twenty-four American writers.

ACCORDING to the *Publishers' Weekly*, Professor Sayce says that the late Nicholas Trubner has left behind him a MS. on the history of the book trade in the classical period, a subject in which he had been interested from his earliest boyhood. He had collected an enormous amount of material for the work, and from time to time spoke to his friends of publishing it as soon as he could finish it in accordance with the demands of a somewhat fastidious taste.

WRITERS are turning their attention more and more of late to the South. Cable, Tougee, and "Uncle Remus," have aroused an interest which grows rapidly. Another work is soon to appear in the "Standard Library" (Funk and Wagnalls), under the title "A Yankee School Teacher in Virginia," by Lydia Wood Baldwin. It presents sketches of life during the transition state following the close of the war, as seen by one of New England's young "school ma'ams," who devoted herself to the education of the coloured race.

THE word "fudge" has a positive personality underlying it. Such it is, at least, if Disraeli's account be authentic. He quotes from a very old pamphlet entitled "Remarks Upon the Navy," wherein the author says: "There was in our time one 'Captain Fudge,' commander of a merchantman, who, upon his return from his voyage, how ill fraught soever his ship was, always brought home his owners a good crop of lies, so much that now, aboard ship the sailors when they hear a great lie told, cry out: 'You fudge it!'" The ship was the *Black Eagle*, the time that of Charles II.

MR. MACKAY, the Bonanza King, who does not know exactly how rich he is, is of Irish birth, and is not yet an old man. The Irish peasant boy was one of the fortunate Argonauts of the old time. He has made a fortune which, in American parlance, "tops the pile" of the richest English peer. And here is the evidence offered now that the money which makes the mare to go has brought the one-time poor Irish boy into relations with one of the most exclusive houses in Europe—the house which has produced the Dorian Colonnas, the Galatros of the Kingdom of Naples, and princes of the States of the Church, who are too numerous to be mentioned.

HAS this anecdote of Mathews ever been printed before except in Mr. Collier's "Diary of an Old Man," of which only twenty copies were privately issued? Any how, it will bear repeating. When George Daniel, the book and print collector, went to look over the gallery and dramatic curiosities at Highgate, almost every time the actor showed him any remarkable, and as he thought unique, volume or engraving, Daniel used to say "Aye, aye, very rare, very valuable, etc.; but I have a duplicate of it in my library." At last Mathews got out of patience, and exclaimed, "Why, d— you, you have got duplicates of everything I have, excepting my lame leg. I wish you had that with all my heart." This, says Mr. Collier, is Mathews' own account.

WHEN politics are put in the second place, one can give a little time to poetry. "The Loves of Vandyck," by Mr. J. W. Gilbert-Smith, has just been published. The author seems to be believed in by the men of modern Oxford. Mr. Gilbert-Smith has a Byronic fever upon him. He uses the Byronic measure: praises, for example,

The beauty of that southern shore
Where autumn, poisoning on the wing,
Renews the bloom it lingers o'er;

and likes to talk wildly of love:

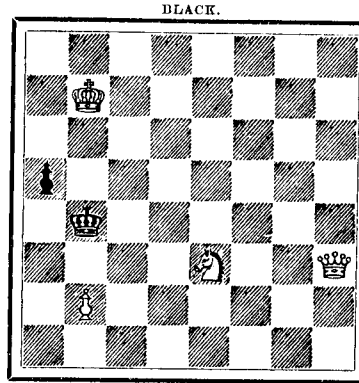
Ah! fly with me, sweetest, where none shall deny,
The bloom of love's passion, the balm of love's sigh;
Where no desolate winter can tarnish with tears
The blossom of love which love's summer endears.

This is the style of the poem. Altogether it is not bad. But it is not original, and it will not take the town by storm. Mr. Gilbert-Smith is not our future Poet Laureate.—*English Paper.*

CHESS.

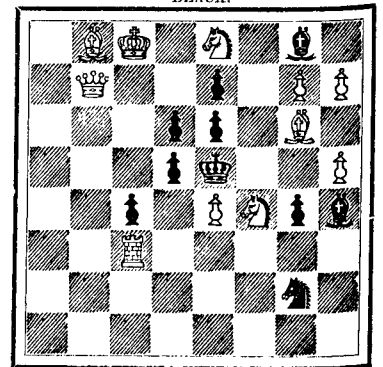
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 40.
Composed for THE WEEK by F. L. H. Sims,
Toronto Chess Club.



BLACK.
WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 41.
TOURNEY PROBLEM No. 1.
Motto:—"Honi soit qui mal y pense."



BLACK.
WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

TOURNEY PROBLEM RECEIVED.—Motto, "Ubi."

GAME No. 22.

Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney.

Between Messrs. E. B. Greenshields, of Montreal, and W. Braithwaite, of Unionville, Ont.

(Scotch Gambit.)

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mr. Greenshields.	Mr. Braithwaite.	Mr. Greenshields.	Mr. Braithwaite.
1. P K 4	P K 4	15. P takes Kt	B Q Kt 4 (g)
2. Kt K B 3	Kt Q B 3	16. Q takes B (h)	B takes B ch
3. P Q 4	P takes P	17. K 1	B Q 5
4. Kt takes P	B Q B 4	18. Kt Q 2	B takes R
5. B K 3 (a)	Q B 3	19. R takes B	Q K B 3
6. P Q B 3	K Kt K 2	20. Kt Kt 3	Kt Q B 3
7. B Q Kt 5 (b)	Kt K 4 (c)	21. R Q B 1	Q takes K B P
8. B K 3	P Q 3	22. R takes Kt (i)	P takes R
9. Castles	B Q 2 (d)	23. Q takes P, or B 3	Q R K 1 (k)
10. P K B 4	Q Kt B 3	24. B R G ch	R Q 1
11. Q Q 3	Q Kt 3	25. B Kt 5	K K 2
12. Kt Kt 5 (e)	Castles Q R	26. Kt Q 2 (l)	R Q Kt 1
13. P Q Kt 4	Kt takes Kt P (f)	27. B B 4	K R Q B (m)
14. Kt takes R P ch	B takes Kt	28. Q Q 5	R takes Kt P

And White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Staunton recommended 5. Kt takes Kt, but the text move is preferred by the later authorities.
- (b) We prefer B K 2. The text loses valuable time.
- (c) The correct reply, instantly taking advantage of his opponent's slip.
- (d) Q Kt 3 at this juncture was a stronger move we believe.
- (e) Premature. Kt Q 2 is indicated by the position.
- (f) A clever reply. If P takes Kt then B takes Kt, etc., winning a Pawn.
- (g) Again well played.
- (h) Q Q 2 is less immediately fatal, but White must have lost something here. The text move loses the exchange.
- (i) "Desperate diseases," etc.
- (k) Black must move this R or be mated.
- (l) If the Kt is taken White draws by perpetual check.
- (m) Black gives his opponent no chance. In fact his whole game is a fine example of "solid" chess.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE British Chess Association has been formed. The chief officers are:—President, the Earl of Dartrey; 1st Vice-President, Lord Randolph Churchill; 2nd Vice-President, Sir Robert Peel, M.P.; 3rd Vice-President, Mr. John Ruskin. Truly a telling list.

A CHESS lawn party, the twelfth of an annual series of similar entertainments, was recently given in London by Mr. Gastineau to his friends. Between fifty and sixty were present, among them Messrs. Blackburne, Hoffer, and Rev. Mr. MacDonnell. Chess boards were laid out in all parts of the garden, in arbours and summer-houses, under spreading trees, and in every shady place. When darkness came on, the garden was lighted up with lamps and candles, and play kept up until a late hour.

THE *London Chess Player's Chronicle* remarks that one of the very first duties which falls upon the governing body of any branch of sport or pastime is to lay down definitions to demarcate the amateur from the professional. The line in chess at present is invisibly thin. The *Chronicle* takes this sensible view of how to make the distinction that is needed, and urgently needed too:—"If amateurship in chess is to be defined for the future, we see no basis for definition other than that which in principle holds good in athletics and oarsmanship, viz., that the individual must at all times follow his pastime for love, and not for money. If he plays in a match or tournament, he must take his prize in plate or article of vertu, and not in cash. If he elects to do the latter, he must be content in future to rank as professional. Such a rule will entail complete abandonment of the practices which have hitherto found favour with the Counties Chess Association, and even with those under which the Vizayanageran Tournament was played. We are aware that many players, who claim to be amateurs, argue that to contend in a tournament costs time and money, and that they cannot afford to do so unless for prospective lucre. To this the reply is, that, in athletics and rowing, an amateur will spend large sums of money for training, costume, boat building, etc., and all for the honour of winning a cup, or perhaps only a medal. Why should not the genuine chess amateur stand on a similar footing.

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:—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of uerbele, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-moza, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON,
305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada,
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,
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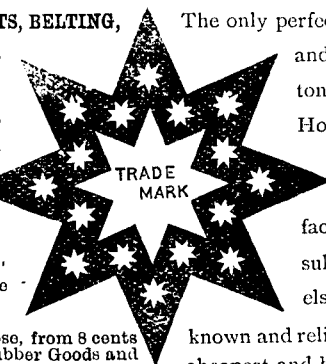
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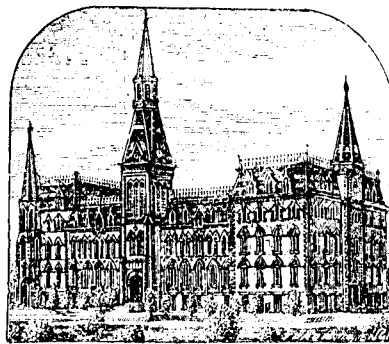
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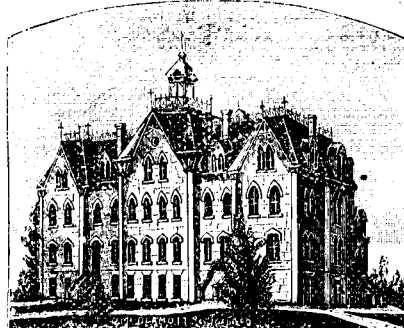
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