

THE WEEK.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK	209
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	210
Current Events and Opinions	<i>A Bystander.</i>
Here and There	<i>Principal Grant.</i>
The C. P. R. by the Kicking Horse Pass and the Selkirks.—VII.	<i>John Maclean.</i>
The Woman's Question in its Relation to Progress	<i>Ed. Ruthven.</i>
Ottawa Notes	<i>Asterisk.</i>
The Churches	
CORRESPONDENCE	216
LITERATURE	217
The Adventures of a Widow	<i>Edgar Fawcett.</i>
SPORTING NOTES AT HOME AND ABROAD	<i>Nimrod.</i> 219
HER MAJESTY'S BOOK	220
BOOK NOTICES	221
LITERARY GOSSIP	222

The Week,

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

REPRESENTING the larger interests, public attention in the past few weeks has naturally centered in the doings of the Dominion rather than in the doings of the Ontario Parliament. With the people of the Province, however, those of the Local House ought to count for something. If the Ottawa Government are to continue to make "ducks and drakes" of Dominion interests, the Ontario administration and the Provincial Legislature may, ere long, be all in all to the Province. Should that fate overtake us, though we may not see politics broaden into statesmanship, we hope we may find party ardour in some reasonable measure governed by party discretion. The Provincial administration, though it has determined never to be brilliant, has evidently set its mind upon being safe. Affairs, it is not too much to say, are economically managed, the finances are in good shape, and though many ministerial cattle eat and are filled at the Government crib, decency is not outraged and public opinion is paid some respect. The work in committees goes on, and by the close of the session there will be the usual average of Private Bills passed, though there will be a smaller number of those of a public character. The division on the School Book Policy of the Government gave the Ministry a safer party standing, though, in view of all the facts, it is difficult to see how this was deserved. The Treasurer's railway aid scheme in relation to the surplus will no doubt meet with approval, and the Ministerial programme may speedily be expected to wind up with a salute.

THE liquor license question has been thrown in apparently inextricable confusion by a series of events of which the advocates of increased restriction have skilfully availed themselves. The validity of the Scott Act, a Dominion law, having been disputed, the matter was referred to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which affirmed the authority of the Dominion Parliament to pass such a law for the maintenance of peace, order, and good Government over the whole country. It was not unnatural to infer that if the Dominion Parliament could, for such a purpose, pass a stringent measure like the Scott Act it could, *a fortiori*, pass a less stringent one, like the McCarthy Act, and accordingly the latter was passed a year ago. More recently the Privy Council has decided that the Provincial license law, known as the Crooks Act, is also valid, so that there are at present two

license laws, one of which is in actual operation and the other about to be enforced. What view the Privy Council would take of the McCarthy Act if the question of its validity were referred to it is as yet a matter of opinion, and in the present state of confusion the liquor traffic and jurisdiction must remain until at least one other decision is given on the subject by the highest court of colonial jurisdiction. The point has also been raised whether the Scott Act, in requiring municipal officials to perform certain duties under threat of a heavy penalty, is not itself beyond the competence of the Dominion Parliament. This question was not raised in the previous issue over the Dominion permissive law, but an interesting situation would result from the refusal of some municipal clerk to furnish a copy of the voters' list for the purpose of voting on a Scott Act by-law.

THE news that the so-called rebels in the Soudan have received a check has been heartily welcomed. The British troops under General Graham encountered the enemy in force near Fort Baker, and after some hours' severe fighting, utterly routed them, inflicting a loss of about 1,000 as against some two dozen killed and 150 wounded on the English side. The bravery of our troops was put to a much severer test than in some recent petty wars, as the enemy fought desperately, fanatically, hurling themselves *en masse* against the Highlanders. But of course the undisciplined hordes were powerless against the squares of trained troops. Baker Pasha was wounded in the face by a shell splinter; Colonel Burnaby, on the other hand, came out of the thick of the fight uninjured. Important as the action was, the end is not yet, though the moral effect of the battle of Fort Baker will be of considerable assistance to British arms in Egypt and General Gordon in particular. The revolt must, however, soon collapse, El Madhi having no resources to fall back upon.

THE result of Mr. W. T. Marriott's appeal to his Liberal constituents in Brighton, England, after delivering a fierce attack upon the Government's policy in Egypt, and resigning his seat in order to test his supporters' opinion of his conduct—referred to in the last issue of THE WEEK—has been his re-election by some 1,300 majority; a result which seems to show that the current of public opinion is making in favour of moderate Liberalism as against Radicalism.

THE bloodthirsty "patriots" who promiscuously murder men, women and children in their absurd attempts to coerce the British Government have added yet another to the long list of crimes committed in the name of Irish independence. An infernal machine was discovered in the cloak-room of Ludgate Hill railway station on Saturday which, if it had answered the demoniacal purpose of its depositors, might have killed hundreds of innocent people. The station in question is one of the most-used in the metropolis, being centrally situated—at the foot of Ludgate Hill and Fleet street, and at the junctions of Farringdon street and New Bridge street (leading over Blackfriars Bridge to the Borough). Trains arrive and depart every two or three minutes to and from all parts of London and the suburbs, carrying large numbers of business men, as well as ladies and children travelling between the city and their suburban residences. The French Government is reported to have taken the initiative in offering assistance to discover the assassins, and so reproaches the indifference of America to the hatching of plots by cowardly ruffians in her midst. It ought not to have been necessary for the British Government to request any English-speaking nation to discourage men of the O'Donovan Rossa stamp; but it is imperative, after the official declaration that the Houses of Parliament are to be blown up, that recent outrages were aimed at the Royal family, and that the Queen's life is to be attempted.

THE commercial failures reported to Bradstreet's during the past week reached the large total of thirty-eight, an increase of five over those of the preceding seven days, one more than were reported in the corresponding week of 1883, and twenty-four more than took place in the same week in 1882. In the United States 237 failures were reported as having taken place during the week ending Friday, as against 218 in the previous week, and twenty-three less than in the same week of 1883. About 85 per cent. of last week's failures were those of small traders whose capital was under \$5,000.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

THOUGH the Budget Speech of Sir Leonard Tilley was long, the upshot is that his surplus is reduced to two millions, which are likely to be drawn upon heavily for better terms, and that the only alterations of the tariff which he proposes are slight reductions on the materials of certain manufactures. Between him and Sir Richard Cartwright there was of course a tilting match; and while the Finance Minister saw prosperity smiling around him and ascribed it to the wisdom of his own policy, Sir Richard deplored the ruinous condition of the country, of which the errors, or worse than errors, of the Finance Minister had been the cause. The strongest point in Sir Leonard Tilley's case is the increase of deposits in the Savings Banks, a most certain sign of prosperity, and happily also of improved habits among the people. At the same time there can be no doubt that at the present moment commerce is depressed. It is also certain that there is a large amount of destitution and suffering in the cities. An indifferent harvest and a stagnation in the lumber trade are evils which the tariff did not cause, and which, as its author must admit, it is also powerless to cure. Ill-regulated immigration may have something to answer for, so far as the destitution in the cities is concerned. But responsibility also rests upon the Finance Minister who, by his promises of protection, has induced over-investment in manufactures, inevitably followed by over-production, dismissal of workmen, and distress. This would perhaps be more distinctly felt if workmen, when thrown out of employment here, remained upon the spot instead of going over the Line. Sir Richard Cartwright may lay too heavy a load of guilt upon Sir Leonard Tilley. But Sir Leonard Tilley will wrestle in vain against common sense which pronounces that the more the people are taxed the less wealthy they must be, that it is a disadvantage to be excluded from the best and cheapest market, and that labour forced away from its natural object always becomes less productive. There may be patriotic motives for putting up with commercial loss, but they do not convert the loss into gain. Some things on which the Finance Minister lays heavy taxes, cannot be made in such a country as Canada, and his impost upon mining machinery casts a heavy weight into the scale against mining enterprise in this country. Special interests are too constantly present to the mind of Sir Leonard Tilley. The main test of every economical system is its effect in producing plenty among the people. The cost of living in Canada must now, taking all things together, be very nearly as great as it is in the United States, especially if the quality of food is brought into account as well as the price. A reform of the American tariff would turn the balance completely against us; and it can hardly be doubted that this reversal of the economical position would be followed by consequences of other kinds. An exodus would almost certainly ensue. About that monstrous piece of fiscal folly and iniquity, the coal-tax, nothing is said, though the sufferings of the poor from want of fuel during this hard winter have been great. The Opposition, fearing to offend Nova Scotia, is as silent as the Government, and by its silence it becomes almost equally responsible for the tax.

Not all those who voted against the by-law in Toronto depriving the grocers of their liquor licenses were friends of the existing system; much less were they all enemies of temperance. Some were voting against what they deemed to be injustice. If temperance is good for the State so is righteousness; perhaps righteousness is even the more important of the two. The trade which the grocers were carrying on might be desirable or undesirable; but at all events it had been sanctioned and not only sanctioned but specially licensed by the State which, in accepting the license fee, morally bound itself to an equitable performance of its contract. To abolish the trade with so short a notice that the larger stores could not possibly dispose of their stock, and thereby to inflict on the proprietors a heavy loss, was as barefaced an act of tyrannical iniquity as ever was committed by Stuart or Turk. Mr. Bright, who is himself a total abstainer and commenced his public life as a temperance orator, felt called upon the other day to raise his voice of wise and manly protest against the measures of confiscating violence into which extreme Prohibitionists wished to hurry the Legislature against a trade which, as he truly said, was perfectly legitimate, though he would personally desire to see it cease. It is a heavy set-off against the benefit of these philanthropic crusades that enthusiasm almost always perverts not only the judgment but in some degree the moral sense. How can equity, any more than reason, be expected at the hands of a crusader who has persuaded himself that a man like the late Mr. James Michie, not less deservedly respected in the church than in the community at large, because he sold wines, was "the agent of a demon against whom the best weapon would be prayer." There are other people who have per-

sueded themselves that Christ and His apostles were sinners because they instituted the eucharist with wine. Liquor-selling under a State license is surely not more criminal than slave owning; and when England abolished slavery she gave full compensation to the slave-owner. The old-fashioned teetotallers were worthy of entire respect; they sought a moral end by purely moral means, and to them, to the Bands of Hope in England, and other voluntary associations is probably due most of the good that has been done, otherwise than by the natural progress of moral principle and sanitary enlightenment. The success of legislative repression, after all the agitation, strife, suspicion and bitterness which it has cost society, appears to have been most questionable even in the judgment of the Prohibitionists themselves, who in a recent manifesto spoke of drinking as still constituting a national peril of the most awful kind. They may, perhaps, say with truth that the root of the evil has not yet been plucked up. Not only has it not been plucked up, but it has not been touched. The root of the evil in this country is the production of whiskey. Whiskey is the real poison, and if produced will infallibly find its way, by one channel or another, to the lips of the consumer; so that the only consequence of harassing the respectable retail trade will be here, as everybody says that it has been in Maine, the multiplication of disreputable and clandestine taverns. If we want to kill the monster and to do a noble thing at the same time, let us sacrifice the excise and, having paid due compensation to the distillers, whose trade has been not only recognized but made a source of revenue by the State, shut up the distilleries. But there are more reasons than one for not expecting this decisive course to be taken. The movement has now become thoroughly entangled with politics. Here, as in England, the temperance vote is like any other vote; it is courted and manipulated by political adventurers who clamber into Parliament on its back. In the pirate fleets of Borneo, which were encountered by Rajah Brooke, the crews consisted of Dyaks, religious fanatics who collected heads, while the captains were sharp Arabs, free from fanaticism, who collected plunder. This is the image of a moral reform movement which has become political, and as the Arab captains in Borneo would not have been anxious to destroy the sources of plunder, we can hardly expect that the political adventurers who have secured the leadership of the temperance movement will be very eager to close the game.

It is curious to see how invariably doomed institutions resist reform till it is too late. Up to 1828, or thereabouts, the Rotten-borough Parliament of England might have compromised with fate, for a time at least, on easy terms. But it refused even to let a seat be transferred from East Retford to Birmingham, and then the Flood of 1831 came upon it and destroyed it. In the halcyon days of Palmerston, who was as great a Tory at home as he was a disturber of the peace abroad, the House of Lords was offered the chance of arresting a more drastic reformation by the admission of a few life peers; but it refused to allow any infraction of the strict hereditary principle. The consequence is that the hereditary principle is now likely to go by the board. Lord Dunraven, feeling that the fatal hour draws near, proposes, in the *Fortnightly*, a partial reform. His plan is to reduce the number of the House to a hundred, of whom some are to be life peers nominated by the Crown, while the rest are to be elected by the whole order. It occurs to him that the result of the election, as in the case of the representative peers of Scotland and Ireland, will be the exclusion of all but Tories. To obviate this he proposes three expedients, the first of which involves the permanent division of the House into three political parties—Conservatives, Liberals and Independents. This is stereotyping the party system with a vengeance, and people must have minds of a very accommodating structure to be able so to regulate their convictions as always to supply the necessary quota of each political brand. A standing party of Independents is a conception even slightly Hibernian. The shears of Destiny will soon cut these knots. Lord Dunraven is not alone in treating the House of Lords as a Second Chamber or Senate. But it is not, nor has it ever been, anything of the kind. It is a feudal estate of the Realm, consisting of the great landowners, and its action has been always in accordance with its nature. A strong Conservative, who follows Lord Dunraven in the *Fortnightly*, pleads for the retention of the institution on the ground that the landed aristocracy, while packed into the House of Lords, are restrained from the free indulgence of their reactionary propensities by the precariousness of their position, while, if they were turned loose upon the Commons they would give free play to their natural tendencies, and at the same time become practically much more powerful than they are. This argument, though somewhat jesuitical in the mouth of a Tory, would not be baseless, if the aristocracy were to retain their great estates with the influence attached to them. But the feudal land laws which hold those estates together are sure to fall with the

House itself. Lord Dunraven, among other improvements, proposes to introduce representatives of the Colonies into the House of Lords. There he thinks they might with propriety sit, though they could not sit in the Commons, where they would have to vote on English money bills; but there are other things exclusively English besides money bills—franchise bills for example—which must come before the Upper House. The conclusive objection, however, is that Colonists made members of the House of Lords and brought under the influence of aristocratic society in England, would be about the worst, and the least trusted, representatives of Colonial interests that could possibly be selected. Lord Dunraven and other Englishmen who are always devising schemes for improving the tutelage of the Colonies will in time become alive to the fact that these young nations are no longer mere suckers, but have now a life of their own.

THE multiplication of dynamite outrages perpetrated, as is believed, by Fenian emissaries from the United States appears at last to have stung the British Government into remonstrance. As to the flagrant violation of international morality there cannot be two opinions. Nor would the members of the American Government or the mass of the American people hesitate for a moment to give any satisfaction in their power. By them these fiendish acts and their perpetrators are as heartily abhorred, and in private as severely denounced, as they can be by the British Government itself. Yet the remonstrance will probably be ineffectual, because the politicians of the United States, like those of Canada, are the slaves of the Irish vote. Their hypocritical servility will be increased by the prospect of the Presidential election, the intrigues preparatory to which have already commenced. Thus under the party system, national honour as well as domestic policy is at the mercy of an unscrupulous minority which can muster votes enough to turn the scale. Mr. Parnell and his followers find it expedient to avert the storm of public wrath by an affected condemnation of the outrages. Why did they not condemn those public meetings of the Fenians at which the use of dynamite, as well as of the Thug-knife, was openly proposed and applauded, or the subscriptions which were taken up avowedly for a war of assassination? They have been all along deriving their supplies from this very quarter; though now, very likely, there is a division in the councils of the rebel party, Mr. Parnell and the Parliamentarians wishing to keep quiet, and give no alarm till they have got the extended franchise, while the desperadoes in the United States burn for more violent courses, and aim, if possible, at precipitating civil war. The British Government may rest assured that the sentiments of the native Americans are all that can be desired, and it will, no doubt, wisely refrain from pressing remonstrance in any form which might give an advantage to the common enemy, whose object is, above all things, to bring on a quarrel between England and the United States.

To say that every man upon being born into the world, even in Venice, has a right to land, is palpably absurd, unless the State is to be allowed to determine how many men are to be born. But every man has a right to acquire land without artificial let or hindrance, as he has to acquire any other kind of property which his industry may enable him to purchase and the more freely this right can be exercised, the better not only for the individual purchaser but for the State. Agrarianism has its native seat in countries where the enormous difficulty and trouble of conveyance, added to the feudal customs of primogeniture and entail, has caused land to accumulate in the hands of a few, and practically shut out the many from the possibility of acquiring a freehold. In England, the system is attended not only with immense expense and trouble, but with frequent uncertainty of title; and the uncomfortable consciousness that there was a skeleton in almost every family muniment-room had a great influence in inspiring the resistance of the landed gentry to the registration of deeds. In Canada we have registration of deeds, and we are not exposed to the fate of that English family which in the days when conveyances were by lease and release, awakened one morning to the fact that all the releases had been used by the butler as convenient slips of parchment for the addresses on presents of game. But though we have registration of deeds we have not registration of titles, and the transfer of real property is still not only saddled with exceptional expense, but attended with exceptional risks. "Would such a system," asks Mr. Herbert Mason, the managing director of the Canada Permanent, "be endured if it applied to personal property, which can now be transferred in a few minutes at little or no expense? Let us suppose," he adds, "that every purchaser of registered Government, or Municipal bonds, bank stock, or any of the vast railway, mining, shipping, mortgage, or other corporate interests, the outcome of modern civilization, was required to examine the chain of title from the first issue to the present ostensible owner, to see that every previous transfer had been properly

drawn, properly executed, by the proper parties; that it contained this particular property, and that other transfers recorded on the same page and mixed up with them did not; that each previous owner had paid his taxes; that he was of age; that he was unmarried, or if married, that his wife was twenty-one years of age and joined in the transfer; that if a previous owner died intestate, all his heirs joined in the transfer, that all were of age and unmarried, or if married, that their wives or husbands were of age, and joined; and further that for several years at least, the sheriff had held no writs of execution against any of the owners; what, if all this were necessary, would [be the effect on the market value of such property? Ready convertibility and certainty of ownership"being important elements in determining the worth of any investment, it is manifest that the effect would be to detract materially from its value. Yet all this troublesome, expensive, and time-consuming procedure, has to be undertaken at every transfer of real estate, no matter of how small extent, or of how little value." In the tract on Land Transfer Reform from which the above extract is taken, Mr. Mason gives some striking instances of the risk, which, as well as trouble and cost, attends conveyances under the present system. In one case, a deed which formed a link in the long chain having been executed, not by the vendor in person, but by an attorney, proof was insisted on by a careful solicitor that the power of attorney was in force at the time of the conveyance, and at length a tombstone in an English churchyard revealed by its inscription the fact that the person who gave the power had been dead two years when the deed was executed and that the deed was consequently bad. The "Bystander" is not a lawyer and cannot pretend to pass judgment on the Torrens or any other special plan. But it is not easy to see why, except from the lingering force of feudal habit, real estate should be thus burdened and trammelled in comparison with all other kinds of property; and it is certain that an increased facility of transfer, with additional certainty of title, would be welcomed alike by the economist, the agriculturist and the statesman. Free transfer, with free ownership and free tillage, are the only practicable nationalization of land. The North-West seems to open a fair field for the trial of an improved system. The Torrens system has at least been sufficiently tested to warrant an experiment which, if successful, would confer the greatest benefits on a young country.

THERE is all the more reason for carrying out without delay these rational reforms, because agrarian agitation is everywhere rife and everybody is ventilating some fantastic scheme for the alteration of the tenure of land. The motive of all the schemes is radically political and social. Whether the land, under the new system of tenure, will produce more bread for the people than it does under the present, not one of the projectors thinks it worth while to inquire, though this is the only consideration of real importance to the community at large. It is evidently with a political and social, not an economical, object that the English Radical, Mr. Jesse Collings, proposes to tax the whole community, under the guise of a public loan, for the purchase of lots in order to create a peasant proprietary, which fascinates his fancy as it has that of many other philanthropists. Nothing seems more certain than that a hundred men on a large ranch, with all the appliances of machinery and scientific agriculture, can raise as much grain as a thousand French peasants; so that the labour of nine hundred of the peasants is wasted. There are political and social advantages, no doubt, in a numerous proprietary, though, judging from the state of civilization in which the French peasant is content to live, the advantages are more political than social. But the question between one system of agriculture and another will be decided in the end not by the indirect but by the direct results; not by political or social considerations, but by the comparative rate and cost of production. Nor does it appear by any means certain that the taste of the people, as they become educated, points to life on a small farm. On this continent there appears now to be a decided disposition to leave the farm for the more social and gayer life of the cities. Besides his purchase fund Mr. Collings, if he wishes to make his scheme perfect, will have to institute a relief fund for bad seasons, with which the peasant proprietor, having nothing but his annual harvest, is unable to contend. Joint stock farming, if it ever should be found practicable, might combine the political advantage of a numerous proprietary with the economical benefits of scientific agriculture, while life upon the farm would be rendered more sociable and civilized by the employment of a large and skilled staff, which would form a little community in itself.

A BYSTANDER.

A SERIES of excellent photographs of the recent Ice Palace at Montreal were taken by Mr. W. Farmer, of Hamilton, and are now published in various sizes. No prettier memento of the great Canadian Winter Carnival could be imagined.

HERE AND THERE.

THERE will be few, we apprehend, outside the clerical and lay combatants immediately interested in what is known as the Rectory case, who will not heartily pray that the recent decision of the Courts may end the unseemly war that has been bitterly waged between the Vestry and the Rector of St. James' Cathedral, on the one hand, and the expectant Rectors of the various Anglican Churches in the city of Toronto, on the other. The spectacle of brethren of one fold massed as litigants in the public courts over the partition of treasure is neither elevating nor to be complacently regarded. Whatever legal haze surrounded the case, and however variously the historic questions it has raised may be viewed, there can be little doubt that the decision of Vice-Chancellor Ferguson accords with common-sense and justice. The effect of the decision will be to give to the city clergy of the denomination a share in the revenue of the Cathedral, in which time and the increased value of the original grant from the Crown entitle the plaintiffs in the case to participate. But while we express approval of the decision of the courts, we are not disposed, in view, particularly, of the attitude of church parties, and the almost bridgeless gulf that separates them in matters of doctrine and ritual, to censure the defendants in this protracted suit, who wished to monopolize for Cathedral purposes the "unearned increment" of the rectory lands. It might be well, indeed, for the contesting churches not to seek to augment their revenues by any share now likely to fall to their lot in the partition of the Cathedral surplus. Endowments, as the history of Voluntarism incontestably proves, do not always tend to the health and vigour of the church that possesses them. But this is a view of the matter in which trustees of needy churches and clergymen with straitened incomes are unlikely to concur, and it may therefore be set aside. Presuming that the case is not appealed, the Church of England city clergy may soon now have their stipends substantially increased—a circumstance which there will be few to object to, though the Synod, we understand, will first have to settle some points in dispute. First and last, in the Province, what a wrangle there has been over this matter of State aid to the Church! For the present suit is obviously a legacy from the past: it is the historic continuation of the old Clergy Reserves controversy. We trust that we have now, however, heard the end of the whole vexed question, and that the litigating Rectors will have their rights.

THE Canadian book trade, of recent years, seems to have run down at the heels, but we hope that the opening of the Toronto Public Library, which takes place on the 6th instant, will give a fillip to business and stimulate in a healthy direction the commerce of literature. How much more might be done to help the book trade, and, at the same time, promote public intelligence by the removal, or, at any rate, the reduction of the fifteen per cent. book duty, the trade as well as students and the reading public well know. Nothing, as it seems to us, can be more unwise, however, than the continuance, in the case of Canada, of this obnoxious tax. It is in every light objectionable; it imposes a grievous burden on the student, and is a sad hindrance to intellectual progress. As a protective measure, it is without justification, for Canada, it may be said, has as yet no literature to protect, while the brain of the country needs all the stimulus it will derive from the free entry into the Dominion of the printed thought of other lands. If our rulers are wise, they will let the book duty go.

THE destruction of our forests, attended as it is by the most serious results, is not wholly blameable for freshets. A scientific observer has pointed out that all the primeval forests which covered the head-waters of the Ohio did not prevent freshets. A wide-spread storm, with heavy rain on frozen ground and snow, such as to raise all its tributaries at once, must inevitably cause a flood. The most serious effect of the denudation of the land is the increased erosion to which it is exposed, by which the fertile soil, unprotected by vegetation, is swept by the rains into rivers, and lost. The magnitude of this loss, and the great erosive effect of water on the clay soil of the west, can only be realized by those who have observed the tawny floods, thick with mud, which flow through the deep and wide valleys which the western rivers have cut in the soft earth.

BREAKFASTS are the latest novelty in the way of entertaining, in some American cities. Eleven o'clock is the hour, and by candle-light is its chief style. The idea comes from Boston, where among the fashionables candelabras are taking the place of lamps. Last winter none of the Boston belles burned gas in their drawing-rooms. Lamps were the order of the season. Now candles are having a turn and are being introduced through these eleven o'clock breakfasts. All daylight is excluded, and the guests,

about twenty in number, are seated around four small tables, five guests at each table, and the tables are placed sufficiently near for general conversation. Breakfast is served in courses, after which there may be music or any amusements suggested by the hostess.

IT is a pity that Boston cannot save the Gay head disaster from the vulgarity that flesh is heir to. One of the Gay head Indians who aided in the rescue of some of the passengers is in a Boston dime museum receiving the daily tributes of the curious. He was paid like the rest of the Indians, and now seems to further coin his heroism by putting himself in a place with the living skeleton and the sword swallower. This recalls a chapter in the eventful life of Red Jacket, chief of the Wolf tribe of the Senecas who died in 1830, and for whom a memorial is soon to be put up in Buffalo, N. Y. In his old age he found it necessary to enter a museum in order to gain a living. The Gay head Indian has not the excuse of poverty.

A WANT for some time felt by leaders of public thought in the United States has just been formulated in the press by Mr. Joseph W. Harper, of publishing fame. There is, he thinks, at this moment a demand for a broad-gauged, liberal and high-toned organ of opinion, not crude or partisan, but above parties, and concerning itself with the science of government and the economic future of the American people. "Let it correspond, if you please, with the great English weeklies or fortnightlies that have for their clientèle those who make politics 'a business.'" Such an organ, Mr. Harper says, should not be demagoguish, or the mouth-piece of a clique or section, but should be catholic, eclectic, independent. It is the desire of THE WEEK to supply the demand for some such journal in Canada as Mr. Harper thinks is wanted in the States.

THE extraordinary difficulty of real-estate conveyances in Great Britain, on account of the absence of any system of registry of titles, is curiously illustrated by the experience of the poor law guardians of Wexford, Ireland, who determined to proceed under the general law and invest £16,000 in labourers' cottages, of which they expected to build about 200 at a cost of £80 apiece, each on a half-acre of ground. What was their dismay to find that the costs of making out a title would amount in some cases to £100 for each parcel and £10 more for conveyance! The Government required them to acquire the land in fee simple. If they were allowed to lease they could proceed, with the help of the landlords, but actual transfer of the land seems to cost more than the land and the house themselves would be worth.

THE revelations of heavy gambling in the London Park Club and the recent exposure at the Petit Cercle, Paris, have given rise to much pharisaical talk about the wickedness of gambling. People who stake whole fortunes upon a possible rise in "Egyptians," are scandalized at the iniquity of the man who speculates a sovereign on the turn up of a card or a die. To stake a "fiver" that a much-fancied horse will be first past the winning-post at Newmarket is the preliminary step to moral and social ruin; but to purchase cotton "to arrive" in an unsteady market is quite permissible. Everybody knows that gambling goes on day and night in private clubs and casinos, and it undoubtedly occasionally has very unfortunate results; but it is no more immoral to indulge in the habit in such places than it is on the Stock Exchange.

FRENCH *cercles* are divided into three classes, "les cercles autorisés, les cercles tolérés, et les . . . tripots," in plain English "hells." In England there are authorised clubs and tolerated ones, subject to visits of the police, occasional fines, and other inconveniences; and there are few Canadian cities but have clubs where poker and euchre are played for varying stakes. Play runs as high in many a club as in the bad old days when Prince Floriel:

Built palaces and boats,
And churches, chapels, and pavilions,
And regulated all the coats
And half the principles of millions.

Certainly we do not have the roll of the balls and the croupier's monotonous cry of "Faites votre jeu, messieurs," or "Le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus." We are a virtuous nation, we leave all that to mundane Monaco, to meretricious Monte Carlo. There let the adventurers, the knights of industry, the demireps, the *cocottes* and the *cocodettes* of Cosmopolis foregather. We brush the skirts of our moral garments, and with phylacteries made broad stand aloof and thank God we are not like unto these publicans and sinners; but Poker, Euchre, Baccarat, Van John, and Nap, are quite as efficacious in extracting the coin of the realm as *Rouge et Noir*, and over

the lintel of many a club might be written the warning, "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate." Men will never follow the advice given by *Punch*: Why should a good man and a sharp bet, and so become a better and a sharper?

WHAT is known in London as the Finney-Garmoyle case is still one of the topics of the hour in society. Whilst Garmoyle is condemned by the aristocracy for engaging himself to an actress, considerable sympathy is expressed for Miss Finney—stage name "Miss Fortescue"—by the general public, and it is thought she must recover a large sum in the pending action brought by her for breach of promise of marriage. "Society" is scandalized at this proceeding, and thinks she ought to be content with a stipulated sum, and not expose "one of their order" to vulgar comment. If this suit is not compromised, Lord and Lady Cairns will be subpoenaed as witnesses, and some amusing letters from the changeable youth will be read in court. The affair has been made almost a "Cabinet" question in the Lords. It is said that a certain duke, himself the descendant of a woman of no high origin, has been very loud in his protests against such marriages as that recently contemplated by Lord Garmoyle. The Prince of Wales has expressed himself so strongly against the match as to lead to the impression that influences would be used to keep Lord and Lady Garmoyle, if Miss Finney became Lady Garmoyle, from Buckingham Palace. Meanwhile Manager Abbey cables from New York his willingness to engage Miss Fortescue as a star, and there is a talk of her going on a provincial tour under the auspices of the *Carte du jour*.

THE rumoured elevation of Mr. Gladstone to the peerage may probably prove correct. If so, it is altogether likely the veteran statesman's intention is, after carrying his new franchise bill through the House of Commons, to have himself translated into the Upper House, where the bill will be bitterly opposed, and there fight Lord Salisbury. This would be a characteristic and noble manner of closing a long and honourable political career.

It is very probable Mr. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, will accept the Chair of History at Oxford, vacated by Canon Stubbs. As the *Liverpool Mercury* very properly says, he is "the greatest of the Oxford school of scientific historians, and is eminently fitted for the post." The rumour that Dr. Goldwin Smith had been offered the chair, no doubt arose from the discussion in connection with the vacancy, of his occupation of that position several years ago.

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

DOWN THE KICKING HORSE.

STARTING from the Summit, our next objective point was Mayor Roger's cache at the junction of the Kicking Horse with the Columbia. The distance is less than fifty miles, but we took four days to make it, and the work was so heavy that our horses needed a day's rest at the cache, while we felt the better of a double Sabbath. The Kicking Horse, a vigorous stream as it issues from the parent lake, becomes after a mile or two a series of rapids and cascades, one of them a beautiful leap of thirty or forty feet in a cannon so narrow that it looks as if a man could leap across. Emerging from this series of falls, the river ten miles from its source is a churned mass of milky or rather putty-coloured water, running with so strong a current that it is fordable with difficulty, even at the places where it is sub-divided into half-a-dozen sections, separated from each other by intervening gravel beds. Fifteen or twenty miles farther on it is altogether too deep, at least in summer, for horses to ford. It rushes down its steep incline between high banks of clay and gravel, through narrow defiles and magnificent box canons of slate rock, opening out occasionally into swampy flats fringed with willows, where it has room to broaden and where it generally divides into sections, sometimes inclosing green islets. No wonder that the Columbia is a noble river when this is but one of a hundred tributaries. The snow-clad mountains on each side supply it most bountifully in mid-summer, and in the same months snowslides are precipitated with thunderous noise into it and the lake from which it issues. We could see where the trail along the side of the lake had been completely covered by a slide that had swept everything before it down the mountain sides for a width of three or four hundred feet. Great trees had been uprooted by the thousand, twisted, broken and rolled together in the wildest confusion. The descending mass hurled boulders, earth, and everything in its way along with it out into the lake, forming an excellent commencement for a pier two or three hundred feet long.

In the afternoon of the first day's journey, after struggling along an unspeakable trail for six hours, up and down well-wooded precipices, at the rate of a mile an hour, we came upon the most striking mountain scenery that we had yet beheld. To our left a great peak rose abruptly as the peak of Teneriffe to a height of over 5,000 feet. As we came more abreast of it the country opened out and it appeared flanked and banked by a panorama of sister mountains. One was a singularly bold and naked mass of rock, its summit quite distinctly marked off as a crown by a broad dark riband that completely encircled its neck. The riband is probably composed of ferruginous shales, banding slate rock that rests on enormous masses of limestone which again rest on slate. Between it and the main peak, accumulations of snow and ice had gathered evidently nearly sufficient force for a snowslide on a resistless scale. At other points the moraine was being pushed out and down the mountain sides. It was worth while making our long journey to see those peaks alone, and after seeing them, no one can question the fitness of the appellation of the Rocky, or as the Indians call them, the "Stone" Mountains. For the same reason the Indians themselves are called "the Stonies." We camped on a grassy flat under the shadow of the rocks. Four mountains, each a mile high, and the farthest little more than a mile away, formed a quadrilateral, in the centre of which our camp fires burned brightly beside the view. We spent a pleasant evening, for some engineers, descending some six or seven hundred feet from the overhanging rock where they had been at work like so many insects on its face, joined our party and gave a valuable contribution in the shape of songs and choruses to the evening's entertainment, while a group of Indians from Morley, the Chiniquy family, who had been hunting mountain sheep and goats with good success, attracted by the smoke of our fire paid us a friendly visit, probably with an eye to whether we had any spare tobacco. They were too polite, it is only fair to say, to ask for anything, and we found them intelligent, ready to answer any questions, and the very men for guides if we had wished to hunt. The engineers propose to run a tunnel 1,400 feet long through the nose of the most outstanding peak. The line then gradually descends to the river bottom, the grade being 119 feet to the mile for a stretch of seventeen miles.

The next day we met Mr. Hogg, C.E., returning to the Summit from his first visit to the Selkirks. He had satisfied himself as to the reality of the pass across the Selkirk range, and informed us that it was decidedly better than the Kicking Horse. This was good, but his answer to our next question was of a different sort. He had pushed on a mile or two in advance of the trail-making party down the western slope, but the underbrush proved so dense and the fallen timber and other obstructions so formidable that he had no hesitation in declaring it to be impracticable for us. This ought to have settled the question, but we had left Calgary determined to stick at nothing short of the proved impracticable, so telling him that at all events we would try, we pushed on with light hearts, excited as much as sobered by the thought of the difficulties ahead.

As we descended towards the Columbia, gradual changes in the vegetation indicated the Pacific slope, and a warmer and moister region. Beside rose bushes and strawberry plants in open glades of the forest, the western barberry, the Oregon grape, and ferns different from those on the Bow showed themselves. The second night we camped beside a marsh and a lake that a colony of beavers had recently dyked. Their house was standing with exit to a pond, from which extended to the lake a long covered way with suitable air spaces and openings at intervals. Barked trees and sticks cut by the sharp chisels of their teeth were piled all round. The third day we had our first rain in the mountains, and the travelling was decidedly more unpleasant in consequence. Progress was slow, and we had to camp at two o'clock as there was no food for the horses between the point, an island in the river, reached by us at that hour and the cache, and the cache was still fourteen miles distant. The weather cleared after dinner, and we had fine views of the mountains on each side of the river, mists wreathing and curling up their sides like great masses of lace veils. At sunset, just as we were preparing to sit down to tea at the door of our tent, the clouds gathered again with extraordinary rapidity on the top of a high mountain opposite, and then swept down the side towards us in a furious charge, mist volumes folding in upon each other and driven along by a storm of wind. Scarcely had we heard the crashing of falling trees on the mountain sides more than a mile away when the storm was upon us in driving rain and wild gusts of wind that sent the smoke and embers of our camp fires in every direction. Hustling the most perishable articles into the tent, which fortunately had been properly secured, and covering other things up as far as our waterproofs would go, we sat down inside the tent door to watch the storm. It lasted less than half an hour. The sky then cleared and the evening was all that could be desired.

To give as faithful a picture as possible of travelling down the Kicking Horse, I shall transcribe my next day's diary :

"*Friday, in the burnt woods.*—Moved off from 'Last feed Camp' at 7.30 a.m. Every morning we could get away an hour or two sooner but for the time taken in packing the horses. Rightly did the Romans call baggage and provisions 'impedimenta.' The trail was a series of precipitous ascents and descents. After two hours of slow movement, all of us on foot, we came across a forest fire burning right across the trail. This was bad, but it would have been much worse only for yesterday's rain. A flank movement was inevitable, at every step of which the poor horses boggled and stumbled and crashed through windfalls, and over slides of smoking earth and heated stones. George was in front leading the bell horse, two pack horses followed; then Dave adjuring the buzzard-heads to act discretely, and then his horse and other pack horses. I happened to come next. All went well till Calgarry, a strawberry-coloured old fox, always on the look-out to snatch a tuft of grass, or to outwit his fellows in some way, in turning a corner slipped over a wet rock covered with loose earth and tumbled down the hill along the face of which we were working our way. After rolling down twenty or thirty feet, he was brought up by one of the blackened polls that the fire had left standing. Dave yelled to George and both rushed to his rescue; but while they were doing their best to loose his pack, Calgarry struggled violently, and in a moment we saw him rolling—pack and all—more than a hundred feet down the precipice, out of our sight and, for aught we knew, into the foaming river at the bottom. The men were after him in an instant. I saw that there would be a long delay, and as the other animals had in the meantime gone steadily on, for we were on the trail again, I ran to the front, doubling round the trees as I came to each horse and so getting ahead of him until I came to the bell nearly half a mile beyond the scene of Calgarry's slip. Having thus stopped them from going farther on I sat down on a log to write my notes. In less than an hour George came along cool as usual, and Dave with his face like a red full moon. 'So, we've lost Calgarry,' I said. 'Lost him? No, there ain't nothin' wrong with him, he's packed again, all right,' panted out Dave. 'Do you mean to say that he's not hurt?' 'Oh, he snagged his foot a little, but he'll take care now where he steps, you bet.' These cayuses are the hardest brutes in the world. They live on branches of trees when there is nothing better to be had, are sure-footed almost as mountain goats, and take with equanimity exposure, hard knocks and tumbles that would kill a dozen ordinary horses. Dr. Hector tells us in his journal that when going up the Kicking Horse, an old gray of his fell down a precipice slope about 150 feet in height, till he at last 'slid on a dead tree that stuck out at right angles to the slope, balancing himself with his legs dangling on either side of the trunk of the tree in the most comical manner.' But they managed to get him up again so little the worse that a few days afterwards when they were almost starving the Dr. was about selecting him for food when fortunately his Indians killed a moose and the old gray was saved again.

"The march was again resumed, but difficulties seemed to accumulate. Half burnt trees still smouldering had fallen across the trail, and the wild gusts of last night had overthrown others. These had to be cut through or a new trail broken round them, in which case the trouble with the pack horses was very great. But worse was to come. The precipices became more precipitous, and instead of climbing and descending we had to wind along the face on a trail a few inches wide. Hills of clay and sand, shingle terraces, and great bluffs of limestone or granitic rock, seamed with quartz or a dyke of greenstone hemmed the river within an almost continuous canon. The trail wound round these at heights varying from two to seven hundred feet above the river, while an equal height of slate or rock rose above us, and above that again we could sometimes see a higher range. At times a few shrubs or trees spotted the sides of the precipices, so that the eye had something to rest on as it looked down; but oftener there was nothing between us and the torrent but a bare loose shelving hillside. One false step or a slip and down we would go into the green, white-crested river far below. That sort of thing continued for miles. It would be nothing for goats or experienced mountaineers, but we did not like it, though we knew that our only course was to follow our horses as quietly as possible and keep our heads from getting dizzy by looking upwards or to some point ahead rather than downwards. We made progress from hour to hour. Reaching a summit where signs of mountain sheep abounded, there arose, beyond the forest clothed hills that have enclosed the Kicking Horse, a range of snowy mountains. 'There they are,' said George, 'them's the Selkirks.' We had pretty well crossed the first range of the Rockies.

"Late in the afternoon on rounding a sharp point we saw in a nook near the trail two elderly gentlemen with clothes no better than our own. The nearer, a man with sinewy frame, well-cut features, quick glancing eyes and

white hair, came forward and said, 'my name is Rogers.' We had come upon the conqueror of the Selkirks, or he had come out to meet us, and after introducing us to his companion, Major Hurd, he gave the welcome information that the cache was only two miles distant. We reached it about sunset, our pace for half a mile or more decidedly quickened by an onslaught of wasps, on whose nest one of the horses trod. Tam O' Shanter's mare did not make better time than that cayuse for the next few minutes. The cache consisted of two or three log shanties that to us seemed quite a city. In one we had the luxury of the nearest approximation to a Turkish bath that the Rocky Mountains could supply, and in another a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, which after the fatigues of a long day tasted like—but here language fails me, and I drop the curtain." GEO. M. GRANT.

THE WOMAN QUESTION IN ITS RELATION TO PROGRESS.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago there appeared in the *Westminster Review* an essay on "Progress, its Law and Cause," which immediately drew the attention of the scientific world. In this essay the writer, who was none other than Mr. Herbert Spencer, made systematic statement of a certain theory of progress, which had been first suggested by a German physiologist, and afterwards greatly expanded by himself. The theory was, in brief, somewhat as follows: Progress is essentially a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the condition of being all alike throughout to the condition of being unlike throughout and composed of many different parts. From first to last it is a process of separation, diversification, and differentiation. Our most familiar example is that of the egg, the inside of which at first seems to consist of white and yolk only, each apparently all alike throughout its mass, with the exception of a single point in the centre of the latter. In the process of hatching, however, it develops into a bird, with beak, wings, claws, feathers, legs, body, and a full set of vital organs, among all which various parts are distributed many and diverse functions. The original all-alike mass has become greatly differentiated; there has been a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, which would appear positively miraculous if it were not so familiar. The same theory is extended not only to the whole material universe, but also to the development of man upon the earth—to religion, government, sociology, and in fact to man's whole historical record. His steps of progress have been successive divisions of character and function. In the youth of the world the offices of priest and king were combined in one person, but later on the political and the religious functions were separated. After this the political ruler still made as well as executed the law, but the time came when the law was made by one authority and executed by another. This all-embracing theory includes among other things the nebular hypothesis, as the greater includes the lesser. The material universe, once an indistinguishable, homogeneous mass of nebulous matter, has become diversified into suns and systems, planets and comets, in various stages of development. The earth, once a gaseous and afterwards a fluid or semi-fluid mass, all alike throughout, has divided off into rocks, metals, soil, water, trees, plants, atmosphere, and what not. These examples may convey a tolerable idea of what Herbert Spencer's theory is, and of the lines upon which it has been built up. Only the *law* of progress, however, is here indicated; its *cause*, as laid down by him, may be left out of view for the present. The theory, which was promptly accepted by scientific men generally, may be said still to hold the allegiance of most of them. If not absolutely invulnerable at all points, it is still of wider reach, and offers explanation of more and more various phenomena than any other yet propounded. Here let another illustration be added—the extreme lengths to which the division of labour is now carried in the most advanced communities, in contrast with the striking lack of it which prevails among those that are backward and unprogressive. This is worthy of special note in connection with what is to follow.

One of the most prominent questions of our day is "the woman question," by which is generally meant the question of varied employment for women. Coming still nearer to the practical point at issue, it is the question of how far women should be permitted or encouraged to take up various callings and employments, now or heretofore believed to be suited for men only. Shall women become doctors, preachers, lawyers, professors and such like? Shall we substitute them for men in large numbers in shop and office, and at the counter? The woman's advocates say, "Yes, by all means;" and their constant endeavour is to prove that, in capacity and constitution of both body and mind, woman is far more like man, and far more nearly his equal, than has generally been supposed. The likeness of woman to

man is in fact the key of their whole position; they would reduce to a minimum the differences between man and woman as thinking and working beings. They hold, further, that the tendency of education, civilization, and progress generally, is to cause woman to become more like man than she was in bygone times—more fitted to assume many tasks formerly allotted to men only.

Now it may be worth while to examine how this theory of woman's becoming more like to man in our days harmonizes with Spencer's theory. In the progress of civilization, does woman really tend that way? Or, on the other hand, is exactly the reverse the case, and does she tend to become more unlike instead? At the first blush it seems as if the two theories must be irreconcilably opposed to each other. One affirms increasing diversification to be of the very essence of progress; the other affirms that in at least one most important instance, progress tends towards increasing similarity. The "woman's rights" theory is on the face of it in flat contradiction to the modern doctrine and practice of the division of labour, which latter, again, agrees with and is included in the Spencerian theory. Let us now make one comparison of a certain sort, which may perhaps indicate to us in which of these two directions the progress of the human race really tends.

Examine the physiognomies of savage or half-civilized peoples. One of the first things to strike us is the similarity between male and female faces—the lack of distinctively feminine character in the latter. In Catlin's portraits of North American Indians, the women's faces look so much like the men's that we have to refer to the printed description to distinguish one from the other. Photographs and sketches of savages from all quarters of the globe, copied in the illustrated papers, tell the same story. The story is that of a certain condition of existence—a degraded condition of existence, be it remarked—in which woman loses her distinctive facial expression, and takes on something of the masculine expression instead. Now, compare this with the striking difference between male and female faces which we see among the highly-civilized races, and which is so pronounced a characteristic in portraits of the most cultivated classes—of those who are people of mark at the world's centres of art and literature, of politics and society. If the portrait of "George Eliot" be cited in opposition, the case can easily be disposed of as an apparent exception only, which really helps to prove the rule. Go back to the Greek statues, which ought to be a crucial test, and we find the face of Venus a long remove in its expression from that of either Jove or Apollo; while even Minerva is not made to look like Mars, though both are cut out for war. But, given the faces only of a Hottentot Venus and a Hottentot Apollo, who but an anatomist could tell one from the other?

Now, what is here pointed out is no accidental circumstance of only trifling import, no mere coincidence without meaning. If a fact it really be, then, most assuredly, there lies behind it a mass of cognate facts, all of profound and permanent significance, with regard to the bearing which civilization and progress have upon the aptitudes, the occupations and the general destiny of woman in future ages. When these facts have been coordinated, and the riddle of their meaning solved, they will point to something very different from what the woman's advocates are looking forward to. Already we may divine beforehand that, instead of tending to assimilate the work of the woman to that of the man, the world's progress will on the contrary bring us to still further division of labour between the two, and will mark still more deeply the distinctive characteristics of each.

JOHN MACLEAN.

OTTAWA NOTES.

SIR LEONARD TILLEY made his Budget Speech to-day, just six weeks and one day after the opening of the House. It was a disappointment to both sides. Sir Leonard had to talk about depression, falling revenue, decreasing surpluses, maturing debts, and other subjects of a like unpleasant nature. He is not accustomed to the task, and as he went on with his speech he evidently did not relish it. Personally he is ten years an older man than he was this time last year. His explanations were feeble; his attack on the Opposition for want of patriotism was but a crack-voiced echo of Sir Charles Tupper's ringing denunciation of a few weeks before, and his muddled sentences were more hopelessly incomprehensible than ever. Even his own followers seemed to yield to the depressing influences of the occasion, for the Government benches were almost empty while the speech was in progress. On the other hand, it had been expected that Sir Richard Cartwright would riddle the Finance Minister and the Government with hot shot. But Sir Richard was not "up to his old form." His strong points looked a good deal like exaggerations, and his weak ones were palpably so. He made a good speech, but not so good as the men on

his side had looked for. This is one of the grand opportunities of the session, of the Liberals. The N. P. has been glorified for years and they have had to bide their time. Now the time has come. The most effective argument in favour of the policy—its success—is gone. If the Liberals are an active, aggressive party, as they pretend to be, now is the time for them to show their strength.

So, Hon. David Mills and Mr. John J. Hawkins have changed places at last. The Supreme Court has declared that Mr. Mills is the member for Bothwell, and as such he is now sitting and voting. Whatever may be the private views entertained as to the merits of the question at issue in the late suit, we are bound to accept the judgment of the court of highest jurisdiction as just. That being so, all may be glad of the result. Mr. Hawkins is not so able a man as Mr. Mills by a very great deal; Mr. Hawkins was not necessary to make the Government strong, but Mr. Mills was badly needed by the Opposition. A strong Opposition is just as necessary as a strong Government, and this tends to equalize the parties. The arrival of Mr. Mills at this juncture, it was feared, would lengthen the session very materially. But writing editorials seems to have taught Mr. Mills to condense what he has to say; for speaking on a point of constitutional law—and that is his pet subject—on the first day since his return, he occupied only about ten minutes. If it becomes generally known that this is the effect of journalistic training, newspaper men should rank high as candidates for Parliamentary honours.

The subject of Mr. Mills' first speech was the right of Sir Charles Tupper to occupy a seat in the House. The question was broached by Mr. Blake, who contends that having accepted the office of High Commissioner to England, an office to which a salary is attached, Sir Charles has violated the independence of Parliament. The fact that Sir Charles has not voted this session seems to indicate that even he admits he has no right to be in Parliament. The idea that a man may be legally a member of Parliament to sit, but not to vote, seems on the face of it rather absurd. The difficulty is said by Government supporters to be only a technical one affecting only the vote, and a bill was introduced to indemnify the Minister of Railways for any penalty he may have incurred. The question has been referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. That, like all the other Committees, has a majority of ministerial supporters, and though the Opposition all vote against Sir Charles—and they undoubtedly will—he will be confirmed in his seat. Of course a certain form of investigation will have to be gone through first.

The first state ball given by Lord and Lady Lansdowne came off, as all the world knows, on Monday, 25th inst. Since then, there have been heartburnings. Somebody on the new Governor's suite undertook to limit the invitations. He did it by leaving out many M.P.'s and their wives and daughters, as well as other female relatives enumerated by Mr. Gilbert. He left out also many other people of almost equal importance with the people's representatives, to say nothing of dozens of excellent, but less prominent people who have hitherto swelled the crowd at the state ball. But worse than that, this gentleman of the suite made up a list divided into three heads, "special," "military," "general." Ye Gods! Imagine the feelings of a man of importance, imagine the feeling of the better half of that man of importance, when they find their names in the "general" list. But worse than all this, at the ball a shorthand writer and an A. D. C. were stationed at the door to register the names of those entering the hall. Whether the idea was to keep out dynamiters, or whether such a check was thought necessary to make the ball select, is not announced.

For the last two days the snow blockade has kept trains from entering the city. The interference with traffic and with public business will naturally be very great.

Next week, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday will be occupied with the debate on the Budget. The other two days will be devoted to the consideration of various items of business to be brought forward by private members.

ED. RUTHVEN.

Ottawa, March 1st., 1884.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON is already "well on" with his book on the Irving tour. Mr. Hatton "interviews" Mr. Irving everywhere *en route*, and accompanies him in all his travels. It is understood that the book will be entirely in dialogue, and that its chapters will be verbatim reports of the conversational utterances of actor and author. Mr. Hatton will endeavour to draw Mr. Irving out, and Mr. Irving will freely criticise America and Americans in replying to Mr. Hatton. The work will be eagerly read when it does appear, but the author of "Clytie" is not likely to have the field all to himself. There are other "chiefs" in Mr. Irving's company who are "takin' notes," and other bookmakers are reported to be hard at work.

THE CHURCHES.

THE other week the anniversary of Bishop Jamot's elevation to the episcopate was celebrated with great *éclat* at Peterborough.

THE Western Association of the Congregational Church will hold its half-yearly meeting in London on the 24th and 25th inst. Considerable opportunity will be afforded for the discussion of religious questions, both of practical and speculative interest.

PREPARATIONS have been made for the erection of an English church on the Island, Toronto's place of summer resort. The design of St. Andrew's, *super-insula*, is a neat unpretentious but classic English Gothic. The island church will be a great convenience to summer residents.

It is now confidently expected that the various Methodist Churches of Canada will be united in one organization. The movement has for the most part been very favourably regarded. The Dominion and Provincial parliaments have been applied to for the legislation necessary for the accomplishment of the union. There is just the possibility of a slight, but influential secession, from the united church.

THE Bishop of Ontario, about a year ago, delivered a lecture on Agnosticism, which was afterwards published. Mr. Le Seuer, of Ottawa, wrote a pamphlet in reply, which has called forth a rejoinder from the Bishop. It was delivered as a lecture, two weeks ago, in Christ Church, Ottawa. Its publication is expected. The discussion on both sides has happily been conducted in a proper and becoming spirit.

THE late Father Stafford endeared himself to an admiring flock in the town of Lindsay. By active and intelligent efforts he did good work in the promotion of education and temperance among his people. To find a worthy successor was no easy task. The clergyman who was appointed to the church in Lindsay found the burden too great for him. On account of enfeebled health he has been relieved from his charge.

THE Evangelical Alliance meets in Stockholm, Sweden, in the last week of August in the present year, and the Pan-Presbyterian Council assembles at Belfast in June. The former includes among its members all sections of the Evangelical Protestant Church; the latter comprehends the various branches of the Presbyterian body. It is designed that fewer elaborate papers will be read than was customary at former meetings, and more time devoted to the discussion of practical issues. It is obvious that one important member of the Presbyterian family, the venerable Church of Scotland, is disposed to look coldly on the approaching Council.

HOWEVER religious beliefs may be modified by changing circumstances and by the results of scientific investigation, religion itself continues to be a subject of deep interest to most thoughtful minds. Thomas Carlyle was deeply alive to the value of a *credo*. In this age of conflict and doubt there are throughout Christendom all varieties of spiritual belief, comprehending the most materialistic conceptions of man's being and destiny, the varying degrees of formalism, and the contemplative tendencies of the mystic. It is not in this column designed to discuss theories, but to narrate facts, and to chronicle current events in the religious world as they arise.

A DECISION has been given by the Hon. Justice Ferguson in the case of *Langtry v. Dumoulin*. It is in favour of the plaintiffs. As was to be expected, the decision has been generally received with favour. The financial affairs of St. James' Cathedral are not as flourishing as could be desired yet many people believed that it was never intended that the income derivable from the rectory lands should all be lavished on one church. The judge before whom the case was tried, with a proper sense of congruity, suggested the settlement of the dispute by friendly arbitration. This wise counsel was not accepted. He has bestowed the utmost care in considering the case, and his decision is obviously the result of honest and painstaking endeavour, yet it seems that it is not to be accepted as final. It is to be submitted at once to the Court of Appeal.

PEOPLE are wondering why Dr. Wilson, late of Kingston, has been so persistently held up before the public view as a hero-martyr. He has deservedly obtained the reputation of being a most devoted worker in the Christian Church. His connection with the Salvation Army has caused all the trouble. Whatever good that body has been the means of accomplishing, it cannot be questioned that many of its methods do not, and cannot commend themselves to people of cultivated tastes and pure Christian feeling. It may be very reprehensible, but it is too much to expect that people will do violence to their feelings and say that what appears at variance with the sacredness of religion should be pronounced admirable. And yet many broad-minded men have been highly eulogistic in their pronounced estimates of the Army: why?

THE Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec is at present in a divided state. Within its bosom are two antagonistic parties. Though not originating in the movement to establish a branch of Laval University in the city of Montreal, the strife has been intensified by that proposal. The friends of Laval and their opponents have strenuously endeavoured to compel a triumph over each other, though in time it is pretty certain that the former will gain the object for which they have long contended. The papal authority has been invoked by both parties, and deputations have been sent to the Vatican. Leo XIII. does not err by being too impulsive. It is generally understood that he has deputed Dom Smuelders to solve existing difficulties, and if possible reconcile contending factions. Archbishop Taschereau is supposed by many to be too liberalizing in his tendencies, and the Cercle Catholique was formed to counteract his influence, and that of his following. Though embracing influential clergy and laymen in its membership, it is said to possess many sympathizers throughout the province. Whether Dom Smuelders will be able to evoke harmony from the prevailing discord remains to be seen.

ASTERISK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Gus.—Not before the public.
F. and H.—Next week.
J. B. M.—Too late.

CO-EDUCATION.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—It is a matter of gratification to me, and no doubt to those who think with me in the matter, that the columns of *THE WEEK* are evidently thrown open for the discussion of woman's rights. Mr. Houston's article on University Co-Education and the letter from "Sex" on "English Women in Public Life"—a misleading letter, by the way—go to show that, at last, "Bystander" has come to the conclusion that there is something more in the ugly subject than he credited it with, and is willing to hear the other side. Accepting this concession gratefully, I desire to give the letter of "Sex" a rejoinder as short and to the point as I can.

"Sex" quotes the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is, he says, "a very liberal journal." If the fact that a paper entitled "Justice for Northampton," by Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., may be found in the issue of February 4th is to be counted as among the proofs of the liberality of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then no doubt it is a liberal journal, yet I do not think that all who call themselves Liberals would care to acknowledge it as an expositor of their views, or as a recorder of their successes.

It is, however, a mistake to assume that the question of Women's Suffrage is only a Liberal question, either in England or Canada. That its first promulgators belonged to the Liberal party in England I may concede, because I am not able to show otherwise; but the Somerville Club, now and for several years in existence, was formed in order that the Conservative and Liberal friends of Women's Suffrage might have a common centre of communication. Scarcely any question has more distinctly won its way to favour on its merits than has Women's Suffrage, nor is there any other that has had less sweeping support from a party point of view. All Liberals are by no means supporters of Women's Suffrage. Mr. John Bright, notably, is no friend to it. Nor in Canada is the movement supported alone by the friends of the Reform party. On the contrary, a large number of the members of Sir John Macdonald's government are members and friends of the Canadian Women's Suffrage Association, the work of which at present remains free from party trammels—the women who were its first promoters and are still its warmest advocates holding that a question is greater than a party.

"A Good Liberal," as quoted by "Sex" from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says: "The advocates of Women's Suffrage and of Women in Public Work are fond of taking it for granted that their opinions are gaining ground in the Liberal party," and he "doubts it." Whether Women's Suffrage is gaining ground in the Liberal party especially I cannot tell, but that it is gaining ground generally is shown by the review of the past year in the *Women's Suffrage Journal* for January, 1884, where the opening paragraph runs thus:—"The year that has just closed has been marked by greater advances in public opinion in regard to the franchise for women, and more significant manifestations of such advances than have occurred during any similar period since the movement began." And the writer proceeds to cite these manifestations, the first of which is "the presentation to Mr. Gladstone of a memorial signed by 110 Liberal members of Parliament, stating that in the opinion of the memorialists, no measure for the assimilation of the borough and county franchise will be satisfactory unless it contains provisions for extending the suffrage, without distinction of sex, to all persons who possess the statutory qualifications for the Parliamentary franchise."

The next event cited is "the debate and division on Mr. Mason's resolution, when the hostile majority, which had been 116 on the last division, was reduced to sixteen—a result which seems to have been accepted among members as an actual success." * * * It would be trespassing unwarrantably on your space, Mr. Editor, to quote further on this point, and perhaps enough has been said to show that "A Good Liberal" has little cause to "doubt" the advance, even among Liberals, of the Women's suffrage question in England.

The same authority (?) proceeds to say: "The experience of the

elections of guardians is not favourable to them (women), and with regard to women on School boards and other public bodies, where are the cases in which they have been of service? And confidently assuming that his query answers itself, he proceeds to account for the state of things he describes:—

"Unfortunately," he says, "in public business as in private life, it is found that women are apt to form their opinions by their likes and dislikes, and to be moved by personal reasons rather than by the merits of the question at issue, and this has made them often the cause of discomfort and ill-feeling on the boards on which they have sat. Were I prepared to yield the correctness of the assertion thus made, I might say in excuse, that having been disallowed the right of forming an independent opinion on any subject during an indefinite past, and having been expected to guide their actions by "likes and dislikes," it would be no wonder did women act in public life upon the only ground that has been allowed them. But I do not admit that such has been the general result of women's presence on boards, while I am quite willing to allow that there may have been exceptional cases of the kind, though I do not know of any. But I have had experience of men on boards and committees, and I know that "personal," and above all "party" reasons, and "likes and dislikes," interfere quite as much with the due consideration of the question at issue as if they were all women of the type "A Good Liberal" objects to.

In reply to the query of "A Good Liberal: "Where are the cases in which they have been of service?" which I will couple with his closing assertion: "They have done nothing which could not have been as well or better done by men," I will give two instances that recur to me in which a woman has done what men did not discover required doing, though they had been undisturbed possessors of the opportunities up to the time that women went upon the several boards. The most notable case is that of Mrs. Surr, a member of the London School Board. As one of the committee appointed to visit certain schools this lady felt dissatisfied with the result of her official observations at St. Paul's School, an industrial institution where boys and girls, orphans or otherwise uncared for, are prepared for useful lives. Something in the expression of the children's faces, especially of the girls, convinced Mrs. Surr that there was an evil somewhere which did not appear on the surface. Despite the objections of many members of the Board, who scowled and scoffed at such "woman's reasons" as Mrs. Surr advanced in support of a special enquiry, for which she asked, and in face of a certain amount of persecution from those who did not hesitate to tell her that she was a "cause of discomfort and ill-feeling" on the Board, the lady persevered until an enquiry was ordered, when a system of management was discovered, the heartlessness and brutality of which aroused the indignation of the whole nation, and amply justified the "woman's reasons" which forced the enquiry.

Miss M. B. Willard, a sister, I believe, of Miss Frances Willard, of Women's Christian Temperance Union fame, gives the other instance of the value of women on boards, which I will adduce. She says: "On Saturday last Miss Florence Hill, a niece of Sir Rowland Hill (and daughter of Matthew Davenport Hill, so well known in judicial circles), kindly showed me over St. Pancras parish workhouse, of which she is one of the guardians. It was a clean, airy place, full of the comforts suggested by the heads of women—wise women, too, who are making it a study how to prevent as well as care for pauperism." Here, then, are two cases in which women have done and are doing what men cannot do, with all their authority and experience. Who should tell so well as a woman when children and women are well and duly cared for? It is a truism formulated by men themselves, that a man cannot make a home, though he may provide all the material it seems to require. And correspondingly a man cannot tell what the needs and rights of women and children are, because he is not one of them. He will remember well enough, however, that he did not run to his father but to his mother for comfort in his infancy; and this will be a sufficient argument, if he is a fair-minded man, to show him that in the management of women and children, women ought to have an authoritative say.

From the assertions of "A Good Liberal," to which I have endeavoured to reply, your correspondent "Sex" draws some very unfair conclusions. He speaks of the "decided retrogression of Female Suffrage in the British House of Commons," where, he says, "the regular Bill has 'shrunk to a mere resolution.'" The "mere resolution" in place of the Bill was occasioned by the action of Mr. Gladstone in bringing in a Bill for the extension of the franchise. In England they do not play at legislation any more than they can help, and therefore, when the Government announced a Franchise Bill, it was no longer desirable to carry on a Bill for Women's Suffrage, but, instead, to get in a resolution on the lines of the Government Bill which would give what the former Bill had embodied.

It is hardly fair of "Sex" to call the Leeds Conference "Radical," since it was composed of delegates from three Federal Liberal Societies—the London and Counties Liberal Union, the National Liberal Federation, and the National Reform Union; and as the 540 delegates "Sex" cites did not attend in the interest of Women's Suffrage, but took it as one of the resolutions at one of the meetings, experience tells us that, if 200 delegates were present at the meeting and voted in favour of the resolution, they were no insignificant majority.

As to "Sex's" further assertion that "among the mass of the wives and mothers of England the movement evidently finds no support," I can only say that if the presence in thousands of the women of any town and neighbourhood where a great meeting is arranged for, and the hearty applause and assent they always give to the question mean anything, the mass of the wives and mothers—and of the widows and spinsters too, who will alone be benefited directly by the franchise—do approve of Women's Suffrage, decidedly.

And has not Matthew Arnold lately shown us that the minority are always the conservators of the right? and there was a time when peeresses sat in the House of Lords in their own right, and women were not only the guardians of the poor, but churchwardens and justices of the peace, also.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
S. A. C.

Toronto.

GRANT AND JULIUS CÆSAR.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—“A Canadian,” writing in reply to my article on “Grant and Julius Cæsar,” said very truly that the standard by which military heroes are judged will always differ. I fancy that no amount of writing will lead us to take the same view. I admitted that Grant had done some good service in the Western Campaigns, but still nothing that would justify placing him in the highest rank among generals. Space forbids my discussing this.

My object in writing this letter is to reply to the following statement of “A Canadian”:—“The ‘fact’ is not ‘undoubted’ but absolutely untrue that he (Grant) refused to exchange prisoners. It was purely a political question, with which he had nothing to do.”

I referred to the prisoners at Andersonville specially, and this was in the latter part of the war, when Grant was in chief command, and there is undoubted evidence as to his refusal then to exchange prisoners. General Benjamin F. Butler was the Federal Commissioner of Exchange at Fortress Monroe in 1864, and he made an official report to the “Committee on the Conduct of the War” appointed by Congress. In this report General Butler states:—“General Grant visited Fortress Monroe on April 1st—being the first time I had ever met him. To him the state of the negotiations as to exchange was verbally communicated, and most emphatic directions were received from the Lieutenant-General not to take any step by which another able-bodied man should be exchanged, until further orders from him.”

The report then details the plans adopted by General Butler to prevent an exchange being agreed upon. In one place he says:—“This argument set forth our claims in the most offensive form possible, consistently with ordinary courtesy of language, for the purpose of carrying out the wishes of the Lieutenant-General that no prisoners of war should be exchanged.”

The conclusion of the report is as follows:—“I have felt it my duty to give an account with this particular carefulness of my participation in the business of exchange of prisoners, the orders under which I acted, and the negotiations attempted, which comprises a faithful narration of all that was done, so that all may become a matter of history. The great importance of the questions; the fearful responsibility, for the many thousands of lives which, by the refusal to exchange, were sacrificed by the most cruel forms of death from cold, starvation, and the pestilence of the prison pens of Raleigh and Andersonville, being more than all the British soldiers killed in the wars of Napoleon; the anxiety of fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, wives, to know the exigency which caused this terrible, and perhaps as it may have seemed to them, useless and unnecessary destruction of those dear to them, by horrible deaths, each and all have compelled me to this exposition, so that it may be seen that those lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon the rebellion, devised by the wisdom of the General-in-Chief of the armies, to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last. The loyal mourners will doubtless derive solace from this fact, and appreciate all the more highly the genius which conceived the plan, and the success won at so great a cost.”

This official report, written by a subordinate, and avowedly in Grant's interest, justifies every word I said as to Grant's responsibility for the refusal to exchange prisoners, and if the Northern stories of the horrors of Andersonville are true, they prove the heartless cruelty of the policy.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE T. DENISON.

Toronto, Feb., 1884.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

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

VII.

PAULINE now began in excellent earnest the preparations for embarking upon her somewhat quaint enterprise. During the next three or four days she saw a good deal of Kindelon. They visited together the little editorial sanctum in Spruce Street, where Mrs. Dares sat dictating some of her inexhaustible "copy" to a pale and rather jaded-looking female amanuensis. The lady received her visitors with a most courteous hospitality. Pauline had a sense of shocking idleness as she looked at the great cumbersome writing-desk covered with ink-stains, files or clippings of newspapers, and long ribbon-like rolls of "proof." Her own fine garments seemed to crackle ostentatiously beside the noiseless folds of Mrs. Dares's work-day cashmere.

"We shall not take up much of your valuable time," she said to the large-eyed, serious, little lady. "We have called principally to ask a favour of you, and I hope you will not think it a presumptuous request."

"I hope it is presumptuous," said Mrs. Dares, "for that, provided I grant it at all, will make it so much pleasanter to grant."

"You may be sure," cried Kindelon gaily to Pauline, "that you have made a complete conquest of Mrs. Dares. She is usually quite miserly with her compliments. She puts me on the wretched allowance of one a year."

"Perhaps you don't deserve a more liberal income," said Pauline. Then she re-addressed Mrs. Dares. "I want to ask you," she proceeded, with a shy kind of venture in her tone, "if you will kindly loan me your visiting-book for a little while."

"My visiting-book?" murmured Mrs. Dares. Then she slowly shook her head, while the pale girl at the desk knitted her brows perplexedly, as though she had encountered some tantalizing foreign word. "I would gladly lend it if I had one," Mrs. Dares went on; "but I possess no such article."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Pauline, with an involuntary surprise that instantly afterward she regretted as uncivil. "You *have* none!"

But Mrs. Dares did not seem to detect the least incivility in Pauline's amazement.

"No, my dear Miss Varick, I have no need of a visiting-book, for I have no time to visit."

"But you surely have some sort of list, have you not?" now inquired Kindelon.

Mrs. Dares lightly touched her forehead. "Only here in my memory," she said, "and that is decidedly an imperfect list. My guests understand that to be invited to one of my evenings is to be invited to all. I suppose that in the fashionable world," she proceeded, fixing her great dark eyes on Pauline, "it is wholly different. There matters of this sort are managed with much ceremony, no doubt."

"With much trivial ceremony," said Pauline. "A little scrap of paste-board there represents an individuality—and in just as efficient manner as if it were truly the person represented. To be in society, as it is called, is to receive a perpetual shower of cards. I strongly doubt if many people ever care to meet in a truly social way those whose company they pretend to solicit. There are few more perfect mockeries, in that most false and mocking life, than the ordinary visit of etiquette." Pauline here gave a little meaning smile as she briefly paused. "But I suppose you will understand, Mrs. Dares," she continued, "that I regret your having no regular list. I wanted to borrow it—and with what purpose I am sure you can readily imagine."

"Yes," was the reply. "My daughter Cora shall prepare you one, however. She has an admirable memory. If she fails in the matter of addresses, there is the directory as a help, you know. And so your idea about the *salon* is unchanged?"

"It is unalterable," said Pauline, with a laugh. "But I hate so to trouble your daughter."

"She will not think it any trouble," said Kindelon, quickly.

Pauline looked at him with a slight elevation of the brows. "You speak confidently for Miss Cora," she said.

Kindelon lifted one hand, and waved it a trifle embarrassedly. "Oh, I have always found her so accommodating," he answered.

"Yes, Cora is always glad to please those whom she likes," said Mrs. Dares.

A little later Pauline and Kindelon took leave of their hostess. They had been driven to Spruce Street in the carriage of the former, and as they quitted the huge building in which Mrs. Dares's tiny sanctum was situated, Kindelon said to his companion: "You shall return home at once?"

Pauline gave a careless laugh. She looked about her at all the commercial hurry and bustle of the placarded, vehicle-thronged street. "I have nowhere else to go just at present," she said. "Not that I should not like to stay down town, as you call it, a little longer. The noise and activity please me. . . . Oh, by the way," she added, "did you not say that you must repair to your office?"

"The *Asteroid* imperatively claims me," said Kindelon, taking out his watch. "Only twelve o'clock," he proceeded; "I thought it later. Well, I have at least an hour at your service still. Have you any commands?"

"Where on earth could we pass your hour of leisure?" said Pauline. "It would probably not be proper if I accompanied you into the office of the *Asteroid*."

"It would be sadly dull."

"Then I will drive up town after I have left you there."

"Why not remain *down* town, since the change pleases you?"

"Driving aimlessly about for a whole hour?"

"By no means. I have an idea of what we might do. I think you might not find the idea at all disagreeable. If you will permit, I will give your footman an order, and plan for you a little surprise."

"Do so, by all means," said Pauline, lightsomely, entering the carriage. "I throw myself upon your mercy and your protection."

Kindelon soon afterwards seated himself at her side, and the carriage was immediately borne into the clamorous region of what we term lower Broadway.

"I hope I shall like your surprise," said Pauline, as she leaned back against the cushions, not knowing how pretty she looked in her patrician elegance of garb and person. "But we will not talk of it; I might guess what it is if we did, and that would spoil all. My faith in you shall be blind and unquestioning, and I shall expect a proportionately rich reward. . . . What gulfs of difference lie between that interesting little Mrs. Dares and most of women whom I have met! People tell us that we must travel to see life. I begin to think that one great city like New York can give us the most majestic experience, if only we know how to receive it. Take my aunt Cynthia Poughkeepsie, for example, and compare her with Mrs. Dares! A whole continent seems to lie between them, and yet they are continually living at scarcely a stone's-throw apart."

Kindelon gave a brisk, acquiescent nod.

"True enough," he said. "Travel shows us only the outsides of men and women. We go abroad to discover better what profits of observation lie at home. . . ."

The carriage at length stopped.

"Is my surprise all ready to burst upon me?" asked Pauline, at this point.

"Yes. Its explosion is now imminent," said Kindelon, with dry solemnity of accent.

Pauline, after she had alighted, surveyed her surroundings for a moment, and then said:

"I knew we were approaching the Battery, but I did not suppose you meant to stop there. And why *have* you stopped, pray?"

Kindelon pointed toward a distant flash of water glimpsed between the nude black boughs of many high trees. "You can't think what a delightful stroll we could take over yonder," he said, "along the esplanade. The carriage could wait here for us, you know."

"Certainly," acceded Pauline.

They soon entered the noble park lying on their right. It was a day of unusual warmth for that wintry season, but the air freshened and sharpened as they drew further seaward. There are many New Yorkers to whom our beautiful Battery is but a name, and Pauline was one of them. As she neared the rotund wooden building of Castle Garden, a wholly novel and unexpected sight awaited her. Not long ago one of the great ocean-steamer had discharged here many German immigrants, and some of these had come forth from the big sea-fronting structure beyond, to meet the stares of that dingy, unkempt rabble which always collects, on such occasions, about its doorways. Pauline and Kindelon paused to watch the poor dazed-looking creatures, with their pinched, vacuous faces, their timid miens, their coarse, dirty bundles. The women mostly had blonde braids of hair matted in close coils against the backs of their heads; they wore no bonnets, and one or two of them led a bewildered, dull-eyed child by the hand, while one or two more clasped infants to their breasts, wrapped in soiled shawls. The men had a spare, haggard, slavish demeanour; the liberal air and sun, the very amplitude and brilliancy of sky and water, seemed to cow and depress them; they slunk instead of walking; there was something in their visages of an animal suggestion; they did not appear entirely human, and made you think of the mythic combinations between man and brute.

"They are Germans, I suppose," said Kindelon to Pauline; "or perhaps they hail from some of the Austrian provinces. Many of my own country people, the Irish, are not much less shocking to behold when they first land here."

"These do not shock me," said Pauline; "they sadden me. They look as if they had not wit enough to understand whither they had come, but quite enough to feel alarmed and distrustful of their present environment."

"This drama of immigration is constantly unfolding itself here, day after day," answered Kindelon. "It surely has its mournful side, but you, as an American, ought by all means to discern its bright one. These poor souls are the social refuse of Europe; they are the pathetic fugitives from vile and time-honored abuses; they are the dreary consequences of kingdoms and empires. Their state is almost brutish, as you see; they don't think themselves half as far above the beasts as you think them, depend upon it. They have had manhood and womanhood crushed into the dust for generations. It is as much their hereditary instinct to fawn and crawl as it is for a dog to bark or a cat to lap milk. They represent the enlightened and thrifty peasantry oversea. Bah! how it sickens a man to consider that because a few insolent kings must have their hands kissed and their pride of rule glutted, millions of their people are degraded into such doltish burlesques upon humanity! But I mentioned the bright side of this question from the American standpoint."

"Yes," said Pauline, quickly, lifting her face to his. "I hope it is really a bright side."

"It is—very. America receives these pitiful wretches, and after a few short months they are regenerated, transformed. There has never, in the history of the world, been a nation of the same magnificent hospitality as this. Before such droves of deplorable beings any other nation would shut her ports or arm her barriers, in strong affright. But America (which I have always thought a much more terse and expressive name than the United States) does nothing of the sort. With a superb kindness, which has behind it a sense of unexampled power, she bids them all welcome. And in a little while they breathe her vitalizing air with a new and splendid result. They forget the soldiers who kicked them, the tyrants who made them shoulder muskets in the defence of thrones, the taxes wrung from their scant wages that princes might dance and feast. They forget all this gross despotism; they begin to live; their very frames and features change; their miserable past is like a broken fetter, flung gladly away. And America does all this for them—this, which no other country has done or can do!"

He spoke with a fine heat, an impressive enthusiasm. Pauline, standing beside him, had earnestly fixed her look upon his handsome, virile face, noting the spark that pierced his light-blue eyes, below their black gloss of lashes, and the little sensitive tremor that disturbed his nostril. She had never felt more swayed by his force of personality than now. She had never felt more keenly than now that his manful countenance and shape were both fit accompaniments of an important and robust nature.

"And what does America really do with these poor, maltreated creatures, after having greeted and domesticated them?" came her next words, filled with an appealing sincerity of utterance.

Something appeared suddenly to have changed Kindelon's mood. He laughed shortly, and half turned away.

"Oh," he said, in wholly altered voice, "if they are Irish she sometimes makes Tammany politicians of them, and if they are German she sometimes turns them into howling socialists."

"Do you mean what you say?" exclaimed Pauline, almost indignantly.

He bent his head and looked at her intently, for a moment, with a covert play of mirth under the crisp dark flow of his moustache.

"I am afraid that I do," he replied, with another laugh.

"Then you think this grand American hospitality of which you have just spoken to be a failure—a sham?"

"No, no—far from that," he said, rapidly, and with recurring seriousness. "I was only going back to the dark side of the question—that is all. You know, I told you it had both its dark and its bright side.... Come, let us leave this rabble. You have not really seen the Battery yet. Its true splendors lie just beyond...."

(To be Continued.)

SPORTING NOTES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WITH a season lengthy and severe, for Canada even, lovers of winter sports have no reason to complain of the opportunities offered them for the pursuit of their respective fancies. The very jingle of sleigh bells has now grown weary and monotonous, and skating, to most, is as natural as walking; snowshoes, toboggans and iceboats have been in constant use, and those who find pleasure in the last named have been made happy by the recent assurance of Miss Ellen Terry that a slide in a toboggan and a sail on the ice seemed the true poetry of motion.

The great winter game of Canada is, however, curling, and those who are supporters of the national and ancient game of Scotland have had a rare season of it, a season which reached its climax when, last week, the final games were played for the silver tankard. On the last day of the contest four clubs were left in, Lindsay, Preston, Orillia and St. Mary's, the two last named meeting for the final when, after a long and keenly-contested struggle the St. Mary's obtained the right to have their name engraved on the trophy, which was first played for in 1875, when the Hamilton Thistles were the winners. Dr. Ross, president of the Ontario Curlers' Association, also presented the winners with a handsome gold medal.

Considerable discussion has of late been expended on the antiquity of curling. That it was popular in Scotland several centuries ago there can be no doubt. Charles I was a warm patron of the game, and James II was so distinguished a curler that few could equal him. Reliable records of the game go back to four hundred and fifty years ago.

Trotting meetings both on the ice and on regular tracks have been held at various places in the Dominion, yet they cannot, as a whole, have been said to have proved successful, and unless there be a decided change in the management and inducements offered there seems to be but a poor future for trotting in Canada; for not only amongst spectators of these events but also amongst promoters themselves there seems to be a woeful lack of energy and vitality. However, retrospection on winter sports does not afford much food for comment, so with pleasure we turn to coming events, which are now faintly casting their shadows before.

Primarily in importance and of most interest not alone to sportsmen in particular, but to the Toronto public in general, is the coming dog show. Ottawa set the ball rolling last spring; London followed suit in the fall, both with such marked success that we can but predict for the "Queen City" a still greater triumph in the kennel exhibition than attended either her eastern or western rival. Subscriptions and entries are freely promised, whilst the liberality of private individuals will doubtless furnish a good list of special prizes. Advantage will be taken of the presence in the city of sportsmen throughout the Dominion, to hold a sportsman's convention for the purpose of forming an association for the proper protection of game and to look after the interests of lovers of sport.

With a representative Canadian team in England last year, lacrosse at home was somewhat under a cloud, the Toronto Club especially suffering from the absence of so many of their best men. The proposed trip of the Montreal Shamrocks to Europe has fallen through, so the prospects of the coming season are particularly good, and some notable contests are likely to be witnessed on the new lacrosse grounds at Rosedale. The impetus given to lacrosse in Great Britain by the visit of the Canadian team has been most marked. New clubs are rapidly springing up, and the arrival of a picked fifteen from the old country to the new will be an event of no very distant date. Brighton, the sea side metropolis of England, has two clubs in full swing; and the match between England and Ireland is one of the sporting events of the year.

Canadian Cricketing prospects are not bright, the remembrance of the miserable exhibition made in the International match, when half the Eleven were morally bowled before reaching the wickets at all, is too fresh in our memory to speak more hopefully. Local talent is sadly at a discount. A step in the right direction has been taken by the introduction of the professional talent in Canada.

It is rumoured that Lawton will again fill an engagement for the Toronto club, though a coach of greater experience is badly wanted, and one who has filled such a post at a public school should be procured, and with liberal inducements there should be no serious difficulty in getting such a man. J. Norley, who has done such yeoman service for both the counties of Kent and Gloucester—playing for the former by birth, and the latter by residence—remains on at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and the results of his tuition should bear fruit this year. A tour of the Past and Present of the school will again form an interesting event in the programme of the season. The Port Hope club are laying down a new ground, and as they will have the benefit of Norley's assistance during the

school vacation, and have besides some useful cricketers in the club, they should be able to put a fair eleven in the field. The East Torontos, who got through a most successful season last year will be strengthened by several fresh members with cricketing reputations, and they bid fair to assume the premier position amongst local clubs. They last year set a most excellent example by instituting a fortnight's tour, which from its success will, we trust, encourage the club to organize another for the coming season.

It was quite on the boards that an amateur eleven, under the joint management of Lord Harris and Mr. A. N. Hornby, would have visited Canada in the fall. Such an arrangement has, however, been postponed till next season, which, as the international match will then be played on Canadian soil, is perhaps after all best, as that event and a match between the English visitors might be the means of establishing a cricket carnival week, in imitation of the "Canterbury week," and might do much towards arousing the present apparent apathy amongst the general public on matters appertaining to cricket.

An Australian eleven, which in its general composition will be the same as the last, will again visit England, playing in America *en route*, and an attempt will be made to induce the Antipodean eleven to arrange a match or two in Canada. An English team got together by Shaw, Shrewsbury, and James Lillywhite will again go to Australia. A Philadelphia amateur eleven has arranged a European tour, playing fourteen two day-matches in Great Britain—commencing on June 10th at Dublin, and finishing at Maidstone on July 26th.

Aquatic news at this season of the year must necessarily be scant. Hanlan, who has of late been dividing his time by giving exhibitions and posing at theatres in California to the surprise of his friends who concluded his Australian trip had been abandoned, sailed on the 17th of last month for Sydney, where he should reap a golden harvest.

In England the attention of rowing men is now centred on the coming race between Bubeare and Ross for \$2,000 a side, which is fixed for the 10th inst. over the Putney to Mortlake course, Ross conceding a start of ten seconds, which, from the easy way in which Bubeare recently polished off Elliott, it is generally thought he is incapable of doing. Professional oarsmen in England have of late years been of a very mediocre class, and Bubeare, who is said to greatly resemble the champion in his style of rowing, is regarded as the coming man.

The Inter-Varsity boat race comes off on the 5th of April. Both crews are in full practice, Oxford on the Isis, and the Cantabs on the Ouse near Ely; the Cam, despite the money expended on it for improvements, being totally unfit for training purposes. The rival crews as at present composed are about equal in weight. This will be the forty-first contest between the two universities, of which the Dark Blues have won twenty-two, the Light Blues seventeen, and one "a dead heat by six feet," as the excited old waterman, Sam Phelps, who was referee in 1877, announced.

Yachting men are preparing for the season, and the formation of a yachting association for Lake Ontario, with headquarters at Toronto, will likely be inaugurated.

The only recent event of importance in the athletic world was the fifty mile amateur championship race of America, which came off last week at Williamsburg between J. Gassman of that city and P. Golden of New York; the latter was favourite, but was never in the race, being out-paced from the very first, and after going some thirty-one and a-half miles (being then some three miles behind) he gave up. Gassman, after covering thirty-five miles, was stopped and awarded the race and championship, his time for the distance covered being 4 hours, 22 minutes and 42 seconds; his times from the eighteenth up to the thirty-fifth mile are the best on record in America.

Under the joint auspices of the Manhattan and the South London Harriers, picked American athletic amateurs will visit England the coming season. Murray, the champion walker, and Myers will be in the number. Delaney, who, it will be remembered, beat George in a ten-mile handicap, has decided not to go, and he is wise to rest on his reputation, as at that distance he would find one or two in England besides George able to dust him over. Snooks and Cattlin should show him a clean pair of heels, as should also Dunning. Myers should find foemen worthy of his steel at short distances, but Murray will hardly meet an opponent capable of fully stretching him now that Raby, who developed such wonderful powers as an amateur, has joined the professional ranks.

In England the Spring handicaps have filled well, the Lincolnshire Handicap having fifty-two acceptances out of sixty-eight entries; in the City and Suburban sixty-four cry content out of sixty-eight. Both events have American representatives. In the Grand National there were forty-nine acceptances out of fifty-seven subscribers, a considerable improvement on last year, when there were but forty-one subscribers and thirty-one acceptances. The race comes off at Liverpool on the 28th inst., and speculation is already brisk, "Mohican," "Cortolvin," "Cyrus" and "Satellite" being most in demand. The three first named are no strangers to the Aintree course. "Mohican," one of the powerful Irish lot, who was last year top weight, got home third, and as he has wintered well and will likely have Mr H. Beasley up, he will, no doubt, be freely supported.

The Prince of Wales for the first time in the history of the race enters a horse in his own name—"The Scot"—who was greatly fancied for last year's National, but going amiss he was scratched. In the previous year he was going well, when he fell at the last fence but one. He is undoubtedly one of the finest chasers ever seen between flags, and his victory in the interest of the Prince of Wales would be a most popular one. He is now trained by Jones at Epsom.

NIMROD.

HER MAJESTY'S BOOK.

"More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands" precisely resembles in every respect—as one extract will show—the volume to which it is a sequel. Everything that was said or thought about the first work will be equally applicable to the second. The belief that political sentiment would be betrayed proves to be unfounded. Nothing visibly denotes preference for Lord Beaconsfield over Mr. Gladstone. The only indications of sentiment on any subject that can be called in the slightest degree political are an expression of sympathy with the Stuarts, of whom Her Majesty rejoices to think that she is now the representative, while she "cannot bear the recollection of Culloden;" and a manifestation, rather than an expression, of sympathy with the Germans in the Franco-German war. In the latter case too, it is evident that Her Majesty's heart is with her German sons-in-law quite as much as with the German cause. She is strongly attached to the French Empress, and bitterly bewails the death of the Prince Imperial. John Brown receives special mention in the dedication, and there is a warm tribute to his memory at the end. He appears in almost every page as the trusted and constant attendant, devoted, as no doubt he was, to the personal safety and comfort of his mistress, but nothing is said about him which can give reasonable offence, hardly anything that can provoke a smile. He is always there, and so are the luncheon basket and the tea. The allusions to the death of the Prince Consort are frequent, unaffected and touching. The life depicted is one of simple pleasures, genial affections, kindly interests and pure Highland happiness. There is a good deal of religious feeling, and it is decidedly not Ritualistic, Her Majesty's favourite clergyman being evidently Norman McLeod. The reflection will sometimes obtrude itself that Royalty has its public, as well as its domestic, duties, and that had the Queen's time been shared between the Highlands and Ireland, as all her most loyal and honest councillors desired, she might, in the opinion of all who know the Irish people well, have made it impossible for her throne in the Irish heart to be usurped by demagogues, and thus have averted a long train of calamities, past and yet to come. If any other thought of a pensive cast arises as we turn the pages in which the commonest, the most minute, the most personal details of everyday life are presented to the public eye, it is that Royalty lives in a charmed circle of illusion with regard to its own relations with the world, and can hardly ever have its impressions corrected by the voice of an adviser who will venture to speak the truth.

A CARRIAGE ACCIDENT.

We started at about twenty minutes to seven from Altnaguthasach, Brown on the box next Smith, who was driving, little Willem behind. It was quite dark when we left, but all the lamps were lit as usual; from the first, however, Smith seemed to be quite confused, and got off the road several times, once in a very dangerous place, when Alice called out and Brown got off the box to show him the way. After that, however, though going very slowly, we seemed to be all right, but Alice was not at all reassured, and thought Brown's holding up the lantern all the time on the box indicated that Smith could not see where he was going, though the road was as broad and plain as possible. Suddenly, about two miles from Altnaguthasach, and about twenty minutes after we had started, the carriage began to turn up on one side; we called out: "What's the matter?" There was an awful pause, during which Alice said: "We are upsetting." In another moment—during which I had time to reflect whether we should be killed or not, and thought there were still things I had not settled and wanted to do—the carriage turned over on its side, and we were all precipitated to the ground! I came down very hard, with my face upon the ground, near the carriage, the horses both on the ground, and Brown calling out in despair, "The Lord Almighty have mercy on us! Who did ever see the like of this before! I thought you were all killed." Alice was soon helped up by means of tearing all her clothes to disentangle her; but Lenchen, who had also got caught in her dress, called out very piteously, which frightened me a good deal; but she was also got out with Brown's assistance, and neither she nor Alice was at all hurt. I reassured them that I was not hurt, and urged that we should make the best of it, as it was an inevitable misfortune. Smith, utterly confused and bewildered, at length came up to ask if I was hurt. Meantime the horses were lying on the ground as if dead, and it was absolutely necessary to get them up again. Alice, whose calmness and coolness were admirable, held one of the lamps while Brown cut the traces, to the horror of Smith, and the horses were speedily released and got up unhurt. There was now no means of getting home except by sending back Smith with the two horses to get another carriage. All this took some time, about half an hour, before we got off. By this time I felt my face was a good deal bruised and swollen, and, above all, my right thumb was excessively painful and much swollen; indeed I thought at first it was broken, till we began to move it. Alice advised then that we should sit down in the carriage—that is, with the bottom of the carriage as a back—which we did, covered with plaids, little Willem sitting in front, with the hood of his "bourne" over his head, holding a lantern, Brown holding another, and being indefatigable in his attention and care. He had hurt his knee a good deal in jumping off the carriage. A little claret was all we could get either to drink or wash my face and hand. Almost directly after the accident happened, I said to Alice it was terrible not to be able to tell it to my dearest Albert, to which she answered: "But he knows it all, and I am sure he watched over us." I am thankful that it was by no imprudence of mine, or the slightest deviation from what my beloved one and I had always been in the habit of doing, and what he sanctioned and approved.

A REMINISCENCE.

At Aberfeldy, a pretty village opposite Castle Menzies, one or two people seemed to know us. Now we came in among fine, high-wooded hills, and here it was much clearer. We were in the Bredalbane property and approaching Taymouth. We passed, to the left, Bolfrax, where Lord Bredalbane's factor still lives, and to the right the principal lodge of Taymouth, which I so well remember going in by; but as we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission and becoming known, which for various reasons we did not wish, we decided on not attempting it, and con-

tented ourselves with getting out at a gate, close to a small fort, into which we were admitted by a woman from the gardener's house, close to which we stopped, and who had no idea who we were. We got out and looked down from this height upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and here unknown, quite in private, I gazed, not without deep inward emotion, on the scene of our reception, twenty-four years ago, by dear Lord Bredalbane in a princely style, not to be equalled for grandeur and poetic effect! Albert and I were only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone who were with us then! I was very thankful to have seen it again. It seemed unaltered. Everything was dripping from the mist. Taymouth is twenty-two miles from Dunkeld.

PICNICING.

At half-past two we five ladies lunched on 'a heathery knoll, just above Mr. Keir's wood, and were indeed glad to do so, as we were tired by the great heat. As soon as luncheon was over, we walked down through the wood a few hundred yards to where the carriage was. Here we took leave, with much regret, of the dear, kind Duchess and the amiable Miss MacGregor, and got into the carriage at half-past three, stopping for a moment near Kindrogan to wish Mrs. Keir and her family good-bye. We drove on by Kirkmichael, and then some little way until we got into the road from Blairgowrie. The evening was quite splendid, the sky yellow and pink, the distant hills coming out soft and blue, both behind and in front of us. We changed horses at Spital, and about two miles beyond it—at a place called Loch-na-Braig—we stopped, and while Grant ran back to get from a small house some hot water in the kettle, we three, with Brown's help scrambled over a low stone wall by the roadside, and lit a fire and prepared our tea. The kettle soon returned, and the hot tea was very welcome and refreshing. We then drove off again. The scenery was splendid till daylight gradually faded away, and then the hills looked grim and severe in the dusk. We cleared the Devil's Elbow well, however, before it was really dark, and then many stars came out, and we reached Balmoral in safety at half-past eight o'clock.

ABBOTSFORD.

Another twenty minutes or half-hour brought us to *Abbotsford*, the well-known residence of Sir Walter Scott. It lies low and looks rather gloomy. Mr. Hope Scott and Lady Victoria (my god-daughter and the sister of the present Duke of Norfolk) with their children, the young Duke of Norfolk, and some other relations, received us. Mr. Hope Scott married first Miss Lockhart, the last surviving grandchild of Sir Walter Scott, and she died leaving only one daughter, a pretty girl of eleven, to whom this place will go, and who is the only surviving descendant of Sir Walter. They showed us the part of the house in which Sir Walter lived, and all his rooms—his drawing-room with the same furniture and carpet, the Library where we saw his MS. of "Ivanhoe," and several others of his novels and poems in a beautiful handwriting with hardly any erasures, and other relics which Sir Walter had himself collected. Then his study, a small dark room, with a little turret in which is a bust in bronze, done from a cast taken after death, of Sir Walter. In the study we saw his journal, in which Mr. Hope Scott asked me to write my name (which I felt it to be a presumption in me to do), as also the others. We went through some passages into two or three rooms where were collected fine specimens of old armour, etc., and where in a glass case are Sir Walter's last clothes. We ended by going into the dining-room, in which Sir Walter Scott died, where we took tea.

AWKWARD.

We waited and waited till dinner-time, but nothing came. So we ladies had to go to dinner in our riding-skirts, and just as we were. I, having no cap, had to put on a black lace veil of Emilie's which she arranged as a coiffure. The Duke and Sir Thomas dined with us ladies. None of the maids or servants had any change of clothing. Dinner over, I went with Louise and Jane to the drawing-room, which was given me as my sitting-room, and Jane read. While at dinner at half-past nine, Ross told us that Blake, the footman, had arrived with some of the smaller things, but none of the most necessary—no clothes, etc. The break with the luggage had finally broken down at Tomintoul: from thence Blake had gone with a cart to Dufftown, where he had got a small break, and brought the light things on, but the heavier luggage was coming in a cart, and they hoped would be here by twelve o'clock. Louise and Jane Churchill left me at near eleven o'clock. I sat up writing and waiting for this luggage. A man was sent out on a pony with a lantern in search of it. At one, he came back, saying that nothing was to be seen or heard of this luckless luggage, and urged my going to bed. My maids had unfortunately not thought of bringing anything with them, and I disliked the idea of going to bed without any of the necessary toilette. However some arrangements were made which were very uncomfortable; and after two I got into bed, but had very little sleep at first; finally fatigue got the better of discomfort, and after three I fell asleep.

A HOUSE-WARMING.

We dined at about half-past eight in the small dining-room. This over, after waiting for a little while in my sitting-room, Brown came to say all the servants were ready for the house-warming, and at twenty minutes to ten we went into the little dining-room, which had been cleared, and where all the servants were assembled. We made nineteen altogether. Five animated reels were danced, in which all (but myself) joined. After the first reel "whiskey-toddy" was brought round for every one, and Brown begged I would drink to the "fire-kindling." Then Grant made a little speech, with an allusion to the wild place we were in, and concluding with a wish "that our Royal Mistress, our good Queen, should 'live long.'" This was followed by cheers given out by Ross in regular Highland style, and all drank my health. The merry, pretty little ball ended at a quarter-past eleven. The men, however, went on singing in the steward's room for some time.

Sad thoughts filled my heart both before dinner and when I was alone and retired to rest. I thought of the happy past and my darling husband whom I fancied I must see, and who always wished to build here, in this favourite wild spot, quite in amidst the hills. At Altnaguthasach I could not have lived again now—alone. It is far better to have built a totally new house; but then the sad thought struck me that it was the first *Widow's house*, not built by him or hallowed by his memory. But I am sure his blessing does rest on it, and those who live in it.

A COMMUNION SERVICE.

A very bright morning with deep snow. At twelve o'clock I went to the kirk with my two ladies (the Duchess of Roxburgh and Lady Ely), Lord Bridport being also in attendance. At the end of the sermon began the service of the Communion, which is most touching and beautiful, and impressed and moved me more than I can express.

The prayer after the sermon was very short, after which Dr. Taylor delivered an address from the pulpit, in which he very beautifully invited all true penitents to receive the communion, the hardened sinner alone to abstain. It was done in a very kind and encouraging tone. Dr. Taylor adopted part of one of the English prayers, only shortened and simplified. . . . After this address—"the Fencing of the Tables," as it is called—the minister came down to the small table in front of the pulpit, where he stood with the assistant minister, and the elders on either side, and while the 35th Psalm was being sung the elders brought in the elements, and placed them on the table, viz., the bread cut into small pieces, and two large plates lined with napkins, and the wine in four large silver cups. The minister then read the words of the institution of the Lord's Supper, from 1 Corinthians xi. 23, and this was followed by a short but very impressive prayer of consecration.

This done, he handed the bread first, and then the wine, right and left to the elders, Francis Lays (Brown's uncle), Symon "the merchant," Hunter, and Dr. Robertson, to dispense; himself giving both to one or two people nearest to him. The bread

was then reverently eaten, and the wine drunk, sitting, each person passing it on, one to the other; the cup being replaced by each on the table before them after they had partaken of the wine, and then the elder carried it on to the next pews, in which there were tables, until all those in that portion of the church prepared for the Lord's Supper had communicated. After which the elders replaced the Elements on the table before the minister, who delivered a short address of thankfulness and exhortation.

We left after this. It would indeed be impossible to say how deeply we were impressed by the grand simplicity of the service. It was all so truly earnest, and no description can do justice to the perfect devotion of the whole assemblage. It was most touching, and I longed much to join in it. To see all these simple good people in their nice plain dresses (including an old woman in her mutch), so many of whom I knew, and some of whom had walked far, old as they were, in the deep snow, was very striking. Almost all our own people were there.

CHARACTERISTIC CLIPPINGS.

At length Brown ran off to a cottage and returned after some little while with a can full of hot water, but it was no longer boiling when it arrived, and the tea was not good. Then all had to be packed, and it made us very late,

One of the Duke's keepers had prepared a fire and got a kettle boiling, and here we took our tea. Afterwards I sketched, but we were surrounded by a perfect cloud of midges which bit me dreadfully.

And there the poor old woman, whom we had known and seen from the first here these twenty-one years, lay on her bier in her shroud, but with her usual cap on, peaceful and little altered, her dark skin taking from the usual terrible pallor of death. She had on the socks I gave her the day before yesterday. She was in her eighty-ninth year.

And very melancholy, and yet sweet, were my feelings when I landed and found on the path some of the same white pebbles which my dearest Albert had picked up and had made into a bracelet for me. I picked up and carried off a handful myself.

This was the only *contretemps* to our most successful, enjoyable day. How dearest Albert would have enjoyed it!

MacAllister had broiled some fish and got tea ready for us in a very small room upstairs in this little cottage, where there was a fire. I had my coffee. We ladies, and Leopold, all squeezed into this room. It was a very merry tea.

Dr. McLeod gave us such a splendid sermon on the war, and without mentioning France, he said enough to make every one understand what was meant. It was all admirable and heart-stirring. Then the prayers were beautiful in which he spoke of the sick, the dying, the wounded, the battlefield, and my sons-in-law and daughters. We all came back deeply impressed.

Yes; and I feel a sort of reverence in going over these scenes in this most beautiful country, which I am proud to call my own, where there was such devoted loyalty to the family of my ancestors—for Stuart blood is in my veins, and I am *now* their representative, and the people are as devoted and loyal to me as they were to that unhappy race.

We met those dreadful reporters, including the man who behaved so ill on Saturday, as we were coming back.

BOOK NOTICES.

SOCRATES. A translation of the Apology, Crito, and parts of the Phædo of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A DAY IN ATHENS WITH SOCRATES. Translations from the Protagoras and the Republic of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These two books consist mainly of translations of parts of Plato deemed to be more peculiarly adapted for promoting sound philosophical study among young people, especially ladies. The author's name was lately made public, much against her wish, we understand, by some of the ladies who had been indebted to her generous assistance to themselves personally, and to the cause of woman's education and elevation in New England. The first-named book was published in an expensive form four years ago, but is now issued at a popular price.

The second, "A Day in Athens with Socrates," made its appearance only a few months ago, and has already reached a considerable circulation both in the States and in England. Both these works have received favourable notice, the Very Rev. Dean Liddell, of Oxford, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and Mr. Matthew Arnold, amongst other distinguished critics, having expressed their admiration for the performance of the fair author. They are evidently the work of a sound Greek scholar. The clear, chaste style of the translations is such as to render them attractive to readers who have not the advantage of perusing the works in the original. At a time when so much that is light and frivolous, not to say unsound and unhealthy, is found in books which are eagerly read by the young of both sexes, it is an agreeable surprise to find a lady of wealth and high social position thus resolutely set herself to the task of endeavouring to promote philosophical study of a simple and practical character among her sisters.

THE ART UNION. New York: The American Art Union, 44 East Fourteenth street, Union Square. Nos I. and II.

This new candidate for public favour is in point of general excellence one of the best class monthlies yet published on this continent. It is the official journal of the American society whose name it bears. The proprietors announce that a leading feature will be the contributions of artist members of the Union, both in the form of papers and illustrations. "It will support only such ideas as obtain among earnest and honest artists, and will deprecate such only as these in common condemn." The first part contains a beautiful etching by Mr. Henry Farrar, "Off Quarantine, New York." It includes some exquisite reproductions from the American Art Union Exhibition by various artists, of which the group by H. A. Loop, H. P. Share, and M. J. Burns are especially good. Part II. contains a charming etching, "The Rainbow," by Mr. Thomas Moran. Three pictures in this number are drawn by the artists, and are excellent, though a less amount of finish than the subject deserves was bestowed upon the faces in Mr. Preer's "The Connoisseurs." The get-up, letter-press, and paper are all first-class.

THE UNDERGROUND CITY, or the Child of the Cavern. By Jules Verne. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

Yet another fascinating book from the prolific pen of the mercurial French fiction-scientist. After having taken us in fancy to the heavens above and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, in this last work he delights with a fantastic description of an underground world, such as is only possible to a writer who has a wonderful and unique power of describing the marvellous so as to make it seem reality. The work has lost little of its force in the able translation of Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, and forty-two illustrations add further to its attractions.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Theological science in New England has been studied in a freer spirit than is usually the case elsewhere on this continent. It seems to be in close sympathy with the speculative methods of Germany. Orthodox theologians have become suspicious of Andover teaching and no little commotion has been raised. The representatives of the latest phases of religious thought have commenced *The Andover Review* as a suitable medium for the discussion of the religious problems of the time. The first two numbers have reached us. Professor Egbert Smith writing on "The Theological Purpose of the Review," takes as its key-note the ancient motto, "Let us learn to live according to Christianity." Articles deserving special mention in the initial number are: "Christianity and Æstheticism," by Washington Gladden, D.D.; "The Doctrine of Sacred Scripture," by Professor George Harris; and a most interesting paper on "The Churches of the Huguenots and the Religious Condition of France," by Augustus F. Beard, D.D. The February number contains several thoughtful articles, among which may be mentioned: "The Christian Conception of Providence," by Dr. Brastow, "Professor Harris's Contribution to Theism," by Dr. Newman Smyth; and "The Theological Tendencies in Germany." The topics selected for editorial discussion are of immediate interest. Their method of treatment is clear and condensed. *The Andover* is not open to the reproach of dullness. It is sure to be welcomed by a growing class of readers.

THE CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY, Vol. VI., Nos. 1 and 2, January and February, 1884. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

Educational journalism in Canada, we are not amiss in saying, has as yet hardly received the public attention which its aims, and, in the case of the above periodical, its manifest merits, deserve. This, we fear, is true of education itself. Educational work is too much left to its paid professors, and public interest in the profession and the work of the schools is reprehensibly slight. It is difficult, we were about to say, to account for this, particularly when it is borne in mind how much is annually spent by the Province on the schools and the school system. But the indifference is explained when we reflect upon the amount of public interest and concern which is daily expended on politics and the party press. When that is deducted from the time our reading population have at command for the high affairs of the State, little can be left for the consideration of matters of equally urgent moment. All things considered, perhaps it is well that matters are as they are, for were public interest more pronounced, and our politicians better informed as to the educational administration, we should have more of a wrangle than we have, and a keener and wordier war, in the great cause of public instruction.

But with or without public recognition, the *Educational Monthly* is doing a work which the teaching profession, at least, value. And value it they may, for nothing can be of higher service to education than a persistent, disinterested effort to maintain a periodical of high character, outspoken views, and helpful criticism, in the interests of a class upon whose professional and personal equipment so much depends in ensuring the mental and moral training of youth. Were we to refer to one commendable feature of the magazine more than another, it would be to this, viz., its manifest interest in all that pertains to the well-being of the profession, and the constant effort it puts forth to bring into clearer recognition the importance and dignity of the teacher's work. With the indifferent status the teacher, as a rule, has in this country, the result, no doubt, of explainable circumstances, it is of no little moment that the organ of the profession should spend its efforts in raising the aspirations and lifting the spirits, as well as stimulating the thought, of the men and women whose days are spent in unremitting, and often thankless, toil in the laborious work of teaching. To the Rector of the Toronto Collegiate Institute, it is well known, is due the credit of spiritedly maintaining this excellent magazine, and he is ably assisted by the present editor, Mr. Geo. H. Robinson, M.A., and by his *aides*, the conductors of the professional departments. In the literary articles, in the technical sections, and in the reviews and editorial notes, there is an array of matter of high scholastic value and professional interest which should commend the publication, not only to the teaching fraternity of Canada, but to the recognition and support of every lay friend of education throughout the Dominion.

A DEFENCE OF MODERN THOUGHT.—In this pamphlet, published by Hunter, Rose and Company, Toronto, Mr. W. D. Le Sueur replies to a recent brochure by the Bishop of Ontario on "Agnosticism," and the author is evidently satisfied that he has utterly routed that reverend gentleman. Mr. Le Sueur objects to the Bishop attributing modern scepticism to the theory of evolution, and points out that twenty-two years ago, when the "Origin of Species" was only two years old, Bishop Wilberforce discerned a sceptical movement which he prophesied would lead up to the great Antichrist.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE White House will be described, and fully illustrated, in the April *Century*.

BLACKWOOD & SON, the English publishers, announce a new volume of *Essays* by George Eliot.

MESSRS. I. SUCKLING & SONS, Toronto have published a very pretty waltz, entitled "With Pleasure," and composed by E. A. Jones.

THE devout pilgrims to Carlyle's house at Chelsea have become such a nuisance that the house now bears a huge placard, reading: "No questions about Mr. Carlyle answered here. Please do not ring."

THE CONTINENT for March 8th has for its most interesting feature a paper on "Nihilism" by D. Cumming Macdonald. The instructive series of papers on art by Henry Blackburn are concluded in this issue.

A LIFE of Chinese Gordon has just been published in England, to be sold at a penny for the benefit of the poor. He is at present, and deserves to remain so, the most popular hero since the Duke of Wellington.

OF the articles culled for the last issue of *Littell's Living Age*, probably those on "Chinese Gordon" and "Recreations of Men of Letters" will be most read. They both originally appeared in *All the Year Round*.

THE AUK is the name of a new quarterly published in Boston for The American Ornithologists' Union. We notice that Mr. Montague Chamberlain the best known of Canadian Ornithologists is an associate editor of the periodical.

BY arrangement with E. C. Armstrong & Son, the Putnams will shortly bring out a limited *edition de luxe* of Poe's works. It will contain Mr. Stoddard's *Memoir*, the *Essays* by Lowell and Wills, and various other interesting material.

MR. J. E. NETTLE, of Ottawa, has been induced to send the MS. of a series of private readings which he gave on "Reminiscences of a cruise to the Mediterranean in H. M. S. 'Hastings,'" to the press, and they will probably soon appear in volume form.

"RICES' SURPRISE PARTY" played "Pop" to good audiences in the Toronto Opera House last week. There is no plot in the piece, which is characteristically named, and depends chiefly upon the effervescences of Kate Castleton, Mr. Mackay, and Mr. Fortescue.

THE New York *Daily Graphic* devoted a whole page to illustrations of the principal scenes in Barrymore's "Nodjezka," in which Madam Modjeska plays the title role. So successful has this production proved that it is possible the talented star may be induced to postpone her departure.

ON Saturday last Dr. Bryce read a paper before the Canadian Institute on "Some Factors in the Malaria Problem," in which was given the result of observations at several points on the Grand River. Next Saturday Mr. Wm. Houston will read a paper on "Old English Spelling and Pronunciation."

A CORRESPONDENT directs attention to what he considers striking resemblances between Mr. Charles Reade's story in the March *Harper*, entitled, "The Picture," and a novel, "Where Shall He Find Her?" translated from the French and published by the American News Company in 1867.

MR. ED. W. BOK, an enthusiastic young autograph-collector of Brooklyn, announces that at an early date he will publish a pamphlet descriptive of his collection of autograph letters—some 1,500 in number, and including the signatures of many of the greatest names of modern times, as well as some equally distinguished in the past.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE for March is a strong number. The articles on "Christian Unity," by the Bishop of Niagara, and "Heredity," by Dr. Clark, of Toronto, are specially worthy of attention. Rev. Alfred H. Reynar has also an analysis of "The Poems of Owen Meredith," accompanied by a capital portrait of Lord Lytton.

"I UNDERSTAND they are getting up another Art Imposition," said Mrs. Blank the other day. But they needn't expect me to loan 'em anything. Last year the clumsy things broke an arm of 'Venus de Medicine' and then had the cheek to tell me it was that way at first. Just as though I was foolish enough to pay \$15,000 for a second hand statoo—the idea."

KATE FIELD says that when she goes to Massachusetts, "the land of the Pilgrim fathers, the home of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Whittier, Lucy Stone, and Julia Ward Howe," she finds that the women, the most enlightened in this country, are praying in vain to have a voice in the making of the laws. When she goes to Utah, "where education is at its lowest, and culture is almost unknown," she finds women enjoying suffrage.

MR. ARNOLD says that our newspapers show great enterprise and ability, but that they pay a great deal of attention to police news. Mr. Arnold is right. It has become a question whether any leading daily can be safely left on the library table, or put into the hands of children. The details of crimes of every character, and especially of all kinds of domestic infelicities, are given with disgusting fulness. Our hope is that the thing will go on until it creates a reaction so strong that the publishers of the newspapers will not mistake it.

IN his forthcoming work on Prince Bismarck, Herr Moritz Busch states that some time before the war of 1866 Prussia asked Austria to join her in a war against France for the possession of Alsace. The *National Zeitung*, however, declares that the account of Herr von Gablenz's mission, as related by the author, was published by a Saxon journal in 1859, and promptly contradicted by Herr von Gablenz. There is no doubt that the new book on the German Chancellor will give rise to many discussions when it shall appear in print.

THE March *Manhattan* opens with a particularly interesting paper on Dartmouth College. A bright article is that by Mr. William Willard Howard, [entitled "Rafting on the Alleghany." Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's quite unbelievable story, "Transformation," ends happily in this number. Mr. Edgar Fawcett's "Tinkling Cymbals" begin to rival "An Ambitious Woman," but is not quite so strong a story. Especially timely is the paper by Loring Pasha entitled "What will become of Egypt?"

To sing of merrier things, I will cite the case of an irritable author who went the other day to "have it out" with his publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus. He had never seen either of them in the flesh, having only communicated by letter with the firm, and when he found himself in the presence of one of them felt timid and confused, so he stammered with oblique indignation: "Sir, I don't know whether you are Mr. Chatto or Mr. Windus, and I don't want to be rude. But if you are Chatto, d—n Windus; and if you are Windus, d—n Chatto!"

THE editors of *St. Nicholas* are gratifying the spirit of adventure and heroism which all boys have, by furnishing sketches of "Historic Boys,"—some as wonderful as fiction, and all true. Papers giving the boyhood of Marcus Aurelius, Harry of Monmouth, afterward Henry V., and Giovanni of Florence, afterward Pope Leo X., have appeared in late numbers of the magazine. Among the others promised are: "The Boy Viking (Olaf of Norway); The Boy Crusader (Baldwin of Jerusalem); and the Boy-Chieftain (Brien of Munster). Had the boys of this series died before manhood, they still would worthily rank as Historic Boys.

IT was shown a short time since that a celebrated line in one of Lord Tennyson's poems has undergone more than one change. At the dinner of the "Odd Volumes," it was mentioned by a Chinese scholar that when Lord Tennyson wrote "Locksley Hall" he could not have been aware of the exact nature of a Chinese cycle. "Better," he exclaimed, "fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." It being granted that Cathay is poetical English for China, it was stated that a Chinese cycle consists of sixty years. By these cycles the lapse of time has been computed in China during the whole of the present dynasty. The poet, therefore, was less complimentary to Europe than he probably intended to be when he said that fifty years of Europe were only equal to sixty years of China. Perhaps he was not so far wrong after all.

How curiously the Queen's book strikes the American mind! The closer judgments of great minds as revealed in private diaries are oftentimes of the greatest interest; but when a person, greater in royal rank than in mental power assumes that his or her purely personal affairs and sympathies are invested with a sacred and profound interest, because of inherited station—that his or her little worriments, common to the humblest, are of especial moment to the great, busy world—that the public is inclined to weep, not so much on account of the thing over which royal tears are shed as that it has disturbed the royal mind, we, who have lived in a land where there are no "Court grammars" in which a single individual is pluralized, cannot understand why the Queen's book, with its trivialities, its pettiness and pettishness should ever have been published, and it is gratifying to realize that our understanding is not assisted by perusal of the English press.—*The Current*.

HERE are some American criticisms on Mrs. Langtry's performances in "Peril" at New York:—"Her face is as immobile as a mask, and her voice as expressionless as a Cape Cod fog-horn." "Her dresses were of a splendour rarely seen, and her appearance in the third act was assuredly that of extraordinary beauty." "It is a lamentable truth that to the amusement-seekers of this city (N.Y.) as a body, Mrs. Langtry is the most interesting figure on the New York stage." "She did a double-header fall, à la Bernhardt, which caused roars of laughter—she shook the boards." The headlines of one criticism are: "She pleases—she is very cold—a humorous fall." Another critic says: "An astonishing marvel of textile architecture." Still another: "Failed to create surprise or enthusiasm." One critic wishes "she would not act, but simply keep on changing her dresses, and thus carry out the intention of Providence, and that was to make her a lay figure." And another says: "her neck is lovely, her hair beautiful, her waist aristocratic, and her hands large, loose, coarse and red—in fact, awful." Still another says: "She is twenty-nine, and hasn't been home to see her papa for ten years." Fred Everill seems to have made an immense hit as the Doctor, in "Peril"; but Coghlan, they say, is again showing too much reserved force.

AN interesting account of the respective conversational powers of some of the lights of French literature says that Alexandre Dumas does not shine in a salon. "He has a tendency to stand in corners, with arms folded, and nursing his chin between the thumb and the index of his right hand, while he relates some anecdote of himself or of his father, in a roughish, hoarse voice, and with a certain brusqueness of language." Augier is a nervous and incisive talker, "joyous, gaulois at times, and gifted with a communicative laugh." Renan is "urbane, unctuous, priestly, and unaffirmative." Alphonse Daudet retains the awkwardness of Bohemian antecedents; Sardou "will talk your head off; a single word is sufficient to start him." Edmond de Goncourt talks "well and elegantly, and with great originality of language." Victor Hugo "used to be reputed an excellent talker." Barbey d'Aureville, who is one of the lions of the Baronne de Poilly's salon, is a master in the art of causerie, both as a narrator and in repartee. About, "of course, is a capital talker." Zola is a "boor in all respects; he never appears in a salon, and when by chance he visits one of his colleagues in naturalism he invariably talks about the circulation of his books, and the scurvy thievery of those American publishers who translate his novels and never pay him a cent."

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CHARLES DRINKWATER,
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Montreal, January, 1884.

THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE. Portrait of George W. Lane, late President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. From a photograph.

OUR TWENTY-ONE PRESIDENTS. George Cary Eggleston. I. The First Ten—Washington to Tyler. Illustrations: Portrait (rare) of Washington—Portrait of John Adams (executed in London in 1783)—Portrait of Jefferson—Portrait of Madison—Portrait of Monroe—Portrait of John Quincy Adams—Portrait of Jackson—Portrait of Van Buren—Portrait of Harrison—Portrait of John Tyler.

THE HOUSES OF THE MOUND BUILDERS. Cyrus Thomas, Ph. D. With an illustration.
TRIBUTE TO GEORGE W. LANE, late President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

THE GRISWOLD FAMILY OF CONNECTICUT. I. Professor Edward E. Salisbury. An exhaustive sketch—historical, biographical and genealogical—showing the part taken in public affairs by various members of this notable family during successive generations from the beginnings of settlement in Connecticut. Fresh information from English and other sources adds greatly to the interest and value of the contribution. It will be completed in March.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. Sir Henry Clinton's Original Secret Record of *Private Daily Intelligence*. Contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Introduction and Notes by Edward F. De Lancey. Chapter V. (Begun in October.)

MINOR TOPICS. Letter from Lyon Gardiner Tyler—Cavalry Fights with the Comanches.
NOTES. A Wall Street Incident—Historic Silver—Funeral Expenses in the Olden Times—Mrs. Volkert P. Douw.

QUERIES. Washington Buttons, illustrated—De Wolf—U. S. Ensign.

REPLIES. Is it the First American Coin?—Colonel David Crockett—Lafayette's Regrets.

SOCIETIES. New York Historical Society—Maine Historical Society—Buffalo Historical Society—Wisconsin Historical Society—Rhode Island Historical Society—Chicago Historical Society—New England Historic, Genealogical Society—Massachusetts Historical Society.

BOOK NOTICES. Library of Aboriginal American Literature. No. III. The Güegüence, a Comedy, Ballet, edited by Dr. Brinton—The Lord is My Shepherd, the Twenty-third Psalm, in Song and Sonnet, by Rev. Dr. Wm. C. Richards—Memorial of John Farmer, A.M., by Le Bosquet—Archives of Maryland, edited by William Hand Browne—Maryland in the Beginning, by Neill—Appleton's Guide to Mexico, by Conkling—Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, by Mary E. Dewey—The Andover Review.

"The matter furnished in this periodical is valuable for all time, as presenting historical facts not accessible in books of history. The illustrations and papers are of the finest, and the numbers during a year make two elegant bound volumes."—*The Indianapolis Journal*.

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(From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

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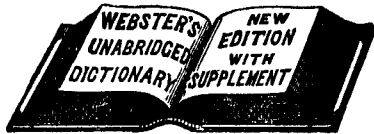
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